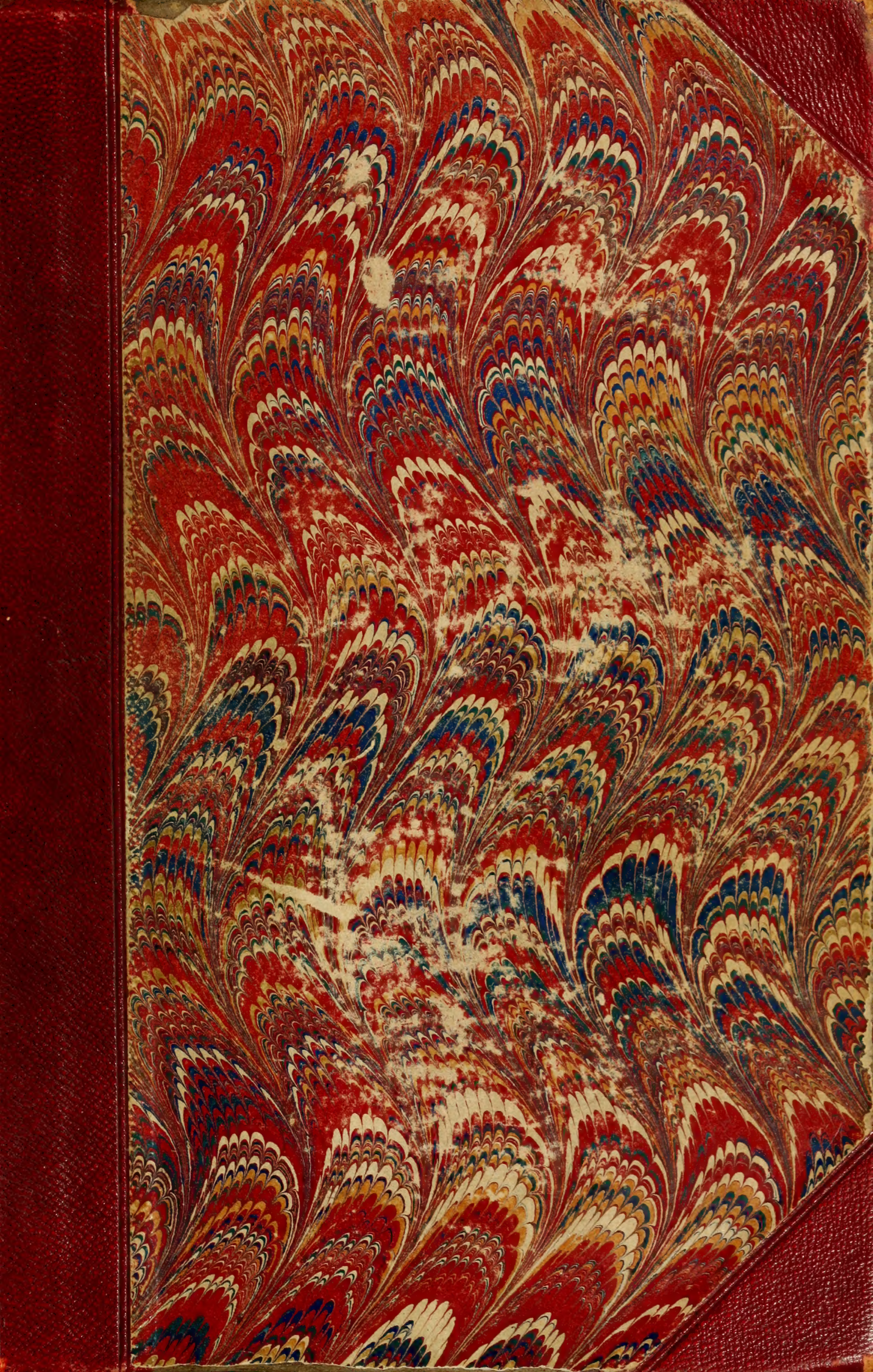

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A WESTERN MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

JANUARY—JUNE, 1880.

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THE CALIFORNIAN.

A WESTERN MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOL. I.—JANUARY, 1880.—NO. 1.

THE DRAMATIC IN MY DESTINY.

> "Who shall say, 'I stand!' nor fall?
> Destiny is over all."

PROLOGUE.

"Alcohol is for the brutish body, opium for the divine spirit," said Tong-ko-lin-sing, as he lighted the lamp. "The bliss from wine grows and wanes as the body has its time of growth and loss, but that from opium stays at one height, as the soul knows no youth nor age." He brought the jar of black paste, rounded up by layer on layer of poppy petals. "Opium soothes, collects, is the friend alike of rich or poor. It has power to prove to the sinner that his soul is pure, and make the unhappy forget; it reverses all unpleasant things, like the phonograph, playing a piece of music backward.' He handed me the pipe—flute-like, fit instrument for the divine music of dreamland, though clumsy bamboo—the earthen bowl with the rich coloring of much smoking, like a Chinaman himself. "Dead faces look on us, and dead voices call, for the soul then gains its full stature, can mix with the immortals, and does; when alone and in silence, it can know that Time and Space have no bounds." He took a wire, which he dipped in the jar and held in the flame. "Strangest of all is the power of opium to form as well as repeat, even from odds and ends in our minds. There are herbs which inspire, those which destroy, and those which heal. The Siberian fungus benumbs the body and not the mind, the Himalayan and the New Granadan thorn-apple brings spectral illusions: why should there not be those which may cast prophetic spells?" The few drops of the paste clinging to the wire bubbled and burned. He smeared it on the rim of the pipe-bowl. "Opium has the power of a god; it can efface or renew the Past, and ignore or foretell the Future."

I drew three or four whiffs of whitish smoke; the bowl was empty. Again he went through the long course of filling. "Though it bring dream within dream, like our Chinese puzzles—mark their meaning, for our Chinese saying is, 'The world's nonsense is the sense of God!'"

I heard. I knew him for my queer teacher of Chinese, who knew French, English, and Sanscrit as well, whom I was wont to muse over here in "Chinatown," as over a relic, until oppressed with thought of the age of his country, until San Francisco seemed a town built of a child's toy-houses, and ours but a gad-fly race. I knew the room with its odd urns and vases, fans and banners, some of the last with stain which shows the baptism of human blood, given to make them lucky in war; the china and bronze gods, ugly and impossible as nightmare visions; the table with lamp and pot of tar-like paste, my Chinese grammar, and paper and ink; the other table with its jar of sweetmeats, covered with classical quotations, basket of queer soft-shelled nuts, and bottle of Sam-Shoo rice-brandy; the much-prized gift, a Lianchau coffin, standing up in the corner; the mantel-piece with Tong-ko-lin-sing's worn lot of books, where the great poet, Lintsehen, leaned on Shakspeare, Sakuntala stood beside *Paul and Virginia*, *Robinson Crusoe* nudged Confucius

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and Hiouenthsang, and *Cinderella* sat on Laotse; and hanging above them a great dragon-kite which would need a man to control it. I knew the Chinese lily, standing in the pebbles at the bottom of a bowl of clear water on the window-sill, by a globe of gold-fish; and, beyond, the Oriental street (for it was in the region bounded by Kearny, Stockton, Sacramento, and Pacific streets, where fifty thousand aliens make an alien city, a city as Chinese as Peking, except for buildings and landscape, and not unlike the narrow, dirty, thronged streets, with dingy brick piles, of Shanghai); the *café* across the way, with green lattice-work, and gilding, and gay colors in its gallery; the lottery-man next door, setting in order his little black book covered with great spots like blood; the rattle of dice coming from the half-open basement next to us; the cries of stray venders of sweetmeats; no sound of any language but the Chinese passionless drone, too cramped for all the changes of life's emotions, with its accent unswerving as Fate; the only women among the passers-by shuffling along with stiff outworks of shining hair, bright with tinsel and paper flowers, and wide sleeves waving like bat-wings, broad fans, spread umbrellas, and red silk handkerchiefs—sometimes in one of these a baby slung over its mother's back, perhaps one less gayly dressed tottered on goat-feet between two girls who held her up; little children like gaudy butterflies in green and gold, purple and scarlet, crimson and white, boys in gilt-fringed caps, girls with hair gummed into spread sails, and decked like their elders; an endless line of dark, mysterious forms with muffling blouse and flaunting queue, the rank, poisonous undergrowth in our forest of men. I was idly aware of all this. I knew that I, Yorke Rhys, quite care-free and happy, had nothing to dread. I calmly dropped down the tide of sleep—but what was this vivid and awful dream?—all in brighter hues and deeper shadows, and more sharply real than dream-land seems, without the magic touches of opium? As if looking in a mirror, like the Lady of Shalott, I saw all past scenes at once as a great whole. Against the mystic gloom of opium everything stood out as the night shows the stars; the soul had a mood that could focus All since the making of the world, and only then knew how far off, fading, stretch the bounds of Time, the untold reach of the Universe, which we wrongly think we daily see and know. I saw into it all as a leader reads an opera-score. I was unused to dreaming, being seldom alone and without time for long walks, and I wondered when my own mind mocked me with odd bits it held, jumbled and awry, like my own likeness in rippling water, mostly what I had once thought of, but not as I thought it. Past events started forth, not as what I had gone through with, but as a part of my inner sense, with old fancies about passing trifles; as when one, though rapt in some strong feeling, may yet mark the number of notes in a bird's song, or of boughs to a tree, or of petals to a flower, as if the mind must be double, we think; but in my dream I learned that it is yet more complex. In the vast poppy-fields of Bengal, likened to green lakes where lilies bloom, near the holy city of Benares, which dates itself back to creation, I idly plucked a white blossom on a lonely stalk, and flung it down, when it at once changed to a shapeless form, which chased me. Then it seemed it had been my curse through far-off ages, the frost that chilled me when I was a flower, the white cat that killed me when I was a bird, the white shark that caught me when I was a fish—in all places a white cloud between me and my sunshine. My horse, in gold armor, thickly gemmed, bore me from the field where a silk tent held my love, with others of King Arthur's court, to a gloomy-raftered cobwebbed hall, where shield and battle-axe were given me, and soon I wept over the shattered helm of one whom I had loved—yet killed. Where silver cressets shone behind diamond panes, and dragon-banners flew from gilded turrets of my castle, I waited at a postern in the wall for a note from my lady-fair, but the pale spectre of a scorned lover told me she was dead. Through the lapse of ages, over strange lands, in old and new-world town or wild, I often lost my way, but never the sense of an unseen foe. Now, at a masked ball in some old palace, where I was dogged by a white domino with whom I must fight a duel; then, in the red glare of the southern moon in the Arizona desert, through stillness overwhelming as noise, I fled from a figure hid in a Moqui blanket. By huge fires, I, too, waited the coming of Montezuma. I was Montezuma, held down by weight of the mountain which bears his profile at Maricopa Wells. My great white shadow flitted after me across the red and yellow of Colorado scenery. In the awful depths of Gypsum Cañon, I gazed in despair up at the round, well-like heights for chance to flee from It. At the Royal Gorge, peering from the cliff straight down for over two thousand feet, I gladly saw It at the base. Eased, I stood on a mountain-top, where, as I turned, I saw the four seasons—most wonderful view that could be brought by a wizard of old to a king's windows; but here I suddenly found a white mist that turned as I did, and strove to shape itself to my form. Crossing the plains of Nevada, It was the white dust which choked and blinded me from sight of the pink and purple mist-veiled peaks. In a Mexican mine, at a shrine to the Virgin, cut in the rock where her lamp glowed through lasting night, It was the large white bead of my rosary of Job's Tears, which took my thoughts from prayer and broke my vows. Again, It was the mirage of Arizona midnights or noons, and I was one of the coyotes who leave their holes to howl. It was a spectre that strove to burden me with the secret of the pre-historic ruins of the Casa Grande. It brooded as a mist over the Colorado River while I hid in its depths—a corpse—as if it might be my ghost. Here I could have been safe, since that stream does not give up its dead, but as a small bird I was forced to cross a wide sea, chased through days and nights by a great white gull. Lost in the jungle of a Chinese forest, I suddenly came to a clearing where beetle and glow-worm were staking out a grave for some one near and dear to me, whose death I could not hinder. I watched until they began to mark a second grave—oh, for whom? But I was torn from this sight, and thrust in the heart of a Chinese city. I wound through its crooked streets to a dark flight of steps, which came to an end; no rail, no step, darkness before I could get quite down; and I was again creeping from the top of a like staircase. Over and over I tried to go down these vanishing stairs. At last, I was faced suddenly, as if he sprang through a trapdoor, by a huge white form that tried to tell me something, some strange fact linked with my fate, which would explain a secret that had long chafed me. But what? I shook with fear—Tong-ko-lin-sing spoke to me. I woke. My first glance fell on the pure, sweet-scented lily, calm and fair, in its clear, glass bowl, and the relief was so great that tears sprang to my eyes.

ACT I.

"'Was it not Fate, whose name is also Sorrow?'" said Elinor.

We were looking at Randolph Rogers's "Lost Pleiad," in the inner room of Morris & Schwab's picture-store.

"No," said I, kindling at a glance from her fine eyes; "Fate is well named when in one's favor, but can not be truly against one. I could master it; so could others. Man rules his own life—it need not depend on others—he gains what he strives for, and need never yield to evil forces."

"Then you have no pity for the man who killed another here yesterday?"

"None. That is the worst of crimes. I respect the Brahmins, who hold life sacred even in an insect. No. Heaven may keep me from other sin—I will hold myself from murder."

"Your friend, Noel Brande, does not think as you do."

"No; but he gains his wishes because he is brave enough to try and fight what he calls doom."

"That is not the only point on which you differ."

"No; but we are too fond of each other to quarrel."

"Even Fate could not break your friendship?"

"Never. I defy it."

"It is as good as a fortune to be sure of one's self," she said, looking at me for an instant with such approval that I was bewitched enough to have spoken my love if others had not come in, and we soon strolled home.

Her shy, brief glances stirred my brain like wine. Was it true that the woman who could look long in a man's eyes could not love him? I sighed with joy. I was in the gay mood which the Scotch think comes just before ill luck. It had been a very happy day. I had taken her to drive in the Park in the morning; I had found her in the picture-store in the afternoon. As we went up our boarding-house steps, I felt that the world was made for me. As she passed through the storm-door before me, I stayed for mere lightness of heart to drop a gold piece in the apron of Nora, the neat Irish nurse-girl, sitting outside with Elinor's little cousins. Elinor had glided so far alone that Si-ki, coming toward her with a card that had been left for her, did not see me. I watched him, thinking of what Nora had told of his skill in making melon-seed fowls, and carving flowers from vegetables, and of her dislike for his hue—"like an old green copper," she said. He did have an odd sort of tea-color to his skin, not unlike that of morphine-lovers, but I thought he looked no worse than Nora with her face like a globe-fish. Elinor, with hand on the newel, paused to look at the card. Amazed and angry, I saw Si-ki dare to lay his hand on hers, saying,

"Nicey! Nicey!"

Elinor's hand—that I had not yet held but as any one might, in a dance, or to help her from a carriage! The sight filled me with such rage, that, just as I would have brushed a gnat out of the world, I sprang on Si-ki and began beating him. I was in such fury that I scarcely knew when Elinor and Nora fled, or that the French lady hung over the railing up-stairs, in her white frilled wrapper, with but one of her diamond sparks in her ears, and her hair half dressed, crying to heaven; that the Spanish lady stood in the parlor-door, clapping her hands; that the German professor opening his door, the Italian merchant running down-stairs, the English banker, the American broker, and my friend Brande, coming in from the street, all tried to stop me.

"Keep back! It is a matter between us two!" I answered them all. "Between us two!" timing my blows to my words. I thrashed him till my cane snapped in two. "Between us two!" I turned him out. "Between us two!" I cried, and flung him down the steps. "Between us two!" I muttered to myself as I went up-stairs to my room, with a passing glimpse of Elinor, disturbed and blushing, in the doorway of her aunt's room. She did not come to dinner. The foreign boarders were shocked or excited; the others amused or unmoved; the landlady was vexed. I was filled with shame to have spent so much force and feeling on such a wretch, and to have distressed Elinor by setting all these tongues in motion about her; to think that I, Yorke Rhys, high-born and high-bred, should have deigned to so beat a creature of no more worth in the world than a worm. But, as I told Brande that night in my room, I had a strange dislike for Si-ki.

"He was too cat-like," I said, "with his grave air, his slyness and soft tread, his self-contained cunning."

"Yes," said Brande; "our rough classes are like the larger kind of beast; those of the Chinese are like rats and gophers—the timid, wiry, alert creatures who pose on their hind-legs in nursery-tale pictures."

"They look like a child's drawing on a slate," I said; "outlines of a man, in square-cut robes."

"But that Chinese teacher of yours is worse," said he; "dark as if the gloom of ages had taken man's shape, with as still motion, locked behind his reserve as if cased in mail. It is like dealing with ghost or sphinx."

"He shows the effect of inherited civilization," said I; "dignified, priestly, close-mouthed as if his millions of ancestors in him frowned at me as one of a short-lived race, a sort of Mormon-fly with its life of one night."

"He and the Chinese grammar both would be too much for me to meet," said Brande.

"But they have each their charm," I said. "The grammar shows the hidden working of the mind, the laws of thought."

"That early hieroglyphic you told me about," said he, "of folding-doors and an ear, which meant 'to listen,' shows the same law of thought that our landlady has. What hidden force let her have only raw coolies for months after she sent off a trained servant for his thefts? We hear of their 'high-binders' and other secret societies. You have not known the last of that cur you whipped."

"Pshaw! I soon start for China any way," said I, "glad of the pay promised me there for three years, and tired of roughing it in Nevada, Colorado, and Arizona; but I wish—I wish I could have had a chance with your friends on California Street."

"I wish you had," he said; "but never mind. You will have gained the Chinese language, and, judging by your feat of to-day, the Chinamen had better not cross your path. Was it for this we moved to this house of seven gabbles?"

"For this," I answered, glumly. "Why did we move?" For we were scarcely settled. I came to be near Elinor, and Brande because he wished to be with me.

"There is the cause," he said, nodding toward the window as a gust of wind swept by. "People wonder at the roving impulse of the San Franciscans. It is the wind which urges and compels them to arise and go; it has even driven me to try and mock the monotone of its chant."

He took from his pocket and read to me these lines:

THE WIND! THE WIND! THE WIND!

Refrain, refrain, O Wind! from such complaining,
Or deign at last to make thy murmurs sane.
Explain, explain thy pathos ever paining—
Thy vain desire torments and tires my brain.
Refrain! Refrain!

At last reveal how vanished ages freighted
Thy voices with their added woe and pain;
Forbear to mutter—I feel execrated.
Urge not, for naught impatience can attain.
Refrain! Refrain!

At last, at last, cease all thy raging clamor,
Nor beat and pant against my window-pane.
I listen now; at last thine eerie hammer
Mine ear hath welded for thy mystic strain—
Nay, crouch not nigh with clank of heavy chain.
Refrain! Refrain!

At last thy blast, whose mocking threat just passed,
Must feign new breath. What awful secret (lain
For ages in thy realm of space, too vast
For thought) shall thy next startling sounds contain?
I fain would flee—thy sighs constrain.
Refrain! Refrain!

Insane, far-off, pathetic tones retaining,
No grain of all that caused them may remain;
Again renewing in thy wild campaigning
The strain of bugles under Charlemagne;
Again unearthly voices, summons feigning,
Ordain the death of Joan of Lorraine;
Again high shrieks that castle-turrets gaining
Thrill pain and dread through Cawdor's haunted
Thane;

Again low sighs (no bliss of love attaining)
That gain the longing lips of lorn Elayne.
Mock strain and creak of hollow oak distraining
Profane magician Merlin in Bretagne.
Complain—the English peasant's ear detaining,
Remain to him the sad song of the Dane.
Draw rein, O souls of dead! who ride (retaining
A train of howling dogs) new souls to gain.
To vain and vague lament my thought constraining.
Refrain! Refrain!

Though rain, though sun thine own rapt mood sustaining
Of vain regret, no more must thou complain,
Nor strain to show, in depths and glooms remaining,
Wild main and reefs that wrecked, old days of pain.
Disdain, deride no more, my whole thought gaining
With skein of subtle hints that are my bane:
Of rain that slants athwart mid-ocean's plaining
While train of shadows crosses heaven's plain,
No reign of stars, nor moon whose crescent waning
Might vein the purple dusk with amber stain;
Far lane of snow no mortal foot profaning,
Moraine may lock, or iceberg rent in twain;
In chain of peaks, where thunder-clouds are gaining,
Unslain old echoes rise and roll again—
Again. Thine incantations oft sustaining
With strain of distant bells that chimes maintain
Ingrain with melancholy, hope quite draining,
Like plaintive fall of castles built in Spain.
O'erlain with laugh and yell and sob complaining,
The train of sound is broken, scattered, slain.
Regain, constrain to far and further waning—
Refrain! Refrain!

How reign such fancies? By thy weird ordaining,
Or lain amid the fibres of my brain?
The vane of thought turned by thy mournful plaining,
Shrill strain of days remote and love long slain,
Shows plain inheritance of grief pertaining
To train of ancestors whose acts enchain—
Old pain, far peaks of woe chill heights attaining,
Faint stain of ancient crime starts out amain,
The bane, the burden of Unrest remaining
Through wane of ages though no clue is plain;
Old vein volcanic, quicksands cruel feigning,
Or main in tumult as chance gales constrain,
My brain-palimpsest but dim trace containing,
Made plain, O Wind! when thy fierce cries arraign.
Refrain! Refrain!

As he ceased, the wind, which had thrust in its undertone of sympathy, rose so strongly that the house trembled like a boat, and in the close, creeping fog we might have been far out at sea for any sign to be seen of the city below us. We sat in silence, broken suddenly by a quick, urgent knocking. Brande opened the door. Elinor's aunt stood there, looking wild. Without heeding him, she called to me:

"How *could* you do it? *Why* did you do it?"

"Because he insulted her," I stammered.

"He has done worse now!" she said.

"What do you mean?" asked Brande, while I stood in speechless wonder.

"I mean," said she, still looking at me, "that Nora brought some Chinese sweetmeats that she said you had sent Elinor, but it seems they were given her by Si-ki."

"By Si-ki!" we both cried.

"With word that they were what you had once promised to get for her."

"Well?" I gasped.

"Elinor, poor girl, at once tasted them—"

"And—"

"—and now lies senseless!"

"Great heavens!" cried Brande, turning to me. "Poisoned?"

"Poisoned!" I moaned.

ACT II.

Chased by Brande as by a shadow, I in turn tracked two policemen, through a network of horror like a nightmare—through the foreign city in the heart of San Francisco like a clingstone in its peach. In single file, dropping story below story under the side-walks, we slipped and stumbled in mildew, damp, and dirt, where the coolies flitted round like gnomes, where no window let in light, no drain bore off bad air. We searched narrow galleries running everywhere, often bridging each other like those of an ant-hill, and dark ways where but one could pass. We bent at door-ways that barred our path at sudden turns, peered into vile dens that lined the way, and, choking and strangling, climbed above ground, where we scanned the thousands of workmen in the many boot and shoe factories and cigar-works; hunted through the numberless gambling-hells, but could not pass the old watchman, with wrinkled face like a baked apple, sitting on a stool in front of a red curtain (the color for luck), before he jerked the cord dangling near him, when bells warned, doors were barred, bolts shot like lightning, door upon door suddenly thrust itself across our path, or a screen slyly slid before us, turning us unaware into another passage. In this way, through secret signs, the whole ground-plan of a building would shift and dupe like a mirage. We might at last find a group of men merely talking, with neither dice, domino, dragon or demon-pictured parchment card, button, nor brass ring, in sight—no copper with square centre hole, nor other trace of Fan-Tan; or find such utter darkness that fear seized us and drove us out. We viewed their pent, full work-shops and boarding-houses, each story refloored once or twice between the first floor and ceiling, and their lodgings where they are shelved in tiers. We tried to find their courts of justice, but found secret laws within our laws, like puzzle in puzzle, and all in charge of the six-headed chief power, the strong Six Companies, from whose joint decree there is no appeal. All hedged from us by a Great Wall—of their language, for what I heard spoken was not the written language I had learned from books—and of their ways, formed by such long, slow growth that it is the soul of their past ages which still lives, it is the same Chinese who lived before the flood who watch us now. Worn-out, Brande and I started for home, but on the way stopped to see Tong-ko-lin-sing. He had been playing chess with his friend Si Hung Chang, who left as we went in, and he packed the chess-men in their box while he heard our tale, but said nothing. His face was a clear blank when Brande asked about secret societies. I tried all forms of begging and urging I could think of. He would not know what we meant. He offered us cigars, and took his pipe as if he wished us to go—his own pipe, with a small tube on one side in which to burn an opium-pill. Too dear to him to trust in the hands of a "foreign devil," I had not been given a chance to touch it. Brande laid a large gold-piece on the table. Tong-ko-lin-sing smiled, wavered, but sank back into grave silence. Brande poured forth a stream of abuse. Tong-ko-lin-sing, bland and deaf, eyed his Lianchau coffin with pride, and fell into deep thought. I opened the door, and signed to Brande to follow me. He did so, swearing at the whole Chinese race as sly fools. We were half way down-stairs, when Tong-ko-lin-sing shuffled out on the landing and called after us, the English words having a queer effect of centred force when intoned like Chinese:

"Red-haired devils! barbarians! all of you! Like bears beating their stupid heads against the Great Wall. Are the black-haired people not your betters? Great in mind as in numbers, did we not make paper and ink, and print, a thousand years before your time?—and travel by a compass more than twenty-five hundred years before your Christ?" He shuffled back, but swung out again to add, "Do we not excel in dyes, in sugar, in porcelain, gunpowder, and fire-works?" He started toward his room, but turned back to cry, "Think of our secrets in the working of metals, our triumphs in the casting of bells, our magic mirrors which reflect what is wrought on their backs!" He seemed to have really done this time, but stopped in his door for this boast: "Look at our silk, cotton, linen, engraved wood and iron, carved ivory, bronze antiques, fine lacquer-work! We make as brilliant figures in the universe as our rare colors on our famous pith-paper!" His grand air struck Brande as so absurd that in his nervous excitement he laughed. Tong-ko-lin-sing darted out again, shaking his fore-finger at us, as if in the Chinese game of Fi-fi, or like our "Fie! for shame!"

"You foreign devils would be wiser than your forefathers. You care nothing for the sages of old. What do you know of our three thousand rules and forms? You need a tribunal like ours at Peking, a Board of Rites!" Going through his door, he called over his shoulder, "What is your poor country? Not fit for our graves! To be happy on earth one must be born in Suchow, live in Canton, and die in Lianchau. T–r–r–r! Begone!"

I had gone back a few steps, and could see into his room. I heard a chuckle as his wide sleeve swept carelessly over the table as he went by it. He passed on. There was no money there.

"Who could have foreseen such a lecture from a jumping-jack in brocade drawers, tight to the ankle, and a loose blouse?" said Brande, as we hurried home. "He has the wholly irresponsible air of a clothier's sign-suit swinging in the wind, but he knows the points of the compass!"

We found Elinor seemed to have changed for the worse and still senseless. After Brande left me I sat in my window, too sad and too tired to go to rest. I saw Goat Island loom large, but blurred by fog, like Heine's phantom isle, faint in the moonshine, where mists danced and sweet tones rang, but the lovers swam by, unblest, off into the wide sea. Elinor and I, too, had touched no isle of bliss, but passed comfortless into a sea of uncertainty which might widen into eternity. Sweet as it had been to be on the brink of owning our love, what would I not have given now to have some fond words?—even but one kiss, to recall in time to come if—I could not think of such a loss. I lighted my room, and tried to read or write, but in vain. I only thought of her. "Oh!" I groaned, "if I could have had some proof that she loved me!" As I sat, I saw in a long mirror the door behind me open, and—Elinor come! In misty white trailing robe, she looked unreal. Could it be, I thought, that they had left her alone to leave her room in a trance? A thrill of joy shot through me that she should even unconsciously come straight to me. I sprang to my feet and turned toward her—to find I was alone! I sank again in my chair. Was I losing my wits? No—she was there—there in the mirror, looking at me with the deepest woe in her face! She reached her arms toward me as if she longed to embrace me, and looked so sorry, so sorry for me.

"Did I stay with Tong-ko-lin-sing, and take opium again?" I murmured.

She made a gesture of farewell and half turned to go.

"Elinor! Elinor!" I cried.

A spasm of grief crossed her face. Filled with wonder, sorrow, and surprise, I rose again, but she made a motion of despair and left the room before I could turn. Did she go? Was she there, or was my brain wild? My own shadow, crossing the ceiling toward the door as I moved, startled me. Had I not read of the ill will between shadows and the beings that live in mirrors? Mad I should surely be if I stayed longer alone; yet I opened the door most unwillingly. The dim hall was still and vacant. I went to Elinor's door. Her aunt said for the last half hour they had not felt sure she was not dead, but there had just come back signs of life; they could see that she breathed again. The doctor had slight hope. She gave me a slip of paper covered with Elinor's dainty penciling.

"I found that in Elinor's pocket," she said, "in the dress she wore when out with you yesterday. I thought you would like to read it." And the grim, old woman really looked with pity at me.

I wrung her hand, and rushed to my room to read:

THE LOST PLEIAD.

"*Merope mortalis nupsit.*"

Spell-bound, by planet that I fain would spurn,
To circle like the forms in poet's soul,
Like them for starry heights to madly yearn,
Yet feel the tension of the Earth's control,
And ever drifting seem
Like blossom floating down restraining stream.

Through vast cloud-spaces up and down I wheel,
While years like vagrant winds shift far below;
The stillness of the upper air I feel
Is like the rest the immortals ever know.
Here I forget how man
Through haste and strife his life can merely plan.

His life, like that reflected in a glass,
Knows not the sweep of that among the gods—
Has its set limits that he may not pass
Except he vow himself to Art's long odds,
And Sorrow's eyes of woe
Must some time fix on each with baleful glow.

More wise than man the acts of Nature are—
The little dew-drop pearling twilight leaf
Will take unto its inmost heart a star
Which mortals give but careless glance and brief,
Nor heed when slants the sun
What mystic signs gleam red, gold clouds upon.

Forlorn, I fail for ever Pleiad height—
Float downward just above the phantom realm
Where Fame and Beauty, Love and Power, take flight,
Fate ever whirling after to o'erwhelm.
See rise the Day's bold crown,
Or muffled Night with stolen stars slink down!

With slow pulse poise while moonless midnights pass,
And vivid on the velvet dark is lain,
By memory painted, that sweet time—alas!—
When yet I knew, as nymph in Dian's train,
The gods, the stars, the tides,
The sylvan fauns and satyrs—naught besides.

Not for the goddess, stag, and hunt, I sigh,
Nor for my sister Pleiades above,
As for the blissful moments long gone by
In rapture and despair of mortal love.
This is the potent spell
Which sends me drifting down the cloud-sea's swell!

"It can not be!" I cried, with bursting heart. "Our drama is not ended. Somewhere, some time, it must go on, even though she passes now behind the green curtain of a grassy grave!"

ACT III.

The next day found no change in Elinor, and found us again with the policemen, hunting Chinatown. Standing on corners while a drove of coolies passed, crowding and bleating like sheep, or the din of funeral music jarred on our nerves; down in cellars, damp and green and gloomy as sea-caves, and the roar of the city overhead not unlike that of the sea; up on roofs as cheerless to live on as leafless trees, but full of coolies, like chattering monkeys—no jungle of a Chinese forest less fit for human life. And through it all I was haunted by thoughts of happy hours I had passed with Elinor, which came back like scenes in another life, as if I had already gone down to hell—dewy garden-alleys with fountains and whispering shrubs, blossoms and bird-songs, radiance, bloom and sweet scent, all that gave a charm to life—unlike this foul quarter as a perfect poem to vile doggerel, music to discord, light to dark. One Chinaman we saw everywhere; on a corner across the way; at the head of steps as we were coming up; at the foot of the stairs when we were on a roof; bowing at a shrine with gold and saffron legends and scarlet streamers round the door, and through the dim inner light and scent of burning sandal-wood, the gleam of tinsel and flare of lamp, before an ugly image; in one of what Brande called their chop-(stick)-houses, feasting on shark's-fin or bird's-nest soup; watching a group in a wash-house who play Fi-fi to see who shall pay for a treat of tea; in a barber-shop, among those undergoing dainty cleansing of eyes, ears, and nostrils, trimming and penciling of eye-brows and lashes; or at a market-stall (kept in the window of some other kind of shop), haggling for pork, or fish, or fowl—its only stock; always in the back-ground of our scene, even in the theatre, watching the ground and lofty tumbling, until the crowd and noise and bad air forced us to leave, when as I came out last of our party I nearly fell over him.

"Tong-ko-lin-sing!"

"Why all this trouble for a woman?" he asked, gravely. "Women are plenty, for to become one is a future punishment of ours for sin when men. I have seen her with you; she wore the tiger's-claw jewelry you got through me. Like most American women she would not make a 'mother of Meng,' our wise woman, who has passed into a proverb. Then she wore black, which is ill luck for body and mind."

Nothing could have better set off Elinor's golden hair and fresh daisy-bloom than the soft laces and black velvet she had so often worn beside me at concert or play. I could almost see her again with me at the thought. I drew a deep sigh. "Where is Si-ki?" I cried, making a vain clutch at Tong-ko-lin-sing's sleeve. But the others had turned back for me, and my Chinese teacher's jacket and cap of black astrakhan fur soon melted into the darkness of some too near alley. Had he followed us all day from mere curiosity, or could he help us? We went to his door, but knocked in vain, though we all saw a line of light under his door as we went up-stairs, not there when we came down. Disheartened, we went home. Elinor had not changed. We could not try to sleep, but sat in my room.

"I wish," said Brande, "you looked as full of life and joy as you did the last time I saw you come home with Miss Elinor."

"O Noel!" I cried, "if I could but live over that last happy day, when to see her by me was thrilling as music, when to breathe the same air was exciting as wine!"

"Like Socrates under the plane-tree," he mused, "'borne away by a divine impression coming from this lovely place.'"

"Yes," I said; "life was all changed, my soul was no more pent by bodily bounds, my eyes saw everything by an inner light which made all fair."

"That reminds me," said he, "of some verses about the picture over Miss Elinor's piano."

He searched his note-book, found, and read:

AN INTERLUDE.

Tall candles and a wood-fire's fitful burning
 Seem like a spell to conjure from the wall
One picture's living eyes, which, though returning
 To shadows that engulph, hold me in thrall.

Against the wall a sad musician leaning
 Across the strings has lain caressing bow,
But pauses for some thought that intervening
 Yet holds him waiting, listening so.

As if of life so near, yet far on-flowing,
 Some consciousness had thrilled and made him know
And long to step into the circle, showing
 Such charmèd one within the hearth-fire's glow.

My life, like his, is picturesque, transcendin
 What can be felt, or heard, or seen, except
When passing flashes of emotion, lending
 Some added senses, over me have swept,

More sad, more glad, and more enchanting—
 And my existence may to angels seem
Like that of phantom through dim vapors flaunting,
 For ever near some vague, elusive dream.

Perchance they mark *me* pause and look and listen,
 In some bright moment's exaltation brief,
As if, though circling shadows oft imprison,
 My music waits but for a turning leaf!

"'Spirits in prison,'" said I; "where do you think they go when first set free?—to another world, or to the dearest friend in this?"

"That would depend," he answered, "upon the kind of spirit that goes. One like Miss Elinor now—"

"Do not speak of her death;" I cried; "though I have thought before that you did not like her."

"No," said he, "I do not, but with no reason. It is a mere feeling that repels, and did at first sight, lovely as she is. I need not speak of her death to say that her spirit is one that would—"

I started. Elinor had come in at the door behind him, and stood looking at me, making a sign of caution as if she did not wish Brande to know of her presence. What had brought her to my room? She looked very shadowy in sweeping, misty robes and floating hair. Perhaps she was not in her right mind. I was sorely vexed to have Brande see her come to me. I had even wild thoughts of blindfolding him, while she should have time to flee.

"What is it?" he asked. "You look as if you saw a ghost."

"Nothing," I faltered. While I wondered what was best to do, she looked anxiously at me, and made motions toward Brande as if I meant to do him mortal harm, as if warning me back from a crime. Such strange movements perplexed me, so that, seeing my absorbed gaze, Brande looked behind him.

"What do you see?" he cried, as he turned, and to my horror added, "there is nothing here!"

Had he gone mad or had I?

"Don't you see her?" I gasped, hardly able to get on my feet, for a sinking at my heart seemed to root me to my chair.

"Poor fellow!" he said to himself in pity. "He has lost his wits! See, my boy," he said to me, rising and walking toward her. "Empty space, all empty space."

He swung his arms about him, but she moved swiftly toward me, still with the same air of warning me, then paused and spread her arms as if to keep us apart.

"Elinor! What is it? Speak!" I cried, rushing toward her.

But Brande caught me in his arms, and by main force bore me to a chair in spite of my struggles and prayers. A look of despair came in her face. Her warnings doubled in zeal and number.

"Let me go!" I panted.

"I can not let you dash your brains out against the wall," he said.

I made one more vain strain to leave my seat. He held me in a grasp of iron.

"What shall I do?" he groaned to himself, and turned white about the lips, for unseen I had made out to draw my pistol from my pocket, and now suddenly held it toward him.

"Yorke Rhys!" he shouted, but did not let go his hold.

How can I tell it? The room turned black to me. Then I found Elinor had fled, and my friend lay at my feet with a bullet through his heart!

I have a confused remembrance of the boarders rushing in. I knew the glint of the French lady's diamond ear-drops, and the down on her opera-cloak, just from the theatre, the wrought band of the German professor's smoking-cap, and the palm-leaves on the Spanish lady's cashmere shawl, thrown over her night-robes as she came from her bed. They thought Brande had shot himself, for I sat there vaguely asking over and over:

"Why did he do it?"

There was a murmur of "Don't tell him." The crowd gave way for Elinor's aunt, who came and laid my head against her breast in dear motherly fashion.

"What does Elinor want?" I asked. "She has just been here."

She only said, "Poor boy!" and smoothed my hair.

Something in their faces smote me with dread. "He is out of his head!" they whispered.

"Tell me," I urged, "where is Elinor? She was here just now."

The Spanish and the French lady looked inquiringly at Elinor's aunt. I turned my face up to hers just in time ere I lost my senses (or did that make me faint?) to see her lips shape the words:

"Elinor died just now!"

Act IV.

I lay on my bed, dimly aware of a long, slow lapse of time. Was it of weeks, months or years? I could not tell. Sometimes I saw the sunshine veer round the room, and knew day after day passed, but not how many. Some of the boarders came and went, to my dull senses like visions in dreams: the French lady, trim and straight, nodded and twinkled past, whiffs from the German professor's pipe curled near me, the tinkle of the Spanish lady's guitar rang faint and far. Elinor's aunt had often shaken and smoothed my pillow, but I did not know why nor how I came to be in this weak state of mind and body, and no one spoke of it to me even after I could sit up, till one day Nora brought me a folded page of note-paper, which, she said, fell from my clothes when I was undressed the night I fainted, and she had kept it for me, "because it had Miss Elinor's writing on it." It was "The Lost Pleiad." All my weight of woe dropped on me anew. I knew what star had fallen from my sky.

"You kept it for me all this time?" I said, as I gave her some money. "I suppose I was sick some weeks."

"Months," she answered.

I sighed. How much in debt such long idleness and illness must have brought me! And I must have lost my chance for work in China. Letters must be written. I opened my desk. It had not been locked, and a pile of receipted board and doctor's bills I had never seen lay in it, with a letter dated the very day that Elinor—that Noel—that I fell ill, from Brande's friends on California Street. It told me that through his strong efforts I was given a place with them, which made sure the income I had longed for to let me marry and stay in my own country. They had kept the place waiting for me, and meanwhile paid my bills. Through Brande's influence! And I had killed my best friend! I gasped for air, opened the windows and walked the room. I could trace my troubles all back to that infernal Si-ki. Hastily making ready, I stole out unseen, and rushed to Tong-ko-lin-sing. As I went in, his Tien-Sien lark was filling the room with its song, standing on the floor of its cage, which was on the table in front of his master, who sat reading in his bamboo easy-chair. Tong-ko-lin-sing was struck with the change in me, and wished to talk of it.

"I must find Si-ki," I said.

"In a field of melons do not pull up your shoes," said he; "under a plum-tree do not adjust your cap. If I go with you, it will look as if I knew where to find him. I do not."

"You can find him. You must hunt for him," I persisted.

It was like talking to a blank wall. He was unmoved except to ask,

"The lady—?"

"Is dead. I must *find* Si-ki."

Quite shocked that I should be so straightforward, he said, "She has ascended to the skies?"

I nodded impatiently.

"To what sublime religion did she belong?" he asked.

I told him. I piled a small heap of gold and silver on the table under his eyes.

He spoke in high praise of her faith, but added,

"Religions are many. Reason is one. We are all brothers."

While speaking, he put the money out of sight, hung up the bird-cage, and opened his door.

We searched parts of Chinatown which would have been barred to me without a Chinese comrade; underground depths like the abysses after death, upper stories and roofs of buildings that towered in air as if striving for space to breathe, narrow, crooked alleys where loungers talked across from windows about the American straying there, and seemed to think I was led by Tong-ko-lin-sing because in some way his prisoner. He offered odd trifles from the depths of his sleeves, in small pawn-shops, which held queer gatherings—pistols of all styles, daggers, even the fan-stiletto, clothes, beds and bedding, tea, sugar, clocks, china, and ornaments. He called on large warehouses where the heads of great firms met us; and behind huge jars the size of men, wrought silk screens, giant kites, odd baskets, and gay china, but not beyond the queer foreign scent of such stores, we were given rare tea in tiny cups holding no more than our dessert-spoons. He drew me through wood-yards and vegetable gardens, and over fish-dryer's sheds. All knew and looked up to Tong-ko-lin-sing as one who knew the written language, but could not help him. He went to the Six Companies, but neither the Ning Yang, which owns the most men in San Francisco, nor the Sam Yup, which sends the most men to other States; neither the Hop Wo, nor the Kong Chow, nor the other two, nor the great wash-house company could or would tell us anything. One after another he asked the throng of small, curb-stone dealers, the pipe-cleaners, cigarette-rollers, vegetable or sweetmeat venders, and cobblers, even the gutter-snipes.

At last, the cobbler who always sits on the south side of Clay Street, just below Dupont, told him something which I did not catch, but he heard with a start. He wavered and urged me to give up the search. I would not. He set off a new way, and soon darted into an alley full of the grimy, blackened buildings which can never be used after the Chinese have lived in them, whose dark horrors recalled some scene elsewhere known—in what past age? I saw round me only the signs of a civilization older than the Pharaohs. I heard the twang and squeak of rude instruments, which, two thousand years before the three-stringed rebec (sire of our violin) was heard in Italy, played in balmy tea-gardens these same old songs of love, difficulty, and despair. Here crowded the strange buildings, here crouched the quaint shadows of an Oriental city, known to me—when? where? in some dark-hued picture?

As Tong-ko-lin-sing started down some break-neck steps, I stopped a moment for breath, and looked around me. A street-lamp lighted a Chinese poster close by me, a signed and sealed notice from the Chin Mook Sow society, offering a thousand dollars, not for the taking of two offenders, but for their assassination! I shuddered and crawled down the narrow, shaky stairs. On the last landing from which I could see the narrow strip of sky, I looked up. Two great golden planets watched me. I groaned and went on. I felt the crooks of this under-world soon shut all out like a coffin-lid. My love was dead. My friend was murdered. I cursed aloud. I followed Tong-ko-lin-sing only by the strained tension of my nerves, through which I saw him in the dark as plain as if by light, and heard him muttering in Chinese, monotonous as the shrilling of the wind far overhead. He went in at a door—through a long passage that had a strange smell that made me feel faint, a smell of death—till, after a moment's pause as if to make sure he was right, and giving me a warning touch, he opened a door into a dimly lighted den, while the sickening scent grew worse.

"Si-ki!" he called.

What was this ghostly form, white as a skeleton, which slowly glimmered through the gloom before my amazed eyes? Dizzy from the fetid scent, yet held by my horror as by transfixing spear, with failing heart and quaking limbs, I saw the ghastly figure cross the rotten, slimy floor toward us.

"My dream! My dream!" I murmured as I clung to Tong-ko-lin-sing for support.

An awful voice, discordant as a Chinese gong, the hollow voice of a leper, a voice unearthly as if we had been shades met in another world, cried,

"Between us two! *Between us two!*"

EMMA FRANCES DAWSON.

"EL TRIUNFO DE LA CRUZ."

THE first ship ever built in California was the work of Father Juan Ugarte. This was in 1719, at the darkest period of the Jesuit colonization of the peninsula, when the supplies which had hitherto supported the Missions had been cut off, and the missionaries found themselves obliged to rely upon their own resources.

Father Juan Ugarte was, in his humble way, one of the great men of his age. He was not only one of the founders of California, but he was that one of them who first established agriculture and manufactures in the country. It was under his direction and fostering care that the first fields were planted, the first orchards set out, the first vines grown, and the first grapes pressed. He was also the first to bring over cattle and flocks from Mexico, and subsequently—after he had got his fields and orchards and vineyards to growing and flourishing—to set up spinning-wheels and looms; so that within less than a decade of years, although compelled to depend entirely upon itself, the colonization of California was self-sustaining, and all owing to the extraordinary exertions and the wonderful practical ability of this one man. If the great man be he who makes two blades of grass grow where only one grew before; if, as we are now beginning to be made to believe, the greatest man be he who most successfully cultivates the arts of peace—then must the name of Juan Ugarte be rescued from the comparative oblivion in which it has been allowed to sink, and advanced high on the roll of human excellence.

The circumstances under which this first Californian ship was built, and the uses to which it was applied, as well as the character of its builder, render it one of the most interesting structures of which our early history treats. As before stated, it was in 1719, when all hopes of further support from Spain and Mexico for the Jesuit colonization of California had been abandoned, and the missionaries were left to depend upon themselves alone. At that period they had but a single ship, and that a very small one, which had been tossed about for years, and was strained and wrenched in almost every joint. All the others had been cast away in the waters of the tempestuous Gulf, and destroyed. Several attempts had been made to repair old wrecks, and one new vessel had been tacked together on the opposite shore of Sinaloa; but none of these proved of any utility: every one in a short time went to pieces, and there was nothing left to keep up communication, and, in case of danger, to carry the colonists to a place of safety, but the one crazy little transport referred to, which was liable to split with every shock and sink in the first gale. Under these circumstances, a ship of some kind, well built and reliable, was a necessity; and the only way to procure it, after so many fruitless trials, seemed to be—and, in fact, as it afterward turned out, proved to be—to build it in California, where the laying of every plank, and the driving of every spike, could be superintended by some one who was interested in seeing the work well and faithfully done. So thought Father Ugarte, and no sooner had he formed the thought than he set about carrying it into execution.

Ugarte was not a ship-builder, but neither had he been an agriculturist or a manufacturer. He was, however, one of those practical geniuses to whom all occupations seem subservient, and to whom nothing that seems indispensable is impossible. He was at this time engaged in missionary labor at Loreto, on the Gulf shore of the peninsula, in the midst of one of the most rocky, sterile, treeless tracts of country in all America. Upon looking around him, he found neither timber nor trees suitable for timber, nor iron, nor sails, nor tar, nor other necessary materials; nor were there shipwrights, sawyers, or carpenters, nor even any surplus of provisions for such persons, had they been present. To any other man these obstacles would have proved insurmountable. But, upon making inquiries, Ugarte was informed by the Indians that in the mountains, about two hundred miles to the northwest of Loreto, there were large and straight trees which might possibly serve his purpose; and distant as they were, uncertain as the result might turn out, and difficult as the way was sure to prove, he at once determined to go thither, and see for himself whether they would answer, and, if so, whether they could be brought to the seacoast. Accordingly, procuring the attendance of a shipwright from across the Gulf, and taking along two soldiers, and several natives as guides, he proceeded to scramble over the craggy mountains of Guadalupe for the forests of which he had been informed. After a long journey, of great difficulty and toil, he finally reached a considerable number of trees, not such, indeed, as grow upon our northern coast, but such as seemed fit enough for want of better; but they were in such apparently inaccessible situations that the shipwright considered it impossible to get them out, and pronounced the project for which he had been employed altogether impracticable. Ugarte thought differently, but, finding his companion positive in his opinions, he made no effort to change them. He was a man of few words, and did not care to spend time in trying to convince an unwilling listener. Without more ado, he ordered his little company to face about, and immediately returned to Loreto, where his whole enterprise had been from the beginning looked upon as visionary, and was now, upon the report of the shipwright, regarded as a matter of jest and ridicule.

Ugarte, however, was not a man to be turned aside by sneers or scoffs, nor deterred by difficulties. He had always hitherto found that his best resource in overcoming obstacles was his own stout heart. He had made up his mind as to what was to be done, but, for the time being, he kept his intention concealed in his own breast. The first action he now took was to get rid of his shipwright. He then, without making any show or flourish about what he intended, picked out a few of the best and strongest soldiers; and choosing a few of the most faithful Indians, and taking along axes and the requisite other tools, he again started out over the same crags he had traversed before, and, after a third painful journey, reached the same declivities and gorges where his invaluable trees still stood in their remote and primeval solitude. This time he had no one but himself from whom to take advice—no one but himself to consult. He therefore lost no time. He at once set to work, himself felling the trees, fashioning them into planks, and directing his followers how to help him and hasten his labors. As soon as this part of his work was done, he, in like manner, set about clearing out and constructing a road from the place where his timber lay to the newly established Mission of Santa Rosalia, on the little river of Mulegé, a distance of about ninety miles; and from there he cleared out the channel of the stream so as to float down the remainder of the way to the Gulf shore. He then made arrangements with two or three of the neighboring Missions, for the assistance of the few oxen and mules that they possessed. His energies knew no limits; and his companions, and even those who had previously laughed at him, now catching the fire of his zeal, willingly aided in forwarding his half-finished project. The Indians, always ready when the proper example was presented them to imitate, aided almost *en masse.* The rugged road was soon lined with dusky workmen; and, in the course of four months from the time he had set out in earnest on his enterprise, he had the satisfaction of finding his planks piled up, all finished and ready for building, on the Gulf beach at the mouth of the Mulegé.

The greater part of his labor was now done. He next procured from across the Gulf such materials as could not be supplied from his own establishments—as, also, several carpenters; and in a short time, himself superintending the entire work, as well as personally taking a part in all the labor, he saw his new vessel grow up from keel to bulwarks, and ready for the sea. In September, 1719, with his own hand, he nailed the cross upon her bowsprit, launched her upon the brine, and christened her *El Triunfo de la Cruz*—The Triumph of the Cross.

It must not be supposed, however, that the building of a ship cost no money in those days, any more than it can be supposed that it costs none in these. On the contrary, the first ship thus built cost nearly all the money there then was in California. By the time it was finished, it was found that all the funds of all the Missions under Ugarte's control were exhausted, and that even the presents and trinkets, which had been sent him for private use by friends in Mexico, had not been spared. But his ship, compared with the vessels then in use, was large and strong; and for beauty, as well as service, it was afterward, by competent judges of marine architecture, pronounced superior to anything of the kind that had ever before been seen in those waters.

The first considerable voyage made by Ugarte's new vessel was in November, 1720, from Loreto to La Paz, a distance of about one hundred and fifty miles. The object of it was to found a new Mission at the latter place; and for this purpose the ship carried several missionaries, a number of soldiers and assistants, church ornaments, provisions, implements, and tools, supplies of various kinds, and a lot of cattle—the progenitors, in part at least, of the vast herds which, in the course of the next century or so, covered the hills from San Lucas to Mendocino. Upon this voyage Father Ugarte, in default of any other captain, himself assumed the command of the vessel, and he soon showed that he was as good a navigator as ship-builder. He, at any rate, succeeded in safely landing his passengers and cargo at La Paz, where, for a short time laying aside the insignia of command

and reassuming his clerical functions, he assisted in conciliating the Indians, hitherto hostile to the Spaniards, and laid the foundations of the new Mission, then and thenceforward called that of "Nuestra Señora del Pilar de la Paz." As soon as he had finished his labors there, he returned to Loreto.

One of the most important objects which the missionaries of California contemplated, and which they kept constantly in view, was the discovery of a good port for the Philippine galleons. These ships, which carried the silks, gums, spices, and jewels of the Indies, intended for Spain, were obliged, in sailing from Manila to Acapulco or Panama, on account of the prevailing winds and currents of the Pacific, to cross in a high latitude, and then run down the coast of California. The length of the voyage was so great, and the general character of the provisions supplied in those days so ill calculated for the preservation of health, that by the time the vessels reached their port of destination, all, or nearly all, of the navigators were down with the scurvy and other sicknesses; and, in many cases, the loss of life and property was immense. On this account, a port on the California coast, at which the ships might stop temporarily and obtain a supply of fresh provisions, although it would not present a complete remedy, yet would afford great relief, and it was, therefore, a great *desideratum.* To this end, Father Ugarte, ever zealous for the advancement of the country, and ever on the alert in projects looking forward to great results, had, years before the building of his ship, made several expeditions of exploration. He had marched over the mountains west of Loreto to the ocean, and many leagues north and south along the coast, but everywhere found a rockbound shore; and hitherto his searches, and the searches of others who had gone out with a similar object, had been in vain. The place for the desired port—for this was fifty years before the discovery of San Francisco—had not been found.

Ulloa, in 1539, by first running up the Gulf as far as the mouth of the Colorado, and then returning, doubling Cape San Lucas, and running up the ocean coast as far as Cerros Island, had discovered the peninsular character of California; and afterward, in 1700, Father Kino had traveled by land through the desert wastes of Sinaloa to the head of the Gulf, and had seen the purple line of the California *sierra* running up into, and uniting with, the main land of the continent. But so many stories had been told of passages and arms of the sea, and of ships sailing through them, and these stories had been so often and so recently repeated, that it was still supposed that California might be an island, and that some passage or other from the Gulf to the ocean might somewhere exist south of the mountains seen by Kino, and north of Loreto. If such there proved to be, it would probably, in some part of its course, or at its entrance or its exit, afford the desired port; and, in that case, it was plain that the Spanish government, on account of the interests of commerce, if for no other reason, would waken up and pay more regard than it had ever hitherto done to the new province.

Upon Ugarte's return from La Paz, therefore, all the Missions being then in peaceful and prosperous operation, and his Californian-built ship having in the late voyage proved herself a safe, stanch, and swift sailer, he resolved upon making a complete examination and survey of the Gulf shore north of Loreto, with the main object of sailing into and through the passage to the ocean, if any such existed, and finding the much wished-for port, if any such were in that way to be discovered. It was in May, 1721, that he set sail, having on board his vessel twenty persons, and being accompanied by a boat, or pinnace, manned by eight persons, intended for shore work. He proceeded first to the mouth of the Mulegé, and from that point began his exploration northward, carefully draughting the coast as he went along.

It is not our purpose in this paper to follow the course of the vessel upon this voyage; but a few of the many interesting incidents may be given. At one place, as the ship was coasting along an apparently deserted shore, the navigators perceived a solitary Indian engaged in erecting a cross upon the beach. They turned the bow of their vessel toward it, upon which the Indian retired behind a neighboring hill. The navigators nevertheless ran in, and, upon nearing the beach, several of those in the pinnace jumped upon the sand, proceeded to the cross, and fell upon their knees before it. As soon as they did so, the Indian from behind the hill gave a shout, and immediately a large body of his countrymen, who had remained concealed, made their appearance, and received the strangers with all the signs of friendship and welcome, and many of them threw themselves into the water, and swam to the ship, for the purpose of embracing Father Ugarte and obtaining his blessing. It afterward appeared that these Indians had already heard of the missionaries, and learned that by thus erecting a cross, and observing the respect paid to it, they would always be able to recognize their friends, as was the case here.

On another occasion, higher up the Gulf, as the vessel lay at the mouth of the river Cavorca, where it had stopped to obtain provisions, a storm came on, and the sea became so rough that the force of the waves carried away the bowsprit of the ship and the cross that was nailed upon it. This loss threw the entire company into great dejection of spirits, being regarded as an omen of evil presage, till one of the Indians, whom Ugarte had along with him, plunged into the foaming flood, and with great labor, and at the risk of his life, recovered it. At another place, still higher up the Gulf, on the California side, the Indians, upon seeing the vessel approach, came down to the shore in large numbers, fully armed, drew a line upon the sand, and made signs that the visitors should not set foot beyond it. They evidently took the strangers for pearl-fishers; but as soon as they found the ship to be that of the missionaries, they at once altered their greeting, and not only carried the new-comers to their villages, but accompanied them on their further voyage, and pointed out a large and safe bay.

As Ugarte advanced northward, the tides became larger and the currents stronger, and especially in the narrower channels, where they rose three fathoms and came on with the roar of a torrent. In one of these, where the pinnace had been drawn up for a short time on the sand, the rise was so sudden and violent, that, before the boat could be secured, it was thrown upon the rocks and split from stem to stern. The ship, however, survived every danger to which it was exposed, and bore on gallantly to the north. In due time, considering the circumstances, the voyagers approached the head of the Gulf. The waters became shoaler and more turbid, being sometimes of an ashen color, and sometimes black, but generally of a muddy red; and it became necessary to proceed very slowly and to exercise great caution. The sounding-line had to be used at every advance. In this way Ugarte crept along, at one time taking advantage of the tides, and at another hugging the shore to avoid them, until he finally arrived at the issue of the Colorado River, which he found discharging itself by two mouths and bringing down large quantities of drift, showing that it was a stream of great length, traversing in some part of its course a country very different from the rocky and sandy wastes of the Gulf.

The result of the exploration was now accomplished. It was certain that no passage leading into the ocean existed to the north of Loreto. Having thus ascertained that the desired port was not to be sought in that direction, Ugarte turned around upon his return. By this time the rainy season had set in; violent tempests and storms of rain, accompanied by terrific lightning and thunder, came on; and on a number of occasions, as they pursued their way southward, the voyagers were in imminent danger. Their greatest peril occurred shortly before reaching Mulegé, where a water-spout was seen rapidly approaching. Soon they became enveloped in dark clouds, the noonday became black as midnight, they gave themselves up for lost; but as they plunged through the commingling elements, a sudden shift in the winds drove the tempest to the north-westward, and as they ran out of the storm into the sunshine again, they saw the clouds discharging their torrents of rain upon the Californian mountains far in the distance. By the middle of September, they arrived safely at Loreto.

It would be tiresome to describe all the voyages to and fro of the interesting ship, whose history we have thus in part given. For a number of years it continued to be the only one in the service of the missionaries, and there was always, as long as it lasted, employment for it. Father Ugarte, its builder, died in 1731; but for many years after that time his admirable work survived, ever bearing aloft the cross he had placed upon it—now bringing succor to the struggling Missions, and again advancing and forwarding the spiritual conquest of the country. In 1735, for instance, when the Indians of the southern part of the peninsula broke out into open rebellion, murdered the priests, destroyed the Missions there, and laid waste the land, the vessel was used to bring over troops from Sinaloa, by whose aid the troubles were composed and peace restored. What finally became of it—whether it sunk, or was crushed upon the rocks, or beaten to pieces by the merciless waves—is uncertain. Whatever its fate, it is enough to know that it was a good ship; that it never lay idle or rotted by the wall; that it answered well and faithfully the purposes of its construction. Not a timber or a spike of it, so far as known, now remains; but it lives, and it ought long to live, in memory.

Drake's ship, after the return of the bold circumnavigator from his voyage, was beached at Plymouth, and, for many years afterward, was preserved as a glorious relic—honored and revered, though racked and in decay. But surely here, in this remote corner of the globe, far removed from the blare of fame, was an object worthy of quite as much admiration. The *Golden Hind*, like the bark that carried Cæsar and his fortunes, might have graced a triumph and evoked the plaudits of a nation; but *El Triunfo de la Cruz*, like the *Santa Maria* and the *Mayflower*, ought also to be remembered and glorified in the histories of civilization yet to be written. THEODORE H. HITTELL.

THE THREE WINDOWS.

In the still night, I saw a moss-grown tower
Shaken by waves, and wet with heaven's dew;
On it the starlight, with mysterious power,
Shone nightly, and the crisp sea-breezes blew.

And there were windows in my dreams known well;
Three windows—one above the murmuring sea,
Wave-voiced, and crooning through a pearly shell:
"I have heard somewhat—lean and list to me;
Oft have I lain on lucent floors of pearl,
While meteor flames and gentle stars went by;
For me, as Liriodendron buds, unfurl
The fair clouds in the windless summer sky;
For me are memories that will not die
Of man's slow record wrought in toil and pain;
Lo! in my caves the Roman galleys lie,
And Hanno's fleet, and argosies of Spain."

One window opens where the olive hills
Rise into misty peaks, and everywhere
Are winding cañons, such as evening fills
With fleecy waves when all is still and fair.
And some hills cling about a royal height—
Hills shadow-rooted, yet grown up from thence
Into most awful rest and blotless white,
Pure, shadowless, alone, supreme, intense.

And one is just above a grassy mound
Where the white jessamine lifts its starry face,
And periwinkles creep along the ground.
Here breathes the cedar from the hill's high place;
Here wander those soft winds, so gently bringing
Their hints of music from the fragrant cells
In the blue fringes of shy blossoms singing
By woodland rivers, under fern-leaf spells.

Where mingling light from these three windows fell
There was a block, half statue and half stone,
And there a maiden labored long and well
To thus reveal the beauty she had known.
Often at daybreak she arose in haste,
Toiling unwearied till the set of sun;
At midnight, under moon and star, she paced,
Hearing the winds blow and the waters run.
And she to Nature, in such trustful wise,
Grew daily nearer, that strange hints she had
Of rare delights, and wondrous harmonies
Born in a land where no song yet was sad.

She loves to watch the forest-clad ravines,
And carve firm limbs, and graceful drapery;
But when her dream rocks in its stone, she leans
With her keen senses gathering tenderly

The jessamine fragrance, and her happy ears
Trancèd with the illimitable sea,
Till its deep under-cry she clearly hears,
And her soul thrills with hope and prophecy;
So, rapt there, lost in wider realms than sight,
It is for her as if slow gleams enfold
The chilly marble with celestial light,
And fill the room with floods of rosy gold
Until she carves a face divine and strong—
The face of one who hates and conquers wrong.

CHARLES H. SHINN.

THE WESTERN THESPIAN.

They laugh at us a little on the other side of the mountains and plains for our independence in dramatic judgment. It is very trying to be laughed at. A stinging blow is better than a sneering smile, and it is an old story that the sternest moralist, in the depths of his conscience, would rather be wicked than be ridiculous. The greatest man who lives would prefer a thunderbolt from the pulpit, rather than a lampoon from a ready writer, or a grotesque line from a caricaturist's pencil.

Yet the *amour propre* of San Francisco is not wounded by the Eastern laugh, for it has made itself evident over there that they are as piqued by our disapproval as they are charmed when we approve. It is an undeniable fact, that, when a player succeeds in California, the success is most liberally advertised upon the Atlantic board. On the other hand, if a play or player fails, the news is quite as carefully suppressed. It has also been proved, again and again, that whatever is successful in a California theatre will succeed anywhere; while something which absolutely fails in California may succeed elsewhere, or anywhere else—except in Australia.

There must be a satisfying reason in all this. Opinions do not "spontaneous grow there," as in the Irish song. "Why is it?—what is it?—what's the matter?" asks the bewildered exponent of latter-day high art, with quivering lip and moistened eye. "I should so like to please the Californians. I have been told that they are so rich, so generous, so enthusiastic, so hospitable," and the exponent departs with a very poor opinion of the Californians in either light, for, if they like not, they are as unresponsive as a medium's table when the unbeliever is present.

The independence of Californian opinion has grown up quite naturally, as the result of its once isolated position. When it took four weeks to get a letter from home, fame was not as fleet-winged as now. It is but human nature to go with the crowd, and whoever is upon the ground when some one is getting famous helps to make that fame. That which is great enough to be town-talk, and a nine days' wonder, may become ninety times a nine days' wonder, and the talk of many towns, when steam and wire are between them to keep the interest alive.

But how soon the most wondrous engagement fades from the memory in scenes where it is the work of lives to replace it with new attractions! When Edwin Booth came to California, prices were raised, seats were sold by subscription as for an opera season, boxes were taken weeks ahead for special performances, the company all had new dresses, and the theatre new scenes. Corydons and Phillises, who had come from the deep green country to see him, roamed about the streets. Night after night the same faces beamed upon him from an enthusiastic dress-circle, and seemed unwilling ever to let him go. A fortnight after, some more trivial attraction struck the public fancy. The same people were there, with the same eager animation, and, so far as was apparent, precisely the same amount of enjoyment—at half a dollar or seventy-five cents less apiece. Edwin Booth was a vague memory.

In the early times, when news was a month old before it reached here, it was only a very great name and fame that survived all this time and distance. The unknown players brought credentials to Tom Maguire, and Tom Maguire introduced them to the public. It was then impossible to accept New York as a dictator, or Boston as an arbiter. San Francisco was thrown upon its own judgment—was compelled to make its own opinions. People fell into the habit of doing so, and have gone on making opinions ever since.

New York, the metropolis of commerce, is also the metropolis of the arts. It dictates to all America in all affairs connected with the drama. It is the tribunal for plays—the manufactory of stars. Its *dictum* is accepted everywhere but in California; and this, not from a disposition to be obstinate, or hard to please, or—as might appear—from any pride in rejecting the opinion of the metropolis. It is simply the continuation of the long-formed habit of judging for themselves. It is a striking thing that this judgment is not only as spontaneous as a gallery boy's sentiment, formed on the instant, but that it is universal and abiding. It is remarkable with what unanimity first-night people express themselves on coming out of the theatre. Whether because of some peculiar effect of the climate, or some unaccountable electric sympathy of the mind, they all think alike.

I shall not soon forget the dismay of a New Yorker at the appalling silence after each fall of the curtain, when a famous New York actress made her first bow. New York itself has since reversed its decision, and decreed that her ephemeral popularity was due to the interesting character of the plays, and to the status of her theatre. The plays still live, and the theatre is still prosperous, but the lady's fame as an actress is decidedly on the wane. At the time of her appearance in San Francisco, however, she was in her heyday of luck, and the indignant New Yorker denounced us in most vehement terms for not discerning in her a new Rachel.

It is characteristic of San Francisco, also, that once a failure always a failure. An actor or actress can not come back, as Ada Cavendish went recently to Wallack's, and redeem herself. Perhaps no American audience recognizes less quickly advancement and improvement. The hapless player, who acts by all the canons of art, can never understand why, when he has charmed older cities, he fails to find favor with this insolent of the West.

Montague, who had hoped so much for a fair start with his *Diplomacy* combination in San Francisco, peered ruefully out at the thinning houses of the first week, and said: "This is rather hard on a fellow after he has been studying so faithfully, and trying so much to please." He had been assigned his particular niche when first he played here, and it never occurred to the public to reverse or amend the first impression. They liked him well enough; they so expressed themselves, and that was the end of the matter.

It is this indisposition to reverse judgment, which gives a taste of the quality of the criticism of this capricious audience, for every individual of it is an individual critic, and as little affected by local newspaper criticism as by Eastern reputation. Yet everybody reads the dramatic columns in the papers, for everybody goes to the theatre.

In so young a country, orthodoxy in these matters stands upon a feeble pedestal. Is not every one familiar with the spectacle of our most eminent divine in the front seat of the dress-circle? He does not go to see *Evangeline*, or *Led Astray*, or *The Little Duke;* but if a great actor play "Hamlet," or "Macbeth," or "Richelieu," or a great actress "Marie Antoinette," or "Elizabeth," you would find him there. The cultured class—which is not large—does not wait for extraordinary attraction; and as for the masses, they go always. All this naturally, when all parties are pleased; when they are not, the catacombs themselves are not more gloomy than the wholly abandoned theatres.

And what pleases them? Managers, and agents, and critics say that it is hard to know. And yet if one will look back upon the long record of Californian successes and failures, it will not be hard to find the key. It is only astonishing that managers, knowing the people as they do—or ought to—should make such frequent and such dire mistakes.

Truth to tell, the dramatic judgment of Californians is not a noun in the neuter gender. It is essentially feminine, because it is intuitive. It jumps at conclusions. It is as exasperating as a woman's "why?" It is as unreasonable and unanswerable as her "because." In point of fact, their judgment is not judgment at all; it is an affection of the senses.

To go back to the beginning, it will be found that our people have been affected always by personal magnetism and genius. No man or woman ever played before a San Franciscan audience with a spark of the divine fire when it went unrecognized. It mattered not whether it burned in the bosom of a tragedian or a negro minstrel; for they care very little in what line the genius may shine, so that the light is there; but they have a large and hearty contempt for mere talent.

Some daring writer once asserted that genius is vulgar. However that may be, in this new country, where there is a breezy vigor and vitality in everything, where every man represents the most stalwart branch of his family tree, they have not yet arrived at a state where they can appreciate the art which hides the bareness of nature. They must go straight to the root. Thus it is that they are affected first by the personality of the player, and not till afterward by his skill.

To repeat the oft-told story of Matilda Heron—for it is a sample of the groundwork of amateur dramatic criticism in San Francisco: She came to this country unheralded, as did every one in those days, and stormed the town with her first scene before the footlights. She was not young, nor beautiful, nor cultivated, and was wholly unused to the finer amenities of life. She was coarse in the grain, one might say, from her broad representation of the famous *lorette.* But she was endowed with a magnificent genius for suffering, and a boundless power in the expression of it. The brawny strength of her nature moved the people to stormy approval, and on the next morning she awoke famous.

To come down to later times, take the three women of note who have visited San Francisco within the past year—not all of equal fame, perhaps, but sufficiently prominent in the drama to be compared: Clara Morris, Rose Coghlan, and Ada Cavendish. Clara Morris always plays to crowds; Ada Cavendish and Rose Coghlan to empty houses. It may be urged that Rose Coghlan is not, in any sense, a star; but in these days of hypercriticism her position is almost equivalent to that of a star, and, in any case, she serves the purpose of illustration. Clara Morris is a finer edition of Matilda Heron. Perhaps her nerves are strung at even sharper tension. She can suffer quite as much, if not more, and expresses that suffering in quite as harrowing a manner. Clara Morris first came to the city of the Golden Gate four or five years ago, and played to crowds. She returned some months ago, and played to crowds again. Her audiences were no larger than they were the first time, and the applause no warmer. Yet Clara Morris in the meantime has improved immeasurably. She will never be other than a gem half cut, but of the quality and rarity of the gem there is no dispute. This was fully recognized in her crude state. Before the lapidaries of time and travel had smoothed the jutting edges, she was judged, accepted, and applauded. Had she been even less an actress, she would still have been accepted, for genius enveloped her as with a mantle, and no one would have cared to defer acknowledgment till it was embroidered by art. Californians are quick, responsive, sympathetic; but they respond to nature only. They are untrained to a perception of the finer lines of art. They decline to have their feelings played upon by mechanism or by rule. Clara Morris's pronounced provincialisms—if one may use that word in America—never affected them one whit. She felt, and made them feel what she felt, and that was all they asked.

Rose Coghlan and Ada Cavendish are the only exponents of any fame in the modern school of acting who have come to the far West. Neither one has genius. Of the two, Miss Cavendish has, as a matter of course, the more talent; but it would be possible to select two intelligent girls, from two intelligent families, and, with the higher course of stage training, make of them actresses equally artistic. They are both the result of fine critical training, and a very charming result they are. But Californians refuse to find them so. This, too, when your rich Californian is a patron of the arts. He will hang his walls with fine canvas, of which he is a pretty shrewd judge; he will fill his niches with choice works of sculpture; but the art of simulating emotion, of playing the passions, he has not yet learned to approve. The player must suffer a genuine earthquake of emotion, a convulsion of nature with every harrowing scene. The players' tears must be real, wet, watery tears. The artistically quavered voice, the simulated sob, do not suit him. Neither does the average audience like the quiet style. Nothing of the kind ever succeeded but Thorne's "Osip." Ada Cavendish never got a round of applause till she lifted her voice; Rose Coghlan never got such a round as she deserved at any time. The critics praised, the cultivated classes approved; but the masses, the reputation makers, would none of them. They will not accept the trickery of art, however high the art may be—a graceful exterior, a pure and cultivated speech, an intimate acquaintance with the conventionalties—as a pleasant thing to be enjoyed in its own way, and quite as well worth seeing as crude genius. They like the striking, the original, the daring, the picturesque. A *sui generis* style receives swift acknowledgment.

The most experienced actors have quaked in making their initial bow to a San Franciscan audience; not because they were insecure in their position and uncertain of their art, but because they realized it to be a mere matter of metaphysical fancy which they were to face at first, rather than critical acumen and cool judgment. Those things come afterward.

Thus the first secret of an actor's success lies in his own magnetism. An original personality, a virile strength and power to move, an exceptional nervous temperament—in a woman the simple inexplicable charm of fascination; any of these, or all of these, are at the root of favor. Nature must fit the actor out, and then let art do what it will. Nature without art Californians may accept in a way; but art, *sans* nature, they will not have.

John McCullough is a notable instance of the balance Californian criticism strikes. No actor ever enjoyed a greater personal popularity. Theatre-goers made him rich as a manager once, and would, perhaps, have done so again, if he had cared to tide over the hard times; but they would soon make him poor as an actor. He had one good house every season—the first. His welcome was always big, spontaneous, hearty. A royal conqueror, home from the wars, could have been no greater man than he for one night. He could always draw a *matinée;* for a certain rugged strength—which, were he great, would be rugged grandeur—charmed womankind. But his dearest friend used to say, in a half patronizing way, "John is the best fellow in the world, but he can't act."

Few realize how much of a student John McCullough is; how patiently, how slowly, how surely, he has mastered all difficulties and attained his present place in the profession. When he stood with his foot upon the first round of the ladder, he could not possibly have had more than a big ambition and a good *physique.* He has acquired information, education, a technical correctness, and an enviable position. Yet withal, although the San Franciscans did not exactly say, with Hamlet,

> "You may fret me, but you can not play upon me,"

they did say, "You can not *play* upon me." He could not fret the public, for the public positively admired him, but they always said, in the most good-natured way, "It is not in him." He might move them by all the rules and canons, by a certain earnestness which in any work is invincible, but they never found a glimmer of the divine fire, and they always said so. From first to last, they would regard him as a made, and not a born, actor. Much as McCullough was liked, universal as was his personal popularity, Lester Wallack himself did not play to emptier benches in California.

With such an example as John McCullough to illustrate the unconscious discrimination of Californians, it is unnecessary to wonder why Wallack failed. Master as he is of his art—of that exquisite art which conceals art—they refused to accede to him a higher place than that of first-class stock actor, and he can hardly be said to deserve more than that in Gotham itself. Unfavorably as San Francisco received him, it would be glad, indeed, to boast, at any of its theatres, of such an actor as the gentleman whom New York loves to glorify.

The newspapers were kinder to him than the public, but the newspapers and the public do not always agree. Criticism in San Francisco is singularly independent. There are very few green-room loungers among the critics. You will not find them strolling about town with the actors, nor flirting at the wings with the actresses. They are mostly critics in a *dilettante* sort of way, and have no axes to grind. Almost all of them have leanings to the modern school of art; but, being affected by the general atmosphere of judgment which they breathe, date perhaps from the same premises as the general public. It is only occasionally, therefore, that there is broad disagreement between them, and that the critics occupy their nooks in the orchestra while the public sits at home by its own fireside, or *vice versâ.*

It is with plays as with players: they will not accept the unreal, the improbable, the impossible, unless it be so wildly unreal and impossible as to be an extravaganza. Cast your scene of action in whatever land you may, the Californian has a natural power of divination, even if he has not been there, which assists him to a quick determination as to whether it is a faithful or a false picture. He has also a keen appreciation for the ridiculous. He does not condemn with a hiss, but with a gurgling laugh of pure and unadulterated mirth. A very bad play does not even bore him; it amuses with the very hugeness of its stupidity.

He is as realistic as Zola himself. This is why the wild, fanciful pictures of Californian life, which succeed so well in the East, fail upon the scene of their inspiration. He likes strong character drawing, vivid interest, swift succeeding incident, lots of situation. He likes bold outlines, and cares little for detail. Hence, the more modern English writers are little appreciated by him. A rattling dialogue, a pungent, delicate wit, an elegance of diction, find little favor with him if he be given these alone. If he can have these, with a bright originality, none more appreciative. Thus Gilbert satisfies him, while Byron does not. The marks of mechanism in every one of Byron's well turned sentences weary him ineffably. The quaint, unexpected lines of Gilbert's wit delight, yet these would not please alone without the originality of the plots. He regards Byron and his *confrères* as the pinks of artificialty. He admires their constructive abilities, but withholds admiration from what they build upon.

Early habit is still strong upon him. In the first days of exchange and barter, when the coin of the realm was not abundantly current, his dealings were made with unalloyed gold nuggets and dust. This taught him to go straight to intrinsic values, and he has been going there ever since. It is useless to mention to him all the trite illustrations of intrinsic values in art. As he judges with his feelings, and not with his taste, he is hard-headed and obstinate in the matter—for tastes improve.

A critic and a theatre *habitué* were arguing the subject one night, at the California Theatre, not long ago, and the discussion grew heated. An artiste was playing, who presented a charming picture of a handsome, graceful, well bred woman of the world, with all her passions and emotions held well in leash. If nothing more could be claimed, there was at least exquisite taste in all that she did. This is saying much, for a great authority has declared that to offend good taste is worse than a capital crime. The one had sat absorbed with admiration; the other had yawned repeatedly with *ennui*.

"What can you possibly find to object to?" asked the writer. "To me her method seems perfect."

"I object, because there is any method in it. I want to be moved, stirred, routed out of myself, when I go to the play, and I don't want to be routed by method. The method is good, but I want first a good, natural electric shock."

"You remind me," quoth the other, "of a good Roman Catholic with whom I had a theological discussion. He assured me, with all the patronizing of Bishop Wilberforce's maid-servant, "that there was nothing wrong in the Protestant creed as far as it went, but that it did not go half far enough.""

"We go to the root of criticism," responded the truculent Californian.

And here is just where the trouble lies. Popular criticism has a root, but it has neither trunk, nor leaves, nor branches. Perhaps this is why the drama in California has fallen into a swift decline. Patronage of the theatres is out of vogue. A yawning pit of bankruptcy stares every manager in the face. An excellent company at one theatre has failed as signally as a miserable company at the other.

It is not easy to forecast just when it will come, but we shall have a dramatic *renaissance* in San Francisco. It will come in only with a complete upheaval of old ideas. California is in a transition state in more ways than one, but in none will it show more than in the enlargement of its dramatic tastes a few years hence. In its boundlessly enthusiastic way, it will pronounce upon the workmanship as it now pronounces upon the metal.

MARY THERESE AUSTIN.

WHAT IS MONEY?

"*What is money?*" anxiously inquires the "intelligent voter," who has patiently heard the mono-metalist, the bi-metalist, and the fiat money philosopher zealously and learnedly discuss the respective merits of gold, silver, and paper, as mediums of exchange.

"*Money is that money does*," tersely replies Professor Walker, of Yale, in his latest contribution to the literature of the subject.*

"*What can money do?*" persistently asks the younger Dombey of his puzzled sire.

"You'll know better by and by, my man. Money can do anything."

"Anything, papa?"

"Yes, anything—almost."

"Anything means everything, don't it, papa?"

"It includes it; yes," finally replied the penurious, but intensely practical, old political economist..

Accepting the sage answer of old Dombey as loosely embodying the almost unanimous sentiment of mankind, let us inquire into the real cause of this universal faith in the potency of money. Why do men so patiently toil for it, so cheerfully endure privations for it, so resolutely forego pleasures for it, so heroically die for it, so willingly and willfully lie, steal, rob, and kill for it? Is it merely because it is accepted in exchange for the necessities and luxuries of life?—or are there deeper and subtler reasons for this strange and fatal fascination? To answer, that money is sought for because it will purchase whatever a man wants, is equivalent to saying it is sought for because it is sought for, and accepted because it is accepted. The question is, *Why* it is sought for and accepted by all mankind? What first caused it to be accepted?—how did it come to be adopted?—what was the beginning of this thing we call money?—and what is money? Why is it that a circular piece of stamped metal to the highly civilized European, and a string of wampum shells to the rude North American Indian, are alike "precious," and receivable in exchange for every useful service and commodity? What is the inherent value of a brilliant stone, a rare sea-shell, or a shining piece of silver or gold, judged by the sensible rule of utility, or even by the higher standard of art?

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* *Money, and its Relations to Trade and Business.*

Paintings, statuary, musical instruments, rare jewels, beautiful houses, elegant apartments, elaborate decorations, grand churches, lofty spires, monuments, and works of art, may be created and retained, sought for and enjoyed as a constant source of pleasure and use, and may be kept and preserved, from generation to generation; but money is not a work of art, a thing of beauty, or an object of utility. It is the only article in the world that is obtained for the purpose of getting rid of as soon as possible. It has no useful or ornamental purpose in itself; it is neither a necessity nor a luxury, and strictly comes within no category of "property," as we enumerate articles of value, except so far as the material out of which it is created has a value for use in the manufacture of jewels, plate, or other commodities. What is, then, this strange and anomalous thing, which has no value, and yet which has all value? Let us trace it to its source, and see what it was in the beginning, and what it has since become.

All writers on money agree that its use arose from trade; that trade in its earlier stages was simple barter—the exchange of one commodity for another; that barter was soon found to be difficult and impracticable, and that some one commodity was naturally chosen as a common representative of value and medium of exchange. Whatever this commodity was—whether an ox, a sheep, a shell, a stone, a skin, or a piece of shining metal—would be money; the only requisite being that it should be a common "medium of exchange," and at the same time a "standard," or "measure," by which all other commodities should be valued.

A careful examination of the history of nations, from the earliest periods, reveals the fact that two distinct classes of commodities have been successively used by mankind as mediums of exchange, to wit:

(1.) Articles of food and clothing.

(2.) Trinkets, jewels, or personal ornaments, or the material of which they are composed.

The former were used in the early stages of civilization, and are but little removed from actual barter. The latter have gradually developed and culminated into coined money, as now used. For the purpose of noting the growth of the money-idea from its earliest stages, let us briefly review its history:

I.

ARTICLES OF FOOD AND CLOTHING AS MONEY.

The most rudimentary state of industry is that in which subsistence is gained by hunting wild animals. Accordingly, furs or skins were employed as money in many ancient nations.[*] A passage in the book of Job[†] has been cited as clearly implying that skins passed as money among the early Oriental nations. The Hudson Bay Company, in its traffic with the North American Indians, also found that skins and furs were the most satisfactory medium of exchange, long after the use of coins had become known to the Indians.[‡] Leather money circulated in Russia as late as the reign of Peter the Great, and leather was also the earliest money used at Rome, Lacedæmon, and Carthage.[§]

In the next higher stage of civilization—the pastoral state—sheep and cattle naturally form the most valuable and negotiable kind of property. In the Homeric poems, oxen are distinctly and repeatedly mentioned as the commodity by which other objects were valued. The arms of Diomed were stated to be worth nine oxen; the tripod, the first prize for wrestlers, was valued at twelve oxen; while a woman captive was valued at four oxen only, from which we may infer that women were not so "dear" then as now. So general was the custom among pastoral nations, of using oxen and sheep as the standard of value, that even the price of gold and silver was graded, or measured, by them. The grandson of Abraham bought land, and paid one hundred pieces of silver for it. The Greek word "pieces," as used in the text, meaning "lambs," the price paid for the land was one hundred "lambs" of silver. Each of Job's friends, on a certain occasion, brought him an "ear-ring," as well as a "lamb," or "piece," of money. The silver was valued by the lambs, instead of the lambs by the silver; the lamb, and not the silver, was the standard of value, for silver had not yet been "monetized." The early Roman coins bear images of cattle and sheep, and were called *pecunia*, money, from *pecus*, a flock of sheep or cattle. Our word "pecuniary" is, of course, derived from the same word. It is also said that the term "fee," used in payment of a sum of money, is nothing but the Saxon word *feoh*, meaning alike money and cattle; as, also, the German word *vieh*, which still bears the original meaning of cattle. The origin of the term "specie," so unfitly applied to metallic money, has also been traced to the early use of cattle, and other "species," as money, and may be cited as evidence of the fact that gold and silver were not the subject of "special creation" as money, but the mere result of "natural selection."

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[*] Jevons, *Money and the Mechanism of Exchange.*

[†] "Skin for skin, yea, all that a man hath, will a man give for his own life."—Job, ii, 4.

[‡] Whymper, *Travels in Alaska*, p. 225.

[§] Jevons, *Money and the Mechanism of Exchange.*

In addition to sheep and cattle, innumerable other articles, serving as food and clothing, have, from the earliest times, been used as money. In Norway, corn is even deposited in banks and lent and borrowed.* Corn was made legal tender for the payment of debts in the early history of Massachusetts and Maryland; as was also tobacco in Virginia, salt in Abyssinia and Mexico, cocoa-nuts in Central America, tea in Tartary, the bark of the mulberry tree in China, codfish in Iceland and Newfoundland, and cotton cloth in Guinea. Many other commodities have, in various countries, been made to perform some of the functions of money, but their use was a very slight remove from actual barter.

II.

TRINKETS, JEWELS, OR PERSONAL ORNAMENTS AS MONEY.

Money was made out of jewels, not jewels out of money.† The precious metals have been used as money in three forms, to wit:

(1.) As jewelry;

(2.) As money by weight; and,

(3.) As coined money.

Aside from the peculiar value these metals may have acquired, from the fact of their having been consecrated to the cause of trade, and adopted as the medium of exchange to measure the value of all other commodities, their chief value has always lain in the fact of their extreme desirability as jewels, ornaments, and plate. Let us, therefore, trace the growth and development of these metals from their original into their present use.

(1.) Jewelry as money.—Gold and silver developed into money from being first used as jewelry. There can be no doubt that the extreme brightness and beauty of gold and silver fascinated the early races of mankind, and caused the more rich and opulent of them to covet them as trinkets and jewels, long before they were used, or conceived of, as money; and that the chief, if not the sole, value of what are termed the "precious" metals among the primitive races, was due to their rare beauty and their great adaptability to be forged into rings, bracelets, drinking-cups, and other ornaments. The Egyptian monumental paintings and inscriptions clearly prove that bracelets and rings were the usual form in which gold and silver ornaments were worn among the earlier tribes and races of men. These rings were used as money by the Egyptians down to the time of Alexander. The modern Asiatic traveler is surprised to find even the poorest women wearing heavy gold bracelets and anklets, while the rich Orientalist, who has hoarded much gold, has it melted and recast into massive anklets and bracelets, to adorn the dusky legs and arms of his favorite mistress. These jewels are his money, and it is not an uncommon sight to witness the trembling wearer of her master's wealth rudely deprived of them to pay his debts. The ancient Britons used ring-money (these rings were worn over their shoulders, on their arms, and around their waists); as, also, did many of the rude and barbarous nations of northern Europe. The Persian money called the *larin*, consists of a round silver wire, about two inches long, bent double, and stamped on one part, which is flattened for the purpose, and is thought to be a relic of ring-money. The traveler, when visiting a country inhabited by savage tribes, supplies himself plentifully with jewels and tawdry trinkets, with which to feast the eye and win the favor of the rude natives, who are easily induced to part with their most valuable possessions in exchange for the most trifling shining trinket. In the masterly work of William C. Prime—*Coins, Seals, and Medals, Ancient and Modern*—the author emphatically states that gold and silver became valuable as ornaments long before they were used for coins, and that, by reason of their being so highly prized and zealously sought after in the form of jewelry by the rich, they soon obtained a fixed and steady market value, which finally caused them to be brought into requisition as money. Nothing could be more natural than that these rings and bracelets, so easily transferable from person to person, should have been early used as money; but as these ornaments were of unequal size and value, it was soon found necessary to transfer them by weight. This brings us to the next stage in the growth of the money-idea.

(2.) Gold and silver as money by weight.—The first metallic medium that passed from hand to hand as money, of which we have any account, was transferred by weight. It had not yet been emancipated from its old condition of servitude as a mere personal ornament, administering to rude and barbaric tastes, and it was only accepted as a medium of exchange, in a subordinate way, *in connection with* oxen and sheep. It had not yet been created the sovereign, to rule and measure the value of all other commodities, but was itself measured by the most common of commodities—cattle. The transfer of money by weight arose from the unequal size of the rings, bracelets, and ornaments, in which the precious metals were originally wrought. Thus we find Eleazer of Da-

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* Jevons, *Money and the Mechanism of Exchange.*

† Hence, the classification of metallic money under the head of "trinkets, jewels, or personal ornaments." No particular theory is sought to be founded upon this fact, but to the writer it seems the most natural and logical method of treating the subject.

mascus carrying to Rebecca "rings and bracelets of fixed weight." The idea of melting and reducing these ornaments into coins of equal size and weight had not yet been conceived, much less born. The "shekel" of the ancient Israelites was at first a standard *weight* of gold, silver, or copper, and not a *coin*, as many suppose—the word "shekel" meaning "weight," in the Hebrew language. In Genesis (xxiii, 16), Abraham is represented as *weighing* out to Ephron "four hundred shekels of silver, *current money with the merchant*," but Mr. Jevons* says the silver in question is believed to consist of rough lumps, or rings, not to be considered in any sense as coin. In the book of Job (xxviii, 15), we are told that "wisdom can not be gotten for gold, neither shall silver be *weighed* for the price thereof." Aristotle† is our authority for the statement that the precious metals were first passed simply by weight or size. The Chinese—that strange, stolid, conservative, unchanging, half-civilized, and yet highly civilized race—to this day treat gold and silver as simple merchandise, and there is no government stamp to guarantee the quality of the metal, but it is bought and sold as merchandise by the ounce or pound. Their only legal tender consists of brass *cash*, or *sapeks*, with a square hole in the centre to allow of their being strung together, seventeen hundred of which are scarcely equal in value to one American dollar. The monetary terms "pound," "livre," and "mark," are also additional evidences of the early custom of *weighing* the precious metals as money, before they were coined as such.‡ By gradual degrees, however, the ancient Aryan races abandoned the absurd and clumsy custom of weighing their money; and about the year 900 B. C. it seems to have occurred to Pheidon, King of Argos, that a stamp, guaranteeing the quality and quantity of metal, and thus fixing its value in relation to other commodities, would facilitate the transfer of gold and silver as money. That the ingenious Greek ruler fully grasped the idea of issuing coined money is extremely doubtful. Seals were familiarly employed in very early times, as we learn from the Egyptian paintings, and the stamped bricks of Nineveh. Being employed to ratify contracts they came to indicate authority; and thus, when a ruler first undertook to certify the weights of pieces of metal, he naturally employed his seal to make the fact known.§

(3.) Gold and silver as coined money.—It is perhaps a significant fact that no edict, requiring coined money to be accepted as a "legal tender" in payment of debts, was promulgated by the original coiners of money. As gold and silver had been bartered in the form of rings, passed current in the form of bracelets, accepted and received by weight, the mere act of coining it into pieces of fixed size, or value, was looked upon more as a convenience to facilitate, than a law to compel, its passage. In a most interesting, as well as exhaustive, work by Mr. Humphreys,* it is stated that "the earliest Greek coins were adjusted to some well known and generally acknowledged weight, or standard; and so received the name of *stater*, a Greek word signifying *standard*, and that this *standard* appears to have been a weight corresponding to two *drachmas* of silver." "Thus," the author continues, "the Greeks, when they first established *coins* as a circulating medium, two thousand five hundred years ago, laid the foundation of the very forms, sizes, and divisions still found in all the various currencies of Europe; even to the present day, the *stater*, *drachma*, and *obolus*, corresponding very nearly to the English sovereign, shilling, and penny."

Slowly indeed, however, did the idea of money attach itself to gold and silver, and detach itself from cattle. Although the coins of Argos bore the image of a lion, the early Roman coins were stamped with the rude caricature of a lamb or an ox. Through this common "medium of exchange," the lion and the lamb were soon reconciled; and, notwithstanding the fact that the ancient Roman coins, as we have already seen, were vulgarly called *pecunia*, from *pecus*, a flock, and were stamped to represent the number of cattle they were worth, coined gold and silver finally became disenthralled from their slavish and contemptible use as trinkets, and as mere representatives of cattle, and arose to the proud dignity and sovereign position of *money*, to create, as well as rule, the commerce of the world.

It is needless to trace the devious ways of coined metals through the weary years of history, in the hope of ascertaining what is money. One nation after another followed the example of the King of Argos. There was no international money conference, to agree that gold and silver should, thenceforth and forever, be received and accepted as money; for the problem of "what is money" had not yet been presented. No Ecumenical Council of Sage Political Economists was called together by any financial Pope, or high priest, to determine upon the advisability of setting apart gold and silver, and consecrating them to the office of money. The money-idea was a growth. It took root in the necessity for a "medium of exchange;" it grew with the expansion of commerce, and fed upon the division of labor. Allied to gold and silver, it catered to the natural, but human, fondness for the precious metals as jewels, ornaments, and priestly utensils of worship, and, for this reason perhaps, the alliance became permanent and lasting. And, indeed, it must be admitted, that gold and silver are singularly endowed with the qualities which fit them for the purpose to which they were so early consecrated.

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* *Money and the Mechanism of Exchange*, p. 88.

† *Politics*, book i, chap. 10.

‡ Johnson's *New Cyclopedia*, tit. "Coinage."

§ Jevons, *Money and the Mechanism of Exchange*.

* *The Coin Collector's Manual*, vol. 1, p. 10.

Professor Amasa Walker* has, most clearly and concisely, pointed out the enormous advantages of gold and silver over every other commodity, to be used as money. They are as follows:

(1.) They cost *labor*, and are objects of *desire*.

(2.) They are *stable in value*, and are not liable to sudden fluctuations, like wheat or cotton, which, by reason of a failure of crops, may vary in price from 25 to 50 per cent., in a few months.

(3.) They are *conveniently portable*. One pound of gold will command, in exchange, fifteen thousand pounds of wheat, or thirty thousand pounds of corn, ten thousand pounds of rice, or three thousand pounds of cotton.

(4.) They are *malleable; i. e.*, can be easily wrought into any shape, and readily receive and retain impressions.

(5.) They are of *uniform quality*, whether found in California, Australia, Nevada, or Russia.

(6.) They are readily *alloyed*, or *refined*, and by alloy are made *harder*.

(7.) They are *indestructible*. Fire does not consume, nor atmospheric influence cause decomposition.

(8.) They are *universally appreciated*, as beautiful and desirable in all countries, civilized or savage.

(9.) They are *generally diffused*, being found in Europe, Asia, Africa, North and South America, and Australia.

(10.) They are *sufficiently plentiful;* not more than *two-thirds* of the gold and silver now in the possession of mankind is believed to be used as money—the balance being in plate, jewels, ornaments, and other objects of utility.

(11.) Gold loses by abrasion only 4.16 per cent. in one hundred years, or about 1 per cent. in twenty-five years. Investigations made at the United States Mint† show that while wheat can not be kept more than two years, cotton four years, wool five years, lead ten years, and iron twenty years, a gold dollar, in active use, would not be worn out in less than *twenty-four hundred years*.

Now, what can be said against gold and silver, as coined money, in the face of such an overwhelming array of advantages? What could be said to shake our faith in these venerable and almost sacred metals, which were made use of by our father, Abraham, four thousand years ago, and which have passed as the "current money of the merchant" ever since? How could a commodity, which has served so long, so faithfully, and so well, as the *money*, if not the "dollar, of our fathers"—a commodity with which all the solvent debts of christendom have been, and are to be, paid; a commodity so universally admired, so earnestly desired, and so intensely prized; a commodity which one-half the inhabitants of the globe religiously believe paves the very streets of heaven—be ruthlessly abandoned and "demonetized?"

And yet the history of money teaches us that gold and silver are not, *ex necessitate rei*, money. Wise men and eminent philosophers have gravely asserted that they are not the best money; that they are not money; that, having served the primitive purpose of their adoption, they must now give way to the more advanced and progressive methods of modern science, and the necessities of modern commerce; that, like the ancient religions, which kept us in due subjection during the transition period from childhood to manhood, and constituted the bridge over which we safely passed from semi-barbarism to civilization, so gold and silver have served well the purpose of developing the commerce of the world; and that, as mankind has outgrown the dogmas and superstitions of the one, the commerce of the world has outgrown the necessary limitations of the other; that, notwithstanding Mr. Goldwin Smith's impending "Moral Interregnum," it is as impossible for the world to go back and adopt the faith of its ancestors, as it is for the immense and growing wealth of the globe to be measured by a commodity, so insignificant in quantity, so difficult of regulation, and yet so fluctuating in value, because so easily "cornered" by monopolists; that, like all human institutions, customs, and laws, they had their rise, and must have their fall; that money should not be a commodity at all—much less a commodity so difficult to obtain—but should be composed of material having no value, except that derived from the functions with which the government endows it; that money is not itself wealth, but should be a mere system of computing and exchanging wealth; that true and perfect money is, in the language of Bishop Berkeley, "nothing but a set of counters, or tickets," issued by the government, and composed of paper, or some material that has no value in itself; that these tickets, or counters, should pass by virtue of the seal and stamp of the government being placed upon them, declaring them to be legal tenders for the payment of all debts, and should be issued in accordance with the wants of trade; that, above all things, the quantity of money should be kept steady and unfluctuating, in order that all deferred payments may be made under as favorable circumstances as the debts were contracted—the volume in circulation being no larger in one case than in the other; that, so far from gold and silver possessing all the essentials fitting them for use as money, as claimed by Professor Amasa Walker, the advantages are, in fact, overwhelmingly in favor of paper; that it costs but little labor to produce it, and, hence, all the labor now wasted in mining gold and silver can be more profitably employed in more useful pursuits, and that, as to stability, it is infinitely superior to gold and silver, because the government can constantly regulate the circulation, and supply any deficiencies caused by sudden loss or destruction, and also prevent all money panics; that as to the other advantages claimed by Professor Walker, they only apply to other metals, and not to paper, which is thus shown to be, in every sense, better fitted to perform all the functions of money than the precious metals—being clearly more portable and desirable in every sense; that it has, *in effect*, been tried and accepted in many cases, and is found to be successful, notwithstanding all that has been said to the contrary; that the greenbacks were, in reality, "fiat" money, being issued by the government, and made by law a legal tender, without any express promise of redemption, and that the Bank of England could not redeem its notes if presented to-day; that the stamp of government makes our fifty-cent coins (one dollar of which contains only three hundred and ninety-nine grains of pure silver) pass equally well with the legal tender dollar, which contains four hundred and twelve and one-half grains; and that the trade dollar, containing four hundred and twenty grains of pure silver, not being a legal tender, passes at ten per cent. discount. These are the claims and the theories of the advocates of "fiat" money.

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* *The Science of Wealth.*

† See Report of United States Mint for 1862.

But are they not liable to the objection of proving too much? It is impossible for the ordinary, practical man to conceive of a pure, theoretical, irredeemable dollar. He may, and doubtless will, admit that the bullion value of silver and gold would receive a very severe shock, and probably experience a rapid decline in price, if these metals should be demonetized; and yet he can not make up his mind that a piece of stamped paper could, by any mere legislative enactment, be transformed into a genuinely valuable dollar. He may be induced to take a *practically* irredeemable dollar, so long as the tacit understanding is that it will *some time* be redeemed; but he would be loth to admit that a paper dollar could be passed with the understanding in advance that it was to be absolutely irredeemable in any form, except for taxes. It may be true that the stamp on the gold, or silver, dollar is the principle element of its value, and yet he can not totally ignore the fact that the element of scarcity—the limit placed upon its quantity *by nature*—has been found to be far more safe as a preventive against inflation, than the legislative wisdom and moderation of mankind.

Thus it will be seen that there are two distinct and opposing systems or theories of money, the advocates of which may be divided into two classes, to wit:

(1.) Those whose adhere to the primitive idea that all trade is, in some form, essentially *barter*, and that, hence, the adopted medium of exchange must have "intrinsic value" in order to constitute money.

(2.) Those who believe that money is not a *thing*, but a mere *ideal function*, distinct from the *thing* which passes by that name.

(1.) *The barter theory.*—The advocates of gold and silver rest their case upon the historical fact that the use of money arose from *trade*, and that trade originally assumed the form of mere barter—*i. e.*, exchanging one commodity for another; that the selection of *one* commodity as a representative, or substitute, to be used as a medium of exchange for all other commodities, was the first step toward the adoption of money, and that such selected or "interposed" commodity *was money*; that the gradual, and at last almost universal, adoption of the precious metals as such "interposed" or *trading* commodity, as a common medium of exchange in place of skins, cattle, etc., is sufficient proof of the fact that they possessed, or were supposed to possess, "intrinsic value" equal to the commodities they supplanted; that custom and immemorial usage, which are higher and more potent than law, have sanctified, and still justify, their use as money, and that the well-being of society depends upon continuing, or, at least, not abolishing, the use of gold and silver as money; that, inasmuch as one of the chief objects of governments is the protection of property, and that by such protection civilization is advanced and perpetuated, the very existence of all our institutions depends upon continuing in use, and not interfering with, this generally accepted and most delicate instrument, by means of which all contracts and agreements are settled, and all property transferred by purchase and sale.

(2.) *Ideal money.*—The advocates of ideal, or "fiat," money claim that money is not a thing, but the mere *attribute* of a thing; that money is a *function*, a *medium* of exchange—that is, a mere something *intermediate*, that passes, not for its own sake, but for what it will bring, and is thus a means, not an end; that anything that possesses exchangeable value is money. Anything that will fully satisfy and pay a debt, purchase property, or procure services, is money. If a mere piece of paper—a bank-note—will do it, that is money; for the most important function of money is that it shall be received and accepted without qualification and in full satisfaction of debts. It will not do to say that a bank-note is a mere *credit*, redeemable in coin. It may be a credit as between the holder and the bank, but as between the holder and his debtor—the payer and payee—a bank-note is just as potent and effectual as money, as gold and silver coins. If the payer makes his individual promissory note to the payee, that does not constitute payment, for all debts must be paid in money; but, if he pays his debt in bank-bills, which are in reality the promissory notes of the bank, but receivable as money, the debt is fully satisfied and discharged. In other words, the payer takes up his own promissory note, which *does not* pay his debt, and gives in return the promissory notes of a bank, which *does* pay his debt. Thus, it will be observed, the bank-note has every requisite, and possesses every function, of *money*. Nothing more could be desired from anything than that it shall fully pay, satisfy, and discharge debts. Hence, it is argued by the idealists, that, if a mere bank-note can be made to perform all the functions of money, why should not a government note, secured by and "redeemable" in "all the property, wealth, and resources of the nation," be even *better money?* It is very forcibly argued, also, that the barter theory of money has one *fatal* objection, to wit: that when the commodity of which it is composed becomes *scarce* from any cause, the entire commerce and industry of the world become crippled, and thus money becomes the *master*, instead of the *servant*, of industry. There can be no doubt that it is just as essential that the commodity selected as money shall not be too scarce, as that it shall not be too plentiful. The evil in the one case is as great as in the other. And it is also true that the ratio between the value of money and other commodities should be approximately maintained. If other commodities have increased in value beyond all comparison with gold and silver, it would seem to be quite as important to abandon these metals, as it was to successively abandon skins, cattle, and slaves, for the history of money proves that money has always consisted of some common and easily obtained commodity.

Thus, on one hand, we have a theory; on the other hand, a fact. It has been happily remarked that "abstract ideas are of no use in going to market." The butcher and the baker are both hard-fisted and hard-headed fellows, who have no taste for philosophy. They want money, not theories. They have no time to discuss political economy, and much less disposition to experiment on the functions of money. And yet they would not hesitate to accept even "*fiat*" money, if they saw their neighbor taking it. From this fact we may infer (even at this stage of the discussion) that Professor Francis A. Walker is right in his "handsome" parody, "Money is that money does."

H. N. Clement.

WHY THEY LYNCHED HIM.

Peterson's luck was, without doubt, the most contemptible luck that ever handicapped a human being in the race of life. An offspring of misfortune, he seemed to have been grappled by Fate, and, in a breast-to-breast struggle with his relentless antagonist, had a "fall" scored against him in every contest. In the language of Mart Keyes, Montezuma's most successful short-card speculator, "it was safe to copper your stake against Roger Peterson's bets on every card; for, if you didn't win, you'd compel the bank to split your pile of checks;" which, being rendered into plain English, meant that whatever venture this man undertook another man might profit by, provided he pursued a course of action diametrically opposed to that of Peterson.

He came to California with the first tide of immigration, and during the most prosperous periods of the early days, by dint of the hardest labor, succeeded only in trebling his burdens by earning sufficient to pay the passage of his wife and three children from St. Jo, Missouri, to the wretched little cabin on the slope of Table Mountain. The appearance and character of this woman clearly indicated to the observing denizens of the camp that the inception of Peterson's misfortunes was not of recent date. She possessed the countenance of a satyr, and a temper as quick and violent as that of a maniac. His children—two boys and a girl—were what are now termed "hoodlums;" robbing sluice boxes was their occupation, and stoning Chinamen their pastime. Had it not been for Peterson's constant and unrelenting ill luck, the condition of his domestic affairs might have been different; but, as it was, frightful scenes of conjugal strife were of almost hourly occurrence at the Peterson "shanty." Mrs. Peterson continually cursed her husband for dragging her into his life of misery, and, with a face flaming with insane rage, screamed her imprecations into his ear from morning until night, whenever her poor victim came within sound of her villainous tongue. A single word of remonstrance, or attempted excuse, on the part of her husband, was sufficient to subject him to an unmerciful beating, administered by strong arms, with the first weapon or missile that came to hand, the miserable wretch submitting as one thoroughly cowed and broken spirited. Nine men out of ten in his place would have drowned their sorrows in drink; but Peterson, with heroic fortitude, fought and struggled against his terrible destiny, alone, unaided, and unfriended, striving with the patience of an insect to retrieve his fortunes, if by any possibility of fate he had any to retrieve.

He turned the river at Red Mountain Bar, at the first bend, below the richest placers in the county, and was rewarded for his labor and expense with a single ounce of gold dust, scraped from a broad crevice in the rocky bottom.

"It was a bend in the river," he dolefully remarked; "as pretty a riffle as ever lay in the bottom of a sluice-box, and ought to a caught the tailings of everything that washed down, from Hawkins's Flat to Don Pedro's Bar. Any other man but me 'd cleaned up fifty thousand dollars in the same place. Blast the luck!"

He tunneled for two years in the face of Table Mountain, and made barely enough to pay for his daily bread, leaving his work at last in utter despair, only to see another miner prosecute it a few feet beyond where he quit, and extract twenty thousand dollars from the blue gravel of the auriferous river-bed.

He prospected for quartz, and discovered a lead, that, notwithstanding his most energetic efforts, failed to pay the price of crushing. He lived to see an English Company purchase the property for three hundred thousand dollars, and, after erecting the most expensive works upon it, clear thousands of dollars per month from the superlatively rich rock. It is, perhaps, unnecessary to state that Peterson was not a gainer by this latter transaction, and could only listen, with a dazed, hopeless expression upon his careworn, hard-lined face, to the brilliant reports of the immense yield of his lead; his lead by right of discovery—the fortune of others by right of relocation and purchase.

During all these vicissitudes of fortune, the woman, who was rendering Peterson's apology for a home a veritable hell on earth, ably sustained the entire family by laboring sixteen hours out of the twenty-four, over the wash-tub; for, notwithstanding the ungovernable disposition of this woman, she never shirked her share of the responsibilities attendant upon providing food and clothing for herself, her husband, and her worthless offspring. But cruel fortune would not even allow them this miserable respite. The Frazer River excitement burst like a thunder-clap over their heads, and depopulated the county. Miners, merchants, and prospectors shouldered their tools and joined the rush—the camp had "petered;" even the wash-tub could no longer keep the grim monster, starvation, from the cabin door.

One day, when the clothes-lines in the rear of the Peterson cabin were flaunting scarcely three dozen "pieces" to the autumn breeze—the result of four days' washing—Peterson staggered through the door, and fell heavily upon a stool beside the dirt-begrimed table, his head dropping upon his breast, and a deep groan of despair welling up from his surcharged bosom. His stalwart wife was upon him in an instant, her arms akimbo, and a sneer upon her lips.

"Well, what's gone wrong now?" she exclaimed with vindictive asperity. A groan was the only reply she received.

"Can't ye answer? What's the matter with ye? Hev ye taken to drink? Ain't it enough that I've got to slave my life out from mornin' till night, scrapin' an' scrimpin', to feed yer wuthless ol' carcase? Air ye drunk, ye onbidable wretch?"

Peterson only moaned, and folding his arms upon the table, rested his head upon them, the picture of abject despair. The woman, exasperated beyond her feeble control, dragged the table away from him, and, catching him by the shoulder, threw him to the centre of the room.

"Answer me," she shrieked. "Answer me, or I'll brain ye. What's yer dev'lish shif'lessness brought us to now?"

"Gone—gone—all gone," he moaned, gazing at his wife in a bewildered, half idiotic way.

"What's gone, ye imp o' Bedlam?" she hissed between her thin lips.

"The *buro*—my tools—everything," he whimpered.

"What! the *buro*—yer tools! Gone? An' where've they gone to? Who's got 'em?"

"I don't know—they're stolen, I reckon."

"Stolen! Nigh onto a hundred dollars o' my hard earnin's stolen, eh! An' who stole 'em? Tell me that, will ye?" The man stood in a half crouching posture, still firmly grasped by his infuriated wife, and his dull eyes, for an instant raised to the malevolent orbs of his captor, gave her the answer he could not utter. With a powerful effort, she dashed his unresisting form from her against the cabin wall, screaming as she did so:

"Ye don't know who stole what I've dropped buckets o' sweat to earn, eh! Look at those hands, ye crawlin', sneakin', lazy cur—look at 'em, an' tell me who they've kep' from starvin'. What've *you* ever done to keep body an' soul together! What'll you ever do? How long d'ye s'pose it'll last? Look at the wash out on thet line, will ye. Look at it, an' tell me how long ther'll be anythin' left in the camp to wash. An' now what're ye layin' there fur, like a dead man? Why ain't ye out huntin' up the thief? Ye *reckon* they're stolen, do ye? Ye don't *know* they're stolen. Maybe ye don't know where they are. Maybe ye hevn't sold the donkey an' stuff, an' salted the coin. Maybe ye don't intend to git up an' dust ez soon's ye pull the wool over my eyes, a tryin' to make me b'lieve somebody's *stolen* what I've raked an' scraped, to let you squander. I reckon ye know mighty well who the thief is, Roger Peterson; an' I reckon I know the poor, hard-workin' woman thet's bin robbed."

These last charges seemed to infuse new life into the wretched man, and he staggered to his feet. He clung to the wall for a moment, and then, dashing his right hand across his brow, slowly left the cabin, followed by the coarse invective and cruel sarcasm of his termagant wife.

The next night, just as twilight was deepening into darkness, two men met on a lonely trail leading down from the bluffs of the Stanislaus River. One of them, a tall, grizzled, desperate looking individual, was directing the movements of a little donkey, heavily laden with mining tools and provisions. He was evidently a prospector, seeking new diggings. The other was also tall and grizzled, but there was less of desperation in his manner than rigid determination and moody obstinacy. The meeting was evidently wholly unexpected on the part of the prospector, and he appeared somewhat apprehensive of a deadly looking double barreled shot-gun, resting, with the muzzles toward him, upon the arm of the man who had so quietly, but firmly, ordered him to halt. The conversation between them was remarkably terse, and, aided by the shot-gun argument of the first speaker, resulted in both men taking the back track, over the bluffs, down to the river, and through the chaparral and greasewood, to the western rim of Table Mountain.

It was not an uncommon procession that passed up the main street of Montezuma in the small hours of the morning—a tall, grizzled man, leading a *buro* loaded with mining tools, followed by another tall, grizzled man, bearing a shot-gun easily upon his arm, his hand resting lightly upon the hammer. And yet this particular apparition excited first the curiosity, and then the wrath, of a crowd of half drunken roysterers who happened to be reveling in one of the saloons. They gathered around the two men, and by their loud, and violent execrations soon gathered half the inhabitants remaining in the camp. From denunciation of the cowardly thief who had stolen Roger Peterson's hard-earned property, they came to threats; and it was finally proposed to lynch the man there and then, notwithstanding the latter's protestations that he was innocent of any crime whatever, that he had bought the donkey and tools of a Mexican, and that he was willing to deliver the property to its rightful owner. Neither did Peterson's sullen refusal to acquiesce in extreme measures produce any effect upon the howling mob. They were willing to "have everything regular," but as for allowing the thief to escape, or taking him to Sonora for trial by the authorities, that was out of the question. So they carried Sam Randolph to a quiet, out-of-the-way place, near which stood a queer-looking pine tree, one branch of which projected from the trunk, like the cross beam of an old-fashioned gibbet. They tried him by lantern light, they convicted him just as the first streaks of rosy dawn were creeping over the blue ridges of the high Sierra, and they condemned him to the awful death of strangulation as the first ray of sunlight gilded the shriveled bark of the pine-tree gallows. It was breakfast time when the rope was knotted about his neck, and the musical warble of a meadow-lark fluttering in a neighboring brush fence mingled with the order: "Take hold of that rope. All hands now—haul away." It was rude justice, swift no doubt, but scarcely as sure as those who were so earnest in meting it out intended it should be.

The Sheriff of the county, in after years, loved to dwell upon what he considered the best day's work he ever accomplished—the exploit *par excellence* of official duty performed under the most adverse circumstances: how, at precisely a quarter to five o'clock, on the morning of a certain day, of a certain month, in a certain year, he was awakened by a breathless messenger from the camp of Montezuma, announcing that the lawless citizens of that locality were about to lynch a horse-thief; how, without waiting to inquire the particulars, and only long enough to gather from the saloons, still open at that time of the morning, a sufficiently resolute *posse*, and to mount them on the first animals that came to hand, he dashed away at a breakneck pace over the mountain road connecting the county seat with the law defying camp of Montezuma; how he arrived upon the scene just as the struggling wretch was being lifted from the ground toward the branch of a pine tree, his elevation being materially assisted by a hundred pairs of muscular arms; how at the head of three or four men he charged the mob, cut the rope, threw the insensible form of the half hanged man across the pommel of his saddle, and, pistol in hand, fought his way out of the yelling mob and brought his prisoner to the county jail. This was the Sheriff's story, and, making allowance for a few pardonable exaggerations, was in the main correct.

The trial of Sam Randolph was not *une cause célèbre* by any means. It was simply a plain case of grand larceny; and the sentence of five years in the State Prison, which he received with the same stoical indifference that characterized him when the court of the people condemned him to death, excited no interest whatever in the mind of the community. Nothing less than a conviction for stage robbery ever did affect the Californians of that day to any great extent. On his way to his cell after sentence had been passed upon him, Randolph chanced to meet Peterson, his accuser, standing listlessly in the doorway, and bestowed upon him a vindictively malevolent scowl of the deadliest hatred. The passing frown of the man who had attempted to despoil him produced no other effect upon Peterson, however, than to cause him to turn slowly, and, with a vacant stare from his dull eyes in the direction of the heavily ironed prisoner, to remark in an undertone, to himself:

"Maybe my luck'll turn now. I've made the riffle on one deal anyhow."

Peterson's return to his home under the rim of Table Mountain was far from being triumphal in its character, for he was met at the threshold of the cabin by his wife, who heaped an avalanche of reproaches and complaints upon him. She pointed to the depleted clothesline, and in choice vituperation, directed at mankind generally, informed her shrinking husband that fifty more miners had shaken the dust of Montezuma from their feet and turned their eager faces to the northward—another company recruited for the grand army already on the march to the gold fields of Frazer River.

"S'pose I pack up an' go, too," he muttered, a slight raising of the corners of his mouth indicating the inward spark of joy that had begun to glow in the dead ashes of his heart at the thought of gaining relief from the intolerable clangor of a virago's bitter tongue.

"Ye'd go, would ye? An' leave me to tug, an' pull, an' haul, to support yer three brats. You're a fine husband an' father, ain't ye? You ought to be ashamed o' yerself. But what's the use? Ye never was any account anyhow, an' I've hed to wear myself out gettin' bread an' meat enough to stuff down yer mis'able throat, an' thet's all the thanks I git."

"I reckon that'll keep you till I git back, won't it?" As Peterson said this, he threw a heavy buckskin purse on the table.

"Where'd ye git thet?" inquired his wife, eyeing first her husband, and then the purse.

"Borrered it."

"Who from?"

"A friend o' mine."

"What fur?"

"I thought maybe you'd need it while I was gone."

"Gone! An' so ye'd settled on goin' afore ye'd quit doin' nothin, eh."

"They say there's better diggin's up north—they can't be worse'n they are here. Maybe my luck's turned."

"Yer luck!" the woman sneered. "Yer luck! Yer a born ijit, Roger Peterson. Talk about luck—a man talk about luck. How much is ther in that sack?" she suddenly asked, picking up the purse.

"Two hundred—about."

"All right. I'll make it go ez fur ez I ken. I'll work my finger-ends off to keep yer young uns till ye git back. An' mind ye, Roger Peterson, don't you come loafin' round here, till ye ken support those yer bound to support ef ye'd only do half yer duty. Now, vamose—git!"

The woman extended her arm, and with her index finger pointed to the door. The man obeyed the command, only pausing an instant on the threshold, to direct one of his dull, cowed glances at the wife who thus imperatively banished him from his own house—such a glance as "dumb, driven cattle" turn toward their taskmasters.

And so Roger Peterson, the chosen favorite of misfortune, joined the "rush" for Frazer

River, neither hoping for prospective wealth, nor fearing disappointment, and without a single regret at leaving a wife and family behind him. The finger of his destiny, like the finger of that terrible woman, pointed the way, and he followed it unquestioningly, and without a single resolution for good or for evil.

Peterson's career in the Frazer River diggings was a counterpart of that at Montezuma. He saw fortunes slip away from him after he had almost laid his hands upon them. He labored with all his strength within a hundred feet of men who were carrying away their thousands, and never "struck a color." To use his own sad commentary, "his luck hadn't turned worth a cent." But in this case Peterson was no worse off than thousands of others, who, with high hopes and brilliant expectations, had sought the new diggings, for the Frazer River excitement stands out to-day, in the history of the Pacific Coast, as the most disastrous fever that ever sapped the ambition of a Californian treasure seeker. Peterson, however, had hoped for nothing, and was not surprised at the realization of his hopes.

In the Cariboo excitement Peterson was one of the first on the ground, to delve, and toil, and struggle, and accomplish nothing—as usual. Then he drifted hither and thither, like flotsam on the heaving tide; a week in this camp, a month in that, ever toiling, never hoping, and barely obtaining, by his most gigantic efforts, a scant subsistence—charity oftentimes supplying what energy, perseverance, and obstinate persistence failed to provide. It was the "grim irony of fate," and this poor mortal could do no more than fight his hopeless battle, until death should step in and put an end to the struggle.

When the great Washoe excitement broke out, a world was startled. It produced an effect second only to that of the first gold discoveries in California. Like the California fever, it rescued a wilderness from its primitive state, and, while laying the basis for colossal private fortunes, added another State to the Union. It carried in its train fortune and misfortune, joy and misery, bright hopes and dark despair. Here again Peterson toiled and struggled, never hoping, never despairing. Having reached his leaden mean, he could not hope, and in his dreary philosophy could perceive no use in despairing. Invariably failing to accomplish anything as a prospector, or independent miner, he sought employment as a teamster, mine hand, or ordinary laborer, and by this means secured sufficient to sustain life.

He had, after a long day's struggle through the alkali sands of Esmeralda, brought his team of sixteen mules to a corral on the outskirts of Aurora, at that time the most flourishing camp of south-western Nevada, and after attending to the necessary duties of feeding and stabling his animals, repaired to a hotel for rest and refreshment. While seated in front of the hotel, waiting for the supper-bell to ring, he was accosted by a young man clad in the garb of a mountaineer.

"Hullo, George! On the road again, I see."

"Yes, I'm on the road again," answered Peterson; "but I reckon you're mistaken in yer man, stranger. My name's Peterson—Roger Peterson."

The man looked at him a moment, and then burst into a loud laugh.

"Well, that's purty good, George—Peterson's good. How many names have you got, anyhow, George?"

"But I tell ye my name's not George," persisted Peterson.

"Oh, no, of course not. Stick to it, George, but don't think you can throw off that way on your friends—your pals, George—because it won't do; it's played out."

"Have it yer own way, my friend. George it is, then; one name's as good's another," answered Peterson, with characteristic resignation to this new freak of his old enemy, Fate.

"Now you talk," replied the mountaineer, throwing himself into a chair beside Peterson. There was a pause in the conversation, during which the stranger drew a pinch of tobacco and a brown paper from his vest pocket, and rolled a cigarette. After he had lighted the little roll, he leaned over to the man whom he had addressed as "George," and in a low voice inquired:

"Which of the gang did that little job at Taylor's last Monday?"

"I don't understand ye, stranger."

"Of course ye don't, George; it's natural you shouldn't understand me. You've got your reasons for not understanding me, I expect. I'll have to put it a little plainer. Which one of the gang robbed the Carson stage at Taylor's Station?"

"Robbed the stage!" Peterson uttered the words slowly, and with one of those forlorn glances so common to him.

"Yes, robbed the stage," repeated the young man; "everybody says it was 'Chaparral George's' gang that did the work, and if you didn't do the job yourself, you know who did."

"I never robbed a stage in my life."

"I know you never did," answered the stranger, chuckling; "but as there's a heavy reward out for your capture, I'd advise you to keep shady till it blows over. *Adios*," and before Peterson could reply the man had sauntered away. A moment after, the supper-bell rang, and he entered the hotel pondering upon the strange accusation of the mountaineer, little dreaming that the first strand of a terrible rope had been twisted for his neck; that from this period in his struggle with his destiny, the diabolism of human machinations, combined with the natural results of a life fraught with misfortune, conspired to crowd him from time to eternity.

That night, about half past ten o'clock, Peterson was aroused from a troubled slumber, and ordered by a gruff voice to arise and dress himself. As soon as his eyes became accustomed to the glare of two bull's-eye lanterns, he observed, standing at his bedside, three broad-shouldered men, wearing slouch hats and overcoats, and holding heavy navy revolvers in their hands.

"Come, George, the game's up. Get out 'o that, an' mighty lively, too, or we'll haul you out," remarked the foremost of the invaders.

"What's the matter?—what've I done?" asked Peterson, in a half plaintive tone.

"I guess you know what you're wanted for," answered the spokesman; "but so's there won't be any mistake, I'll inform you that I'm the Deputy Sheriff of Esmeralda County; you're 'Chaparral George' (at least, that's our information), and you're wanted for stage robbery. There's the warrant. Shall I read it?" and the Deputy Sheriff drew a folded paper from his pocket and proceeded to open it.

"You needn't trouble yerself," answered Peterson, as he dressed himself; "if I'm 'Chaparral George,' it's all right; if I ain't, it's all right."

"I guess it is," was the laconic reply of the officer.

The remainder of the night was passed by Peterson in the town jail, and the next morning he was taken before a Justice of the Peace to answer a charge of robbery. He had no difficulty in proving, by two teamsters in Aurora, that he had made two trips from Carson as a freighter, and the keeper of the hotel produced his register to show that he had always signed as Roger Peterson. But this was not proof sufficient to satisfy the vigilant authorities of Esmeralda, and he was remanded to the custody of the Sheriff until more positive evidence could be obtained from Carson. Two days afterward the necessary depositions were received: one from the freight agent stating that at the time of the robbery Peterson was in Carson, and others making affidavit that Peterson was, "to the best of their knowledge and belief," the right name of the prisoner. Peterson was accordingly discharged from custody; but when he entered the corral, where he had left his team, he found another teamster "hitching up." A few inquiries elicited the facts, that although he was not George Barnwell, *alias* "Chaparral George," the stage robber and desperado, yet, by being arrested as that individual, a taint naturally rested upon him, which precluded his employment in the responsible occupation of a freight teamster. Valuable packages were oftentimes smuggled into the teams, without the knowledge of anybody except the forwarding agent and the teamster. Another "fall" had been scored for Fate, and Peterson picked himself up and prepared for another tussle. Observing that he was regarded with suspicion in Aurora, he counted his scanty coin, calculated how long it would last him, and began his journey to Mammoth City. It was a long, weary tramp, but he plodded on with dogged determination, and finally reached his destination, footsore and worn out. Almost the first man he met accosted him familiarly as "George," and, with a sly wink, asked him where he had left the rest of the gang. For the first time in the memory of man, Peterson became imbued with a combative spirit. He knocked the man down, and kicked him until a crowd gathered and dragged him off. The fact that a prison cell circumscribed the freedom of his movements shortly after the affray with the stranger did not disturb the sullen equanimity of Peterson's mind, and when Henry Fogle, the wiliest lawyer on the western frontier, entered his apartment, he took no more notice of him than if it had been his jailer bearing his evening meal. He simply turned his dull, expressionless eyes upon the cynical countenance of the attorney at law, and then began mentally enumerating the cracks and crevices in the wall beside him.

"And this is the man they call 'Chaparral George.'" There was an implied sneer in the lawyer's tone, although the words themselves were thoroughly commonplace.

Peterson made no reply.

"Peterson." Fogle assumed the persuasive method as being best adapted to the condition of the prisoner.

"That's me. What d' ye want?" Peterson's reply indicated that he regarded his visitor with the most perfect indifference.

"You don't want to lie in a place like this fifteen or twenty years, do you?" The lawyer seated himself beside the prisoner, and twirled his fingers, as if the consummation he had conjectured was a foregone conclusion.

"Don't expect to lay here that long," answered Peterson, still apparently counting the cracks and crevices.

"You'll make the riffle if you're 'Chapparal George,' sure."

"Maybe, but I reckon I ken prove my record purty clear." Peterson did not cease to contemplate the cracks and crevices.

"It's a two to one bet that you won't do anything of the kind."

"Why?"

"Because, in the first place, nobody in Mammoth City ever saw 'Chapparal George,' and in the second place, you answer the description exactly. Besides, there are parties here who have an interest in sending you to the State prison."

For the first time since the interview began Peterson manifested interest in the conversation. He ceased his listless contemplation of the cracks and crevices in the jail wall, and turned toward the lawyer.

"Who wants me sent to State's Prison?" he asked.

"It don't make any difference. I tell you that it is the wish of certain parties in this locality that you be consigned to a dungeon—to hard labor—somewhere where you won't interfere with them. Do you realize your position?"

"If that's the case, I reckon I'm in a bad box, ain't I?"

"Not so bad but what it will be easy for me to save you," was the confident reply of the lawyer; "provided, of course, that you will be guided by me throughout. Is it a bargain?"

"I reckon it'll hev to be," answered Peterson, regarding the shrewd face of his visitor with a slight degree of interest, now that he had assumed the *rôle* of liberator.

"All right, then; and now as regards my fee—how much money have you got?"

"Forty dollars."

"Well, I won't be hard on you, seeing that you've such a hard row to hoe, and that you will need a little money for necessary expenses. I guess thirty dollars will be sufficient. Is it agreed?"

"Anything's agreeable to me," was Peterson's characteristic reply.

"All right. Now, you're my client; and as my client, I shall expect you to be guided entirely by me. Your liberty, and perhaps your life, depends upon the most implicit confidence on your part. The moment you refuse to be guided by my advice, I throw up the case. Do you understand?"

"I understand."

Fogle then left the jail, and was immediately engaged, heart and soul, in arranging a mysterious combination, which he intended should result in the liberation of his client from the restraints of the law. The first movement was singularly paradoxical as regards the securing of Peterson's release. It was nothing more nor less than a plea of guilty of assault and battery, and the Justice of the Peace considered that he had no course to pursue but to impose a sentence of two hundred dollars fine, or one hundred days' imprisonment, the assault having been of an aggravated character. The prisoner had scarcely been remanded to the custody of the Sheriff, when, through one of Fogle's combinations, the committing magistrate received an anonymous letter, stating that the prisoner was a dangerous criminal, known as "Chaparral George," a stage robber, and a more than suspected murderer. The letter pointed out the fact that an effort was being made to quietly gather proof against him, and that these efforts would be frustrated if the prisoner paid his fine, as he was more than likely to do, and thereby escape justice. The magistrate read this letter carefully, two or three times, and a light dawned upon him. He had, in his innocence of the character of the man whom he had sentenced, given a most desperate criminal an opportunity of evading the penalty of his misdeeds, and there was but one course for him, as a representative of justice, to pursue. He would recall the prisoner, and revoke the fine, leaving him under sentence of imprisonment for one hundred days, during which time the necessary proofs identifying him as "Chaparral George" could be obtained. Decision on the part of this astute officer of the law was equivalent to prompt action, and within half an hour after the letter had been received, Peterson stood before the bar of justice receiving a second sentence of one hundred days' imprisonment, without the alternative of a fine. These little cogs in Fogle's combination must have worked to a charm, for that keen practitioner chuckled and grinned, with sardonic glee, as he drew up the papers in the *habeas corpus* case of Roger Peterson, "unlawfully restrained of his liberty, and illegally detained by the Sheriff of Mono County, State of California." That afternoon, in the chambers of the Judge of the County Court, there was held a quiet little legal *séance*, at which Henry Fogle, attorney at law, submitted to his Honor that it was "an infringement of the constitutional privileges of a citizen of the United States, and wholly derogatory to every legal principle, to impose two sentences for one offense. Moreover, the prisoner had passed out of the jurisdiction of the Court when he was remanded to the custody of the Sheriff, and the committing magistrate had as much right to drag a citizen into his Court from the public streets as he had to recall the prisoner after he had begun the service of his sentence." This was the view held by his Honor, and he ordered the prisoner discharged from custody forthwith. Henry Fogle was justly famous for his knowledge of the loop-holes of justice, and his readiness in taking advantage of them.

Peterson, after his discharge, wandered about town in an aimless sort of way, occasionally pausing and drawing his hand across his brow, as if that action would clear up the doubt and mystery surrounding the late events of which he had been the involuntary victim—striving, without knowing, to break the web that was being woven around him. While standing in the shadow of a deserted building, he was approached by a suspicious looking man, roughly dressed, and apparently anxious to escape observation. The man walked by him, and then suddenly turned, and, in a hurried whisper, informed him that he was a friend, that a movement was on foot in the town to reärrest him as "Chaparral George," and perhaps hang him. He had been sent by Fogle, he said, to warn him, and if he would hurry to the dead pine, on the Bridgeport trail, he would find a mustang tethered there, which he would do well to mount and cross the mountains as rapidly as the animal could carry him. Peterson listened like a man in a dream, gazing at the messenger in a semi-stupor until he had concluded. Then, without a word in reply, as if obeying an imperative command, he took the Bridgeport trail, and finding the horse as indicated, mounted it, and rode into the hills.

Two days after, as evening was falling, Peterson, travel-stained and weary, rode into Montezuma. He passed through the town, and up the narrow pathway to a deserted cabin under the ridge of Table Mountain. A single glance revealed the condition of the hut, but it did not change Peterson's purpose of alighting and entering. He stood for a moment in the centre of the larger apartment, memories of the past—the miserable past—rising before him like the grim spectres of his dead hopes and smothered ambitions. The clatter of hoofs outside aroused him, and a voice, exclaiming, "That's the horse, Buck," drew him to the door. Two men were dismounting, and while one of them secured Peterson's horse, the other drew a six-shooter and leveled it at Roger.

"Throw up your hands, George; if you move I'll let daylight through you." There was no gainsaying the command, and Peterson obeyed mechanically.

"Where'd you get that *broncho?*" asked the man with the pistol, advancing toward the door.

"In Mammoth City. I s'pose you're the owner, ain't ye?" answered Peterson.

"Not exactly, but as it's stolen property, and I'm a Deputy Sheriff, I suppose it's my property in trust for the rightful owner. The horse belongs in Montezuma, and it ain't saying much for your cuteness that you've run your neck into the halter, coming back to where it was stolen, and riding boldly through the town on the plunder. Fetch those irons here, Jack." The officer by this time stood beside Peterson, with his pistol still leveled; in fact, he seemed to regard his prisoner with so much consideration that he did not lower his weapon until the man addressed as "Jack" had securely handcuffed his prisoner.

"I guess I can manage him now, Jack. I'll take him to the jail, and you can follow after with the horses;" saying which, "Buck" directed his prisoner to march ahead. On the way down the trail the Deputy Sheriff attempted to "pump" his prisoner, but Peterson replied only in monosyllables, and this reticence fully confirmed the officer in his supposition that he had made an important capture—that he was about to cage the notorious "Chaparral George," the great desperado of the Sierra. As for Peterson, this new scene in his life-drama produced no very startling effect upon an intellect already thoroughly dulled by ever recurring calamities, and the constant, but vain, effort to conceive why he, an obscure and unknown member of society, should be thus set up as a target for the shafts of misfortune. Even after he was thrust into the gloomy cell of the town-jail he failed to realize, or even to care particularly, what the future might have in store for him.

Meantime, the news spread far and wide that the murderous bandit, "Chaparral George," had been captured, and an excited crowd soon gathered in front of the post-office, discussing the chances of his "swinging" at an early date.

"Swing!" exclaimed a tall, bearded prospector. "Not much. The rope ain't twisted thet'll swing George Barnwell. Why, boys, he's as slippery as a Greaser horse-thief, and a derned sight luckier. Look at him over in Aurora; didn't he slip through there on an *alibi?* And not three days ago, in Mammoth City, he and that other old thief, Fogle, put up a *habeas corpus* job, and he got clear as slick as oil, when they thought they had him dead in the door. Hang! No, sir. 'Chaparral George' knows a trick worth two of that, you bet. It's two to one that he plays the Peterson game on you, and walks the streets of Montezuma a free man in twenty-four hours. He says his name's Roger Peterson, and that he lived here several years ago."

"I knew Peterson when he lived here," remarked one of the crowd; "he went away during the Frazer River excitement, and left a wife and three children behind him."

"What became of his wife?" asked the first speaker.

"She went back to Missouri," answered another citizen, edging forward, "and my wife got a letter from her a week ago, saying she and Peterson were together again and doing first-rate. Peterson did have a rough time of it, you bet, when he was here. I hope, for his sake, her temper's something better'n it was a few years back."

This forgery (for the letter was a bogus one) became a strand in the rope, and the last combination against the luckless victim of fate was as keenly diabolical as the first.

"Well, that ain't the question," said the tall man, facing the crowd; "the real question is, whether such a slippery customer as 'Chaparral George' is to be let loose on the community again. If he's left to the law, he'll escape as sure's you're all standing there, and if robbers and murderers are to be let go free, on one pretense and another, I think it's about time for honest men to emigrate. Ain't I right?"

There was an almost unanimous cry of "You bet," and the crowd gathered closer about the speaker.

"'Tain't the way it used to be," resumed this self-constituted Brutus of Montezuma. "In the early days there wasn't so much law, and a blamed sight more justice. If this town had any sand, or really wanted to see justice done, 'Chaparral George' wouldn't last through the night."

"An' how d'ye know we hevn't the sand?" inquired a rough looking man on the outskirts of the crowd. "How d'ye know we don't want to see justice done?"

"I don't say so—direct. But the crowd that hangs back don't hang men. There's plain talk; but a man with half an eye can see that it's the only kind of talk that'll bring honest men to their senses."

For an instant there was a deathlike stillness in that crowd, and every man looked at his neighbor. The decision as expressed by those side glances was unanimous, and sealed the doom of the man who was charged with the crimes of "Chaparral George," as effectually as if the hangman's rope was already around his neck. Very little more was said, and the crowd quietly dispersed, each man well knowing that when they again assembled it would be for a terrible purpose.

The jail where Peterson was confined had formerly been used as a warehouse and was built of brick, the windows being heavily barred and further secured by thick sheet-iron shutters. The main entrance in front was also strongly secured, the iron doors being double-locked and cross-barred, but presenting the easiest means of admission for an assaulting party. It was to this door that a crowd of about fifty masked men came at midnight of the day on which Peterson was arrested, and that unfortunate man was aroused from his slumber by the heavy knocking of the leader of the mob. He heard the Deputy Sheriff ask what was wanted, and the gruff reply of the leader demanding the keys of the jail. The officer refused the request, and advised the men to desist and let the law take its course.

"We'll give you three minutes to pass out that key and unbar the door," answered the leader.

"You'll waste your time, then," was the *ultimatum* of the jailer.

A silence, that weighed like lead upon the heart of the hapless prisoner, was broken presently by a horribly ominous crash. An instant's interval, and then another, followed immediately by still another. It was the reverberation of iron actively wielded by a pair of strong arms against iron, inert but firm—a sixteen-pound sledge beating remorselessly upon the lock of the jail door. The steady clanging of the sledge echoed through the building and came to the ears of Peterson like a death-knell, filling his soul at first with a nameless horror, all the more terrible as he realized that he could not by any possible chance escape. Then, as he lay there listening to the regular beating of that metallic death-drum, a strange calm came over him—a resignation such as men, bereft of every hope, sustain their starved ambition upon. His whole miserable life passed in review before him, and, comparing his unfortunate career with what he had, in his earlier years, regarded as the ultimate reward of men who had lived a life as nearly approaching rectitude as their knowledge of good and evil would allow, he did not regret the grave possibilities instinctively dawning upon his mind, that this night was to be his last on earth. And still that relentless hammer fell with a ceaseless purpose upon the lock of the jail door; but not more relentless than the weight of misfortune that had continually beaten him back whenever he strove with superhuman energy to press forward in the race of life.

Clang—crash! Clang—crash!

How monotonous the awful sounds became as they were repeated at quick intervals, one echo scarcely dying away before another was born! And should he, Roger Peterson, a mere human foot-ball, kicked and buffeted through life as he had been, seek to further prolong such an ill starred existence? Certainly not. And what did it matter how the final oblivion of death came to drown the never ceasing sorrows that were dragging him by the very heartstrings into the grave? Better a quick, painless transit from a miserable existence, than weeks, months, perhaps years, of wretched mental suffering, which must eventually lead, by a thorny path, to the same goal. The stake at issue was not worth the striving for. Having thus balanced accounts on his own books, Peterson was prepared to stare his fate square in the face, and submit without a murmur to what he could not now regard otherwise than inevitable.

A dull thud announced to the listening man that the main fastening had given way. He wondered, in his impractical way, why the officer of the law in charge of the prison did not assert the majesty of the law, and save an innocent man from the bloodthirsty clutches of the mob, forgetting, in the suspense of the moment, that the days of official heroism had long since passed away. Again the metallic clangor of iron against iron resounded. This time they were attacking the hinges. Presently the noise of the sledge-hammer ceased, and he could hear a grating sound as if something was being pried open. Finally, there was a ringing clatter, and the sound of muffled voices. The door had been forced open at last, and the crowd had dashed in upon the unresisting Deputy Sheriff. A rush of many feet along the corridor, and a key was turned in the lock of his cell door.

"Stand back, boys. If he resists, I'll stand the brunt, and you can strike him down when he comes out." The words were uttered in a brutal tone, and as Peterson arose to his feet the door was flung open, and the cell flooded with a blaze of light from a dozen lanterns in the hands of as many men, whose faces were concealed by hideous black masks.

"Stand back—stand back, I say!" shouted the same voice. "I'll attend to him if he makes a break."

The mob obeyed, and a tall, masked vigilante entered the cell, and by the glare of the lantern he carried in one hand revealed the long revolver which he grasped in the other. His eyes sparkled fiendishly through the holes of his mask, and a sneering laugh came from between his lips as he contemplated the resigned expression on the other's face. Placing the lantern on the floor he stepped close to the prisoner, and, raising the mask, looked him fair in the face, with an expression of countenance as nearly devilish as anything human ever becomes. Peterson recoiled. "My God!" he exclaimed; "it's Sam Randolph."

"Yes, it's Sam Randolph," sneered the other, "*alias* 'Chaparral George,' and before the sun rises on another day, Roger Peterson will know how it feels to be hanged by the neck until he's dead. There's a pine tree out here a ways that I reckon'll bear riper fruit to-night than it did on a certain other night some years ago."

Peterson simply folded his arms, fully prepared for the result. He had not long to wait. Randolph, with a sudden movement of his foot, shattered the lantern and extinguished it, at the same instant firing his revolver, and, springing backward as if he had been suddenly attacked, called upon the crowd to assist him to bind and gag the doomed man. Like a pack of hungry hounds they sprang upon their prey, and, obeying the orders of their leader, bore their victim out into the night to his death.

The warm morning sunlight poured its wealth of golden rays over that pine-tree gallows and its awful burden. Roger Peterson's Nemesis had overtaken him at last, and although the ultimate death of the immediate instrument of remorseless fate cleared the unfortunate man of all wrong imputed to him, and caused many a heart to regret his terrible end, yet the awful work being accomplished, there was no recall, and the low mound beneath the shadow of Table Mountain must hold its tenant, until the final balancing of all accounts shall award justice to a man all sinned against and seldom sinning.

E. H. CLOUGH.

THE MIDNIGHT MASS.

Of the mission church San Carlos,
Builded by Carmelo's Bay,
There remains an ivied ruin
That is crumbling fast away.
In its tower the owls find shelter,
In its sanctuary grow
Rankest weeds above the earth-mounds,
And the dead find rest below.

Still, by peasants at Carmelo,
Tales are told and songs are sung
Of good Junipero Serra,
In the sweet Castilian tongue:
How each year the *padre* rises
From his grave the mass to say—
In the midnight, mid the ruins—
On the eve of Carlos' day.

And they tell when, aged and feeble,
Feeling that his end was nigh,
To the mission of San Carlos
Junipero came to die;
And he lay upon a litter
That Franciscan friars bore,
And he bade them rest a moment
At the cloister's open door.

Then he gazed upon the landscape
That in beauty lay unrolled,
And he blessed the land as Francis
Blessed Asisi's town of old;
And he spoke: "A hundred masses
I will say, if still life's guest,
That the blessing I have given
On the land may ever rest."

Ere a mass he celebrated
Junipero Serra died,
And they laid him in the chancel,
On the altar's gospel side.
But each year the *padre* rises
From his grave the mass to say—
In the midnight, mid the ruins—
On the eve of Carlos' day.

Then the sad souls, long years buried,
From their lowly graves arise,
And, as if doom's trump had sounded,
Each assumes his mortal guise.
And they come from San Juan's Mission,
From St. Francis by the bay,
From the Mission San Diego,
And the Mission San José.

With their gaudy painted banners,
And their flambeaux burning bright,
In a long procession come they
Through the darkness and the night.
Singing hymns and swinging censers—
Dead folks' ghosts—they onward pass
To the ivy-covered ruins,
To be present at the mass.

And the grandsire, and the grandame,
And their children march along,
And they know not one another
In that weird, unearthly throng.
And the youth and gentle maiden,
They who loved in days of yore,
Walk together now as strangers—
For the dead love nevermore.

In the church now all are gathered,
And not long have they to wait;
From his grave the *padre* rises,
Midnight mass to celebrate.
First he blesses all assembled—
Soldiers, Indians, acolytes;
Then he bows before the altar,
And begins the mystic rites.

When the *padre* sings the *sanctus*,
And the Host is raised on high,
Then the bells up in the belfry,
Swung by spirits, make reply;
And the drums roll, and the soldiers
In the air a volley fire,
While the *salutaris* rises
Grandly from the phantom choir.

"*Ite, misa est*," the *padre*
Loudly sings at dawn of day;
And that pageant strangely passes
From the ruins sere and gray;
And good Junipero Serra,
Lying down, resumes his sleep,
And the tar-weeds, rank and noisome,
O'er his grave luxuriant creep.

And the lights upon the altar
And the torches cease to burn;
And the vestments and the banners
Into dust and ashes turn;
And the ghastly congregation
Cross themselves, and, one by one,
Into thin air swiftly vanish,
And the midnight mass is done.

RICHARD EDWARD WHITE.

A MODERN AUTHOR.—WILLIAM D. HOWELLS.

One can hardly help chatting familiarly about Mr. Howells, for, you see, he talks to us, and of us, in the same social, unconstrained manner. He has laughed at our whims, poked fun at our society, gossiped with us about our own immediate circle of friends. He actually claims with us so many mutual acquaintance; for in short, Howells knows everybody! His "sesame" throws open wide the doors to every drawing-room. Talent introduces a man into any and all society, and genius is his ticket of admission, good for all seasons. We admit Mr. Howells into our conversation and no questions asked. He is an author we can not keep standing on the threshold. We are glad to welcome him to our homes. We do not usher him into our best parlor either, for he makes himself quite at home in the common sitting-room, and joins readily enough with us in the ordinary and trifling topics of the hour. He is delightfully social and agreeable. It is next to impossible to make formal company of him, or even of the friends he introduces; for they always remind us so much of "that Miss Brown," or "our Mr. Smith," that we feel as if we had known them all our lives. Yes, Mr. Howells, we are indeed glad—heartily glad—to see you, even though we are ignorant whether your heroes' and heroines' great-grandfathers ever fought duels, and although we do know that what you have to say to us concerning our neighbor across the way will not be of the slightest interest a hundred years hence.

Howells is a man. This seems like a simple statement; but when we consider with what wonderful delicacy of feeling he touches every detail, how keen his insight into the trifling minutiæ of life, how thorough his acquaintance with the business of women, it seems, had we been left to guess, we would have exclaimed, "a woman, of course"—just as we pronounced Charlotte Brontë a man, because of her bold, masculine pen. Howells is a gentleman, too, if we accept an old fashioned definition: "A human being combining a woman's tenderness with a man's courage."

Howells's style cannot command the respect paid to antiquity, nor do we reverence his name as we do those that have been echoed from age to age; yet we can not lay aside talent with only the excuse of youth to annihilate it. We must assign such works some place in our consideration. Neutrality is out of question. As the New York *Nation* observes, "he may at least find an agreeable stimulant for the present in the thought that he has provoked discussion."

The ebb and flow of what may be called a tide in literature may be distinctly marked through centuries. The splendid productions of Dickens, Bulwer, and Thackeray followed a literary *hiatus*. Since their death, with the exception perhaps of George Eliot, no great masters have arisen; and the literary reaction is again noticeable—this time in the growth of a *dilettante* school, distinguished more by delicacy than force, more by daintiness than expansiveness. There is little of the grand rush of human passions. It does not consist of the highest style of philosophy. There is more likeness to the fairy glimpse of a bit of distant meadow, or lake, we sometimes catch through the openings in the hills, than to the grand and extended view of the landscape that is at our command from an eminence. The author under discussion we may safely assign a conspicuous place in this school. We speak of him as a fair representative of the American novelist of to-day. He affects the easy conversational style. It never degenerates into what we call "slang," although it is not feeble through over-fastidiousness. There is something strikingly complete about it. Every sentence is well connected, neatly cut and trimmed. There are no harsh or useless words to stumble over, and he leaves no jagged edges against which to hit the eye. He does not indulge in the prolixity of many eminent writers, and in this respect is truly superior. It is said John Quincy Adams had no time to be short. Howells, on the other hand, studies with the utmost attention to be concise. We follow him in his thoughts, whether they come from talk, reading, silent observation, company, or solitude, and find that he never loses his way; that he does not wander about in the dark labyrinth of quantity, but chooses rather the undeviating course in the direction of quality. He does not write so much that he has forced the raw material upon us. Every thought is done precisely to a turn. There is a certain crispness about his peculiar style that gives it a decided relish. On every conceivable subject his ideas are well digested. He does not expand and dilate, but his sayings come to us polished, compressed, and terse.

He is particularly happy in his choice of expressions. Not only in his sentence is there strength, but in each word he brings us face to face with the idea. There is perhaps no better illustration than the following description of warm weather:

> "It had been rather too warm on Saturday. On Sunday the breeze that draws across Woodward Farm almost all summer long from over the shoulder of Scatticong had fallen, and the leaves of the maples along the roadside, and in the grove beyond the meadow, hung still as in a picture. The old Lombardy poplars at the gate shook with a faint nervous agitation. Up the valley came the vast bath of heat which inundated the continent, and made that day memorable for suffering and sudden death. In the cities there were sunstrokes at ten o'clock in the morning. Some who kept within doors perished from exhaustion when the sun's fury was spent. The day was famous for the heat by the sea shore, where the glare from the smooth levels of the salt seemed to turn the air to flames. At the great mountain resorts the summer guests, sweltering among the breathless tops and valleys, longed for the sea. The meadows were veiled in a thin, quivering haze of heat; far off, the hill-tops seemed to throb against the sky."

There is one rare virtue in Howells's style: he does not deal extensively with the firm, I, Me & Co. He has a decent reserve. William D. Howells is kept respectfully in the background. The reader is not annoyed with the personality of the author, but rather his self-conceit flattered into the belief that he is repeating his own experiences, and indulging in his own reveries.

There is a satisfaction in the enjoyment of Howells's society, because this wary entertainer so encourages one's self-respect. We feel especially aristocratic when we are invited to share his thoughts, for the company he has bidden is so select. He has so thoroughly washed his hands of all plebeianism. He addresses only gentlefolk. He expects recognition from only the thoroughbred, and real sympathy from only the polished connoisseur. His bits of fancy, of delicate nicety, he expects only the finely strung mind to appreciate. The daintiest morsels are intended only for the most sensitive and highly refined palate. The author himself says, in writing to a friend:

> "The public is a good, kind creature, but it relishes batter-pudding equally with one's prettiest *omelette soufflée;* it is only here and there a conscientious diner who knows that every one can not make *soufflée;* that no one can make it all the time."

Howells's stories are effective from their naturalness. They are no mere romances, dressed up in puny sentimentalities; extravagant unreality of incident, diffused with dramatic effects and tragic dialogue. He does not employ majestic themes. His charm consists in his artistic lighting up of detail, and his power of showing us the beautiful features in the homeliest subjects. His writings are chiefly meritorious in revealing how much there is in our own every-day lives to laugh at, to think of, to wonder at, and to be interested in. We are not carried away by violent paroxysms of feeling. There is no effervescence standing as equivalent of solid good sense. This, however, does not argue that he is not capable of poetic feeling, for his chapters abound in exquisite sentiment; and graceful fancifulness is the germ of beauty in his poems.

Howells has no sudden bursts of inspiration. The poet's muse is constant, though always unobtrusive. We do not think of such an author as soaring over the tops of the highest peaks of Reality, into that uncertain and ethereal region, Imagination. It is true our fancy is often kindled to happy flights. Yet there is nothing Howells has given us that leaves us after careful perusal anything more than mere every-day mortals, real flesh-and-blood men and women, of the earth earthy. His little sketches are astonishingly rich in satirical force. In Howells's writings we find our best comedy of today. He is well acquainted with the nice little points of etiquette, as well as with all society cant. He understands the conventionalities of life, too, and this enables him to find vent for his ridicule in everything—everywhere. It is not necessary for him to create an imaginary farce. Any one who has read *Their Wedding Journey* will remember what an absurd picture is there drawn, of the groom escorting his bride over the little bridges at Niagara. The fond husband accomplishes the feat, but for love or money he can not get her back to solid land again! It is not a strong prop to the theory that the gentler sex are reasonable creatures. But really this little joke of Howells's is so well conceived that it wears almost a truthful complexion. To all who have a sickening remembrance of that horror of horrors, the whooping-cough, the following will serve as a good instance of Howells's keen sense of the ridiculous:

> "At this moment a pale little girl, with a face wan and sad through all its dirt, came and stood in the doorway nearest the baby, and in another instant she had burst into a whoop so terrific that, if she had meant to have his scalp the next, it could not have been more dreadful. Then she subsided into a deep and pathetic quiet, with that air, peculiar to the victims of her disorder, of having done nothing noticeable. But her outburst had set at work the mysterious machinery of half a dozen other whooping-coughers lurking about the building; and all unseen they wound themselves up with appalling rapidity, and in the utter silence which followed left one to think they had died at the climax."

Howells is a delightful traveler. He may go by the most common-place routes of river and rail, on the most prosaic highways of ordinary travel, and invest every mile of the way with pleasure and interest. The dust of triviality seems never to annoy him. He is cheerful over the roughest roads, and the longest journeys do not exhaust him. "His chronicle of such familiar stages as New York, Albany, Rochester, Buffalo, and Montreal becomes an idyl, full of brilliant fancy, lifelike freshness, vivacity, wit," and that plain truth which requires such a genius as his to make always bearable. He has given the hackneyed subject, Niagara Falls, something of novelty—so great is his power for clear and vivid description, and for close and accurate observation! Howells is an artist in description of scenery. His pictures are true to nature. They are not all in gorgeous coloring, nor are they all in the subdued tints. There is a most happy commingling of the lights and shades. Everything he paints is animated with life, with reality. As Joaquin Miller remarked, while looking at one of Hill's beautiful pictures, "You can hear the wind sighing in the trees."

This effect is produced, this sympathy between himself and the reader excited, by the fact that he appeals to our common sense, rather than to our learning or imagination. He does not tell us how a glorious sunset would affect Tom Brown, or even himself. He does not relate us a poet's ideal dream of Venice, but represents that romantic city, where he was so much at home, just as it would actually appear to us. He says just what we say—that is, if we had happened to have thought of saying it; he thinks just what we have always thought—that is, if it had ever occurred to us to have thought it.

There is a moral purity in the writings of this author, both in feeling and in diction. There are no false ideas of life set forth in fascinating language. He stoops to no artificial means of exciting interest. There are no startling and inextricably woven plots in his works. *Foregone Conclusion* is the nearest to an exception to this rule, and proves that he holds in reserve a rare power of laying hold of the far deeper elements of character and life. His general lack of intrigue does not disappoint, for our attention is held by sprightly dialogue, vigorous portraits of character, sketches of social oddities, and often poetical coloring.

Howells's most striking characteristic is his successful analysis of the female character. His knowledge of women is marvelous. He is the very wizard whose magic book has solved the enigma. He has shot the rays of his lantern into the darkest corners of a woman's soul. He has a wonderful and thorough knowledge of the machinery of their hearts, and knows to a certainty just what will touch the secret springs. He has a combination-lock to their minds, and robs them at will of their most highly treasured and carefully guarded thoughts. It is said he has not represented the highest type of woman. Granted; but he has told you—yes, and everybody else—without the slighest compunction of conscience, exactly what women are—that is, as we know them and see them.

He has not immortalized the exceptions to the rules of human nature, yet he has done a thing evincing no less sagacity. He has introduced us to living beings, who breathe with us the common air, who enjoy three regular meals a day, and require sleep about the same number of hours as ourselves. Have you ever met "Miss Kitty Ellison," or "Miss Florida Vervain?" You may not like or admire them; but if you have ever seen them, you have added them to the list of your personal acquaintance. His women are alive. They talk and act, not in a bookish fashion, but after the manner of—well, women. No doubt they are poor worms of the dust—in their follies, miserably weak. I but echo the sentiment of one of the characters in *Adam Bede*—"I'm not denyin' the women are foolish. God Almighty made 'em to match the men." His women are not heroic in the world's acceptation of the word. Yet his stories carry conviction with them that women are *sometimes* capable of gracefully occupying the place the Creator assigned them. Howells does not represent that station as lacking activity or nobility. He has given us women after the model of Wordsworth:

> "A creature not too bright or good
> For human nature's daily food,
> For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
> Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles."

He has not dragged from the deepest life-streams their hidden gems and horrors. It could only be an imaginary investigation at best; for who in reality knows the under-current of any life? We judge it only by the little ripple that appears on the surface. Howells occasionally shows the depth of character a woman "nobly planned" is capable of; but, *superficially read*, she appears the same fluttering butterfly. George Eliot tells us, "Slight words and looks and touches are a part of the soul's language." Howells's noble simplicity in style does often conceal from the hasty glance his strong meaning. Is he not true to nature? Do we not hear women speak lightly when they mean *life* or *death?* Do they not smile when their hearts are breaking? Just as in our country rambles, have we not seen the solid rock overgrown with softest moss? In the village churchyard, over the mounds scorching tears have watered, do not the flowers spring up and bloom?

Howells is not a profound thinker; his, not a gigantic intellect. He does not wield a pen that shall rule, and make all readers his subjects. Yet he is not shallow, for he has probed deep enough into the mind of the age to have touched the tender nerves of reflection. He has set vibrating the chords of reason. He has stimulated thought. He has at least written something more than the common novel, containing a little of everything and nothing of anything. His are not sentiments that will call the nation to arms. He has not spurred on the battle. At his words swords do not clash. He will not cause a revolution, nor electrify society. But he is accomplishing objects of no less service to the public. He is elevating the commonplace. He is ennobling the tiresome routine of humdrum lives. True, he is not a warrior in the field. He has written in time of peace to stimulate action and thought in work where the incentive of fierce struggle is lacking, where the tedium of sameness has no relief in the hurrying, maddening excitement of combat and adventure.

Howells's works will not last. He is too local, his sphere too contracted, his images too much arrayed in modern fashions, his animation too dependent upon satire pointed at our modern society. He is a true historian of American peculiarities and customs, but has not dealt with the institutions, people, and great passions of all nations. He confines himself to a scanty *dramatis personæ* and a narrow stage; therefore, he can not demand a miscellaneous audience, or accommodate his scenes to the representation of all time. However, he knows himself, and never belittles his individuality or weakens his power by a single step that would seem pretentious. This is one palpable symptom of his talent.

It would not be without interest to trace to its source the current of romance which has washed to our own shore, under our own observation, so many curious and beautiful ripples of fancy. But this would carry us out into the great sea of fiction. Certainly the art of making love stories is time-honored; and we find the ancient acceptation of the term "romance," in its general sense, differing only in shade from the coloring *we* give the word. It is a curious study to observe the gradual advancement in this branch of literature, owing to the time and thought that has been devoted to it, and to the elevating and purifying process through which it has passed. The Middle Ages treated the lover of romance to sickly sentimentalities, military fables of chivalry, and adventures of knight-errantry. Think of our tolerating nowadays the monstrously absurd pastoral romance of the times of Cervantes! What could be more remote from intelligence than, as it has been expressed, "the existence of Arcadia, a pastoral region in which a certain sort of personages, desperately in love, and thinking of nothing else than their mistresses, played upon pipes, and wrote sonnets from morning till night, yet were supposed to be tending their flocks? Imagine us now being moved by the frigid extravagance of the heroic age. In its own phrase, nothing could be more creeping than its flights, more freezing than its flames."

In the eighteenth century we begin to observe the ambitious tendency of romance. The field gradually broadens. The tone of fiction becomes purer—its color softened. Its aspiration was to achieve for a more refined era what the drama had done for a rude and excitable age. Even as late as this, novels had not entirely thrown off their clumsiness, and so lacked delicate refinement as to seem almost coarse to our cultivated taste. Sir Walter Scott may be said to have planted the standard from which waved the flag of common sense high above all other false colors, however brilliant, that had yet attracted notice. Scott struck the key-note from which arose all those melodies and variations that now charm our cultivated ear. He it was who made the novel to us what the drama was to our forefathers. Stimulated by his success, thousands of lesser lights shone in the horizon, but his works remain at the meridian.

Our day is not one of wide-spread sentimentality, nor are we a fantastically imaginative people. To quote from our author:

> "It is noticeable how many people there are in the world that seem bent always upon the same purpose of amusement or business as one's self. If you keep quietly about your accustomed affairs, there are all your neighbors and acquaintance hard at it too; if you go on a journey, choose what train you will, the cars are filled with travelers in your direction."

Applying this to our walks in literary paths, we realize the same truth. None of us are very original. We think we have found a charming new sensation in such novels as Howells has written—it is but the reflection of the age. If we look about we find most of our American companions hard at work at common sense as well as ourselves. Our day has thrown off the shackles of the coarse, ranting style; we are no longer attacked with violent convulsions of the imagination. The night of past generations is gone—the day has burst upon us. We are not an exception because we are wide awake. The age is not a drowsy one; the strong light of practicality is gradually illuminating this little world of ours. We open our eyes because shining into them is the noonday sun of the nineteenth century.

MINNIE BOOTH PHELPS.

PHYSICAL AND MORAL INFLUENCE OF THE VINE.

The progress of viniculture in California invites us to consider two important questions: What are to be its effects upon industry and commerce? What are to be its influences upon our people?

We must first estimate the extent to which this industry may be profitably developed before we can speculate upon its social results. That it will be developed to a great extent, if profitable, we have no reason to doubt.

Fortunately, we do not need to question the practicability of producing grapes abundantly, and as cheaply as in any country that might become our rival for the new markets which we may desire to supply. The vine flourishes in all parts of our State. Its fruit matures to perfection throughout an extent of country from San Diego on the south to Shasta on the north; and from the Coast Range to the Sierra Nevada. The possibilities of production are almost incalculable. It has been common to estimate our viticultural area, in rough figures, as being equal to that of France, where about six million acres have been cultivated. This guess, however, is based only upon rough estimates of choice vineyard lands. If, however, the demand for the culture of the vine should be increased in this State relatively in proportion to the demand in France, where lands are pressed into this service without regard to their especial fitness for it, we could easily select thirty million acres, which would produce better average crops than are produced in France. France during the decade of 1868–77 produced an average annual crop of wine amounting to *one billion five hundred million gallons*. If we had sufficient population and demands for wine, we might produce, before exhausting our soils, eight or ten billion gallons of wine annually.

It is impossible to estimate the probable consumption of wine by the whole world in the future. Consumption is not now the measure of probable demand; it measures only present production, which is not equal to the demands of consumers. The culture of the vine is limited to certain countries, whose capacity in this direction appears to be, in the Old World, practically tested in the fullest degree. We can not tell how much greater the consumption might become if there were a largely increased production. The average annual production of wine in Europe was estimated a few years ago as follows:

Countries.	*American Wine Gallons.*
France	1,505,000,000
Italy	810,650,000
Austro-Hungary	575,300,000
Spain	523,000,000
Germany	156,900,000
Portugal	130,750,000
Russia and Turkey	52,300,000
Greece and Cypress	26,150,000
Roumania	15,690,000
Switzerland	10,460,000
Total	3,836,200,000

Only a comparatively small portion of this product is exported to countries not producing wine. Wine producers appear to develop their markets principally among their immediate neighbors. The rapidity with which the home markets increase in consuming power indicates, possibly, the rapidity with which wine supplants all other beverages, wherever it becomes abundant and cheap.

There may be several reasons for the very small ratio that the increase in exportation bears to the increase in home consumption. The expense of transportation must be considered; but this does not appear to be the controlling obstacle to exportation. Nations generally prefer some national beverage which is produced at home. Wine appears to be the most popular, where it can be obtained in sufficient quantities to satisfy popular demands. The home market, therefore, monopolizes its use in a great degree, and wherever the home demand equals the supply there is little inducement toward educating popular tastes in foreign lands. Wine which is *ordinaire* at home, and a staple article of diet, is suffered to remain an article of luxury abroad. There is another very important obstacle to an increased exportation

—the non-transportability of the greater portion of European wines. Only a few of the products of France, Spain, Portugal, and Italy can be transported, through changes of temperature and varying climates, without fortification with alcohol.

It is impossible to determine, even approximately, to what extent France might increase her foreign markets for wine, if she produced more and consumed less; but the rapidity with which cheap table wines become popular in new markets, whenever the supply is forced upon them in an abundant manner, goes to show that if there were more wine there would be more consumers. To be popular in everyday use it must cease to be an exceptional luxury, which can happen only when enough is furnished to effectually supplant other beverages. The increased consumption of beer in America illustrates this principle. Popular things must be plentiful.

During the decade 1829–38, France produced an average wine crop annually of 890,000,000 gallons. This was increased in forty years to 1,505,000,000 gallons, or nearly doubled in quantity. The increase in home consumption was enormous—equal to 740,000,000 gallons, or at the rate of 18,500,000 gallons increase for each successive year. Exportations increased from 33,000,000 gallons to 68,000,000 gallons, or at the rate of less than 1,000,000 gallons for each successive year. Meanwhile, the importations have increased from 56,800 to 40,000,000 gallons; also, the quantity distilled and converted into vinegar decreased to an extent two and a half times greater than the increase of exportations. The price of wine also increased steadily. These facts show how rapidly wine may grow in favor as a popular beverage. The demands of foreign markets have been the least to cause the vast progress of French viniculture. The home demand has really been greater than the supply, and we have, therefore, no facts to indicate to what extent foreign markets for wine might have been developed if the supply had been sufficiently abundant.

Spain can only, with few exceptions, send her natural light wines toward the north. They find a market during the winter in Paris and other parts of France. The alcoholized wines of Spain and Portugal are too spirituous ever to become popular beverages for daily use, and we can not therefore deduce anything from the commerce in them to show the possible limit of the exportation of natural table wines. We observe, however, that whenever pure natural wine is plentiful it becomes popular, and the consumption generally equals the supply. We have seen the supply becoming abundant in California, and at the same time consumption has increased in a few years, so that now more wine is consumed here by a population of less than a million than is imported into the whole United States from France. The abundant supply is the educator.

From a study of all the facts bearing on this subject, it seems probable that if California should increase her production to 1,000,000,000 gallons annually, markets would open themselves as fast as her abundance was ready to supply them. California wines have a superior commercial value. They are transportable into and through all climates, without requiring adulteration with alcohol. We can, therefore, produce the merchandise in abundance and find markets for it. This view of our vinicultural industry is flattering to our ideas of future importance and encouraging to the farmer. Our vineyards may be increased one hundred fold at least with safety, provided reasonable methods of culture be pursued, and the requisite skill in wine-making acquired.

We have, however, taken no note of the vines that will be required by raisin producers. More brandy would be distilled in France if there were wine to spare. We can always have wine to spare if we cultivate sufficiently, because we have an abundance of suitable land. The time may possibly come when syrup made from grape-juice will be a popular article of diet. These things promise increase to the vineyards. Rapid transportation promises a great market among our Eastern fellow-citizens for fresh grapes. Surely there is no danger of over-production. Our people will soon realize this, and the rush of the Argonauts in 1849 will be distanced by the rush to the shrine of the wine-god in the near future.

The results which this agricultural development will show in our industrial and commercial life will be amazing. The gold of the Sierra did not build cities as surely as will the vines of its foothills. One million families, as proprietors of vineyards, will produce the one billion gallons of wine. Another million families will obtain support in the industries and mercantile pursuits which will rest on this production. Fleets of ships will come and go, and add spirit to the busy scene. Viticulture will increase the population of the cities around the Golden Gate one million souls. Most notable will be the effect upon the country towns. The vine makes homes in the country attractive, and develops village growth. Already we see this tendency in our new State. Los Angeles, San Gabriel, Anaheim, Sonoma, St. Helena, Mission San José—how beautifully they grow! Village life is the secret of French prosperity.

The country is all utilized and labor economized. The vine and industry intertwine wherever the people are industrious. The one nourishes and supports the other, and makes life tolerable both to the peasant and to the factory hand. Our villagers will tend vines, pick and crush grapes, nurse wines; and among them there will live coopers, wagoners, kitchen-gardeners, dairymen, silk-spinners, and the pressers of the sacred olive oil. Shepherds and herdsmen will come down from the hill-tops to sleep in vine-clad cottages. We know what viticulture has done elsewhere; we can predict what it will do here.

The Department of the Gironde in France affords ample proof for the assertion that "the vine is the friend of man." That department, in which the trade of Bordeaux springs to life, contains 2,520,000 acres, of which about one-half is wooded, desert, or swamp. The greater portion of the arable land is covered with vines. The area of vineyards was computed in 1873 at 471,000 acres. The population in 1876 was 735,242. Of this Bordeaux had 215,000. Viticulture is its chief support. What it has done for this section of France, it can and will do for the counties of Napa and Sonoma in California. Those two counties will yet sustain as much population as the entire State does now. Vallejo may yet have a population of two hundred thousand. Edouard Féret, in his *Statistique Générale*, says: "The development of population in a great number of rural communes of our department (the Gironde) seems almost everywhere to coincide, or rather to be the consequence of, the progress of viticulture, which forms, without doubt, the basis of our public fortune." Equal marvels of the sustaining power of the vine are to be seen in other parts of France; but in the Bordeaux district they are less complicated with other industrial forces than elsewhere. Cette, on the Mediterranean, has grown from 10,000 to 40,000 inhabitants during the last twenty-five years, its support being chiefly the preparation of imitation wines. The Bordeaux district (the Gironde) produces about 80,000,000 gallons of wine annually. This product will be equaled in California before many years have passed away. This growth, by its own vitalizing force, will support metropolitan life equal to that of Bordeaux. People do not like to leave their "vine and fig tree." No other homes are more charming than their own. Viticulture and viniculture establish communities and check rovers. The vineyardist not only loves his occupation, but he becomes enthusiastic in it. He is the truest patriot who loves his home-life most. The vine is therefore not only "the friend of man," but it also makes him more loyal to his country. It exerts a material influence upon the State, and leads to industry. Viticulture will inspire men with the spirit of industry and bless them with contentment; it will check the feverish spirit of speculation and gambling.

And here we begin to think of the moral, as well as the material, influence of the vine upon our growing population. Those directly engaged in this industry, whether as farmers, wine makers, raisin driers, brokers, coopers, or merchants, will feel securely settled in permanent occupations. The vine grower will not be as unsettled in mind as the potato grower; his crops have world-wide markets, and may rest, if converted into wine, vinegar, brandy, or raisins, until markets are ready for them. This condition of industry must necessarily exert a powerful influence upon his character and disposition. Security will make him contented and genial. His occupation is such that he becomes satisfied with a comparatively small farm, and surrounds himself with agricultural laborers, whose lives are not dependent upon precarious harvest demands. The work about vineyards and wine-cellars requires trained men; raw recruits from intelligence offices or the Indian reservations will not do for the vineyard, as they may for the dreary wheat farms. Country life, under the influence of viticulture, becomes compact; villages spring into existence and society organizes. The proprietor becomes proud of his success, and looks upon his products with the sensitive affection of the artist. Each vine-growing section swears by its own wine. In France the Bordelais never tires of singing the praises of his own wine, and stoutly maintains that his is the best, and that all others are trash. He is content with his lot. The Maconais with equal zeal rejoices in his warm and generous wine, and denounces the Bordelais claret as cold and rough. So, too, with the *vignerons* of the Landes, of Languedoc, and of the Marne. And so, too, does the Spaniard boast of his *vino del pais.* The German thinks that he only knows how to nurse wine; that the Frenchman knows only how to "doctor" it. The Hungarian looks upon his wine and his country as inseparable; treason to one is treason to the other. So proud is he of his product, that he ennobles those who obtain honor for it in foreign lands.

Not many years ago the Chamber of Commerce of Vienna encouraged Mr. Max Greger to endeavor to make known in England Hungarian wines, which in many respects resemble those of California. He labored with zeal to do this, attacking old prejudices in London with courage and persistence, and succeeded finally in breaking down the monopoly of public favor enjoyed by the trade in port, sherry, and French claret. He began ninth on the list of large importers into England, and last year stood the second. Hungarian pride was touched and gratified. This wine merchant was considered as a great patriot. He was honored with the order of the "Golden Cross of Merit with the Crown." In 1875, the Emperor of Austria conferred upon him the title of "Knight of the Imperial Order of Franz Josef." And still further, he was raised to the nobility, with rank to descend to his children. The Crown Prince of Austria in 1878, when visiting England, found, among the notable places he was instructed to visit, the cellars of Mr. Max Greger, which he inspected in a public manner most gratifying to his countrymen.

No other industry begets so much local and national pride. It inspires laudable ambition, rather than avarice. We have seen much of this zeal and pride, in the inception of this industry, among its pioneers in our own State. Agoston Haraszthy began to think about it, and the more he thought the more did his self-interest sink out of sight in the grand idea to be the promoter of viniculture. He traveled throughout Europe, nominally as a State Commissioner from California, but in fact at his own expense, and gathered, not only information, but thousands of vines of many hundred varieties, which he cultivated at Sonoma, and upon the success of which have been based the many experiments which have so successfully proved the value of our new industry. Among his greatest successes was the culture of the Zinfandel, a Hungarian grape heretofore little known in viniculture, but which is destined to lift California wine-cellars into successful rivalry with the boasted cellars of Bordeaux. His son, Arpad Haraszthy, was educated to pursue this work. The father realized how much there was to learn; his son caught the spirit, and devoted several years to study in the Civil Polytechnic School at Paris, to apprenticeship in the champagne districts, and to practical work in the vineyards and cellars of Bordeaux. Our pioneer vineyardists risked everything, and struggled for years against shy capital, creditors, and a prejudiced public; very few of them lost their faith, even when oppressed by disaster and debt. The vine is a spring of hope, promising gladness. Now the battle has been won against capital, against inexperience and the mistakes of judgment, and against popular prejudice. It is pleasant to note that of the pioneers in this industry, fewer have failed, notwithstanding their inexperience and the hazards of experimenting, than are recorded in the history of other efforts to make this State habitable. Such vitality is the promise of grand successes in the not distant future.

Now, as to the consequences. California is becoming a community of wine drinkers. This means a great deal. We can foresee the time when pure, natural light wines will become a part of the daily food of the majority of our people. How will this affect their social dispositions and their habits? Carefully prepared statistics show that the disposition toward alcoholic excesses, and the dyspeptic predisposition to dipsomania, are scarcely appreciable in places where pure natural wine—particularly red wine, of the claret or Burgundy types—are substituted as popular beverages for other stimulants. Dyspepsia and liver troubles are scarcely known among regular wine drinkers, while they are common even among the most careful teetotalers. Where wine is produced, the people know enough to avoid alcoholic compounds, such as port and sherry, as prepared for foreign markets. Pure wine does not include port and sherry, as known to us, for they contain an addition of distilled spirits. Old-fashioned English and American physicians prescribe port and sherry; a French physician knows better; he prescribes a ripened, pure, dry claret, as a tonic beverage and regulator of the digestive and assimilating organs. France manufactures great quantities of ports and sherries, but she refuses to drink them. Our people, with an abundance of pure table wine, will reject heavy beer, whisky, bar-room and club tippling, and all the abominations of compounded and alcoholized wines. A proper, well fermented wine, used habitually as an accompaniment of meals, rapidly exhausts the common thirst for a stimulant, which is now the cause of frequent tippling. The "pint" of pure wine is grape-juice, in which its sugar has been converted into fermented, not distilled, spirit, and in which certain etherial parts become ripened into natural bouquets and aromas, which bring quiet to restless nerves and content to the mind. It contains also the natural acids of the fruit. The wine drinker, therefore, eats fruit regularly at his meals, and has no trouble with his stomach and his liver. The wine brings him health, and the world looks bright to him, because he is not "bilious." The revolutionists of France are not the wine drinkers; it is absinthe, beet-root spirits, and wretched adulterations, that give life to the restless, complaining, and brutal commune. A fruit diet, such as wine drinkers reasonably and regularly indulge in, cures dyspepsia and a bilious temper. They need little fresh fruit; they take it bottled, as some take it canned.

The habit of wine drinking at meals, besides conducing to a general healthful action of the digestive and assimilating organs of life, and producing a cheerful temper, promotes many social reforms. After hard labor, man's nature seeks relaxation, restoration from exhaustion, and a pleasurable reward. It is useless to moralize about it, unless we recognize this want of his system. We have two antagonistic schools of moralists who treat upon the subject of intemperance. Intemperance results simply from ill timed, excessive, careless, unreasonable, or compulsory habits of dieting. What one drinks is part of his diet. There are those whose doctrine is, that man should obtain the least possible physical enjoyment from the greatest possible exertion. Others think that the greatest possible reasonable and sane enjoyment should be the reward of labor. The latter do not affect to consider physical enjoyment as degrading; they do not think it beneath their dignity to discuss what they eat and drink, as critics; they rejoice in an invention which causes twenty-five cents to produce a more agreeable sensation to the palate and a greater comfort in digestion. The true cook is an inventor who endeavors, not to procure the greatest amount of enjoyment at unlimited cost, but the greatest from a given and limited expenditure. He is an eclectic; he rejects woody radishes, rank water-cress, and heavy wines, and selects young and tender esculents, and dry tonic wines, with bouquets that make the lips smack before they touch the glass.

Wine is a civilizer in the family. It makes the dinner eventful, and prolongs its period of enjoyment. It brings man and wife into full sympathy, and lets the woman into the man's most entertaining moods. He does not save his wit and smiles for the bar-room and club It clinches matrimony after the church ratifies it. It brings a sense of satisfaction, peace, and comfort, and invites to repose, and not to excitement. Wine drinking families are not divorced every evening. Their enjoyments are in close communion with freedom, frankness, and congeniality. Home is better than any club or bar room, and the bachelors seek such homes to visit. *Pater familias* does not need to seek the bachelor at the club or the saloon. Moreover, his luxuries become cheap and economical in this way, and he becomes hospitable. The bottle of wine makes the table cheerful; the tired and over-anxious wife is not troubled about what she has to offer to her guest. Such tables offer no apologies, and need none.

Wein, weib, gesang; these are the results. Wine is not jealous, nor timid. It unites man and wife, and they sing; their hearts sing if their voices can not. Without wine, stimulus comes from behind doors and screens. It is secretive and ashamed of itself. Whisky, and even beer, to a great extent, divorce the family relations, destroy home society, become ill timed and unreasonable, and lead to discord and complaint. A man leaves an ill digested and poorly enjoyed silent dinner, to wander in search of some relaxation. He ceases then to control his actions, because other houses and places are not under his control. He ceases to know what he drinks, and is imposed upon. He goes home relaxed, perhaps jolly; he forgets that his wife has not had the same relaxation, and his jolly temper is turned acid by her habitual tired expressions and coolness. Women fight the saloons partly from fear, partly from jealousy; neither habitual fear nor habitual jealousy are promoters of peace, good will, and contentment. The women then begin to think of rights of all kinds, and women's rights in particular. Wine at the table would make it all right.

When we talk of "wine and women," too many think only of champagne and hilarity. This is not what we mean by wine drinking. Champagne is an exceptional luxury; but natural wines, such as sound dry Zinfandel, or Riesling, are never boisterous. They lead to no more excesses than tea and coffee, and are rarely as dangerous to the stomach. The condition of the stomach and liver rule the head. Avoid distilled spirits, regarding them as drugs, useful when intelligently prescribed; avoid alcoholized wines and heavy beers; and there will be no danger of intemperance. Let prohibitory legislation reform itself. Seek out specific dangers, and restrain them, as the sale of drugs is restricted. Punish adulterations and adulterers, and society will be very safe and happy. The vine has been called "the friend of man;" it should be called the mutual friend of man and wife. It is an anti-divorce prescription.

There has never yet been a good opportunity to observe the effect of habitual wine drinking upon an Anglo-Saxon community. No country mainly composed of Anglo-Saxons has yet been a wine producer, to the extent of providing sufficient to supplant spirits as a beverage. We are to test the question in this State, and perhaps in the United States. The student of temperaments, however, has much to base opinions upon. The Frenchman and the Irishman, when judged on equal terms, differ mainly in their habits, which control thought and sentiment. What might not wine have done for Ireland? What might not whisky have done for France? There are wine-drinking Englishmen (not the port and sherry drinkers), Irishmen, Germans, and Americans. Observe, then, their family life, their gentleness and gentility, their affections, and their unity. American topers go to France and come back cured—come back gentlemen. Wine makes gentlemen, as grog makes brutes. Wine makes a polite tongue; whisky makes a foul-mouthed blackguard. Wine carries with it the associations with which it is served; whisky does likewise. Man is a machine—unimpressible, unteachable, while at work; his ideas flow and he receives impressions when relaxed. How can a man become a gentleman who gets his relaxation in grog? "Grog" means all that goes with and surrounds it—all that surrounds its consumer. The vine will build up our State and enrich and comfort our people. Wine will cure dyspepsia, change a bilious temper, repair a broken hearth, relieve woman's lonesomeness, and mend our manners.

Moral: plant vines, and make a home; drink wine, and become a gentleman.

CHARLES A. WETMORE.

THE MAN FROM GEORGIA.

I.—SHADOWS AND MEMORIES.

On a sweltering July day, a long and ungainly shadow, stretching thirty feet upon the ground, crept noiselessly up an avenue leading to a great summer resort. The sun was setting, and its slanting rays caused the shadow to assume the appearance of an anamorphosis of ludicrous proportions. It was a cruel caricature of the probable cause of its existence. It was somewhat of a timid shadow—perhaps a shadow of strange and unnerving experiences; for its steps, which were made apparently by a simple shortening of the legs, were taken with a degree of hesitancy and painful doubt. It was a silhouette of elongated ugliness. Perhaps this shadow had not been endowed with susceptibilities as discerning, or furnished with advantages as numerous, or as productive of beneficial results, as those which fall to the lot of the average shadow. Perhaps it had never attended seminaries of learning, where curious shadows lounged in rows, and listened to the perorations of a shadow balder, and taller, and uglier, than the others; nor had ever mingled with bustling shadows in the busy marts of the world; at least, there was a general air of awkwardness, indecision, and inexperience pervading the movements of this shadow that would tend to the establishing of such an opinion; and, judging from appearances, it might be safely inferred that the extent to which its mental efforts were ever carried was the daily reflection on the peculiar properties—primitive properties withal—that characterize all shadows in general, and that characterized this shadow in particular. For instance: it was observable that the tallest objects cast the longest shadows, other conditions being similar; that cloudy weather exercised a deleterious influence upon the individuality of all shadows, whether of high or low degree; that, even on a bright day, certain attenuated objects cast such a faint shadow that they were barely appreciable; and it was a noteworthy fact that shadows are very long in the early morning, that they gradually shorten and shrivel up, to the extent of almost total annihilation, at the meridian, and that, this imminent danger having been passed, they slowly lengthen in the afternoon, until they assume their original dimensions. A shadow of even ordinary intelligence might have drawn from these things a moral lesson of a beautiful and touching nature, but that the one under discussion followed up any such train of thought is a matter of extreme doubt; for vulgar shadows are seldom supplied with text-books of psychology, and are not universally addicted to the habit of moralizing on their own responsibility. From all this it may be inferred (though not necessarily) that the shadow was the result of human interposition; and to put this hypothesis squarely on tenable ground, it is necessary to mention only the fact that the extended ellipse formed by the legs of the shadow, could be made by the legs of no living animal other than those of a man with bow-legs.

The original of the long shadow was worthy of profound study. He was a man, short and stoop-shouldered. His hair was ragged and dusty. His beard was straggling and scant. His visible clothing consisted of a broad-brimmed, slouch hat, torn around the rim, worn on the back of his head, and covered with dust; a woolen shirt; a pair of cotton pants, the original color of which had long since disappeared under an efficient covering of dirt; a pair of suspenders made of raw-hide straps, fastened to his pants with wooden pins; and boots that could be identified as such only by broad inference, inductive reasoning, and exhaustive analogy. The difficulties that presented themselves in establishing a theory with regard to the nature of the pedal coverings affected by this individual, arose out of the inadaptability of the human mind to a sudden grasping of subjects concerning which there had been no previous knowledge, by experience or tradition. The toes turned up like twin canoes, and at the tips stood at least four inches from the ground. They had no heels, but the places where they should have been were under the hollows of the man's feet; and his own heels found a cosy resting place in the leathern legs of the boots. The boots themselves appeared to be a pair of superannuated *roués* with a diabolical expression; and while they could not have been called dishonest looking boots, they were yet pervaded by an air of weakness that would cause a breaking down of stancher principles under certain influences, and a betrayal of confidence for potent considerations.

The man's face was a solemn protest against hilarity. In his outward appearance he had all the appurtenances and hereditaments of a natural manhood. He had life, strength, and an appetite. He had arms, legs, a brain, the five senses, and all the necessary functions of a healthy organism. Yet his whole expression would at once have aroused sympathy in a heart quickened by those finer feelings which ally mankind to the angels; for it was a mixture of childishness, simplicity, confidence, fear, timidity, ignorance, humility, honesty. His look was vague and uncertain, and seemed to be searching, heartlessly, for a friend—a silent and eloquent appeal to natures that were stronger and minds that were greater; a longing for something indefinite, and possibly not upon the face of the earth; a pitiable, helpless look, and one that would bring tears to the eyes. He could not have been older than thirty-five years, and yet his hair and beard were turning gray, and his face was covered with wrinkles. Occasionally he would make a strange movement as if to ward off a sudden and angry blow; but this might have been a nervous affection. There was no evidence that the light of a far-reaching intelligence illuminated, to any degree of refulgence, the dark places in the man's mind. Indeed, there was little left but the bones from a feast where Imbecility had held a greedy carnival on a *ragoût* of reason. So strange and unnatural was the man's appearance, that it seemed as if Nature, in her efforts at universal mastication and digestion, had but half chewed him, when she contemptuously spit him out, disgusted with the flavor.

He carried a knotty stick, and his ample pockets were filled to such an extent that they made him appear very wide in the hips and very narrow in the shoulders. Their contents were a profound mystery, but they were all the worldly possessions of the wanderer. The pockets at least produced the good effect of toning down, to a certain extent, the marvelous ellipticity of his legs; and in doing this they performed a valuable service.

"Hello! Who are you?" was the gruff demand of a porter employed in the hotel, as the stranger was picking his way with great nicety up the broad interior stairs, as if afraid of defacing the polished brass under his ugly boots.

"Baker," promptly replied the man, in a small, timid voice, coming to a halt, and humbly touching his hat.

The porter gazed at him with unbounded wonder, as if uncertain whether he beheld an emissary from Pluto or a forerunner of the millennium.

"Baker! Well, what's your other name?"

"Mine?"

"Yes."

The stranger was somewhat puzzled by the question. It was entirely unexpected. He looked vacantly around the ceiling, until his gaze rested upon a chandelier above him; but, finding no assistance in the prismatic colors of that ornament, his gaze wandered to an oriel, in which there were a mocking-bird and a hanging basket.

"Jess Baker—that's all," he said at length, in his thin voice, and slow, earnest manner.

"What! Don't know your other name?"

"No; I reckin not," said Baker, after a pause. "I reckin it's jess Baker—that's all."

"Didn't they ever call you anything else?"

"Me?"

"Yes; you."

Again Baker looked around until he found the chandelier, and then his eyes sought the oriel. Then he suddenly started as if an invisible something had struck him, and immediately afterward reached down and felt his ankles.

"Yes."

"What?"

"Hundred'n One," he said at length, quietly, looking at his questioner, with a shade of fear and suspicion passing over his face.

The porter was troubled, and firmly believed that a live lunatic stood revealed before him. He asked,

"Where are you from?"

"Georgy."

"What part of Georgia?"

Again was Baker at sea, and again did his eyes seek the chandelier and the oriel.

"Jess Georgy—that's all," he finally said.

"What do you want here?"

"I want you to hire me," he replied, with a faint look of intelligent expectancy.

"What can you do?"

"Oh, well, I'll tell you. Most everything."

"How much do you want?"

"Me?"

"Yes."

"Want?"

"Yes."

"Oh, about five dollars a day, I reckin."

The porter laughed coarsely.

"I'm not the proprietor."

"The which?" asked Baker.

"The boss."

"Oh, ain't you? Well, I reckin he's a white man then," and he seemed pleased with his own perspicacity. The porter had had sufficient amusement, so he demanded, in a brusque, insulting tone:

"Now, say—you get away from here quick! You hear?"

Baker did not stir, but stared at the porter, mortified and surprised.

"Get out, or I'll set the dogs on you!"

The look of mortification in Baker's face deepened, but he was not frightened. Still he did not move a muscle, with the exception of glancing around as if looking for the dogs, and then regarding his stick.

"Ain't you going, you crazy old tramp? I'll lock you up, and send for the Sheriff," and the porter rattled some keys in his pocket.

Instantly a great horror overspread the countenance of Baker from Georgia. He looked wildly around as if to run, but seemed to be held to the spot by an imaginary weight that clung to his ankles. He took a single step in his agitation, and suddenly realized that no such incumbrance detained him. He shook off the ghastly hallucination, and sprang to the bottom of the stairs, just in time to escape an imaginary blow aimed at his head. His whole appearance had changed. Humility had given way to wild and indescribable fear. The man had changed into a beast that is hunted down for its life, and that clings desperately to existence with a tenacity unequaled by a higher intelligence. He sprang through the door and reached the ground in another bound, and gathered his strength for an immediate escape from terrors without a name.

"Stop there!" called a stern voice.

Baker obeyed instantly; obeyed as does a man long accustomed to the most servile obedience—as does a dog that has been beaten until his spirit is broken. He humbly bared his head, and stood in the warm glow of the fading light, meek and submissive. Fear and terror had disappeared from his countenance; but Baker was no longer the Baker from Georgia, who a few minutes ago trudged along the graveled walk after the lengthy shadow. The voice that checked him was not a kindly voice. It was that of a suspicious man, who believed he saw before him a thief who had invaded his house, and was making off with the booty stored in valuable assortments in ample pockets. Yet his face had a generous look, though anger made his eyes harsh; whereas in Baker's usually expressionless face there was recently a hungry look for something possibly unattainable, there was nothing, when he was brought to a stand, but empty sorrow and complete resignation. He had sought a thing and had not found it. He had bitten a rosy apple and was choked with ashes. Even the misguided boots seemed to evince tokens of submission, and showed their brass teeth in silent acquiescence to an inevitability. Somehow they looked not near so rakish as formerly, and turned up their dusty faces to survey the situation with aimless, idle curiosity—indifferent, patient, without a shade of anxiety.

The two men surveyed each other, anger having disappeared from the face of the one to give place to profound pity, the other regarding him with mild docility.

"Come along with me," said the gentleman to Baker.

Baker had heard the words before, and followed quietly and tamely, with his dusty old hat in his left hand, and his head bowed more than usual. He walked so slowly that the gentleman turned to observe him, and found him moving laboriously, with his feet wide apart, and his right hand grasping an invisible something that retarded his progress by weighting down his feet. They were passing the end of the hotel on their way to the rear, when they came near a hitching post, in which were driven a staple and ring. Baker had been looking around for something, and as the gentleman stopped near the post, Baker walked straight up to it without looking to the right or to the left. On reaching it he dropped the invisible something that he carried in his hand, laid his hat on the ground, meekly slipped the raw-hide suspenders from his shoulders, unbuttoned his shirt, pulled it off over his head, and laid it on the grass alongside his old hat. He then humbly embraced the post, and crossed his hands over the ring, to which a chain was attached. He laid his head against his right arm, pressing his cheek against the post, and waited patiently, without ever having uttered a protest or looked an appeal. The old boots looked up into his sorrowful face and sympathized with him in his endless afflictions.

His naked back glistened white. It was a map on which were traced the bloody cruelties of many years—a fine piece of mosaic, human flesh inlaid with the venom of the lash. There were scars, and seams, and ridges, and ghastly cuts, that crossed and recrossed one another. There were brown patches, and green patches, and purple moles surmounted by tufts of hair, and sickening sores from which fetid exudations and bloody corruption oozed.

Baker stood so patiently and uncomplainingly that the gentleman called to him kindly:

"Put on your shirt."

He proceeded to obey silently, but was evidently confused and embarrassed at the unexpected turn that events had taken. He hesitated at first, however, for he did not seem to understand how he could put on his shirt while his hands were chained.

"Your hands are not tied."

This revelation was so unexpected that it almost startled him. He raised his head, and pulled out one hand slowly, that a sudden jerk might not cause the chain to lacerate the wrist; for his movement was more an experiment than anything else. He resumed his shirt and hat, picked up the imaginary weight, and followed his leader.

"What is your name?"

"Hundred'n One."

They were traversing the hall in the servants' quarter, when Baker suddenly halted, and ventured to say:

"I reckin you are in the wrong curryder." He was examining the ceiling, and the floor, and the numbers upon the doors.

"No; this is right," said the gentleman.

Again Baker hobbled along in his monotonous shuffle, never varying the length of his steps, and never releasing his hold on the invisible weight. They halted at number thirteen. Said Baker, with a shade of pity in his voice for his new turnkey:

"'Tain't right. Wrong curryder. Cell hundred'n one's mine."

"Yes; but this is better," replied the gentleman as he opened the door and Baker walked in. The room was comfortably furnished.

"Hain't you got it wrong?" persisted Baker. "Lifer, you know. Hundred'n one—lifer—plays off crazy—forty lashes every Monday. Don't you know?"

"Yes, I know."

They gave him a good supper, and he ate heartily. They persuaded him to wash in a basin in the room, though he begged hard to be allowed to wash at the pump. The door had been kept closed, but not locked. That night the gentleman went to his room and asked him if he wanted anything.

"Well, you forgot to take it off," Baker replied, pointing to his ankles. The gentleman was perplexed for a moment, and then stooped down and unlocked and removed an imaginary ball and chain. Baker seemed relieved. Said the gentleman as Baker was preparing for sleep:

"This is not a penitentiary. It is my house, and I do not whip anybody. I will give you all you want to eat, and good clothes, and you can go wherever you please."

Baker looked at him with vacant eyes. He undressed, lay down, sighed wearily, and fell asleep.

II.—THE PLAGUE.

A stifling southern September sun beat down upon the hills and fields, and the ripples of heat that constantly arose from the baking earth imparted to the horizon a trembling, shifting, quivering outline. The leaves hung fainting, and hot, and still, and panted for breath. The hogs were lying in the cool brook, and the cows, standing in shady places, shook their heads sullenly to drive away the flies. Flowers hung their heads with that drowsiness which foretells death, and silently implored that the dews of evening might fall. The thrush and mockingbird were driven to their hiding places, and their songs were not heard in the trees.

The hotel was crowded to its utmost capacity with refugees from Memphis. A terrible scourge was sweeping through Tennessee, and its black shadow was crawling down to the Gulf of Mexico, through the limestone regions of Alabama. It was a parched and hungry scourge, and sucked the life-blood of children, while it mowed down grey heads, and strong men, and lovely women.

It crept through the open door and rattled its dry bones as it sat by the bedside, and rubbed its bony hands upon each other, and hugged its bony arms across its chest of naked ribs, and shuffled its bony feet in a rattling death-dance upon the floor, and stared with empty sockets, and grinned with ghastly length of cheekless jaw, and rubbed its fleshless shins in solemn glee, and chuckled until its bones rattled, and its wheezy joints cracked and creaked. It hid in the closet, and lurked on the stairs. It frightened children in their play. It stole upon them in the night, and terrified them in their dreams. It stretched forth its trembling arms, and thousands were swept away like violets in a storm. It came in the night, and poisoned the bread and water. It stole away in the darkness, and carried in its skeleton arms the life of a cherished brother or a loving sister. It returned, and poisoned the milk that the dimpled babe drew from its mother's breast; there were white flowers, and a tiny white coffin, and a mother's broken heart. Still it was not satisfied. It breathed upon the father, and he died. Desolation and death were everywhere. The outcast died alone in the ditch, and his bloated corpse puffed and blackened under the scorching rays of the sun. The rich writhed upon their beds of down, and fell a prey to the destroyer. There was no chosen people — no mark of the angel at the Passover.

"Well, Baker, how are you getting along?" It was the cheerful, round voice of Mr. Clayton, the proprietor of the fashionable summer resort.

The man from Georgia was stooping over a pail, and scouring it with sand and a cloth. On hearing the greeting he hung the cloth across the edge of the pail, and came slowly to the perpendicular, putting his hands, during the operation, upon the lower part of his back, as if the hinges in that region were old, and rusty, and required care.

"Oh, well, now, I'll tell you. Nothin' partickler to complain on. Except—"

"Well?"

"I don't believe it's quite exactly right."

"Tell me about it."

"Well, now, you see—there ain't nobody a-listenin' to me, is there?"

"No."

"I think they oughter give me one more piece, any way."

"Piece of what?"

"Mebbe two pieces."

"Of what?"

"Pie. It was pie I was a-talkin' about all the time."

"Don't they give you enough?"

"Pie?"

"Yes."

"No, sir; not nigh enough. An'—an'—come here close. I'm a-gettin' weak. I'm a-starvin'," he whispered.

"Starving?"

"Yes, sir; starvin'."

"What do you want?"

"Well, now, I was jess a-thinkin' that one or two more pieces fur dinner every day—every day—"

"Pieces of pie?"

"Yes, sir. Pie. Pie."

"You shall certainly have it; but don't they give you any?"

"What? Pie?"

"Yes."

"Oh, well, they do give me some."

"Every day?"

"'Bout every day, sir."

"How much do they give you?"

"Pie?"

"Yes."

"Well, about two pieces, I believe."

"Aren't you afraid that much more than that will make you sick?"

"Oh, well, now, I'm a-goin' to tell you about that, too; because you don't know about it. You see, I'm mostly used to gittin' sick, an' I ain't mostly used to eatin' of pie." He spoke then, as he always did, with the most impressive earnestness.

"Is there anything else you want, Baker?"

"Who? Me?"

"Yes. Do you want anything else?"

"Oh, you are a-goin' to tell 'em about the pie, ain't you?"

"Yes; but is there nothing else?"

"Well, you know I kill 'em all?"

"All the what?"

"Chickens."

"Yes."

"An' scald 'em?"

"Yes."

"An' pick 'em?"

"Yes."

"An' clean 'em?"

"Yes."

"An' swinges the hairs of'n 'em?"

"Yes."

"Two hundred every mornin'?"

"Yes."

"An' a hundred'n fifty every night?"

"Yes."

"An' feed 'em, and tend to 'em?"

"Yes."

"Well, I was a-thinkin'—"

"What?"

"You see, I'm a-gittin' weak."

"Well."

"An' a-starvin'."

"You shall not starve."

"Well, mebbe they oughter give me a half a one, briled sorter tender. Mebbe a whole one."

Baker had undergone a marked change within the two months that had passed over him at the hotel. Kindness had frightened away the vacant look in his eyes, and his mind was stronger. He had found that for which his meagre soul had yearned—a sympathizing heart and a friend. He was fat, and sleek, and strong. His old boots—the same as of yore, for he would part with them for no consideration—looked less demented; in fact, seemed almost cheerful. Did they not have the best associates in the whole country?—and did not they daily tread the very ground pressed by the richest and bravest boots in the land? It is true that they were often spattered with slops, and ornamented with chickens' feathers; but these things served only to bring out in bolder relief the manifold advantages of polite society, and the elevating influences of a healthy morality and a generous prosperity. There are many boots that would have been spoiled by so sudden an elevation into a higher sphere of life; but the good traits of Baker's boots were strengthened by not only a rooting up of certain weaknesses, but by also gaining many good qualities that proved beneficial; and to the full extent of their limited capacity did they appreciate their surroundings, and looked up gratefully and humbly whenever they met a friend.

There were six hundred guests at the hotel, and they all had a kind word for Baker. They could never learn anything about him other than that his name was Baker—"jess Baker—that's all," and that he was from Georgia—"jess Georgy." Occasionally a stranger would ask him more particularly about his past history, but he would simply look helpless, and say nothing. As to his name, it was "jess Baker;" but on rare occasions, when closely pressed, his lips could be seen to form the words, "Hundred'n One," as if wondering how they would sound, and then the old hard, suffering look would steal across his face. It was quite seldom that he dodged an imaginary blow, and the memory of the ball and chain was buried with other sad and bitter associations of the past. He had access to every part of the house, and was discreet, diligent, faithful, and honest. The porters would sometimes impose upon his unflinching willingness and immense strength, by making him carry the heaviest trunks up three or four flights of stairs. He promptly obeyed a command from any one, and when promised a nickel five cents, would perform the most laborious and fatiguing work. He would accept no other piece of money, and would take no presents whatever. He insisted on earning everything that was given him.

One day the shadow of death, stealing toward the South, passed over the house containing so much life, and vitality, and happiness, and wealth, and beauty. The train passed as usual, and among the passengers who alighted was a man who walked to the register in a tired, uncertain manner. There were one or two persons present who knew him, and on grasping his hand they noticed that it was cold. This was strange, for the day was extremely hot. There was a look of restlessness and anxiety in his eyes, but he said he had only a pain across the forehead, and that he needed rest and it would soon pass away. He went to his room and fell across the bed—quite worn out, he said. He complained of a few cramps in his legs, and thought they were caused by climbing the stairs. After thirty minutes he rang his bell violently, and sent for the resident physician. The latter came down after remaining a few minutes with the patient, and there was a shade of pallor and an intense anxiety on his face. He was a tall man, with white hair, and a calm demeanor. He was in a deep study, and had an abstracted look. He asked for Mr. Clayton, but that gentleman was temporarily absent. He reflected a moment longer, and then asked for Baker.

"Is your patient very sick, Doctor?" asked the cashier privately, with a certain dread in his face and tone.

"I want Baker," said the doctor.

"Nothing serious, I hope."

"Send me Baker."

The physician had a secret. It was a secret of life and death. To keep it, or to use it properly, required men of nerve, and sagacity, and honor, and patience, and diligence, and tact, and prompt decision. There were only two to whom he would impart it. One was the proprietor; the other, the man from Georgia.

The physician preceded Baker up-stairs, led him to a window at the end of the hall, and turned him so that the light fell full upon his face.

"Baker, can you keep a secret?"

"Well, let me tell you how it is. I don't know; mebbe I can."

"Have you ever seen people die?"

"Oh, yes, sir."

"A great many in the same house?"

"Yes, sir; yes, sir."

"Baker, are you afraid to die?"

"Die?"

"Yes."

There was no expression whatever upon his face. He gazed past the physician through the window, and made no reply.

"Are you afraid of death, Baker?"

"Who? Me?"

"Yes."

Still there was no evidence that he would answer the question, or that he even comprehended it. He changed his gaze to his boots, and communed with them a while, but made no answer.

"There is a very sick man here, Baker, and I think he will die. I want some one to help me with him. If you go into his room perhaps you will die, too."

"Was you a-talkin' about wantin' me to wait on him?"

"Yes."

A brighter look came into Baker's dull face—for what reason it is difficult to conjecture—and he said,

"Oh, now, I will tell you; I will go."

They entered the stranger's room and found him suffering terribly. The physician had already put him under vigorous treatment, but he was growing rapidly worse. Baker observed him attentively a moment, and then felt his pulse, and hands, and head. A look of intelligence came into his sad, earnest face, but there was not a trace of pallor or fear. He beckoned the physician to follow him into the hall, and the two went aside, closing the door.

"He's a-goin' to die," whispered Baker.

"Yes, but how do you know?"

"Well, I want to tell you. I know."

"Have you seen it before?"

"Hundreds."

"Are you afraid?"

"Me?"

"Yes."

"Well, they all ought to know it," he said, with a sweep of the hand toward the halls.

"Hurry and find Mr. Clayton, and tell him. Then come back."

Mr. Clayton was entering the house. Baker met him and beckoned him to follow. Baker entered a dark room stored with empty boxes, and went into a corner. He stood Mr. Clayton with his back against the wall, and looked straight into his face. His movements were so mysterious, and there was such a strange expression in his eyes, and his familiarity in touching Mr. Clayton's person was so extraordinary, that that gentleman was uneasy. Baker leaned forward and whispered mysteriously in his ear that terrible word,

"Cholery!"

Cholera! Great God! No wonder that Mr. Clayton turned deadly pale and leaned heavily against the wall. No wonder that his limbs trembled, and his hands shook, and his eyes stared wildly. No wonder that he bit his lips, and put his hands upon his breast.

At midnight the stranger died. Two men had been with him constantly, but their efforts had availed nothing. These two silently prepared him for the grave. They went out, Baker locking the door and putting the key in his pocket. The anxious look on the physician's face was intensified; Baker's evinced nothing but a calm consciousness of responsibility. They met Mr. Clayton in the hall.

"He's gone," said the doctor.

"We must alarm the house," whispered Mr. Clayton.

The doctor shook his head sadly.

"There will be a panic," he said.

Mr. Clayton looked at Baker. The latter went without another word to the further end of the hall, and rapped upon a door. A man's voice called out,

"Who's there?"

Baker whispered a single terrifying word through the keyhole.

"My God!" groaned the inmate, as he was heard to bound to the floor.

Baker rapped at another door, and the same dialogue ensued; then another, and another, and another, and many others. Occasionally a frightened scream from a woman was heard. The vast hive of human beings soon began to swarm and buzz. Mothers dragged half naked children along the halls. The panic increased. The servants all fled. Everybody was demoralized. Men, and women, and children, crazed with fright, rushed through the halls with bated breath, and in all stages of an incomplete or hurried toilet ran out into the chill night air. Mr. Clayton and the physician stood at the door and implored them not to expose themselves to the cool, damp air; that the next train would not pass until to-morrow. But the frightened guests frantically rushed to exposure and almost certain death. They walked about the roads, and went out upon the hills, or sat in groups in various places; a few remained in the hotel.

Where was the man from Georgia? Staggering and toiling under the crushing weight of immense trunks; listening to a hundred orders at once; carrying children and fainting women in his strong, gaunt arms; laboring until the perspiration poured down his patient face and saturated his shirt, until his knees quaked and trembled with exhaustion. He did the work of fifty men—a hundred men. He was everywhere and did everything.

Toward morning the physician retired to his room. The plague had struck him. Baker administered to his wants, and exhibited a surprising knowledge of the malady. A few, exposed to the night air, were stricken down, and brought to their rooms moaning with fear and pain. Baker treated them all. Mr. Clayton and a few other stout hearts provided him with whatever he ordered, and assisted in watching. He instructed them in the treatment. He was the physician in charge. At the first premonitory symptoms, coldness and cramps, he put his patient between warm blankets, administered a glass of hot brandy-and-water, with sugar and spices, or gave them pepper and salt in hot water, as his judgment decided, put hot bricks to the feet, and had the patient rubbed vigorously with spirits of camphor. Many recovered before the disease struck in. Others grew worse. The physician was saved.

At sunrise Baker was working vigorously on a patient, when he suddenly straightened, looked around wildly, and staggered backward to the wall. All his strength had suddenly left, and the strong man collapsed. Leaning against the wall, and spreading out his arms to keep from falling, he slowly worked his way a few feet to the door, and then fell heavily upon his face in the hall. He lay stunned for a minute by the fall, and raised himself upon his hands, and crawled to the end of the hall and lay down. He had not said a word nor uttered a groan. Mr. Clayton found him a few minutes afterward. Others were summoned, and they put him upon a bed. His eyes were greatly sunken and expressed anxiety.

"Now, let me tell you," he said faintly, and slowly, and painfully. "Go, an' take care of 'em."

His look was so anxious and imploring that they all left but Mr. Clayton, and the look of anxiety passed away.

"Here, Baker, take this."

"Well, I reckin I will. But it won't do no good. I'm so tired. It'll do it quick. This time. 'Cause I'm so. Tired."

He drank the brandy, but sadly shook his head as Mr. Clayton applied the other remedies. He sank rapidly. His extreme exhaustion had made him a quick and easy prey. Death sat upon his face, and its image was reflected from his hollow, suffering, mournful eyes. In an hour his eyes were more sunken. Then he became cold and purple. In another hour his pulse was not perceptible. After two hours more his great suffering had ceased.

"Baker, do you want anything?"

"Oh. Well. I'll tell you .... Fifteen years. They found out. I never. Killed him ..... My brother. Dyin'. Told 'em. He done it. I saw him. Do it. The Gov'ner'll. Pardon. Me."

In another half hour he faintly whispered, "Pardon .... Me."

The old boots stared blankly and coldly at the ceiling. Their pitiably patient expression no longer contained a trace of suffering; and their calm repose was undisturbed by the song of the mocking-bird in the oriel.

W. C. Morrow, Jr.

A CALIFORNIAN'S DREAMS.

A thunder-storm of the olden days!
The red sun sinks in a sleepy haze;
The sultry twilight, close and still,
Muffles the cricket's drowsy trill.
Then a round-topped cloud rolls up the west,
Black to its smouldering, ashy crest,
And the chariot of the storm you hear,
With its jarring axle rumbling near;
Till the blue is hid, and here and there
The sudden, blinding lightnings glare.
Scattering now the big drops fall,
Till the rushing rain in a silver wall
Blurs the line of the bending elms,
Then blots them out and the landscape whelms.
A flash—a clap, and a rumbling peal:
The broken clouds the blue reveal;
The last bright drops fall far away,
And the wind, that had slept for heat all day,
With a long-drawn sigh awakes again
And drinks the cool of the blessed rain.

November! night, and a sleety storm:
Close are the ruddy curtains, warm

And rich in the glow of the roaring grate.
It may howl outside like a baffled fate,
And rage on the roof, and lash the pane
With its fierce and impotent wrath in vain.
Sitting within at our royal ease
We sing to the chime of the ivory keys,
And feast our hearts from script and score
With the wealth of the mellow hearts of yore.

A winter's night on a world of snow!
Not a sound above, not a stir below:
The moon hangs white in the icy air,
And the shadows are motionless everywhere.
Is this the planet that we know—
This silent floor of the ghostly snow?
Or is this the moon, so still and dead,
And yonder orb far overhead,
With its silver map of plain and sea,
Is that the earth where we used to be?
Shall we float away in the frosty blue
To that living, summer world we knew,
With its full, hot heart-beats as of old,
Or be frozen phantoms of the cold?

A river of ice, all blue and glare,
Under a star-shine dim and rare.
The sheeny sheet in the sparkling light
Is ribbed with slender wisps of white—
Crinkles of snow, that the flying steel
Lightly crunches with ringing heel.
Swinging swift as the swallows skim,
You round the shadowy river's rim:
Falling somewhere out of the sky
Hollow and weird is the owlet's cry;
The gloaming woods seem phantom hosts,
And the bushes cower in the snow like ghosts.
Till the tinkling feet that with you glide
Skate closer and closer to your side,
And something steals from a furry muff,
And you clasp it and can not wonder enough
That a little palm so soft and fair
Could keep so warm in the frosty air.

'Tis thus we dream in our tranquil clime,
Rooted still in the olden time;
Longing for all those glooms and gleams
Of passionate Nature's mad extremes.
Or was it only our hearts, that swelled
With the youth and life and love they held?

EDWARD R. SILL.

THE PACIFIC COAST AND GEODETIC SURVEYS.

Twenty-five years ago, the people of the Pacific seaboard were familiar with the operations and progress of the United States Coast Survey. Their interests were deeply involved with the immense commercial ventures centering at their immediate doors. The merchant, the ship-owner, and the navigator, were the representatives of one of the two great industries of the State — mining and commerce. Agriculture and manufactures were yet in abeyance. The coast was then comparatively little known; its details of dangers, geographical positions, harbors, bays, and rivers, were almost among the *incognita.* There were no lighthouses, no fog-whistles, not a buoy on thirty-three hundred miles of coast, and hardly a line of sailing directions. Ships came upon our waters with school atlases for charts. The march of the tides was not even generalized, and the question of currents was wholly untouched. The south-east gales of winter were a magnified dread to the mariner; the fogs of summer a source of ceaseless anxiety to the owner and insurer. The entrance to the Columbia River carried an evil reputation from Wilkes's description and experience, and vessels lay off the bar for forty and fifty days without daring to enter; not unfrequently they returned, unsuccessful, to San Francisco. Our own magnificent Golden Gate was dreaded as daylight disappeared; and as we lay off the bar one night in 1850, in a chartered mackerel fisher, one of the Panama steamers offered us five hundred dollars to pilot her in.

Some branches of the general government were awakened to the exigencies arising from the new discoveries and the new developments; and the first to thoroughly appreciate the unusual requirements of navigation was the United States Coast Survey, then under the superintendency of Professor Alexander Dallas Bache. Even in 1847 he had foreseen the broad areas open for examination in Puget Sound and the Columbia River, and we were then chosen for duty in that field, but Congress failed to make the necessary appropriations. In 1849 and 1850 the first effective work was undertaken; and thenceforth followed rapid surveys, rewarded by frequent discoveries, and examinations and recommendations for lighthouses and other aids to navigation, accurate determinations of the geographical positions of headlands and harbors, predictions of the tides, a knowledge of the currents, and the publication of a "Coast Pilot," etc., etc., all of which made the labors of the Coast Survey familiar as household words.

In those days all mercantile and shipping business was done with a rush, and the demands for more accurate information of the facilities and the dangers of navigation were pressing and urgent. Under such circumstances the organization of the Survey showed its ability and its adaptability to meet them. Like the first reconnoissance of a new country for a great line of road, it made accurate determinations of the prominent objects, such as landmarks, rivers, and harbors, and generalized the remainder, until means, men, and time were available to apply the utmost accuracy to all parts. But in these later days, the country bordering the Pacific has developed such very remarkable resources in its agriculture and its manufactures, and has increased so largely in a population that has neither the leisure nor the inclination to inform itself of what is being done upon its seaboard, that the labors of the Survey excite a deep interest only with those engaged more directly in commercial pursuits, and with the learned who are watching the progress of the more strictly scientific results that necessarily flow from its manner and methods of observation and investigation. Unlike many organizations, it carries on its work with the least possible ostentation, and even lays itself open to the charge of not promptly publishing its scientific deductions. But the practical results of its operations are furnished with commendable dispatch, and, as details supplant generalizations, they are immediately incorporated in the published charts, or new sheets are issued. It is unnecessary at this time to enter into the history connected with its inception and growth; but a short account of its present condition on this coast, its methods of working, and the general problems involved in it, may be of interest to our younger and to our newer population, and perchance refresh the kindly recollections of the Argonauts.

The fundamental idea governing its origin was to make and publish such charts of the coast of the United States, of the harbors, rivers, bays, islands, shoals, and rocks, as would insure the greatest safety to the commerce of the country. This cardinal point has never been lost sight of, and has been the mainstay of its existence. To reach this *desideratum*, various plans suggest themselves; but fortunately for the country, and incidentally for the cause of sound knowledge, that plan which is now followed was adopted near the beginning of the century; and when the whole programme is completed, the United States will possess an unrivaled survey of its coast line, harbors, and navigable rivers, based upon the most rigorous measurements and methods. Every part and point of the work will be connected, and the accuracy of one part will be commensurate with that of the whole; it will be as thorough and complete as unity of plan and execution and exhaustive discussion can make it.

It is readily seen that the system of surveying is not based upon the ordinary method of the land surveyor, who runs a series of distances and courses without severe checks to the accumulation of error, but upon a continuous network of triangles, or other plane geometrical figures, in which the observations of each individual figure have the conditions for testing its measure of precision, while the verification bases check the entire system. These networks will extend from Canada to Mexico on the east coast, from British Columbia to Mexico on the west; and both schemes will be bound by a transcontinental chain of great quadrilaterals and pentagons. The eastern and the western series follow the general directions of the coasts, not necessarily commencing at either end, but are inaugurated and developed at whatever point the demands of navigation and commerce are the greatest. As these isolated parts are extended, all become joined into one consecutive whole. In such a plan, the primary object is to measure the length of one side of any properly situated triangle with the greatest practicable accuracy; and then with the theodolite to measure the degrees, minutes, and seconds of arc, in each angle of the triangle. By computation the lengths of the two unmeasured sides of the triangle are then made known, and at one of the angles of the triangle astronomical observations are taken to determine the latitude and longitude of the station, and the true bearing, or azimuth, of the sides diverging from that station. By computation the latitude and longitude of the other two stations in the triangle become known. It is evident that when the length of each of the three sides of a triangle is known, they may become the new bases for other triangles to be built upon them. In the new triangles the horizontal measures of each angle of the triangles are then observed; and computations determine the length of all the triangle sides, also the latitude and longitude of every station, and the true or astronomical bearing of every line.

To measure the length of the chosen side of the initial triangle is considered one of the most delicate and difficult operations in geodetic work; and the means and methods of securing the highest degree of accuracy have occupied the thought and skill of the most profound physicists. For it is not merely that the final practical results in the maps and charts shall possess unimpeachable worth as such, but with this *desideratum* there are collateral issues of the liveliest moment to the mathematician and physicist: such as the size and figure of the earth, its density, the movement of the ocean and coast tides, etc. The ordinary chain of the land surveyor and the civil engineer is useless where the highest accuracy is demanded, and mechanicians and observers have endeavored to devise suitable means for measuring a line of several miles in length whereof the error shall be the least possible. At first glance it would seem that a brass, steel, or even wooden rod of known length would answer the purpose; but instantly several questions intrude themselves: What shall be considered the standard of length, and how shall it be produced, and how recovered if once lost? What is a standard yard, a standard metre, or a standard toise? What is the rate of expansion of the given rod under given changes of temperature? Does the rod change its length simultaneously with the exhibition of change in the thermometer? Does it retain its original molecular constitution—in other words, has it the same absolute length in 1879 that it had twenty years before, at the same temperature? How shall we transfer the length of the standard to the base measuring bar? How shall the measure from a given bar be prolonged a hundred, or a thousand times, between two given points on the earth's surface? And so we might ask very many questions, even to wondering whether the steel bar has the same length, when placed magnetic east and west, that it had when placed north and south, all other things being equal. And the mere question suggested about the standard of length would require a volume, or volumes, to show the non-satisfactory *status* of the subject. Of course, this refers to the minutest residuals, that are of importance mainly in vast and extended works, as in the great triangulations of Europe, of India, and of the United States. Probably the largest source of error is involved in the changes of temperature, for the changes indicated by the thermometers, even when imbedded in the material of the rod itself, most probably do not indicate simultaneous changes in the measuring bar. The next largest factor of error is doubtless in the repetition of a measure; that is, where there are two or more rods of supposed equal length (or whose differences from the standard is assumed to be unknown), there is a source of error in abutting the after end of the forward rod against the forward end of the rod already in position; or in measuring the space between the two ends, if they do not touch each other. These two sources of error in the actual field work of the apparatus appear principally to have governed the ingenuity of the mechanicians and geodesists engaged in measuring base lines.

The simple and hypothetically homogeneous rods of platinum, of iron, of steel, or of glass, whose changes of length, on account of changes of temperature, are reduced to a standard temperature, necessarily developed into other forms and combinations as their practical results were proved lacking in the precision demanded; and we find various devices to overcome, or rather to avoid, the irregularities of the temperature changes. Naturally, that one suggests itself which would afford, within itself, the means of determining the corrections for changes of temperature; and so we find various experimenters and investigators using such combinations of different metallic rods as afford the largest difference in the rate of expansion for equal increments of heat. This involves the principle of the Borda thermometer, wherein two metals, such as brass and steel, or silver and platinum, are soldered together, and as a given increment of heat expands the brass or silver more than the steel or platinum, the latter is bent from a given line, and the index attached to its free extremity measures upon an arbitrary but known scale the amount of deflection. Borda's base apparatus was the first of the bi-metallic class, wherein the two metals were fastened together at one end of the composite rod, and thence free to expand toward the other. It was used for the triangulation of France, upon which the great and unique map of that country has been developed. When this apparatus was used in measuring the length of a base line, the ends of the two composite bars in line were not brought in contact, but the amount of separation was measured by a prepared scale. Bessel devised a base apparatus upon the same principle, using a bar of wrought iron with a superposed bar of zinc. The two metals were joined at one extremity, and each was free to expand independently at the other; the difference of length of the different bars, due to changes of temperature, was measured by delicate and graduated glass wedges, and the length of the iron bar at the moment of observation was deduced therefrom. In his method, the ends of the two consecutive bars in line of measurement are brought into contact at the knife edges of the steel placed at right angles to each other; but there is no means of regulating the pressure of contact. This base apparatus was used in the triangulation covering Prussia, Germany, Denmark, and Belgium, and we had the pleasure of examining it last year in Berlin.

Another example of this principle has been adopted for the geodetic surveys of Spain and of Egypt. In the apparatus constructed by Brunner, of Paris, for both countries, each composite bar consists of a platinum and a brass bar of equal cross sections, fastened together in the middle of their lengths, and each expands independently in both directions. A graduated scale upon each end of one bar, and a vernier upon each end of the other, afford the means of determining their difference of length for changes of temperature. In field measurement, the ends of two such composite bars in line do not touch each other, but the intervening space is measured by microscope micrometer methods, which involve many minute sources of error. Still another principle has been utilized in the construction of base measuring apparatus. This was to form a compound bar of two different metals and different cross section, arranged in such a manner, and with such accessories, as would give an invariable distance between the two extremities, regardless of change of temperature. In the Colby adaptation, the two metals in each rod were coated with different varnishes, which, after experimentation, were supposed to communicate heat to the bars inversely as their rates of expansion. This bar has been used in the Great Triangulation of India. The later apparatus of the Coast Survey was a compound bar of wrought iron and brass, of such cross sections that the two metals were supposed to receive equal increments of heat in equal times, but the actual expansions were corrected by a compound lever at the free extremities, while the accessory parts permitted the ends of two compound bars in line to abut with a given pressure. Verniers similar to Brunner's were subsequently added, to detect any residual errors arising from changes of temperature. Although this instrument has done some superior and very rapid work, yet it involves the use of too many moving parts. These examples are sufficient, without further details, to indicate the importance for minute accuracy attached to the fundamental measurement of the whole system. We may merely remark that experience in the field manipulation of base apparatus points to extreme simplicity in the rod or bar; and it is not at all unlikely that apparatus compounded of several parts, or that require extraneous means to measure the interval between the adjacent extremities of two rods in line, will give place to single bars, not only on the score of accuracy, but from the rapidity of measurement attainable, and therefore the practicability of remeasurements within the time otherwise occupied by one measurement.

The scheme of triangulation is then developed from such a measured base-line, and verification or check bases are measured every three to five hundred miles in the chain, to prevent the possible accumulation of errors. In the work upon this coast, the triangulation is carried on under four names: the main triangulation, the primary, the secondary, and the tertiary. The primary chain of triangles has sides averaging thirty to forty miles in length, and follows the general trend of the coast, its western station being upon the mountains overlooking the ocean. From the sides of this chain a smaller network is formed, with sides of half the length of the former; and these again afford bases for the tertiary triangulation, with sides of one to five miles. The lengths and true bearings of all the sides in the three series are computed, together with the latitude and longitude, and deviation of every point observed upon. The computation of these observations and measurements is not made as if the angles were measured upon a horizontal plane, nor even as if the earth were a sphere, but upon the true form of the earth as an oblate spheroid of known dimensions. Moreover, each triangle is not computed consecutively from the previous one, but the observations and measures throughout a whole series of two to five hundred miles in extent are properly conditioned, and a number of equations formed from which the most probable corrections are derived, to be applied to the field measures. In the later discussions of an extended chain of triangles and quadrilaterals on the Atlantic Coast, over one hundred equations, involving as many unknown quantities, have been successfully solved, and thereby the most probable values of the triangle sides, and of the latitude and longitude of every point, have been derived. These may seem unusual and unnecessary refinements, but, fortunately for mathematical and physical science, they are the essential elements to the ultimate accuracy of the charts upon which the safety of our navigation so largely depends. The computed latitude and longitude of each point of the triangulation necessary for the coast chart is then projected upon a sheet of drawing paper, which is secured upon a plane table and taken into the field by the topographer, who thereupon draws in from measurement all the outlines of rocks, islands, and coast lines; lakes, bays, harbors, and rivers; cities, villages, roads, and isolated houses; the "accidents" of surface, and the contour lines to exhibit the elevation of all parts of the surface of the land; lighthouses, and other aids to navigation, etc., etc. These maps have incidentally, but frequently, been brought into the courts of this State, many years after the surveys have been made, to determine questions of grave importance in boundaries in the character of contested improvements, of changes in the shore line, of the location of small streams that have become hidden by improvements, the existence of marsh and overflowed lands, etc.

With this coast line, and with the islands, lighthouses, rocks, and special landmarks, transferred to other sheets, the hydrographer commences the work of sounding out the approaches to harbors, rivers, and bays, and the general approaches to the coast. He minutely examines the depth of water in channel ways, upon bars, sunken rocks, through such reefs as those off Point St. George and Cape Orford, and runs lines of off-shore soundings, to give the navigator approaching the coast at night or in thick or foggy weather the means of ascertaining, by the lead and its armature, his approximate position and distance from land. Specimens of the bottom are brought up—the characteristics noted upon the chart. The surface and sub-surface currents are measured, whether general, local, or tidal, and the march of the tides is observed for every particular bay, river, and harbor. The location of buoys, beacons, and lighthouses is recommended; and, when adopted, their places are shown on the charts, with the arc and distance of visibility, and other individual features. Changes in the depth of water upon bars, and in harbors and rivers, are examined whenever suspected or made known. The bar off the Golden Gate has been resurveyed with extreme detail and the most painstaking care; so has the Golden Gate itself, and a part of the bay extending thence nearly to "The Brothers;" while within this year part of San Pablo Bay has been exhaustively examined, to determine the changes that have taken place since 1865, as that survey had been made to study the changes from 1854. One of the most important data upon the final chart to be placed in the hands of the navigator is the "plane of reference," to which all depths of the water measured at any time of tide shall be reduced. In general, the soundings upon a chart are reduced to the plane of low water, so that any depth noted upon the chart means the depth of water at that spot at the time of low water. But low water and high water are very indefinite terms; for it may be safely affirmed that no two high waters, and no two low waters, have identically the same height; in fact, the changes are carried through a lunar cycle of nineteen years. Even for ordinary tide tables upon a preliminary chart, a series of sixty consecutive high and sixty consecutive corresponding low waters should be observed.

To study the whole problem of the tides, self-adjusting gauges were early established upon this coast at San Diego, San Francisco, and in the mouth of the Columbia River. At the first and last stations the observations were continuous for more than twenty years, and at San Francisco they are still observed. In these gauges a sheet of paper, about sixty feet long, is passed lengthwise by clock-work under a pencil, that moves crosswise about one-twelfth of the actual amount which the surface water rises or falls. By this means a continuous, curved line is produced, exhibiting the momentary changes of the tides (and even of great storm and earthquake waves) for every month and for every year. From this sheet the height at each and every hour of the month is measured and tabulated, and the exact times and heights of every high and every low water are separately tabulated.

The tides of the Pacific Coast are of a peculiar type, affording what is popularly known as two full and two half tides daily; that is, there is one extreme low, or "lower low-water," a rise to a medium high-water, a fall to a medium low-water, and then a rise to an extreme high-water called the "higher high-water;" the daily cycle is then repeated by the fall to the extreme low-water. The variations in the tide depend mainly upon the positions of the sun and moon with relation to the earth. At a certain period of each month the change from medium high-water to medium low-water may be insensible, and there will then appear to be one prolonged, although partially retarded, rise of the tide from the extreme low to the extreme high-water, and then the usual sharp fall to extreme low again. The average rise and fall of the tides in San Francisco Bay are only three feet and seven inches, but extreme ranges between the highest and lowest tides of one day have reached over ten feet; in fact, at one period during each month the extremes reach nearly seven feet.

The Coast Survey has adopted as the plane of reference for its Pacific Coast charts the average of all the "lower low-waters." The times and heights of the tides at all intervening points on the coast, in the bays at different places, along the river courses, among the islands, etc., are observed hourly for one or more lunations, and compared with the corresponding and simultaneous observations at the principal stations. With this material, all the soundings for the charts are reduced to one plane. Moreover, the reduction of the observations through a lunar cycle of nineteen years affords the means of computing a table of the daily predicted times and heights of all the low and all the high waters throughout the year, and this has been done for the four main stations on the coast—San Diego, San Francisco, Astoria, and Port Townsend—with constants for reducing them to all the intermediate ports and harbors of California, Oregon, Washington, and Alaska. Such a table is published yearly in advance, and thus enables the navigator from a distant port to know the state of the tide and current as he approaches his destination. It advises the ship-builder when he will have the largest tides for launching his ship, and is of the greatest service to the stranded vessel to know when and what will be the highest rise of the tide to assist in floating her off. In a hundred different ways these apparently simple tables of prediction are of incalculable value. One of the self-registering tide gauges of the Coast Survey has been loaned to the engineering department of Mexico, and has been set up at Mazatlan, where a regular series of observations was commenced in June. A copy of the results is communicated to the Coast Survey.

In intimate relation with the hydrography is the determination of the magnetic variation, although the observations are made on land by some one of the triangulation or astronomical parties. For the last twenty-nine years, systematic determinations of the magnetic declination have been made from Cape St. Lucas to the Aleutian Islands, and not only is the actual amount of this variation known, but its yearly change is so well ascertained that the variation can be named for many years in advance. Curiously enough, many cases of local deflection of the magnetic needle have been discovered at the land stations, but no case is known upon the coast where any ship's compass can be affected by the small amount of magnetic oxide of iron (the "black sand" of the miner) upon the immediate shores.

The currents of the Pacific Coast have been measured so far as the usual work of sounding will allow. As the latter is of immediate importance to commerce, the former must await larger opportunities for more thorough research and study in combination with the operations of deep sea soundings. But we have learned enough to know that there is upon this coast a general movement of the ocean waters southward for a width of three to five hundred miles off shore. This movement is one of the resultants of the projection of the mass of water of the Japanese Great Warm Stream (the Kuro Siwo) upon the northern coast of British Columbia and Alaska. It is estimated that one-fourth of that water is deflected around the shores of the Gulf of Alaska to the north-west of Sitka, thence to the west-south-west past the island of Kodiak, and along the southern shores of the Alaska peninsula and part of the Aleutian Islands. Three-fourths of that water is carried down the coast of British Columbia, Washington, Oregon, California, and Lower California, until it curves westward and joins in the great equatorial movement toward the south-western shores and islands of Asia. It is the waters of this current, combined with the westerly winds, which give to the immediate coast its cool and foggy summers and its moderate winters; for the temperature of the water in summer in the latitude of San Francisco is 58°, and in winter 53°. This current is sometimes hardly perceptible in summer, and during heavy and prolonged south-easters the surface current moves to the northward. But its existence is felt especially by the navigator in the longer and more uniform swell of a stiff north-wester, as compared with the shorter and uglier sea of the south-easter of the same strength.

The study of this current, and of the Japanese Great Warm Stream, and of the prevailing winds of summer and of winter over the Pacific, is of the greatest importance to the navigation and to the commerce between California and Asia; for it is known that, while the great circle route would save several hundred miles of distance, it would necessarily carry vessels close to the Aleutian Islands, and there the currents and the weather would be so adverse and so unfavorable, that the longer route to the south should be adopted on account of its more equable climate and smaller amount of adverse currents and winds. This current, during prolonged north-west weather, crowds sharply upon all the prominent headlands; but throughout the year there is a narrow eddy shore current moving steadily to the northward. Sometimes this is not more than a mile or two wide, and is retarded at the surface in heavy north-west winds, especially off the headlands; at other times, after a week of calm summer weather, it becomes as much as fifteen miles wide, even off Cape Mendocino. This discovery of the Coast Survey was at first denied, but it is now well known and proved by thousands of lumbermen, fishermen, and coast-wise sailing-masters. But we reserve for a future time the full discussion of these currents, their importance to our commerce, and their bearing upon the great improvements contemplated on the coast harbors. The progress of the work of the Survey at various ports of the coast, from San Diego to Puget Sound, and its development to connect the Atlantic and Pacific chains of triangles, have hardly been hinted at, for we have already trenched upon space. At another time, we shall enter more into detail upon the methods of work in the main triangulation, the character of the signals successfully used upon lines reaching nearly two hundred miles in length, the instruments for the measurement of horizontal angles, for the determination of the latitude and longitude and elevation of stations, the deflection of the plumb-line by the attraction of denser sub-surface and of mountain masses, and the figure of the earth as determined by the arcs of the meridian already measured upon the Atlantic by the Coast and Geodetic Survey.

George Davidson.

SAND.

Chapter I.

Mountain Brow, Cal., June 3, 187-.

My Dear Old Friend:—I can not, at this moment, recall the date of my latest letter to you, yet I distinctly remember that I did write to you at some period of time not strictly prehistoric; but whether it was that I penned my epistle in answer to something, or desiring that something should be answered, I know not, and, indeed, do not care; because, as I look upon it, the antiquity and proximity of our friendship is equal to a waiver of ceremony. If, lang syne, among the bowlders and pay-grit of Squally Flat, I had not learned by heart that you were one of God's own in every depth of good friendship, save the expressing of it, I should think you were turned cavalier, and prone to ride by your old friend on your successful money-getting hobby; but my head, which is rapidly taking on the gray thatch of declining life, tells me that yours is a nature no more to be spoiled by wealth than daunted by poverty. When I think of you I can not fail to recall poor old Rockyweller (you do not forget him?), or rather his pet speech when he was spreeing on Squally. You can not have forgotten how he used to come to his cabin door on the hill-side, in the early morning, and address the general camp in these words, shouted at the top of his voice: "Whoop la! God hates a coward, sir, and you can't hurt a Christian. Never try to crawl when you're broke, nor to fly when you're flush, sir, and you may be happy yet, sir. Amen, sir!" After which Mohammedanized Christian salutation to the morn, he softly closed his cabin door behind him, and carefully walked down the trail to the saloon for his earliest libation. You always seem to me to be an embodiment of Rockyweller's creed. And now they tell me you are the master of millions of dollars. How strangely romantic is real life! To-day we weep upon our mother's breast and take her parting kiss, close behind us the humble gate of home, and, gazing through unusual tears, bid old familiar scenes farewell; to-morrow and to-morrow stretch before us on the road, till we travel into manhood and its trials; then the early grave for one, wrecked life for another, quiet success for a third, and so on, up and down, the line of registry runs, till at length one of a thousand astonishes himself and everybody else by becoming renowned for wealth or wisdom. Strange—strange indeed, and the more I dwell upon it, the more strange it seems to me! I never expected that you, among all the boys who crossed the plains in 1850 in our train, would be famous for anything; but at that same time, also, people were not looking to Sangamon County, Illinois, for a President of the United States. The wisdom which seeks to forecast the career of a baby is less reliable than the baby is. Prophecy, to use a neat vulgarism, is played out. Nothing is more novel than reality. Success is always surprising. Having said thus much about you, and it is, I assure you, but a slight installment of what I am frequently thinking, I will proceed, with your leave, to talk of myself, and my belongings.

I am not at all glorious, or in any way distinguished; but I may fairly say, that, take my circumstances altogether, I am happy. We—that is, the other goodly half and myself—we jog along; and to me—likewise, as I fully believe, also to her—each new day that we are permitted, by the great goodness of Divinity, to continue together is an additional coinage from the mint of solid satisfaction. I have not, as you know, much wealth—never was meant to be that way—but my children, though rather numerous, are greatly satisfying to me. I think, moreover, and really hope, that I am not declining in the esteem of my neighbors. You, with the other "boys" in our claim on Squally Flat, used to think I was a brilliant fellow. That was a mistake. Brilliant people rarely wear well, while, on the contrary, I seem to find that I ripen slowly, but surely, into public favor—in my small way. So far as I can observe, none of my chidren are defective in any way—they are all shapely, lithe, supple, quick of foot and of apprehension. Their mother guides them without goad or rein, and I curb them with a look or shake of the head; and nothing pleases them better than to hear me descant upon

"The days of old — the days of gold —
In the days of forty-nine,"

in which stories you, yourself, mine ancient pard, sometimes figure as the hero.

My eldest boy, who is now a man, seems to take deep and particular interest in the old times. *Query.*—Can it be that a parent may beget his impressions? Is it a reality that the sour fruit in the mouth of the parent sets the teeth of the unborn upon edge, and *vice versa* as to sweet fruit? Well, well! However this query may be answered, there is another query which I must soon essay to answer. My boy wants to plunge into the tide of life and strike out for himself; and, but for the shadow on his mother's brow and the quiver on her lip, when the matter is spoken of, I could be well satisfied to launch him, and let him go. I can not guide him for ever, you know; and I feel sure that he will pursue quite as virtuous a course while the earth is under my feet as he will with part of it over my head. And now that I think of it, I will give you a brief schedule of his accomplishments and traits, so that, mayhap and God willing, you may see some place that he will fit into, and let me know of it. He is neither tall nor large, is very neat in his person, is said to have a handsome face, with earnest dark brown eyes, like his mother's. He is every way shapely, save and except that his arms are a trifle long, and his hands, though elegantly shaped, are about one or two sizes larger than a strictly aristocratic taste would desire. His voice is soft and very clear, his enunciation distinct and deliberate. He is less of a talker than his father, though he is a better talker when stirred up to it. His manners are grave and quiet for one of his years; he can sit or stand perfectly still in any company, and listen without embarrassment; that, you know, has always been one of my tests of gentlemanliness. He has good English and good commercial education, with a large fund of miscellaneous information. His penmanship is round, smooth, and characteristic of controlled and controllable nerve force. His morals, I believe, are good, and I know that his courage is, and ever from infancy was, undoubted. He is ambitious, and hopes to make his way into some line of business which has a future to it. From my long experience as Clerk of the Court, I had hoped my oldest son would be a successful lawyer during my lifetime; but he shows, as yet, no taste for law. I, however, have other sons, perhaps, to "comfort my old age." Of course, you will know that I desire you not to embarrass yourself in any way on account of old times, and if my boy does not seem to fit into some place now open, I ask you, as an old friend, to drop the matter right there, and we will say no more about it.

Although this is a long letter, I do not feel weary with writing it, and entertain a hope that you will not weary in the reading of it. I could tell you many things about domestic politics, but such things no longer hold a first place in your attention, or indeed in the attention of strong, active natures all over our great Union, and, I may add with a seeming slang phrase, "that's what's the matter." But, even if I do not write politics or send you important news, I think we of the old school should still, from time to time, drop each other a letter, because the day is not a long way off when we will not be able to reach each other by mail or telegram. Let me hope, however, that when that day comes we will be blissfully near enough to need no artificial communication for evermore.

My wife and nest of little ones, like the four and twenty blackbirds when the pie was opened, are ready to sing before your majesty if you will accept my oft repeated and always standing invitation to come and see us.

Give the love of us all to all there is of you and yours, and permit me to remain, in the homeliest way,

Heartily, your friend,
Norman Maydole.

In answer to the above there came, in due time, the following brief epistolary dash:

S. F., Cal., June 10, 187–.

Very Dear Old Pard:—I read your letter to my household. We all enjoyed it. Write often. God bless you every one. We ought to be more personally intimate; but you're too proud to visit the house of what you call a rich man, and I'm too busy to go anywhere off the treadmill. Send that boy to me right off. Tell his mother we will be good to him.

In haste, yours to command, Holten.

Mrs. Maydole was a good mother, and, although she had a deal of regular and miscellaneous mothering to do, still preserved to herself that very quiet way which wise mothers have of appreciating character among her offspring. Norman Maydole, Jr., her eldest, differed enough from Norman Maydole, Sr., and differed in such manner as almost, if not quite, to fill in her heart the vacant margin unfilled by the, to her, shortcomings in the character of Norman Maydole, Sr. She thought she saw in her son the ideal manhood which floated through her love-lit fancy when she was Martha Aiken. She knew that in this boy was a nature stronger than his father's—a nature which might, perforce of circumstance, serve faithfully, but which must ere long rule or ruin for itself; she at once trembled inwardly at, and secretly delighted in, the developing, but not to all manifest, power of her boy.

With loving haste, yet with tears in her eyes and voice, she made him ready for his departure, and grew firmer in purpose as the hour drew nigh to bid him farewell. She did not burthen his parting moments with prayers or advice; but held up to his kiss all the little faces of the house, and finally, after all, she came to embrace him softly and quietly, and kiss him good-bye.

Norman Maydole, Jr., will never be able to say precisely what he thought as he sat with the driver on "the outside," and coached away down the mountain road. Yet he did a deal of thinking one way and another; but he could not realize that home for him would stop right there, and never more grow from that point; while, of course, he could not comprehend his changing future; and yet it was this home and this future which were dancing incomprehensible quadrilles through his head.

It was a cool, bracing morning in a climate where the seasons are inextricably mixed after sundown, and often not entirely defined in broad daylight. Just such a morning as that in which the average coach-horse nips the nose of his span-fellow, and prances out of town in a manner at once arch and active, which seems to say to the admiring school-boy who "creeps lazily:" "Ha, ha! Little fellow, couldn't we give these passengers a merry fright, if we chose to take into our teeth these paltry bridle-bits?" This is the time when the driver arranges and hefts his lines, poises and balances his whip, pushes his brake-lever back and forth with his off foot, looks down at the double-trees, then back over the top of his coach, then hefts his lines again, and says:

"Yait!"

And away they go in gay style—no sprawling.

Norman knew this driver; not as many village boys did, by hanging around the stables watching the rubbing down of the stock, and longing to take a hand at the rubbing, but by having seen him call at the house for or with passengers; and the driver had, with stage driver's horsey observation, measured the young man, and put him down in his mental notebook as a "high toney, 'way up young feller;" and this driver, when off duty, had met Norman in the village escorting some of the most beautiful, elegant, well bred young ladies in the county, and if there is anything that at once awes and wins upon a horsey man, it is his acknowledged superior among the ladies. Indeed, one is prone to judge that no man can be a Methodist minister, or a professional stage driver, without possessing a deep and abiding admiration for the fair sex. Nothing but this great motive could reconcile a rational human being to a life so exciting, so nomadic, so ill requited.

"Goin' to kulledge, young man?" queried the driver, as the team was slowed down to climb a grade.

"Not at present," Norman responded.

"Goin' down to the bay?"

"Yes."

"Ther's whur you see something," and he was emphatic on the "see."

"I suppose so," said Norman, dryly.

"Gals! Ooh-oo-ooh!" and the driver hefted his lines again, crossed his legs, and gave his long whip-lash a twirl of great facetiousness, ending with a light, humorous snap—a sort of audible wink.

Norman being a young man naturally and habitually scrupulous in the weight of language, and never having had any experience in such a descriptive phrase as "Ooh-oo-ooh," carefully held his peace.

"Goin' to be one o' them spry young fellers what skeets 'round for a broker's office, p'haps?"

"I think not."

"Well, excuse me, young feller; I don't want to dig into your private biz; I'm only talkin' for sociable."

This mark of respectful acuteness was instinctively accepted and responded to by Norman.

"I do not know what I shall do in San Francisco. I'm going to seek my fortune."

"What! Row with the old man? Off on your ear?"

"No; nothing of that kind."

"I might 'a' knowed that, if I wasn't a damn fool. Your father's a gen'lem'n—he don't row with nobody."

"Thank you," responded Norman, with more interest than he had before manifested.

"Lord, yes, I've voted for your father, and he's swore me in court. You rec'clect that?—time Jim Clem cut Fancy Irvin, what used to drive the dapple grays."

Norman did not remember the trial, because trials at law were too numerous in the clerical life of his home to demand special remembrance; while with the driver it was different, as the most distinguished epoch in his career was his appearance as prosecuting witness in the State of California *versus* James Clem.

The coach was not heavily laden, having only six "insides," and one on top; so the team bowled merrily along through leafy cañons and over dusty summits, up hill slowly and down hill rapidly, till the growing day, warmed with the cloudless sky and strengthening sun, suggested to Norman to draw off his overcoat, and as he was so doing, the driver, having observed the action, remarked:

"D'ye allers go heeled?"

"Very seldom," answered Norman, placing his hand upon his hip as if making sure that the matter of being "heeled" had not been displaced by the change in his dress.

"I used to pack one o' them things," said the driver; "but 'tain't no use to pack 'em if ye don't use 'em."

"No," said Norman, with a sort of far away look in his soft, dark eyes. "No use, if they are not to be used, when needed."

"Well, I alwuz noticed it, that unless a feller is right dead on the shoot, he never needs a shootin' iron till he gets wher' ther's mighty little show to draw."

Norman nodded his head in silence.

"When I come on the old overland line," continued the driver, "I had a fust-rate six-shooter, and as I was gittin' up on the box the fust mornin', sez the agent to me, sez he, 'What're goin' t'do wi' that?' 'Oh, nuthin,' sez I, and I looked over my shoulder kind o' cute as I tuck up the lines. 'Well,' sez he, 'I bet two to one you don't use it.' 'Oh, no,' sez I, 'it ain't me what'll use one o' them things—it's some other feller.' Well, dern me, if I wasn't overhauled by the road-agents in less'n two hours, an' I didn't use it; and what's more, if ye hear my gentle voice, they tuk it away from me, went through the passengers and the express box, and I ain't never carried no tools of that kind sence."

"Why did you not use it?" asked Norman, very gently.

"Use it! How in hell's a man to use a shooter when he's got both hands full of hoss lines."

"I see," said Norman, and then gravely asked: "Did no one try to defend the stage?"

"No!" answered the driver in a tone that was a sort of indignant snarl, which may be written, N-e-a-o-w; "been drivin' fur ten year on this coast, and been gone through three times by road-agents, an' I've heard lots o' talk among passengers about fight, but I never seen none of it. Talk's cheap, but it takes the sand to fight stage robbers."

No remarks from the young man.

"D'ye reckon you'd stand in if three or four masked men was to come into the road out o' these yer bushes, with cocked double barreled shot-guns drawed on us, and holler to us to 'halt and put up yer hands?'"

"I think I should," said Norman.

"Well, ye wouldn't. Ye can bet yer life ye wouldn't."

"Perhaps not," said Norman.

At this moment the stage was winding slowly up the graded side-hill road, out of the cañon, toward the open upland country. Up the hill-side the slim red branches of the madroños and the white stems of the buckeyes shone out among the live oaks and straggling pines, while below the road, and down toward where the gurgling stream meandered among the rocks, the pines arose tall and serene. It was a quiet place, save for the chirping of small birds, the chatter of blue-jays, and the occasional whirr of the quail. The situation and the conversation, in some unconscious way, had caused Norman to rest his hand upon his armed hip as he looked quietly about him. At the summit of the grade the woodland terminated, and gave way to a long view of open country, through which the road was to be seen for miles of distance. Arriving at the edge of the woodland, the driver was about gathering his lines more firmly in hands for a speedier gait, when, as if by magic, there appeared in the road three men, with guns and masked faces; one of whom shouted:

"Halt!" and then added, looking through the holes in his rude mask at Norman:

"Hold up your hands." To which Norman replied by putting a bullet-hole through the mask immediately above the two holes which had eyes behind them.

"Drive on," said Norman, quietly, but firmly, as he sent a ball in dangerous nearness to the head of the masked fellow in front of the horses.

"Drive on, rapidly," and again he fired upon the fellow in front, while a load of buckshot went singing a dangerous *falsetto* over his head from the fellow on the right.

"By ——!" exclaimed the driver, now thoroughly in for it, and aroused to the merits of the case, as he sent the silk into his leaders and whirled away to the open country, followed by another discharge of shot and a fusillade of revolver balls.

For the next two miles the driver had business of importance on his hands—his team was "running away," or at least fully believed they were, and they "meant it" too; but a stage-horse knows the road, and a good driver knows how to let them take it on occasion.

Norman quietly watched the receding road to the rear, while the driver kept an eye to the fore, but neither said anything to the other. By and by, as they neared the station and a small village, where a change of horses should take place preparatory to entering upon a more inhabited country, the driver suceeded in slowing his team to a gentle trot up hill.

"Are you hurt?" asked Norman, still keeping his eye upon the rearward road.

"Damn if I know. Hain't had time to find out, but there's a place on top of my *cabesa* that burns like the devil. I can't slack up on these yer lines to prospect it."

"Let me look," said Norman, taking off the driver's hat, and softly manipulating the cranium it had covered. "There's no blood, and I think there's no new hole in your head."

This being the first remark savoring of humor or familiarity on Norman's part during the brief but eventful acquaintance, seemed very facetious to the driver, particularly as the young man had gone "away up" in the driver's estimation—and we are all pleased at the familiarity of the hero.

Norman next examined the driver's hat, and, holding it before the eyes of that worthy, pointed to opposite holes across the crown thereof.

"I knowed it was a cussed close call," said the driver, clinging to his lines the while, but smiling a very pleased smile as Norman replaced the hat. "That rooster on the right gave me that. Ain't you hurt, nowheres?"

"Not much," said Norman; "there is a wet place on my shoulder, but it does not feel very painful. Can we not stop now and look after the people inside?"

"No—can't hold 'em," meaning the horses. "Holler over the side to 'em," meaning the passengers. "We'll soon be in town."

Norman leaned down the side of the coach, and asked:

"Any one hurt inside?"

"I believe not," answered a male voice.

"No, sir; nobody hurt," said a pleasant female voice, "but oh! so terribly frightened—and—are you sure it is all over?"

"All over," said Norman.

"Well, I'm so glad, for I was *sure* we would all be killed. Are you gentlemen on top hurt?"

"Yes, the driver's hat is mortally wounded in two places."

"Oh, if that is all, it must have been a miraculous deliverance."

Then Norman took his seat again by the driver, and proceeded to reload his pistol.

The stage drove up to the porch of the little country inn with foaming, panting horses. The passengers got promptly out, seemingly for no particular object other than to make sure that peace was fully assured and danger no longer threatening. Norman got quietly down from his high seat, and entered the inn without speaking to any one. As the driver threw the lines right and left to the hostlers, one of those worthies remarked, as he cast an experienced eye upon the team:

"Been poppin' 'em through, Curly."

"Yes," said Curly, as he swung down from his seat to the inn porch; "poppin's the word, an' I've had about enough o' this."

By this time some whisper of the affray had leaked out, through a thirsty passenger making miscellaneous remarks at the bar while fortifying his courage, and therefore a small squad impeded the driver's way to the place where the thirsty passenger had preceded him.

"What's the matter now, Curly?" dryly asked the hostler.

"Why, when I hired to this company to drive stage, I didn't enlist for the war. Look at my hat," and he took off that article of wear and handed it to the hostler. "That's what's the matter! Look at them holes," he added, softly feeling the top of his uncovered head as he stood among the inquiring crowd, who looked first at the hat and then at the head.

"Have you been rowing with that young feller that was on the box with ye?" asked the hostler.

"No. Where is he?" looking about for him. "No; that young feller's a particular friend of mine, and he's got the sand—he hez—he's a fighter from Bitter Creek;" by which mention of location the driver only desired to refer to that place on the old overland stage road which became in its time noted as the roughest place this side of orthodox damnation.

"You bored them holes with a gimlet," said the incredulous hostler, passing the hat back.

Before the driver had time to reply to this insulting insinuation, the crowd suddenly rushed to the rear of the coach, where an elderly fat male passenger, with spectacles on nose, was pointing out certain small holes in the boot-leathers, as well as in the highly varnished wood-work of the body of the coach.

"If you'd a been where this hat was when them holes was made," said the driver, placing the hat on his head, "there'd a been one less leadin' man at the p'formance what they call capittle punishment. I'm goin' to irrigate. Come in, and take something, hossy. You needn't hurry up with the other team. We've got biz to settle before we pull out of here. Come, and take a drink, both of ye—all hands—everybody!" and under the pressure of the excitement the crowd, hostlers and all, entered the bar-room of the inn.

Here, glass in hand, Curly related his adventure to all save the second hostler, whose duties required him to hastily swallow his drink and go back to the panting team, leaving hostler No. 1 to receive the story for retailing at second-hand in the stable.

Curly told his story simply enough, without unusual exaggeration as to his own part in it, but with great praise for the courage—"sand," he called it—of the "young feller." According to him, the robber on the left fell dead at the first fire, and he was satisfied that the robber in front was wounded, and he thought from the way the "hoss kep' shaking his head, and goin' with it turned up sideways," that one of the leaders was "plugged" about the butt of the off ear, but the robber on the right, whom the driver cursed most vigorously, was not hurt at all.

"Is the young feller hurt any?" asked the barkeeper.

"He thinks he is, in the shoulder," answered the driver. "But where in thunder's he gone to? I want to see him. I want to sell out to him for life or good behavior. I can't buy him, I know; but I'll sell if he'll buy; an' I'm goin' to do it. Where is he?" and the driver started toward the door as if to look him up.

"Gone down town long 'go with the lan'-lord," said the barkeeper.

"Well, I'll wait for him, if it's a week. You needn't bring out no team till he comes back—not fer *me* to drive—fer I don't move nary a first step till the young feller gives his orders. He's my boss. He's the boss passenger that ever went over this line."

By and by Norman returned, coming up the street with the landlord on one side of him and the village doctor on the other, all conversing pleasantly, and as they stepped upon the inn porch the driver accosted Norman:

"Well, boss, shall we roll out?"

"As soon as you please. I am ready," answered Norman.

"All right; away we go!" and he started toward the stables; then immediately turned on his heel, and asked: "Oh, I say! Boss, won't you have something to drink?"

"No—thank you—I have no occasion."

"All right," and he turned again toward the stables, muttering to himself, "don't care a hoot if he never drinks with me—he's got the sand."

By this time, through the piecemeal detail of the driver and passengers, it was pretty thoroughly known among the crowd that the "down stage" had been stopped by road-agents "at the summit, this side of Buckeye Cañon," but that the robbers had been repulsed by Norman, and distanced by the driver; that Dr. Minnis had extracted a ball from Norman's shoulder; that the stage showed marks of the bullets; that the driver's hat had had a ball through it, which had singed a furrow through his curly hair, and that the "nigh leader" had a ball hole in the lower part of his off ear; and the conclusion was arrived at that all this scare and damage must have been done by "Cocho Pizan" and his pals, because somebody had seen Cocho lately in the neighborhood.

As the horses were being brought and buckled each in his proper place in front of the stage, there was a sort of public reception on the inn porch. Dr. Minnis, being an old-time acquaintance of Norman's father, was acting as voluntary grand marshal of the occasion, and pleasantly introducing Norman to his fellow passengers, male and female, and such of the citizens as had, like the stage passengers, expressed a desire to be made acquainted with, as they termed him, "the gallant young fellow." So Norman was introduced to everybody, and they all congratulated him on his "gallant conduct." All of which he took quietly, pleasantly, and with modest, almost bashful, demeanor. When it is said that he was introduced to everybody, that does not include the driver, because it was somehow, yet for no fair cause, taken for granted that he already knew him. Perceiving the oversight, Curly, who knew the doctor slightly, approached that person and said confidentially, "Doc, I know the young feller—I'll never forgit him—but he don't know me only as 'the driver;' now I want you to introduce me on the square—up an' up, ye know."

"Certainly," replied the doctor, stepping over to where Norman stood near the coach, talking to the crowd. "Mr. Maydole, let me make you acquainted with Mr. Talman Reese."

Curly lifted his hat and bowed after the manner of "salute partners," and grasped Norman's hand, remarking as he did so: "You do me proud, Mr. Maydole." Then turning away to his business without another word, he mounted the box, and shouting "all aboard," gathered his lines, released his brake-lever and put his foot on it; then, as Norman sat down by his side, the landlord closing the coach door upon the insiders with a snap, saying "all right," at which words the horses began to dance up on the bits, he remarked over his shoulder as follows to the crowd:

"This town isn't worth a rap if ye don't give us three cheers for the boss passenger."

The cheers were given with a will. Curly "let 'em go"—meaning the horses; Norman waved his hat to the crowd, and the excited, fresh team bowled the stage away on its route—out of sight and out of sound.

Upon the road once more, and away from all excitement save the exhilaration of the ride, Norman fell into silent reflection upon the events of the morning, which state of silence the driver respected, if he was not himself in the same state, and neither spoke to the other for some miles. At length Norman remarked:

"Do you really think I killed that highwayman I first fired upon?"

"I'll bet my pile on it. Didn't you see him fall."

"Yes. I saw him fall; but men sometimes get up again. Do they not?"

"Yes, they do, sometimes; but not when they fall like he did."

"I do not like to think he is dead."

"Well, I do, damn him."

"But you didn't shoot him."

"No, I didn't, but I wish I had a shot him. I hain't got no conscience about me for him or any of his kind. An' if you'll take my little advice, you'll just consider yourself in big luck for gittin' the drop on him instid o' him gittin' it on you!"

"Well, well," said Norman hastily, and the subject dropped for a while.

"Was that a bad job in your shoulder—gittin' out that ball?"

"Painful, but not dangerous—it was soon done."

"Glad of it."

Then there was another long silence, broken in time by Norman:

"Mr. Reese!"

"Sir! to you."

"If we go on reporting this matter down the road, will we not raise an excitement and cause people to gather together and turn out for a hunt after these robbers?"

"Well, that'll be a bully good thing."

"But then, if they find a dead body, we are all liable to be detained as witnesses before the coroner."

"I'm agreeable to that!"

"Yes, I know. Your position as driver makes it not inconvenient or troublesome to you, but with a passenger, bound upon his own urgent business, it is different."

"It is some different; but the business ort to be attended to—ortn't it?"

"Yes, certainly. But we all could give no better evidence than you can. There is only the fact that the robbery was threatened by unknown parties, and the shooting took place. You can swear as to that; and the ball-holes in the coach, and in your hat, and in the horse, will corroborate you. All the rest is guesswork. We can not identify any of the men. I wish to see the law enforced in this and in all cases, but do not desire to be detained from my own affairs for no attainable end."

"Well, if you say it, mum's the word from now on, as far as I'm in it."

"But the other passengers?"

"Oh, they'll cotton to it, soon's they find it's into their hands to lay low."

"Will you mention it to them at the earliest opportunity?"

"I will that. But if that fellow you plugged is Cocho Pizan, and I reckon he is, you needn't hev no worry about no kerrener a settin' on his body; there's greasers enough in the foot-hills—sayin' nuthin of other cut-throats—to keep his carkus away from any inquess."

"Thank you," rejoined Norman; and thereafter the ride proceeded to its end with the usual ordinary line of incident, the relation of which is not vital to this narrative.

J. W. GALLY.

UNATTAINED.

If I could catch one note of song
From out the melody that streams
In throbbing currents through my dreams,
The world would cease its strife and wrong,
And bend to hear with eager ear,
And swear such music were divine—
That single note of mine!

If I could write one burning word
Like those I dream, but can not speak,
Mankind would cease to plot, and seek
To cleanse the page that now is blurred,
And understand that life is grand
If, only, life be grandly spent
In great accomplishment.

If I could once most faintly sketch
What fancy's facile pencil draws,
All men would wonder at the cause
Why I might so divinely etch;
But, though I try, nor paint can I,
Nor sing one song, nor voice one thought,
With which my dreams are fraught.

Far better one were blind than dumb
If all this glory lie unfurled,
And he alone, of all the world
Who might translate it now, is numb,
Nor speaks one word man might have heard,
Whose meaning and majestic rhyme
Should echo through all time.

CHAS. H. PHELPS.

TRANSFIGURED.

They stand against a sky of palest blue—
The dusty, dreary hills, so bare and brown,
In dull monotony still looking down
Upon a valley, dull and dreary too,
No spell of beauty in their faded hue.
But lo! the sunset comes. A golden mist
Hangs over hills of glowing amethyst,
That gleam in sudden splendor on the view.
Soft falls the rosy light, and gently fills
The purple cañons sloping to the vale;
Their loveliness like tender music thrills—
To paint their glory rarest art would fail.
O hills! not thine alone such change may be;
Love makes some dreary lives as fair to see.

SARAH E. ANDERSON.

A PHANTOM CITY.

Comfortably shrouded in an ulster, and leaning on the forward rail of the incoming ferry-boat, *Oakland*, one night in October last, I looked upon a phantom scene and city as fascinating as any ever described in story, or rhymed and raved about in song. The clouds had been dripping all day with the first rain of the season. Dry country and thirsty city, bronzed fields and dusty roofs, powdered roads and choking streets, creaking bridges, wharves, the masts and spars of the shipping, everything, parched through the long moistureless summer, steamed with delight. When, in the late afternoon, the drops ceased to patter on the sullen surface of the bay, Nature, fresh from her bath, wore a grateful and refreshed look. The thoroughly washed air was deliciously sweet. A long, undulating strip of lace-like mist festooned itself along the hills back of Berkeley. Light ruffles of fog toyed lovingly about the throat of Tamalpais, while great billows of it boomed over the crest of the Saucelito hills, and packed Richardson's Bay solid full to Angel Island. The sun, which had just succeeded in breaking through a rift in the clouds, went down in a perfect glory blaze. The tremendous disk sharply outlined by the interposition of the clearing up and scurrying fragments of mist, hung for a moment, seemingly, just above the square, brick fort at the Point, and then slowly settled into the sea, a glowing ball of color that tinged with beauty the Marin ridges on the right, and streaming down the long perspective burnished into wondrous brightness our famous Gate of Gold. The sun fairly below the horizon line, and a purple, amethyst haze—the most beautiful of all California's sunset effects—distributed itself artistically through the shimmering atmosphere, and a few minutes later, companies and platoons, and finally, whole regiments, of the fog host came marching in through the narrow strait to take possession of the city. All this I saw while crossing to Oakland by the creek boat in the early evening; and, returning by the wharf route a few hours later, I was just in time to catch a glimpse of the phantom city, and witness above it a desperate battle of the clouds.

For, be it understood right here, that between the atmosphere of the ocean and that of the bay and the valleys contiguous, there is a constant and a deadly enmity. They fight over San Francisco and the peninsula like dogs over a bone. The warfare is deliberate and incessant. From the last of June or first of July, all through the dry season, the fog has things its own way, and sweeps in triumph the contested field. Though dissipated in the early part of the day, when the sun is in good heating trim, and warms the bay atmosphere to its work, it nevertheless camps in the city every night, and with the vigorous trade winds as an ally, and the warm gulf stream thirty miles out at sea furnishing reinforcements, it insolently asserts itself in every direction. But as soon as the rains set in, there is a radical change of conditions. Then the atmosphere of the land, heavy with moisture, and backed by north and south and easterly winds, gets on its muscle, and slams a terrible vengeance out of the ocean air. The fog is helpless. The trade winds, which have been so constant to its cause, furnishing transportation, and pushing the fleecy squadrons on to desperate endeavor, have been lulled to sleep far down in the southern seas. The gulf stream, and the cold currents from the north, are no longer to be relied upon, and so, when the little skirmishers of mist come dancing over the sand dunes for their regular evening dissipation in the streets of the city, they are suddenly halted in the park, precipitated on the San Bruno ridge, gulped up by the Saucelito ravines, waltzed back out of the Golden Gate, and totally annihilated in the upper atmosphere. This is the daily routine for the winter or rainy months; but the battle *par excellence*, the contest *à l'outrance*, is immediately after the first rains, when the fog hosts and the interior clouds and currents measure then their nearly equal strength in a last grand struggle to decide supremacy for the season. It was a meeting of this kind that I witnessed from the ferry-boat's deck, and reveled in with all the excitement of an active participant.

When the *Oakland* left the end of the long, creaking wharf, the state of the atmosphere was as peaceful as the night itself. The bay was as smooth as glass. A wide wake of ripples marked the course of the boat's cleaving keel as it left the slip on the other side; the paddle wheels thumped the water with that dreary regularity that is ever ringing in the ears of an Oaklander; the wharf lights twisted down and away from the barnacle covered piles, like huge yellow serpents wriggling their way into the brine; the bright red and green lights of the creek beacons designated the route to the Alameda shore; and the lonely, luminous eye of the lighthouse on Goat Island seemed to follow the boat up as it boomed along, trailing behind from its huge smoke-stack a dense sulphur-brown stripe on the sable cloaking of the night—a night so dark, that, beyond the rail, you could, seemingly, put your hand on a wall of jet. Dead ahead there was a brilliant bit of color where the streets, running up over California, Clay, and Telegraph Hills, stood mapped out by the double line of street lamps, throwing the buildings between into long shadow lines, and making that whole portion of the city look like a flaming gridiron set aslant the sky, along whose red hot bars slid immense glowing coals —the headlights on the dummies of the cable lines. Straggling patches of light were distributed all along the water front; but they were dim and uncertain in contrast. A reach of twinkling lamps marked the line of Long Bridge fading away into the inky blackness of Butchertown and the Potrero. Lanterns, like fire-flies, hung here and there from the rigging of the ships at anchor or moored to the docks. The reflectors of the ferry slips, red, and green, and one dark blue, guided to the landings. The illuminated clock looked out upon the waters like the bull's-eye window of some huge steamer's stateroom. The level portion of the city, from the base of the hills to the left of Market Street, was a solid patch of black, with just the faint reflection of a diffused light above, over which the storm clouds of the bay scurried away into the background as though there was something exciting going on. And there was. The dark spot to the left was the headquarters of the bay forces, and just as the nose of the boat was in mid-channel, I saw a squadron of black-plumed cavalry fairly fly along the line of Kearny Street, and charge through the gap at Montgomery Avenue to North Beach, where the cloud pickets were being driven in.

The battle had begun. The fog, commencing the assault at the Presidio, had taken the fort and the heights above, where the earth batteries are located, and was rattling along with its skirmish line over the sand-hills toward Black Point. The Golden Gate was a solid column of fleecy soldiers. Richardson's Bay, and the stretch of water between Helmet Rock and Lime Point, were a great camp of mist, ready to strike its tents and move on the water front at a moment's notice. From every direction, east and south, the cloud currents were massing to the point of attack. They climbed Telegraph and Lombard Street hills in columns, and from the other side swooped down and smote the fog host, hip and thigh. I could see, by the twirling cloud and mist shapes shooting high in air, where the lines of battle had met; for these shapes were the atmospheric dead and wounded, that—reversing the human rule—rose instead of fell. The city, shrouded in darkness, and hovered over by those strange shapes, was literally a phantom of the night. Everything was uncertain and unreal. Here and there a spire, or the doubtful outline of one of the Nob Hill mansions, could be distinguished; but all substance was blotted out, and there was nothing of San Francisco but that great glare in the sky, over which the cloud phantoms flitted like veritable ghosts along the famous lone lagoon. It was a Doréesque drawing—a touch, in truth, of the atmosphere of Danté's imaginary hell.

Just here the ferry-boat ran into its cavernous slip, and, excited over the picture, and anxious to see the result of the conflict, I took conveyance, by horse and cable line, to the top of Clay Street Hill, where I could get a splendid view of the entire field of battle. All the way up the slope I encountered the clouds, rushing along like mad, streaking the surrounding atmosphere with their hot and hurried breath, as they clambered to their positions in the line of battle that extended from Telegraph Hill across to Russian; thence to Pacific Heights; thence to Lone Mountain; thence along the crest of the hills to Hunter's Point. From Mission Bay—the rallying ground—the shadow troops surged out in every direction to support those already engaged. There was music along the entire line, but the warmest work was being done in the neighborhood of North Beach. Heading for this point, a double column of inland forces came booming along Larkin and Polk Streets, evidently intending to hit the enemy on the flank. The little valley at my feet was a perfect maelstrom of the elements. The cloud forces, having gained a temporary victory at North Beach, had pushed the mist troops up over Lombard Street Hill, and around its base; and where Polk Street loses itself on the edge of the bay, the contestants were engaged in a hand to hand conflict—beating each other to death on the sand. It was silent, but effective, slaughter; a battle without a sound; a conflict to the death without the shedding of a drop of blood, but a working out of that most terrible species of destruction—total annihilation. Regiment after regiment met to exist no more; reinforcements reinforced nothing but vacancy.

Once I thought the cloud forces had won, for suddenly the great curtain of mist rose and writhed as if about to retreat; but it was a cunning bit of strategy for the advantage. The rise was but a ruse. Lured on by the movement, the unsuspecting cloud forces rushed in to occupy the ground, and spread themselves out to the point of weakness. Then I knew that they were gone; for down came the fog cohorts with the strength and the venom of a storm. They fairly blotted out the enemy. There was the drop of a great white mantle, and underneath black shadows grappled with the white. From Pacific Heights a particularly dense streak hurried on after the grand charge to a position on the brow of Russian Hill. This was the heavy artillery of the invading army, and, unlimbering their big guns, they pitched shrapnell, shot, and shell, into the flanking columns that were marching along Polk and Larkin Streets, tearing out whole blocks of the advance. There was a waver, a momentary tremor of uncertainty, and then a complete rout of the cloud divisions. Up Clay Street Hill the broken battalions came, with the fog in close pursuit. It was evidently the idea of the fleecy victors to saturate their old enemy out of existence at once; and, in furtherance of this plan, every available condensation was hurried to the point of flight, there to drop on the fugitives with the might of consolidated moisture. Like a flash of light the retreat scudded away toward the bay. By me flew the beaten troops; and, licking up the stragglers, followed the fog, dripping with the perspiration of its great activity. Down Clay, and Washington, and Jackson, and Pacific Streets, I watched the stampede. In the Chinese quarter, the cloud forces, reinforced by the warm currents of the narrow side streets, and the vapors of the noisome alleys, made another stand; but it was another slaughter. The fog, with its tremendous rush and accumulated down-hill velocity, and first flush of victory, drenched everything to instant death. The huge Chinese lanterns, swinging from the restaurant balconies, looked through the mist like will-o'-the-wisps; the red paper on the walls hung long and limp like strips of freshly flayed flesh; the street lamps had about them the halo of ghosts, and through the super-saturated air the streaming lights of the dummies bored their uncompromising way, dragging behind them outlined cars freighted with shadow shapes. Over and through this all went the rout, till I thought the cloud forces would be driven, horse and foot, across to the opposite shores — when, lo! a change in the fortunes of phantom war.

A clearing up of the wet that had been whipping by me revealed the fact that the invader was not altogether and everywhere victorious. Battle was still being done in the little valley; but with an entirely different result. The flanking column of the clouds, whose head had been so unceremoniously nipped off in the first engagement, now in good shape and discipline, was making it exceedingly interesting for the foe. Marching straight along with its serried ranks, it succeeded in splitting the fog and cutting off the support of the advance, that, crazed with its easy victory, was already far away over the hill, unlinking its long legs in a chase that was leading to certain destruction. Satisfied that it would never return to molest, the cloud forces literally went for the main fog body, crowding in from the rear. Street by street they stormed Russian Hill, and drove back over Pacific Heights the artillery that boomed away in vain from every ridge and crest that it could rally upon. Two full divisions charged directly out Polk and Larkin Streets, and tumbled dead in the bay a whole regiment of white-plumed dragoons, who were riding back for dear life to regain the rapidly receding fog line of battle, from which they suddenly found themselves cut off. Other divisions occupied Clay Street Hill just as the venturesome fog advance saw its danger, and thought of returning. But it was then too late. The spur of the moment had urged it too far. The heights were occupied. Hammered in front, for the chase had turned, the bewildered fog flew to the pass through Montgomery Avenue, and, beaten back there, tried to sneak around by the water line of Telegraph Hill, to communicate with the main army. Here, however, it was promptly met and pressed to the wall, till, in desperation at seeing itself entirely surrounded, it climbed directly up the steep slope, and, neither asking nor getting quarter, it went up in an immense puff from Pioneer Park, literally whisked out of all shape, semblance, or existence. This disposed of the reckless advance guard of the invader with its flash tactics.

Meantime, the main body was being very badly used. From Russian Hill the line of battle, stretching along to the south, rolled up a great billow of destruction. Hayes Valley had been fought over and won by the cloud forces. There was a tremendous tussle of the elements in the cemetery, where white and black phantoms grappled with each other among the tombstones, and tore each other to shreds through the gnarled and twisted laurel bushes, and hurled each other into the cold and clammy vaults. Around Lone Mountain there was commotion enough for the heart of a tornado; and, above the terrible conflict, the great white wooden cross on the top stretched out its arms like the symbol and the sensation in the battles of the old Crusades. There was a stampede out the Cliff House Road; more death and desolation and picturesque destruction in the Chinese burial place on the right. Golden Gate Park and the sand dunes beyond, and the chaparral covered slopes to the left, dripped with the condensed blood of the vanquished. The fog host was being driven into the sea. Beaten at every rally, and check-mated at every move, there was nothing for it to do but throw up its ghostly arms and surrender. But this cowardly course it scorned, and resolved on a final effort. There was just the shadow of a chance that victory could be wrested from the teeth of defeat. So, summoned by some invisible code of signals, the last mist reserve—the forlorn hope of the battle, the Old Guard—came bounding from Saucelito, where it had been impatiently awaiting orders. It was a splendid charge that it made. Hitting hard the cloud forces that opposed on the water-line of the Presidio, it retook the fort and the earth batteries, wiping out of existence battalion after battalion of the enemy, and doing such daring and desperate work as only a forlorn hope, with the odds terribly against it, could do, when all of a sudden the life went out of its struggling, and the marrow out of its misty bones. It had been set upon from the rear—everything was lost. The cloud forces had countered.

Anticipating the movement of the reserves from Richardson's Bay, the phantom general of the inland forces laid his plans accordingly. No sooner had the fog begun to move, than a wild, swarthy, Bashi-Bazouk looking cloud column left the lower bay, flitted by Goat Island to the east, and then, wheeling suddenly, came flying toward the Marin hills. It was the charge of the interior Black Horse Cavalry, and how the dusky devils did ride! Nothing stood in their way. They swooped right over the top of Angel Island, and on the other side came down on the flank of the out-moving fog, driving their imaginary sabres to the hilt. Through Raccoon Straits they tore like a whirlwind, riding to death all the stragglers; and, caroming on the Saucelito shore, they swept everything before them around Lime Point. Then the Golden Gate was gory—so to speak. Crushed in the narrow pass, desperate valor was mixed with victorious haste. It was impossible to tell the victors from the vanquished. It was the last embrace of the tremendous wrestle. Over and over in full retreat rolled the writhing fog, and the darker cloud forces, massing here and there, turned great hand-springs in the air, and came down upon the flying foe with tremendous, flail-like blows. The light at the Point flashed first a yellow and then a blood red spot through the gloom. There was a sudden and last lifting and wrench of the shadows, a vacuum that pulled like a mighty and massive atmospheric rope till something broke, and then out upon the broad ocean, scattered and scurrying in wild and unreasoning disorder went the remnants of the fog host, to rally and glower and brood over its discomfiture, far out beyond the Farallones. The battle was done—the victory won, that guaranteed the beautiful weather of the fall, and asserted, for a brief but fitting season, the reign of the phantom plume, under which sign the skies will alternately smile and weep till the trade winds declare themselves again in the late spring. It was a picturesque and splendid sight—a scene impressive and never to be forgotten. The description falls far short of the reality, for language is inadequate to give it proper interpretation; and even were it possible the charm of surroundings would be lost that gives to these phantom scenes their thrilling effect.

One needs to be a student of these atmospheric wonders to appreciate their lifelike movements. The belligerent peculiarities of the fog and cloud elements I first became acquainted with, from the top of Mt. Diablo, some three years ago. The view from this elevated peak is a marvel—a scene that all the climbs in the world can not duplicate for varied beauty. Diablo stands straight up from the great San Joaquin plain in the inner Coast Range, and on a clear day its rifted and wrinkled summits—for it has two—can be seen from the city, looming up directly back of Oakland through a purple blue haze. The afternoon that I made the ascent from Martinez, on the back of a tired, wheezing mustang, the atmosphere was like champagne, and so clear that objects were drawn to my feet as though pulled to a focus by a photographer's lens. The range of vision extended from the far away and white-capped Sierra peaks to the east and south, over the broad brown plain of the San Joaquin to Mt. Hamilton; across the break of the Santa Clara Valley to Mt. Bache; thence along the hog-backed crest of the peninsula, to where San Francisco sits beside the Golden Gate, which like a silver ribbon connects two great bodies of water—the ocean and the bay; thence along the Marin ridges, by the warder, Tamalpais, looking down on imprisoned San Quentin; thence to the Sonoma mountains and the peak of St. Helena, above Calistoga; thence to the Marysville and Lassen Buttes, far up the smoky valley where the scorching north winds live—another of California's atmospheric peculiarities. At the mountains' base was a narrow fringe of land on which Oakland and Berkeley and Alameda were tucked securely out of sight;

and just beyond this, San Pablo and the lower bay—twin sheets of silver; Carquinez, a broad band wedding them to the Bay of Suisun; and off to the right the Sacramento and San Joaquin Rivers—threads twisting away into the tremendous distance.

Far out on the horizon I could see a long, white, fleecy, low-lying line. It was the incoming fog, making its afternoon raid. Slowly it marched in unbroken line of battle, over the salted waters and breakers on the beach, and stepped firmly upon the dry land. Here it began to throw off an advance to feel the way, while the light cavalry, more sure of their ground, pranced directly through the Golden Gate into Richardson's Bay, and, wheeling about Alcatraz and Goat Islands, circled around the water front. Gradually and very cautiously the main body followed through the Park, and along the old Ocean Beach Road, and around by the Presidio and Black Point, till in a short half hour the city was fully occupied—blotted out of sight beneath the folds of an immense fleecy blanket. Then the whole peninsula capitulated. There was some show of resistance from the heated currents of the slopes down toward Redwood City and San Mateo; but gradually the lower bay was filled, and the nimble little skirmishers began to disconnect themselves, and, climbing the ridges, peeped over into Livermore Valley. But it was a little too early in the afternoon, and the audacious fellows went up in spirals of agony, from the beads drawn on them by the hot-blooded sharpshooters who had been watching their movements from the intrenched crest. Their places, however, were almost instantly filled, and supporting columns followed so closely, that soon the temperature was equalized sufficiently to admit of the approach of the main body, and the beautiful little grain-growing valley was possessed. And so over the whole country the fog army advanced, piling with perfect indifference the hot ravines full of their own dead and wounded. Here and there the line was broken and twisted by the powerful assault of some air strata or current, but soon the difficulty was overcome and the great gaps closed. For some reason or other San Pablo Bay was impregnable. I could see the fog cross over by the Twin Islands, just above San Rafael, and skirt along the western shore way up to Mare Island, but none of it tried to cross the broad surface of the bay. The eastern shore, however, was occupied, and by nightfall Carquinez Straits and the surrounding country had been taken, and the invader was climbing up the sides of Diablo itself. Would the mountain be captured, I wondered, as I looked down the gloom enshrouded slope, where the mist weaved wildly about in the chaparral. It had not gained an inch since the sun went down in the vapor west like a gorgeous marigold, filtering every conceivable hue and tint and color back through the rose white. After the short twilight, the moon came out clear and full and cold, and as it spread its peculiar light out over the expanse of fog, the scene was grand beyond compare. As far as the eye could reach—west and north and south—there was a plain of mist, an immense crisp looking glacier with a single ponderous chasm or hole, at the bottom of which glistened San Pablo Bay. Why the fog avoided so carefully this sheet of water there was no explanation. Everything else was shrouded out of sight, and the mountain, looking to the west, was a phantom island in a boundless and awful phantom sea.

To the east, however, the view was different. In the San Joaquin Valley there was not a trace of fog. Straight to the south from Diablo's top, along the crest of the foothills that crouch on the edge of the plain, there was drawn an atmospheric dead-line which never a white-plumed phantom soldier crossed. Thus far could the fog host go and no farther; for here the reflected heat of the stubble-fields and the great tule marshes raised on high their forbidding hands. And so with the grim old mountain. Its limit to the familiarity of the invader was plainly marked, and beyond that point the fog could not climb, tried it never so hard. Till twelve o'clock that night I watched it flit about and tempt the boundaries, and scheme for vantage ground, and climb straight up, as if on scaling ladders, to brave the summit. In the early morning I found the phantoms still at it, more persistent and reckless than ever, and not till Aurora, in her gorgeous chariot, charged down from the sharp Sierra outline with the caloric of super-heated destruction in her train, did they fold up their flimsy shapes and vanish into the element from which they came.

But aside from the general bay effects, and the splendid panoramas up and down the coast, the immediate vicinity of the city is as replete with atmospheric beauties as the rainbow that made Wordsworth's "heart leap up." No city in the world can rival San Francisco in the gorgeous coloring of its sun-down sea, or in the variety and shape and movement of its shadows, or the complexity of its cloud-capers. Summer and winter, wet and dry seasons, morning and afternoon and evening and the dead of night—all have their marvels. The scenes that have been described are but fragments from the ever revolving kaleidoscope. The brain of the enthusiast is ever misty with their memory. I have seen the peninsula enshrouded in shapes that if faithfully limned would be hooted at as the drawing of a demon; and I have seen it in such a blaze that were the effects transferred to canvas the artist would be—not doubtfully, but deliberately—damned as a color maniac.

Those who travel daily back and forth to Oakland and Alameda and San Rafael can well appreciate the truth and the force of what is here written—for particularly striking are the effects along the water front. Often of a warm, hazy afternoon, the sun goes down in the Golden Gate so actually red-hot as seemingly to make the water boil. The smoke of the shops and the factories hovers over the streets and drifts down among the shipping till the masts and spars blend into a phantom forest, a squirming foreground to the city's immense silhouette against the evening sky. When the nights are dark, the gas-lights illuminate the lower portion of the over-hanging fog, and the tall buildings are transformed into the spires of some strange and impossible dream-town, with a rose-colored atmosphere. At times this effect is so strong that the reflected and refracted light appears like the blaze of a disastrous conflagration.

But to get at the superb beauty of San Francisco by gas-light, one must view it of a dark night from the turn in the old Ocean House Road, where the twin peaks—like nipples on the breasts of Nature—stand out at the head of Market Street. The night that I first saw the city from this point I shall long have occasion to remember. It was what the alliterative artist friend who accompanied me called "a wild, wet, weird and wicked night." The atmosphere was like a sponge. Darkness was light compared to the gloom that enveloped the hack which covered us in from the actual waves of fog that came rolling in from the west. Three times the disgusted driver, dripping like an old umbrella, got down from his seat, and insisted, first that he could not, and finally that he would not, find the way at the peril of his neck. But entreaty, followed by abuse, and winding up with an extra dollar, enabled us to get round by the road to the left of the Park, and thence through the Plutonian gorge that leads to the Alms-house, and so on up the hill, stopping here and there to feel the way and open gates and encourage the driver, till the Ocean Beach Road was finally reached. From here a short half-mile drive, a sharp turn to the left, and then all of a sudden—so sudden that it made the horses shrink—the streets of the city in long perspective and crossing, like a flaming map, fairly burned at our feet. It was a stunning—a blinding effect. Coming so suddenly out of the intense darkness, the lights appeared almost unreal in their brilliancy. The immediate foreground was double-banked with blackest shadows. Beyond, and straight through the centre, Market Street stretched out a great canal with lamps on either side, and the red and green and blue and yellow lights of the numerous horse-cars floated and danced along through the mist like the lanterns of Venitian gondoliers. To the right, Mission and Howard and Folsom Streets were well-defined in color, with brilliant cross-checks running out into the inky distance of the bay. The Long Bridge lamp-line was a tangent to the circle of the water-front down by the Pacific Mail docks. Telegraph, California Street, and Russian Hills were solid black shapes, filled with burning holes. Hayes Valley was girdled with a golden chain of light, and over the whole arena the fog phantoms leaped and tumbled and twisted and twirled in the most insane manner. The towers of the new Catholic College on Hayes Street, the dome of the new City Hall, the twin mosque-shaped minarets of the Jewish Synagogue on Sutter Street, and the spires of Trinity Church, could just be discerned; but everything else was blotted out in the darkness and the distance. Every second almost there was a change of conditions. As the fog lifted there was a blaze and a brightness, and then as it settled the lights became but smouldering embers of a city burned to its foundation stones; rosy hues and smoke tints and *écru* shades and Egyptian shadows swaying over all.

And so I might go on drawing pictures from this wonderful portfolio till the reader wearied of their detail and description. I could tell of moonlight effects when the night is silver and the bay a sheen; of wild games of tag the phantom-cloud children revel in on their liquid play ground just beyond Hunter's Point; of mist draperies that hang themselves up in every direction and in every conceivable shape; of great holes that the sun sometimes burns directly through the thick afternoon shroud in from the sea; of groping darkness and stumbling shapes when there is a *theoretical* moon and the gas company hold their hydrogen in abeyance; of grotesque atmospheric shapes that live in the Chinese quarter, and scramble over the lantern-hung balconies and whisk through the picturesque alleys; of clouds that burst in the dead of night and drown the town and then drip for dreary days. All these might be pen-pictured, but what would their description and asserted charms signify to one out of a thousand of the restless souls beneath? People here rarely stop to admire as they move through this shifting and priceless gallery.

When the hills about the Golden Gate, and all the ships and boats in the harbor were crowded with the city's population, peering in the late afternoon out into the west for the incoming *City of Tokio,* with General Grant aboard, there was a universal outburst of admiration over a sunset that was as nothing compared to the thousands of brilliant cradlings in the bosom of the deep that have all gone unseen, because these same people had neither the time nor the inclination to look. And so, the entire round of observation, there is little appreciation of the beautiful. The mariner, feeling his way along the enshrouded coast; the ferry-boat pilot, peering through the mist for a drifting schooner or a phantom landing-slip; the woman, wet through her opera cloak and the expensive plume in her theatre hat trailing dejectedly down over her ear, see no beauties in "the nasty fog." There is no sentiment or appreciation of cloud-effects in a wet skin beneath a dripping sky, and the average pedestrian, as he bowls along home through the darkness and the mucilage-like pavement mud of the rainy season, would not give a rap for all the gas-light reflection and refraction in the world, unless concentrated on the impending and impassable gutter. Moonlight is not board, nor a pretty atmospheric picture lodging; and so the fantastic phantoms of the upper currents pass in panorama unheeded and unrecked by the practical and unromantic phantoms groping along blindly beneath.

For, truth to tell, San Francisco is as phantom in its life as in its atmosphere. Emulating the growth of Jonah's gourd, the little Spanish *embarcadero* for hides and tallow has, within a quarter of a century, sprung into a nervous life and existence that can not be paralleled on the face of the earth. Ever since the first showing of the golden grains there has been, from the very nature of things, a standing invitation to the wanderer and the adventurer from every clime, and country, and condition. Desperate in their fortunes elsewhere, and restlessly champing the bit of circumstance, thousands upon thousands of the venturesome have drifted out to this western fringe of the new continent, from the quarters whence the four winds blow. To find what? A city of prodigal sons; a great dormitory of bachelors; a town with too much oxygen in the air. A place where the universal passion to get suddenly rich is intensified in every human that treads the streets; where rumors float up and down; where the stranger within the gates is brought in close contact with men, who, whatever may be their diversity of gifts or graces, are profoundly in earnest in accomplishing their own ends and purposes, and in breaking down those that conflict with their own; men whose key note is competition, of the crushing sort. They find a glamour of excitement in which shadow is often taken for substance, noise for reality; a place where big fortunes are not scarce, but those that seek them abundant; where men look hard at each other's gains; where the human machine runs at high pressure—strong excitement feeding the furnace, the hand of selfishness grasping the lever, and the fingers of greed clutching hard at the throttle-valve. And yet it is this whirlpool of life that has builded here so famous a city; a city that has now not only the credit of having segregated the most daring business schemes, but the reputation of being the insane asylum of the world; the swell manufactory of madmen, the favorite morgue of the suicide. Statistics show that nowhere on the face of the habitable globe are so many reasons dethroned, or so many left trembling on the verge—we are all maniacs, in fact, differing only in degree. Figures also say—if they do not lie—that San Francisco is a famous stepping off place to eternity—Paris not even excepted. And why should it not be? Here the soldier of fortune and the adventuress make their last stand, and stake their existence on the trembling turn. If the issue is against them, the question, "to be, or not to be," is not soliloquized over after the manner of the melancholy Dane, but there is the clutch of the laudanum bottle, the sharp, decisive crack of the derringer, a foaming mouth, or a quiver of breath, and life's troubled story is told to the Angel of Death.

Among the ordinary run of mortals, such a thing as contentment with one's lot is unknown. The servant covets the position and the wealth of his master, the clerk overreaches his confiding employer, the strong haul down the weak. Hundreds are units, thousands tens, and hundreds of thousands but an insignificant period in the wild numeration of imaginative wealth. Even the goal of millions is a poor satisfaction; for the rich drop dead in the harness, striving for more millions, and drift out of sight and out of mind, on the same swift current of forgetfulness as the more unfortunate. The never-ending strain and strife is terrible. There is not even the safety-valve of the seasons—a hot summer inviting to recreation, and a cold winter compelling, a degree, at least, of repose. The toiler in the city never knows exactly when the spring begins, or the summer ends; whether the surrounding hills are green, or bare and brown; for the markets sell vegetables and fruits all the year round; the shrubs, and trees, and lawns, and gardens, forced into an artificial life by irrigation, are ever green; and there is nothing but the steady-blowing trade winds of the summer, and the weeping sky in the winter, to hint a change. Thanksgiving, and Christmas, and New Year, come and go, with never a nipping frost or flake of snow to strengthen tradition, or give crispness to the memories of childhood's happy days. And so it goes through the whole monotonous year—everybody pegging away at an unceasing round, so absorbed in obtaining the means of living that they never find time to live; slaving so through the day that the brain reels, and the mind, like the atmosphere, is foggy at night, and sleep is fitful and not always sweet, and the morning comes to find the victim still weary and unrefreshed.

This is the portion the nervous town really deals out to the majority of its inhabitants. And brooding over the fact and the phantom city, I have often wondered if that great groan from the fog horn on Goat Island, all through the lonely, wretched night, is not a segregated human moan—a piteous plea—an awful, audible prayer for a change in the philosophy of life, and the present accursed plan of living. Oh, that there might only be!

F. M. SOMERS.

AN OLD SEA-DOG.

The valley was brimming, swimming full of sunshine, from the meadows brilliant with flowers, and the river, a diamond-strung thread of silver, up the green and billowy slopes of the foot-hills to the very summit of triple-crowned St. Helena, to the great, misty, blue ranges stretching away into infinity. A little happy valley, with wide-spreading oaks, and a village of clustering cottages peering out from tangles of honeysuckle, jasmine, rose, and passion-flower. A place wherein to remember and to forget—to remember all sweet and soothing and pure things, to forget all vexing bitterness and strife. To such retreats God sometimes leads his tired children, that they may, above all else, remember Him.

A little way from the village, just where the views are grandest, and the mountain breezes come down fresh and free, a wood road leads up the steep hills. Down this rude way, where the trailing gray moss swings from the thick branches of live oak, and the fateful ivies creep and twine, came with uncertain steps a little old man, so bent it almost seemed as if he had been deformed by nature. Sad and poor he looked, and wretchedly clad. His old hat, pulled down over his eyes, was such a pitiable, shapeless thing, you couldn't say that it was worn out; it looked as if it might go on for hundreds of years, as it seemed to have done already; it might even have been cast off by one of the children of Israel when entering upon the felicities of the promised land. It seemed to say: "Stand by, old friend; here's a possession that you can count upon as long as the seas roll; you stick by me, and I'll stick by you." Not so reliable were the old blue overalls, and the blouse with the buttonless sleeves swinging open at the wrists. Firmly grasping his stout, tall staff, he walked down the smooth road to the village with an energy that bade defiance to time and failing strength.

Up through the sunshine, with one hand holding her dainty, frilled skirts from the dust, and swinging a pink rose from the other, came a young girl, fresh as the morning, with a dewy splendor in her violet eyes, and the sunshine glinting her black hair, that rippled away from her brow and was gathered in a snug coil at her neck. The pink of the rose was on her cheeks, but the little, saucy, dimpled chin could be compared to nothing under the sun—there was never anything half so bewitching. She was softly singing, in a voice as delicious as the low notes of a mocking-bird, to a little boy who walked beside her, looking up into her face with wide-open brown eyes and parted lips. They were both so absorbed—the child in the song, and the girl in watching his face as she sang—that they were face to face with the old man before they were aware of him. He flashed one swift look from the depths of his black eyes, and, with a motion toward his hat and a sort of growl that he probably meant for a salute, he trudged by. The girl turned to look after him.

"For goodness' sake, Richie, what is that?"

"It's a man! What did you think?" laughed the child.

"Why, I thought it might be something else. I had an old dog once—an Irish terrier—a splendid old, ugly, growling dog. If you put out your hand to him, you'd think he was going to snap it off; but put your arm around him, and give him a little hug and a pat, and say, 'Ah, you old humbug, you know you wouldn't bite me for the world!' and he'd look up with a great smile, and say, 'Wow!' and that meant, 'Ah, go way wid yer blarney, an' fetch me a bone, av ye plaze; it's thin ye'll see the smoilin' face of me!' One day he was missing, and the next day he was missing still, and he never came back any more. Poor old Cap! I'm always thinking to find him, and that old creature back there gave me just another such growl and look as he used to; so I thought may be it might be my dear old Cap, dressed in man's clothes. For he was a queer, clever old dog, and there's no telling what he might do."

All this was said in a perfectly serious manner, with the richest of Irish accents rounding out her words; but just at the last the dimple seemed to deepen in her chin, and a smile flitted about her mouth, as Richie, looking half amused, half credulous, and altogether excited, exclaimed:

"Cap! Was that your dog's name?"

"Sure it was; Captain, you know."

"Well"—and here he gave himself up to the awe that was creeping over him—"I think that person's name is Captain. I'm 'most sure it's the old Captain that lives away up the mountain. I never saw him before, not close up, but I guess it's him."

"*He*, you mean."

"Yes, I guess he's him. We'll ask mamma—she'll know; she knows most everything."

"Well, then, let's hurry; I'm so anxious to find out," said the girl. And taking the child's hand, they ran swiftly along to the cottage near by, up the hill to the wide porch, where they sank breathless and flushed and laughing on the steps.

"Oh, mamma!" cried Richie, when that oracle appeared, "we met the funniest old man, all doubled up so; and he had holes in his head for eyes; and Cousin Grace thinks may be its her old dog dressed up in clothes, 'cause she lost him ever so long ago; and this person growls just like him. But of course it couldn't be, could it, mamma? I know Gracie was just foolin'."

Richie's brief spell of superstition had faded before the look in his mother's face.

"Yes," said Grace, "I was 'just fooling;' but Rose, he did look for all the world like my old dog. Who is he? A poor little old cross-patch of a man with just such eyes as Richie says—perfect caverns. I should have said he was a wicked old man, only there flashed up a memory of my poor Cap, who was the best old dog in the world, for all his cross looks."

"I think it must have been the old sea-captain."

"That's what Richie said; but who is he?"

"Oh, he's a character that's very well known in the valley. They say he lost a fortune here years ago—'most everybody has," laughed Rose. "He lives up there on the mountain, with an evil looking man named Potter; they have a small ranch up there, a really beautiful place, and a bit of rich soil; though they have no buildings, only a forlorn old shanty, and a few chicken coops up on stilts—so horribly suggestive of wild animals, you know."

"Rose" was Mrs. Dalkeith, and Robert, her husband, owned one of the finest ranches in the valley. Grace Jewell—"Cousin Gracie"—was not a cousin at all; only called so by the children. They had met her on one of their camping expeditions, and, being entirely charmed with her, had brought her home with them to prolong the acquaintance.

No one could have been more happily named than this young girl, who was beautifully, deliciously Irish, graceful, sparkling, and with a depth of character and richness of humor found only in the high bred Celt. From rollicking fun to the most touching pathos, she would change so quickly, and back again to her dimpling, bewildering smiles, that one could only surrender heart to her, and say, "Surely, there were, there still are, Irish fairies." The children were fascinated, especially royal-hearted Richie, who was spell-bound by her stories and enraptured with her singing. His twin brother, shrewd little fair haired, blue-eyed Georgie, the artist, loved her beauty and her pretty dresses, and was far more demonstrative than Richie, but he never quite gave himself up to her witcheries as Richie did, and could always tell at a glance when she was "fooling."

"In the old chivalric times," Grace used to say, "Richie would have been sure to fall like Merlin in the snare of Vivian; but Georgie here would have been somewhere near, and come to the rescue. Georgie would have been a sort of Sir Guyon to send in quest of false Acrasia. They complete each other rarely, these boys."

A few days after the meeting with the Captain, some white turkeys strayed into the yard; a magnificent gobbler led the little band, strutting and spreading his tail. The children shook their red flags at him, and shouted with delight at his crimson swelling neck, the blue and silver tints upon his head, and his white and gold and black bordered plumage, spreading and shining in the sun. Soon after, the old Captain, to whom they belonged, came in search of them.

"I wish you'd buy 'em, Dalkeith; I'll sell 'em to you for half what they're worth. I can't pack their feed up the hill any longer; that's what sent 'em down—the poor devils are hungry. I used to pack corn up for 'em, but since Potter's dog bit my leg I can't do it any more."

"What's that?" said Dalkeith. "Bit your leg?"

"Yes, tore it right open; I had to get the doctor to sew it up. It pains me cruelly; I can't hardly sleep nights, it aches so. Damned dog, he ought to be killed!"

"You mean the dog, or—?" Dalkeith finished his sentence with a smile.

"Yes, the dog; I mean the dog," said the Captain, with a gleam of fun in his eyes.

"Won't you let me look at the wound?" asked Grace, her sweet face full of pity.

Rose and Robert stared, and the Captain, knitting his heavy brows, looked steadily at her from the caverns underneath.

"It ain't fit for a young lady to see," he said, shortly. "It's an ugly sight."

"But you'll let me look at it," said Grace, with sweet persistence. "I know something about dressing wounds; my brother is a surgeon, and he often takes me with him to the hospital. I am sure I can make your leg feel better; let me see it," she said, assuming the gentle firmness of a physician.

Without another word the old man unrolled the soiled bandage. Rose turned pale, and Robert drew his breath sharply between his teeth. Grace went down upon the floor, and examined the wound as calmly as her brother would have done.

"Now, Rose, please deliver the keys of your medicine closet; and then, all you faint-hearted people, clear the room!" she said, gayly, as she went out. She came back directly, with her old linen duster and salve, and what not, looking like a hospital nurse, and set about her work. To see the fair, daintily robed girl, bathing and dressing the repulsive wound with deft and tender touches of her little, firm hands, with nothing but heavenly compassion showing in her face; and the stern, almost weird, face of the old man bent above her, unshaven, and framed in unkempt locks, melting into tears that coursed down the furrows of his weather beaten cheeks—that was a subject for a painter; and surely the recording angel must have made a little sketch of it in his book.

"There, now," said Grace, springing up lightly, "doesn't that feel better?"

"It doesn't seem as if it would ever ache again," said the Captain, heartily; "and if my old timbers were bound for heaven, I'm sure this one would get there first."

Grace laughed merrily, and at the ringing music such a smile broke over the old man's face, it must have been kept over from his youth, reserved for that very moment.

"Well, Captain, I'm afraid it will ache again, but you must come often, and let me dress it for you till it gets well."

"Thank you, miss, and God bless you!"

"Well, Grace, you're a trump," said Dalkeith, when the Captain had gone. "I believe you'll convert the old heathen. I bought his turkeys, and he said he was going to buy some clothes with the money."

"That'll be a Turkish suit, won't it?" she said. "And you'll see if the old soul don't look nice—that is, if he should shave, and comb his hair. But does it seem as if he ever proudly trod the deck of his home upon the deep?"

The next day the Captain appeared in his new suit of coarse, gray trowsers, a new "hickory" shirt, and blue frock snugly buttoned at the wrist. But he stuck by "Moses," as Grace had named the ancient hat, in supposition of its Israelitish descent; his face, however, was shaven, and his black locks trimmed and oiled and combed into respectability. He looked such a different being; even his eyes, as Grace said, appeared to have come up to the mouths of their caverns, and indulged in smiles.

"Poor old Cap! I knew him," said Grace, shaking her head meaningly, at which Richie, understanding the allusion, laughed delightedly.

After that they became great friends, and the Captain would sit for hours telling his tales of the sea to Grace and the happy little boys.

"Don't you find it very lonely up there on the mountain?" Grace asked one day.

"No, I like it—except when the wind blows too wildly through the pines."

"But if you were to be ill up there?"

"Oh, then I'd have to take it rough. I want to take it rough; when I die I want to die like a man; I don't want any old women fussing around."

"*Wow!*" whispered Grace, and again Richie understood and laughed.

After leaning his forehead against his staff for a long time—it seemed to be his favorite attitude—the Captain looked up and said:

"I never told you about my last voyage. I don't speak of it often; but if you like, I'll tell you about it. There's something in your face that reminds me of one of my passengers. You see I was bringing a lot of Irish emigrants out to Canada—about three hundred of them; a good class, better than usual, especially some cabin passengers, bright, jolly, educated people. There was a young widow among them. I can't remember her name to save me, but she was an out-and-out lady; handsome and witty, and she had two of the most beautiful children I ever set eyes on. She was just wrapped up in those babies; I never saw anything like it. She'd had some trouble about her marriage. Her folks weren't pleased, and she'd never had any communication with them afterward—so one of her friends told me. After her husband died, she took the money he left her and joined this company of colonists, thinking she could do better for her children in America. There were lots of children on board—brightest, prettiest little things! I was fond of children; always used to have them flocking around me, especially if it was a little rough and they were afraid; many a night I've gone to my cabin and found my bunk full of them—piled in in every way," said the old man, smiling.

"What did you do wiz 'em?" asked Georgie, rather anxiously.

"Oh, I left 'em there and slept on the floor; they thought they were safe, if they were with the Captain—poor little devils," he sighed.

Again he leaned his head against his staff, and was silent. Suddenly he flashed up one of his old cavernous glances, and said, huskily:

"Ship fever broke out, and it spread, and it spread. We couldn't stop it. Oh, how they died, day after day—it was awful! We used up all the canvas we had—old sails, clothing, everything; as long as it lasted we buried them decently; then we threw them overboard like dead sheep—awful! But we couldn't help it. I didn't mind the men so much; but the women—and the children!"

Again he leaned his head against his staff, and groaned.

"I can see them now as I found them every morning, lying in rows upon the hatchway, with the sun shining on them, and the wind blowing their yellow hair all about their faces, the handsomest children the Lord ever made.

"*My God, it was awful!*

"Then the crew took it and died, till I had hardly enough left to manage the ship. One night the widow came to my cabin, clasping her hands, her face as white as your dress.

"'God bless ye, Captain,' said she, in a voice that I can hear now.

"'Well,' said I, 'what can I do for you?'

"'My little children—they're taken with the fever.'

"'I can't help it,' said I, roughly, turning away. I felt desperate.

"'But ye'll save them, Captain, ye'll not let them die.'

"'Woman, they're not in my hands; don't come to me. *Pray!*'

"'But I must come to ye; I have prayed for them, and for all this stricken ship, and I'm sent to you; ye can save us; it's in your power. O Mother of God!' she wailed. 'O Holy Faith, fail me not!' She stood there, tall and white as a statue; and her voice thrilled like electricity. 'Captain, ye'll save us.'

"Quick as a flash I thought of a medicine in the chest; one that is used in India in yellow fever—as a last resort. It is dangerously powerful. I had never dared to use it, for, you know, I had no medical skill, or knowledge—could only follow directions; but I took the bottle, and said, 'Come, if you are willing to risk it, I'll give them this; if they live through the night, they're saved.' I sat with her, and watched those babies all night; in the morning they were better—they lived. Then I gave it to all the others, and we never lost a case after that; but there were not many of us left—hardly enough to get the ship into port. We got into Quebec not long afterward, and they put us in quarantine; but I escaped from the ship. I was half—or quite—crazed with what I'd gone through; the screaming, and the wild wailing of those Irish, as the dead went into the sea—and my own faithful fellows that had sailed with me for years."

Down went the Captain's head once more, and his poor old frame shook with a sob.

"Well," he said, resuming, "I got to Montreal, with the officers after me; but I managed to elude them, and got on to a steamer on Lake Champlain. I hung my cloak in my cabin. A young man took the fever from it, and died! I threw the cursed thing into the lake, as I ought to have done before; but I didn't know what I was about. Then I threw myself after it, and swam ashore, and, after a while, reached New York. I've never taken another ship to sea; that voyage sickened me; I shudder to see the waves roll up, remembering how they closed over those dead bodies. It's an awful memory; it haunts me; I wake in the night and see it all: those children lying in the sunshine, with their curly hair trying to hide their little livid faces. O my God! And, sometimes, when the wind blows through the pines, I start from my bunk, and cry out. I think it is the wailing and the shrieking of those Irish mothers. Sometimes I blame myself, and think I might have done differently—might have given that medicine before; but I was afraid to, till it was revealed to me to use it—or to that woman."

The little boys, white and heart-broken, had climbed into Grace's arms, and were sobbing and clinging about her neck. Her own warm, Irish heart was melted, and the tears ran down her fair face.

"I ought not to have told such a story before these children," said the Captain; "but it seemed to be forced from me. I think it was because you remind me so strongly of that Irish woman—but it was an awful story to tell you; try to forget it—I wish to God I could!"

And, with an abrupt "good day," the Captain returned "Moses" to his place upon the weird locks, and, grasping his staff, set off down the path.

Some time passed; but the Captain did not come again. One day Dalkeith came home, exclaiming:

"Well, Grace, your old sea-dog has come to grief."

"Oh! How?"

"I can't tell exactly how, but it appears there's been some trouble between him and Potter for a long time. By some hocus-pocus, Potter has swindled him out of his rights up there, and now has kicked him out altogether."

"But what will he do? Where will he live?" asked Grace, excitedly.

"I don't know. You see there are not many families that want him; he isn't a pleasant person to have with you as a steady companion—a rough, cross, swearing old man, ordering people about as if every one was under his command. He has gone down the valley to Magoon's; he used to stay there some time ago, though I don't see how they can afford to keep him long; but, of course, we won't let the old fellow suffer."

"Poor old Cap!" murmured Grace. She was very thoughtful all day, and remained in her room nearly all the afternoon; she was writing to her mother, she said.

Meanwhile, the old storm-tossed mariner had found a temporary haven at "Magoon's." It was a snug ranch where he could be of some use. They were not rich, these people who were so ready to befriend him; it was only by practicing close economy that they managed to balance accounts at the end of the year, and even an addition of one told on their slender resources; yet they welcomed the wanderer as heartily as though they had an abundance of everything. They didn't seem aware of the fact that he was "a rough, cross, swearing old man;" that he was rough, and swore *some*, seemed to them a part of his seamanship; but they didn't notice his crossness any more than Grace did that of her old dog. The children climbed on his knees and clamored for stories; the baby poked her fingers in his eyes, and pulled his nose and his elfin locks, and, sometimes, even laid her little golden head against his breast, and fell asleep.

He was sitting, one day, under a broad trellis of grape vines, with the little ones all around him; one of them had "Moses" on a stick, and was putting the old Israelite through a series of performances that kept them all shouting with laughter. Presently they became aware of a pony and phaëton coming briskly down the road, and, oh, wonder of wonders! stopping at their gate.

Now, the Magoons didn't often have visitors coming in phaëtons—in fact, they never did; but here were two ladies, in raiment like the fashion papers, coming in at the gate, up through the wheat to the little flower garden, and straight to the vine trellis. The Captain, with "Moses" in his hand, was making such a bow; and the young lady—oh, how pretty she was—was putting out both her hands to him, and—why-y! kissing him, and saying:

"This is he, mamma!"

And the old lady, too, was kissing him—did you ever?—and *crying*, and saying:

"God bless ye, Captain! Sure ye don't forget me, the widow Jewell, and how ye saved my babies from the fever on board the *Mary Anne?*"

"Lord save us!" said the Captain, faintly, dropping back upon the bench, perfectly dazed, looking from Grace to her mother, and back again.

"Aye, ye're right: 'Lord save us!'—and so he did, and so he will save all them that put their trust in Him."

Then they sat and talked under the vines, and finally went into the cottage, and took lunch with Mrs. Magoon; while the children gazed on their splendor through the cracks of the board partitions, and from behind the doors.

"Now, I have a plan to unfold to ye, Captain dear," said the widow Jewell, who looked like an old pearl with her soft puffs of white hair, and her dress of silver gray. "Gracie here, the spoiled colleen, has taken a whim to have that little place next to her friends, the Dalkeiths, and nothing would do but I must come up to see it. Well, I've been wanting to buy a nice, quiet summer retreat, and so I came. I find it quite to my mind—a nice, healthy place, and quiet; and I think I'll take it, since Gracie is so set upon it. But we'll need some one to look after it when we are in the city and elsewhere, and I thought, Captain, perhaps ye'd do it, just to favor an old friend," said she, with Grace's own coaxing, irresistible way. "I'm thinking to put a cow and some chickens upon it, so that we can have fresh milk and eggs next summer, and we'll want a pony and phaëton there, too; and may be ye could manage a bit of garden—that is, if ye'd do us the favor to come, and we'll be sore put out if ye refuse us, Captain dear."

Poor old Captain dear! He dropped his face against his staff, in the old fashion, and the tears, gushing from their caverns, coursed down the old stick till it seemed as if it must bud and blossom, like Aaron's rod.

Well, the purchase was made, and the house transformed into a gem of a "summer retreat," with a bright kitchen, and a cozy bedroom for the Captain's use while they were absent. And there was a special peg for "Moses," who was to be preserved as a memento of the past. Rose was to look after the wants of "Captain Dear," as they all began calling him, in imitation of the widow, and he was not to "take it rough" any more, but was "going to be coddled up like any old woman," he said, trying to growl; at which Grace, in an aside to Richie, knitted her brows severely, and remarked:

"*Wow!*"

Julia H. S. Bugeia.

MUSIC AS A STUDY.

Not long since there was shown me a list of names of persons engaged in teaching music in this city, which numbered something over three hundred. This list included only such as were considered to be professional teachers; that is, with whom teaching is a business upon which they depend for a livelihood. For every one such teacher there are probably to be found at least half a dozen young women, who do not claim professional rank, but who have a few pupils each, whom they teach the piano-forte. The list of three hundred to which I refer, included teachers of vocal music as well as a few for the violin, cornet, and other instruments, but by far the greater number—say, in the proportion of six to one—were for the piano-forte. This would leave about two hundred and fifty piano-forte teachers, who will probably average at least ten or twelve pupils each, or somewhere about three thousand pupils in the hands of the professionals. To this may safely be added double that number who receive their instruction from lady teachers. We have thus an approximate total of from nine to ten thousand piano-forte pupils in a city of little over three hundred thousand inhabitants—the estimate to be slightly reduced, perhaps, by the fact that some of these teachers are chiefly occupied in the suburbs, and at large outlying schools, but still an average greater, I think, than that presented by any other city in the world.

San Francisco literally teems with piano-fortes. They are considered an almost indispensable article of furniture, and scarcely a respectably appointed house is without one. They come in with the parlor carpets and gilt-framed chromos; they have their place in the category of things one *must* have in order to be somebody; and, whether used or really wanted or not, the piano-forte has its recognized status among the household idols, and has to be set up in its place very much as in Catholic countries they fix a crucifix over the mantel in the best room, occasionally, perhaps, for purposes of devotion, but more frequently simply that it may be seen to be there. They tell us of poor Heine's futile efforts to find rooms in Paris which he should be free from the incubus of incessant piano-forte practice, and how he was at last compelled to line the floors and walls of his apartment with thick mattresses, as the only possible means of protecting himself from the unwelcome scales and arpeggios. In San Francisco he would have been almost as badly off. He would have found it well-nigh impossible to find a domicile out of earshot of one of these instruments of torture; from my own experience, I should say quite impossible.

With such a swarm of teachers and pupils so liberally provided with instruments and music shops—there are no less than half a dozen tha do a very considerable business—one would naturally imagine the study of music to be in a most flourishing and healthy condition. We commonly hear San Francisco spoken of as a musical city—by San Franciscans—and the very facts stated above, cited in proof. How, indeed, is one to think otherwise of a town in which the air is filled with the jingle of incessant practice, and on streets and horse-cars one is constantly meeting pupils and teachers hurrying, music-roll in hand, to or from their lessons? As far as the *amount* of stuff bought at the shops or played over at lessons is concerned, I have no doubt as to the correctness of the statement. There is, at least, as much of it as in any city I have ever known—music surfeited Leipsic not excepted. There has been enough of it during these past twenty years to have produced by this time a very appreciable and valuable result upon the musical condition of the town, if it had only been in some real degree a genuine thing; a healthy, earnest effort to learn something of music—as such—and not the mere veneering of a more or less showy accomplishment over a general culture too weak and superficial in itself to open the eyes of the supposed music student to the thinness and utter nothingness of what he has been absorbing, frequently in good faith, as sound musical diet. The fact is that most of the supposed music teaching and studying of our time is simply none at all, and worse than none; it is not the study or learning of anything; it is not the doing of any real thing; it is simply a reckless, foolish, sinful waste of time, brains, and money.

The causes for this sad condition of affairs—and it is sad enough if one will but regard it aright—are various; chief among them, perhaps, the widespread misconception as to what music really is, or should be, to the student, as well as to what its office and influence might be, and where the fittest and more valuable application of what has been acquired should be made. The life of our generation of to-day is lived so much in public, the home of our time has been so entirely absorbed by the drawing-room, that it is almost entirely for the public and the drawing-room that the education of young women is fashioned. A girl has still two paths in life open to her, to be sure: the one to self-support through teaching, and the other through society to a husband; but the home that should await her at the termination of either, the sanctuary for whose altar the treasures of culture and accomplishment should have been gathered, is left out of sight in our scheme. If enough has been done to create a good impression in society, and carry her safely and successfully to the haven that lies at the end of this path, the most ambitious parent is likely to be content; if circumstances compel the other, it is regarded as leading in the same direction. As a consequence—a perfectly natural one—music takes its place among other accomplishments, of which just enough is generally sought to be acquired to carry a young woman—our men don't study it at all—more or less creditably through society, and as society, knowing little about it, and caring less, demands very little, very little suffices. Society cares only to be entertained and amused, and for this purpose music can hardly be too light; a showy, brilliant style, with perhaps a dash of sentiment—"expression," as they call it—is the proper thing, and, if displayed in composition of sufficient vapidity to be within the comprehension of the more ignorant listener, is pretty sure of success and applause. The getting up of a *répertoire* of pieces of this description bears about the same relation to a rational or logical study of music that the learning by rote of a string of French verses, or an extract from Schiller, does to a study of the language in which either is written, or its literature; of the language some slight, superficial smattering may possibly have been gained; of its literature, beyond the scraps and fragments of the reading book, generally nothing.

If the demands of society have been adverse to the growth of a taste for real music or its study, much of this—and at the same time much of what is false and bad in the general piano-forte style of our day—is to be credited to the travelling *virtuosi* who swarm in such numbers to this country; players (their sole aim being to attract as much as possible of the dollar-paying public) who seek to astonish and dazzle by the brilliancy of their performance, and who, caring nothing for the public itself or the pernicious influence of their example upon it, are mostly willing to amuse and tickle it in its own way, provided it will come—and pay. It is to such as these that the growth of the taste for the so-called brilliant style is mainly to be attributed; it is in the misguided effort to follow in the footsteps of the "dashing" players, that so many young pianists fritter away their hours of practice and musical digestion upon meaningless passages and *tours de force*; and it is in the foolish hope of gaining somewhat of the applause and *éclat* that these *virtuoso* efforts call forth, that most of the bad work is done. The *virtuosi* set the fashion; the listening and admiring crowd of players and learners follow; not seeing that what may be good (because it is profitable) for public players is not good for them, simply because they are *not virtuosi*, and because they are not preparing themselves to play in public; or, rather, it is because they should not pursue their studies with the *éclat* of a public performance in view, but do so direct them that the greater part of such study is in an entirely false direction, and produces no good. All music study that does not grow out of a pure and innate love for the thing itself, that is not content within itself and for its own sake, without calling for or requiring aught of encouragement, is no study at all. In the young child that still requires to be kept at its tasks, that it may acquire strength for future work, we do not look for this; what the child does is but preparation and discipline of the faculties—the work comes later.

In an experience of many years of teaching the piano-forte, and out of a great number of pupils with whom I have been brought in contact, I have found very few who came to me with anything of the singleness of purpose with regard to their work, that enabled me to look forward to it without dreading the almost inevitable struggle that would be sure to come when I should endeavor to direct their studies away from the mere superficial prettinesses of the modern *salon* style, and toward the more serious work of real music study. A common question from mothers is: "Will my daughter have to play classical music?" not unfrequently accompanied by "I don't care to have her play 'studies' and such things; I should like her to be able to acquit herself creditably in company, and don't care for anything more." In other words, the mother puts the stone wall of the society limitation between the master and pupil; brings the master material with which he could possibly do something of good work, that would eventually be of value to the pupil as well as her surroundings; and, out of her ignorance—firstly, of what should be learned; and, secondly, of the best object in the learning of it—forbids him, if he be weak enough to accede, from being of any real service.

The crying need of our time—not alone in music study, perhaps—is a modesty of purpose with regard to intellectual work that will make that work sufficient in itself, and leave it unaccompanied with any thought of an exhibition of it, or its results. The young woman who is thinking constantly of the effect her playing will produce will never learn to play well, and will never study in such a way as to have that knowledge of music that is alone worth working for, or the time that is spent over it. A knowledge of musical literature does not result from mere finger-practice; nor will the playing of the whole batch of Liszt and Thalberg *Fantaisies* or *Valses* and *Polkas de Salon* make the player any wiser or happier. The finger-practice has its value as a means toward an object; but that object should be the study of the masters *who have written music*—those who have said something that has endured, and is of permanent, lasting value. What there is besides—the stuff that is made for exhibition—may follow, if there is time and inclination; but the study of the classics of musical literature should come first. After a thorough, earnest study of the masters, there is, however, little danger to be apprehended from the trash; familiarity with the one will crowd out the taste for the other. The application of the same spirit that guides a careful, conscientious teacher in the selection of general literature to the choice of the music to be studied, will dispose, at once and for ever, of the mass of showy rubbish that nowadays cumbers every piano-forte, and debauches the brains and spirit of ninety-nine per cent. of piano-forte pupils. The yellow cover is not more striking in the book-seller's catalogue than it is in the music-folio, if one will but use one's eyes to see it. OSCAR WEIL.

A TALE OF THE SIERRA MOJADA.

At the beginning of the present century the Spanish government maintained numerous military posts in the north of Mexico for the protection of the inhabitants from the Indians. These stations extended northward through the states of Durango, Coahuila, and Chihuahua, into New Mexico, and were generally efficient and well sustained. Under the protection thus afforded, the mines were worked, and the valleys susceptible of cultivation were rudely tilled, while at long distances over the more barren tracts the *hacendado* had settled down amid his herds of cattle and horses. Each year the tide of semi-civilization from the south encroached more and more on the Indian country, until, in 1810, when Hidalgo raised the cry of Mexican independence, the settlers, miners, and *rancheros*, were in possession of an immense tract of country, embracing the present mining region known as Mojada, toward which public attention has been drawn of late by rich discoveries of gold and silver.

As the movement for independence gained ground, it became necessary for the Spanish authorities to concentrate the military strength of the colony in the south, and one by one the garrisons of the frontier posts were withdrawn, and the supplies necessary for their maintenance were appropriated to other and more urgent purposes. The result of this state of things was soon felt by the settlers in the north. Finding that they no longer had a determined soldiery with which to contend, wild bands of Apache and other Indians began to raid the settlements and drive off cattle. The settlers, unaccustomed to protect themselves, poorly armed, and naturally of a timid disposition, were no match for the fierce savages who swooped down from their mountain fastnesses and stole cattle, kidnapped children, and committed murders with perfect impunity. It was in vain that the people appealed for protection to the general government and urged the Spanish authorities to send back the troops. Their sufferings were lost sight of in the political agitations of the times, and no steps for their relief were ever taken. In the mean time the Indians grew bolder, and extended their raids further south. The settlements were kept in a constant state of alarm, and whole districts were impoverished by the loss of their cattle. So unrelenting was the warfare waged by these savages, that in the course of a few years they had recovered a large portion of their original country. *Haciendas* and mines were abandoned, and whole villages were deserted by the frightened settlers in their retreat before the howling Apache. It was not always the case, however, that the Indian had everything his own way. In certain sections of the country the people stood their ground manfully, and maintained through long years a fitful, exciting warfare. They worked and ate and slept with their weapons at their sides, not knowing at what moment the war-cry would ring in their ears, and their lives were full of romantic incident and adventure.

At the time of which we write, old Pedro Verdugo was one of the wealthy inhabitants of the exposed districts to the north and west of the Mojada region. His wealth consisted in immense herds of long-horned cattle and untamed ponies; and in addition to these he was the father of a large family of grown-up boys. The eldest, whose name was Pablo, was of a grave and silent disposition, seldom seeking the society of persons of his own age, and caring little for the sports and amusements of the people. He was, however, a daring horseman and an unerring shot, and none of the youth of the surrounding country could throw the losso with greater dexterity, or round up a herd of cattle with so little effort. It was known, moreover, that he was fearless and cool when the Indians threatened the settlement, and no expedition against the red men was considered complete without him. For these reasons his unsocial disposition was overlooked by the people, and in the long, lonely rides which he was accustomed to take about the country he was everywhere welcomed and respected.

Unfortunately for Pablo, however, he stopped one day at the *hacienda* of a neighbor who had just returned from Chihuahua, bringing with him his niece, a beautiful girl, just budding into womanhood. Pablo's heart deserted him the moment he looked into her dark, lustrous eyes, and from that time forward he was a slave to the tender passion. Day after day he was seen to saddle his horse and climb the divide between his father's *hacienda* and the house of the fair Josefa. He loved with an intensity known only to quiet natures when aroused, and every moment out of the presence of his *enamorada* was a moment lost. His suit prospered, and Josefa promised him her hand.

A few weeks after the first meeting of the lovers the feast day of San Juan came round, and all the people from the surrounding country, gay with *sombreros*, red scarfs, and jingling spurs, met for the celebration. It is customary on these occasions for the young men to compete in games and feats of horsemanship, he who is most skillful being rewarded by the admiring glances of the surrounding circle. Pablo, however, content to linger at his mistress's side, did not enter the lists that day, and Josefa was mortified and offended.

"He has no spirit," she muttered; and her eyes followed the course of a dashing horseman whose long *serape* trailed out on the wind behind him, and whose broad hat and silver-mounted jacket glistened in the sunlight.

Pablo did not notice her glance, nor would it have caused him any uneasinesss if he had, as the horseman whom she watched was his brother Manuel. It was not until the sports were over, and the day was done, and the tinkling of guitars announced that the dance was under way, that Pablo began to notice a change toward him in the deportment of Josefa. She shunned him in the dance, and he was surprised to notice that his brother Manuel was constantly at her side.

Unlike his brother, Manuel was boastful and unprincipled, and little sympathy had ever existed between the two. He had, however, a fine form and a handsome face, and could say sweet things in the ears of the *señoritas*, which made him a formidable rival, when he chose to become one, in all matters where women were concerned.

Although these things were known to Pablo it did not occur to him that his brother was base enough to attempt to supplant him in the affections of Josefa, nor did he entertain a suspicion of the latter's fidelity. Still he was troubled and ill at ease, and leaving the dancing room, he walked out under the porch of the rambling adobe house, and sat down in the shadow of the grape-vines He had been seated but a few moments, when approaching footsteps attracted his attention, and looking around he saw Josefa and Manuel coming toward him. They were talking earnestly and did not notice him as they passed, but enough of the conversation reached his ear to strike a chill to his heart. Josefa was listening to the love tale of his brother.

Half stupefied with amazement and grief, he waited until they had disappeared from sight, and then like one dazed, he found his horse and rode slowly away into the night. Caring little which way he went he let the rein hang loosely from his saddle-bow, and the horse, left to choose his own course, turned into a familiar cattle trail and was soon far away over the lonely plain. For hours the listless horseman wandered along through the starlight, sad and sick at heart under the terrible blow which had been dealt him. The coyotes howled and skulked across his path, and the ground-owls screamed their wonderment at the strange intrusion; but he did not hear them nor see them. Only the picture of a false, sweet face, bent to catch his brother's cruel words, burned and flashed through his heated brain, making him blind and deaf to all about him.

As the night wore on, however, and the cool air began to steal down from the distant mountain tops, a calmer feeling succeeded the shock and pain of the early evening. Dismounting, he removed the trappings from his tired horse and giving him the range of his long *riata* he laid himself down on the saddle blanket and tried to think. The stars looked down in a kindly way, and the hush of the great plain stole into and through his wounded spirit, bringing quiet and a little hope. Perhaps he had been too hasty. He might have mistaken his brother's meaning. Perhaps he was wronging her whom he loved, and perhaps she was still true to him. At any rate before the night went by he resolved to seek Josefa and learn from her own lips the truth or falsity of his fearful suspicion. He did not return that night to his father's house, nor on the following morning, but spent the heat of the day at a neighboring *rancho*, and it was not until the afternoon grew late that he turned his horse into the well-known trail leading to Josefa's home.

As he came in sight of the house, the first object which met his vision was his brother, Manuel, jauntily and gaily comparisoned, seated upon his horse before the entrance to the stone inclosure, and chatting with Josefa, who leaned coquettishly over the broken wall, and looked up into his face. The sight staggered him. For a moment a mad impulse seized him to rush forward and strike his brother to the ground. Fiercely reining in his horse he leaned forward in the saddle to watch them, and a torrent of conflicting emotions swept over his soul. While he yet hesitated, however, a startling and unexpected occurrence banished his irresolution and settled his fate forever.

Suddenly, and while his eyes were still fastened upon them, a wild cry rang through the cañon, and several tall savages rose from their lurking places along the crumbling stone wall. Two of them seized Josefa, and hurried her across the opening to where their ponies were concealed in the chaparral, and the others, with a preliminary discharge of arrows, dashed at Manuel, in the hope of capturing his horse. The latter was too quick, however. Striking the spurs into his animal's sides, he dashed away, and, abandoning the screaming girl to her fate, broke at full speed down the cañon toward the spot where Pablo waited on the trail.

"Stop, you vile coward!" the latter shouted, as his brother rode past him in his headlong flight; but the command and the taunt were alike unheeded.

There was no time to waste. Already Pablo had loosened the long dark coil from his saddle bow, and, sinking the spurs into his horse's flanks, he sprang to the rescue of his faithless mistress. The Indians saw him coming, and hastened to gain their horses; but before they could accomplish their object, the gallant rider was close upon them. The fatal lasso whistled through the air, and settled over the head and shoulders of one of the savages, jerking him from his feet and dashing him lifeless along the ground before his desperate effort to release himself could be effected. Instantly turning his horse upon his haunches and abandoning the now encumbered *riata*, the young man drew his *machete*, and sprang toward the two Indians who were bearing Josefa across the opening.

Seeing their danger, they dropped the half conscious girl to put themselves in attitudes of defense; but nothing on foot could resist the impetuous charge of the desperate horseman. One of the warriors was instantly over-ridden and slain, and the other, letting fly a well aimed arrow at his terrible opponent, sprang away at full speed, and gained the cover of the brush. Wounded and faint from exhaustion, Pablo turned back and reached Josefa's side. The Indians meantime had gained their horses, and, with fearful yells, began circling about the devoted pair, pouring in a shower of arrows.

The situation was desperate; but help was coming from the *hacienda*, and death was better than captivity. An arrow struck to the heart of Pablo's horse, and the animal and rider came down together upon the plain. It had all been over, but at that instant a band of horsemen dashed through the open inclosure of the *hacienda*, and sprang to the rescue, each one trailing his long *riata*. With a fierce yell of disappointment the Indians abandoned their now helpless victims and took to flight, and the wild cries of pursuers and pursued soon died away down the cañon. Josefa was uninjured, but assistance had come too late to preserve her gallant defender. With his life-blood pouring from a dozen wounds, and the shadow of death already settling upon his features, they raised him tenderly from the ground and bore him inside to die.

Thus they tell the story in the Sierra Mojada, and the picture of a beautiful girl bent in remorseful grief over a newly-made grave is still preserved in many of the rude habitations of that wild frontier.

D. S. RICHARDSON.

OUTCROPPINGS.

INTRODUCING THE STRANGER.

This being an odd and chatty corner of THE CALIFORNIAN—outcroppings of the mother lode—the publishers avail themselves of its modest position to introduce to the people of the Pacific Slope the new Western Monthly Magazine. Responding to the presentation, the publication, in the most humble and unassuming manner, submits itself. It has no apology to offer for its existence. It claims no aching void in the literary world which it is especially qualified, or commissioned, to fill. It demands no rights but the right to live. It asks no consideration at the hands of those who buy and read that it does not win and deserve. It is entitled to no support that it does not return an equivalent for. All the favor it does solicit and claim at the start, is the opportunity of working out a future on the following broad and comprehensive platform of Literature, as laid down by a recent expounder of its primary principles and philosophy.

> "A people's literature is a criterion of a people's civilization. It embodies what is most enduring in thought, and records what is best worth remembering in deeds. A people may be conquered; it may lose its individuality; it may change its religion, its government, its soil; but so long as its literature remains, its growth and development, its rise and fall, its character and genius, continue objects of interest, and teach a lesson to all who wish to be instructed. But literature is not all a people's thought. It is only that which a people regards as its best and most cherished thought. Thought has various forms of expression. It is embodied in a people's laws and manner of life, in its arts and architecture, in its philosophy and religion, in its politics, its science, and its industry. The idioms of its language speak of the richness or the poverty of its thought. That which one man writes out, another lives out. The idea expressed in a poem may be constructed in marble, or put upon canvas. Each form of expression throws light on the other. Literature is the outcome of the whole life of a people. It is the creature of its day. To understand it aright, it must be studied in connection with the sources and influences that shape it. To consider it apart from these were to misapprehend its nature and its bearing. It were to lose sight of the real character of thought. Thought is as subtle as the spirit that gives it existence. It pervades every action of life. It is the indispensable accompaniment of all that man wills and does. It suggests his plans; it gives direction to his deeds; it regulates his industries; it moulds his religion; it underlies his mythologies and superstitions; it explains his views; it sings of his heroic feats; it gives wings to his noblest aspirations. Man is so called because of his thinking power. The word *man* is pure Sanscrit, and means *to think*. Thought is modified by circumstances. It gets its shape from the place and time in which it is expressed; it receives its coloring from the person by whom it is spoken. No thought stands alone. It forms an inseparable link between those that have gone before and those that come after. A sentence expressing a living thought, spoken or written at a given time and in a given place, would at no other time, and in no other place, receive the exact form it receives then and there. Nor could other than the person speaking or writing it give it the same tone as that it takes. As with a single sentence, so is it with a whole literature. Time, and place, and person, and manner, and matter, should all be duly considered. According to the degree of a people's civilization, its political and social position, its natural aptitude, and its educational facilities, will it express itself. The stage of its growth is to be taken into account. At no two epochs of its social and political life will it use the same form of utterance. Part of a people's literature is common to the human race; another part is common to the family of races to which the people belongs; still another part is peculiar to one or other of these races, and borrowed from them; the residue is the people's own. And of this residue a portion is impersonal, and belongs to the age in which it is expressed; the remainder is personal, and belongs to the individual." *

Firmly believing in these axioms and guiding principles, and keenly alive to the fact that we have here on this coast the elements of a literature as strong, original, and characteristic, as the people themselves, the projectors of this periodical warmed it into life, and nursed it on this, its *debut*, to stand the exponent of our life and letters, such as they now are, and such as they may in time become. In the language of its prospectus, and indicative of its name, "THE CALIFORNIAN will be thoroughly Western in its character, local to this coast in its flavor, representative and vigorous in its style and method of dealing with questions, and edited for a popular rather than a severely literary constituency." It will not be a ponderous review, nor a political pamphlet, nor a budget for sentimental weaklings. It will not be found gasping for breath in the rarefied atmosphere of what the pedantic call "the upper plateau." It will not strive to please everybody; and if it does, it will be a failure. But it will reach out for merit in every available direction. It will do faithful prospecting in the range in which it is located. It will deal largely in common sense discussions, and, while appreciating the culture of the scholar and the sentiment of the poet, its strongest efforts will be put forth to gradually gather to its list of contributors those hard headed and practical business men, who, in the active pursuit of their several professions and callings, have literally mined material that, if refined a bit in print, is always valuable, interesting, and marketable. With these assurances of what is to be done, and a sincere desire of arousing a local literary pride among our people, the new magazine clasps hands with all interested in the working out of a common and continued prosperity.

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* *The Development of English Literature.*

UNBIDDEN GUESTS.

1879—1880.

By what dread spell of old enchantment holden
Must I receive twelve masquerading guests,
And move at their behests?
And though to this or that one deep beholden,
See some move off with hidden precious gift,
Nor vexing veil uplift?

Or, half unsheathed, a fearful dagger flashes,
Which dealt my neighbor mortal harm, not me;
Or, with wet eyes, I see—
As down my castle steps he wildly dashes—
What untold bloom and scent in rare bouquet
Some one has borne away.

Those who have left, or those who near my castle
Are ever only those I wish were here,
Though in their mystic sphere
What bliss can ravish, or what horror startle,
Gleams not till, over parting shoulder thrown,
Brief, bolder glance has shown.

Two exiles from Eternity, complaining
We can not wait, nor doubt, nor grieve, nor yearn,
I trim the lamps to burn,
And fill the beakers for our hurried draining,
For flying vestments nearly interlace,
So swift they change their place.

At midnight, once a year, I watch them leaving,
And fading line of others like them gone—
In vain my cries forlorn.
Unheeding they leave me to joy or grieving,
To greet or shun those gliding in their place
With kind or stern set face.

Words can not tell what some have brought of pleasure,
What kind relief in sorest strait of mine,
What taste of bliss divine!
Oh, not the best of Heaven can out-measure
Joy known with one who, as I strove to clasp,
Slipped from my eager grasp.

Yet few go empty-handed, where, close trooping,
Far down my avenues I watch them grope—
One snatched my dearest hope,
One slyly stabbed, and one, with shadows grouping,
Dragged off my best beloved in helpless plight,
To fade in utter night!

One, only, at a time, sits at my table;
I must hob-nob with him, masked friend or foe,
Which—there is naught to show.
I may refill my lamps, wreathe ferns, be able
To call musicians fresh, and all his train
With feast to entertain;

Or, as he comes, my castle-walls vibrating,
May warn of earthquake, and the lights flare dim,
For once I must meet him
Who will not yield his place to others waiting,
But slip his mask and death's-head plainly show,
And then, I, too, must go!

Yet, first of twelve new guests my halls surprising,
Warm shall my welcome be, with brimming bowl;
Nor shall my steadfast soul
Be shaken by thy manifold disguising,
O messenger of Fate! like folded rose
Sent blindfold where it blows.

It matters not which of thy predecessors
Made glad or ill, were knaves, or fools, or thieves;
For them no wise heart grieves.
Thy train may come in guise of cowled confessors,
Prove fairy kings, yet 'tis not in their power
To bring a by-gone hour!

This much I know of thee and all thy fellows—
Not one returns! I wave one hand to those
Whose long file outward goes,
All graceless outlines growing distance mellows,
And reach one hand toward thee, cry, laugh, at once,
Oh, first of twelve new Months!

San Francisco. E. F. D.

A PICTURE OF THE PLAINS.

It may read like a very prosaic thing, the meeting of two wagon trains—say, a military outfit and a freighter's train—on the western prairies; but in reality there is something so grand and majestic, so altogether romantic, about it, that, were I an artist, I should want no better *motif*, no more "taking" subject, for my brush and pencil. The plains have often been likened to the ocean—vast, solitary, illimitable; and the billows that rise and roll on the great water-mass are aptly reproduced in the character of these prairies, where for days, sometimes, you see one little, gentle undulation after another rise before you, and your half unconscious speculation is always, "Shall I see anything after ascending this solid wave?" Sometimes, too, quite a steep little pitch drops down from a bank or a *mesa;* but when you rise to the height of it, the same wide, open plain is again before you. I can not think of a more impressive scene than I witnessed, years ago, on these plains, some ten days out from Fort Union, New Mexico, on the way back to the States. Our command was not a large one; only troops enough to protect a train of from thirty to forty army wagons, a few ambulances and carriages, besides a number of volunteer soldiers, mustered out of service, and availing themselves of General Alexander's permission to travel under cover of his command. It was early May. The brilliant tints of sunrise had not yet died out of the sky, though all the earth was flooded with golden light and warmth. The atmosphere was pure, fresh, and perfectly clear—as it seems to be only on these plains, and just in this region. We were early risers, by force of circumstance; and when we had been on our way but a little while, we saw in the distance the serpent-like line of another train moving slowly toward us. It came nearer and nearer, and our wagon-master, having urged on his mule for a tour of inspection, reported to the General that it was a merchant train for Santa Fé, belonging to the firm of Spiegelberg Brothers, of that place. There were about twenty wagons, beside a light carriage drawn by two magnificent horses, and the private *menage* of the travelers, drawn, like our own conveyances, by patient mules. By this time the plain around us presented a lively appearance. The wagonmasters and assistants of the two trains made flying visits to each other, while the trains moved slowly along at the usual snail's pace. Some of the mustered-out soldiers of our command had messages and letters to send back to Santa Fé by the merchant train; and some of the freighter's employees had like favors to ask of the teamsters going to the States in our outfit. Only the respective *chefs* of the two expeditions had no intercourse with each other. De Long, our wagon-master, had informed the General that two members of the Speigelberg firm were in the carriage preceding their freight train, and we were now so near each other that we could plainly see the occupants of the elegant vehicle. But the military element and the civil do not affiliate very readily on the frontier, though there is seldom a lack of courtesy or politeness on either side. Singularly enough, the meeting of the trains took place just at one of the steep pitches I have spoken of. The General's huge ambulance, with its four stout mules, commenced the descent just as the airy carriage of the merchant princes, drawn by the high bred American horses, began to climb the little rise. And never have I seen so picturesque a scene as that presented here on the barren plains. As the first conveyances met, there was a simultaneous raising of hats. The General had a massive figure, with eyes of the clearest blue, calm and serene in expression; a long, full beard of tawny yellow, and an air, so simple, yet so stately, that even in the soldier's blouse and slouch hat which he wore, the man "made to command" could be recognized. The two figures on the other side had something of the airy grace which pervaded the whole equipage. Of Jewish descent, with fine-cut features, dark eyes, and richly curling hair—dressed faultlessly, even to light-colored kids on their hands—they formed the most decided contrast to our good General. All three gentlemen bowed with equal courtesy, though varied elegance of manner. On they passed; not a moment's halt, not the slightest pause—one ambulance after the other, one freight team after the next. For half an hour I leaned from the ambulance, and watched the white-roofed army wagons, swaying heavily as the drivers held back their six mules while going down the first sharp pitch, and then rattling on merrily to even ground; the clumsy freight wagons creaking and groaning under their heavy burden; the teamsters talking vigorously to their straining animals while laboring up this same sharp rise, and cracking their whips triumphantly when they had made it at last. Then came the mounted troops, and the cooks and servants, perched on almost anything they could find in the baggage-wagons. This merry rabble was not so reserved as the fine folks at the head of the caravan, and many a noisy greeting was exchanged as the wagons passed each other; many a laugh-provoking jest startled the field-lark from her lowly nest, and sent her skyward with her joyous song. Far in the distance loomed the Spanish Peaks, indistinct and shadowy, as the phantoms which we chase in life and call by the names we loves the best—Fame, Wealth, Greatness, Power—and like them seeming to recede farther and farther the nearer we think to approach, till, worn and fainting, we lie down to die in the desolate road through the wilderness, where there is no drop of water to cool our lips, no pitying tree to shelter from the scorching sun.

San Francisco. JOSEPHINE CLIFFORD.

A SOCIETY IDYL.

HE.

A flirtation on the stair,
An unfamiliar care,
A tress of golden hair
To part by.

A thought "I wonder, when
Sibyl flirts with other men
She blushes, smiles, and then
Heaves a sigh."

SHE.

A rosy colored dream
Of floating down a stream,
Fair in moonlight's silver beam;
At her side,
A face, in whose dark eyes
A world of passion lies,
As he claims her as his prize
And his bride.

BOTH.

A meeting—"How de do?"
"You are looking well"—and you—
"Oh, delightful." "Is it true?
In a week,

The fairest of the fair,
To a lucky millionaire—"
"Oh, absurd—how can you dare
Thus to speak?"

Fades the fancy, fades the stream,
Fades the sweet and tender gleam
That lit up a maiden's dream,
When the soul

To the woman heart was true,
To love where love was due,
And in all love's sweet and rue
Have control.

"What is this?—A woman's hair.
By Jove, how soft and fair!
Whose is it? Ah, I have it
Quick and pat;

'Tis Sibyl's. Why to-day
She drove along our way;
She should drink, her friends all say,
Anti-fat.

Oakland. DANIEL O'CONNELL.

A MONUMENT TO ADAM.

It is believed that every just-minded and right-feeling patron of this magazine, the "constant reader" inclusive, will experience a glow of gratification in the assurance that after ages of indifference, neglect, and even contumelious disparagement, Adam is at last to have a monument. The proposal to erect a "suitable memorial" to the good forefather is singularly touching; in a tranquil, business-like way it gets a tolerably firm grasp on the sympathies and sentiments of the human heart, quietly occupying the citadel of the affections before the unready conservatisms of habit, prejudice, and unreason can recover from their surprise to repel it. It will be difficult for even the most impenitent obstructionist to utter himself cogently in opposition; the promoters of the filial scheme will have the argument as much their own way as have the promoters of temperance, chastity, truth, and honor. The comparison is ominous, but not entirely discouraging, inasmuch as the builders of monuments are less dependent on "right reason and the will of God" than the builders of character. Stones are not laid in logic; even the men of Babel, desperately wrong-headed as in the light of Revelation we now perceive them to have been, and ghastly incapable of adding an inch to their moral stature, succeeded in piling up a fairish testimonial to their own worth, and would no doubt have achieved the top course had it not happened that suddenly each appeared to be of a different mind, so that in the multitude of counselors there was little wisdom. Dr. Webster being dead—heaven rest him!—and the reporters of the press being easily propitiated with libations of news, there is not likely to be any tampering with the American tongue that will not be a distinct advantage to it; so we may reasonably expect the stones of the

Adamite monument to be "concatenated without abruption," as a greater than Webster hath it, and approriately inscribed. Many reasons occur why this ought to be so. Of Adam, even more than of Washington—monumentless till the other be served—may it justly be said that he was "first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen." In truth, he was first in everything and all round. Moreover, from the gifts that he accepted—including a fine homestead, though not, unfortunately, a suit of clothes from Nicoll the Tailor—and from the "distinguished personages who delighted to honor him," and through him us, we are justified in believing him to have been "a bigger man than old Grant." To the patriot the plan of erecting to him a fitting memorial will especially commend itself: it is an American, and therefore a superior, idea. Contrast its glossy originality with the threadbare second-handedness of the scheme to import Cleopatra's other needle! The religious mind will not fail to discover in the proposal a kind of special providence for the arrest and eventual overthrow of Infidelity, against whose dark disciples it will lift a finger of permanent admonition. Can even the most flippant scoffer look up at the "reverend pile" and doubt the Mosaic account of creation? If the architect have only the sagacity to omit the date of erection, and the subscribers the self-denial to forego the glory of displaying their names on it, will not posterity naturally come to think that he whose virtues it commemorates "reposes beneath"? True, the wily scientist, alarmed for his theory, or touched with a sentiment of filial piety as *he* understands it, may countercheck by building a similar monument to the recent Ourang-Outang, the remote Ascidian, or the ultimate Bathybius. He may even have the prudent audacity to put up a stone to the memory of that divinely unthinkable, and therefore humanly irrefutable, Missing Link—as the groping pagan of antiquity [with his single gleam of spiritual light erected an altar "To the Unknown God." If the lecherous Evolutionist do anything of this kind it will be a clear infringement of the *leges non scriptæ* of copyright. Justice, religion, and reason alike will dictate the upsetting of his profane memorial with as little compunction as the wave felt for Caliban's sea-sand designs when it "lolled out its large tongue" and "licked the whole labor flat." That the Adam monument project is seriously entertained there can be no intelligent doubt: in the list of its founders is publicly mentioned a name which, for better or for worse, is inseparably linked with that of the Great Progenitor—the name of Mark Twain, whose sobs at the parental tomb have reverberated through the world with an authenticating energy that makes the erection of the monument a matter of comparatively trifling importance, after all.

San Francisco. AMBROSE BIERCE.

SHELLEY'S GRAVE.

Where springing flowers
Greet falling showers,
And cypress branches wave,
In a southern clime,
At vesper chime,
I stood by Shelley's grave.

A pilgrim I,
From a northern sky,
A cold and distant clime;
Two gifts I bore—
An offering poor,
And an offering sublime.

A faded flower;
A spell of power—
Tender, and strong and true;
From a woman's heart
To the poet-heart—
I wonder if he knew.

"O heart!" I said,
"Of the poet-dead,
Reclining here at rest;
O soul!" said I,
"Of melody,
In the mansions of the blest!

"O soul!" I said,
"Of the poet-dead,
In the blissful realms above,
Around thy clay,
With this simple spray,
I weave the spell of love!"

A wind swept by,
Through the cypress nigh,
And stirred the withered flower;
"From a woman's heart
To the poet-heart—
And may the spell have power!"

A wind swept by
Through the cypress nigh,
And stirred the withered spray;
It came at length,
With a gathered strength,
And bore it far away.

Ah! then I knew
The charm was true,
And not in vain the flower;
From a woman's heart
To the poet-heart
The spell of love had power!

Rome, Italy. J. ALBERT WILSON.

HYPATIA OF ALEXANDRIA.

In the latter part of the fourth century, there lived, in the famed city of Alexandria, one of the most remarkable women that ever graced any age of the world. Hypatia was endowed by Nature with rare personal beauty, united with an equally wonderful genius. She was the daughter of Theon, a distinguished mathematician and astronomer of that period. Very early in life this charming woman manifested an ardent love of science and philosophy, and became associated with her father in his laborious studies, and wrote many valuable essays, that were published in his scientific works. The ecclesiastical historian, Socrates, tells us that, "Hypatia arrived at such a pitch of learning as very far to surpass all the philosophers of her time." She succeeded Theon in the government of the New Platonic school at Alexandria, teaching out of that chair where Ammonius, Hierocles, and many great and celebrated philosophers had taught; and this at a time, too, when men of immense learning abounded, both at Alexandria and in many other parts of the Roman Empire. Few persons have ever attained, at maturity, after years of persevering effort, the marvelous popularity that Hypatia enjoyed in her glorious youth. She lost herself in the elevating subjects that kindled her wonderful powers, and the souls of others caught the aspirational glow of her own; and although she was too humble and devout a student of Nature to seek for the applause of the world, yet it followed her in benediction, a spontaneous tribute to her moral worth and genius. Verily, "unto self they must die, who would live unto fame." Fame is a coy goddess. She ever eludes the grasp of the pursuer, but she follows in the path of the son and daughter of Genius, who love and advocate truth for its own sake, and crowns them with her immortal bays.

The popularity of Hypatia was so great that the avenue, on which she resided with her father, was daily crowded with the chariots of distinguished visitors from every part of the globe. They were attracted by her remarkable genius and learning, rather than the wonderful charms of her person and manners. She numbered among her earnest followers many of the ripest scholars of the age. At the time of which we write, Alexandria was one of the wealthiest and most luxurious cities of the world. Draper, in referring to its magnificence, writes as follows:

> "It could vie with Constantinople itself. Into its streets, from the yellow sand-hills of the desert, long trains of camels and countless boats brought the abundant harvests of the Nile. A ship canal connected the harbor of Cunostos with Lake Mareotes. The harbor was a forest of masts. Seaward, looking over the blue Mediteranean, was the great lighthouse, the Pharos, counted as one of the wonders of the world; to protect the shipping from the north wind, there was a mole three-quarters of a mile in length, with its drawbridge, a marvel of the Macedonian engineers. Two great streets crossed each other at right angles—one was three, the other one mile long. In the square where they intersected stood the mausoleum in which rested the body of Alexander. The city was full of noble edifices—the palace, the exchange, the Cæsareum, the halls of justice. Among the temples, those of Pan and Neptune were conspicuous. The visitor passed countless theatres, churches, temples, synagogues. There was a time, before Theophilus, when the Serapion might have been approached on one side by a slope for carriages, on the other by a flight of one hundred marble steps. On these stood the grand portico with its columns, its checkered corridor leading round a roofless hall, and from the midst of its area arose a lofty pillar, visible afar off at sea. On one side of the town were the royal docks, on the other the hippodrome, and on appropriate sites, the necropolis, the market places, the gymnasium, its stoa being a stadium long; and the ampitheatre, groves, gardens, fountains, obelisks, and countless public buildings with gilded roofs glittering in the sun. Here might be seen the wealthy Christian ladies, walking in the streets, their dresses embroidered with scripture parables, the Gospels hanging from their necks by a golden chain, Maltese dogs, with jeweled collars, frisking round them, and slaves, with fans and parasols, trooping along."

The Christian religion was favored by the king and his court, and Bishop Cyril was the representative head of the Church in Alexandria. It is stated, by historians of the day, that this distinguished prelate regarded Hypatia in the light of a rival, because she was the recipient of so much public homage, and drew such large, admiring crowds to her lecture rooms. He was irritated and humiliated to think that a woman, a pagan, should be thus highly honored in his Christian city.

The desert which surrounded Alexandria was then populated with hundreds of religious devotees of the Church, who literally "lived in dens and caves," in a nude state, subsisting upon whatever food they could obtain in that barren region. They were exceedingly ignorant, cruel, and unclean; and yet, in the language of St. Paul, "they had a zeal for God, but not according to knowledge;" and they were prepared to manifest it in any way that they might be called upon to act. It is recorded that these wild men of the desert were instigated by Bishop Cyril to put Hypatia out of the way, on the ground that her influence was opposed to that of the Christian religion. On one occasion, when this noble woman was returning from her lecture rooms, forty of these terrible men, "led by Peter the Reader," surrounded her chariot, seized her fiercely, and dragged her delicate person on the hard pavement to the Church Cæsareum, and, in the holy name of God, tore her, limb from limb, and scraped with oyster shells the quivering flesh from the dismembered parts of her once beautiful form. The horde of savage men then gathered the remains of one of the most gifted, beautiful, and perfect of God's creations, and, with fiendish exultation, burned them to ashes. It is to be hoped, for the honor of human nature, that Bishop Cyril did not incite those fearful men to commit the deed; but the unfortunate prelate must continue to bear the stigma of the atrocious crime through all coming ages.

The school of Platonic philosophy was too narrow for this lovely daughter of Genius; and so the Supreme Ruler of the Universe, who regards the general interests of His subjects, as well as the individual good, in the economy of His wise administration, honored Hypatia with the martyr's crown, that she might become a broader teacher on the wider stage of the world. There she stands to-day, in the full glory of her noble womanhood, her brow illumined with the light of a better world than ours, ever protesting against the ignorance and cruel bigotry of the past, while pointing hopefully forward to the greater light, and knowledge, and freedom of the future for the coming millions. And there she will continue to stand until the meridian day of humanity, when no dark shadows shall fall upon the enfranchised spirit of man, the resplendent day of universal liberty, law, and love, when the will of God shall be done on earth, even as it is done in Heaven.

HYPATIA OF ALEXANDRIA.

Behold her there, a Queen among the queenly,
Preëminent in every social grace;
Lovely as Venus, pure as chaste Diana,
Beauty and genius blending in her face.

Behold her, now, within the halls of learning,
Philosopher and teacher—humble, yet proud—
Leading the leaders of "The School of Sages;"
The wonder of the vast, admiring crowd.

Ah! who could dream that in her path of glory
A thorny way was opening to renown—
Daughter of science, priestess of her altar,
Must thou, too, wear the martyr's ruby crown!

Behold, again! a horde of unclean hermits,
Monks from their desert dens, in fiendish mood
Arrest her chariot, seize the noble lady,
As ravenous wolves, all howling for her blood.

Not one of all that daily thronged her rostrum,
The fine platonic orator to hear,
Dared to resist the strange, fanatic madness
Of those wild men—all hearts were chilled with fear.

They fiercely dragged her to the Church Cæsareum,
And in Thy holy name—great God of Heaven!
They rudely marred the beautiful creation
That to the darkened world Thy love had given.

They tore her quivering flesh with jagged edges
From the fine mould Thy hand had fashioned so—
Recoiling arteries sent crimson jettings
Upon its pavement in their living flow.

Oh! not one precious drop was lost in falling.
Each is a protest still of deathless power
Against the cruel bigotry of ages—
The superstitions of our day and hour.

The savage horde then gathered her poor ruins,
And burned them in the open air of day;
The winds of heaven conveyed their sacred ashes
To distant lands along their missioned way.

Thus infant Freedom grows and spreads her pinions—
In strength and beauty as the cycles roll,
Nurtured by superstition's tortured victims,
The fine aroma of each lofty soul.

Dear, gifted sister of the night of ages,
Alas! so cruelly, so early slain,
Humanity hath claimed thee for a teacher
In her great school—thy death was not in vain.

Ascetic monsters! formed by fear and fasting,
The rare Hypatia, though of pagan birth,
Revered the God by your stern lives dishonored—
Ye filled with gloom and terror His fair earth!

But, through our tears and burning indignation,
We hear the voice of Christ repeat anew
The words of love divine he spake at parting—
"Father, forgive, they know not what they do."

San Francisco. SARAH M. CLARKE.

THE ENVIRONS OF FLORENCE.

They are lovely; and we can see and enjoy them whenever we choose to call back the vision. When we awoke on the morning we were to leave Rome it was still cold, and the rain was pouring down, as it had been all the night, and when, by and by, the sun came out, the Alban hills stepped forth, apparently exulting in their fresh robes of snow. Our journey was through alternating sunshine and shower; and all the country showed how general and copious the rains of the previous days had been. The sun was getting low when we came into the valley of the Arno; and it was nearly dark when our *voiture* was emerging from the depot; and perhaps the rapidly falling shades of night helped to intensify the ludicrousness of our encounter with the Custom-house official who thrust his head through the window of the carriage, startling us with his call for "Tobac," and "Brandies." It must have been the involuntary expression of disgust on our faces at the bare suspicion of such habits, as well as the emphatic "No," that caused him to retreat so soon, with a profusion of apologies. Our lodgings, previously engaged, were on the south bank of the Arno, by the Porte Grazie, looking down upon the river on one side, and into the garden of some nobleman's palace on the other.

When we arrived, the massive walls forming the banks of the river, and the arches of the many bridges seemed insufficient to accommodate the struggling waters of this then broad and rapid stream. The surrounding mountains were covered with snow, which made us fear that we had started north too early. Within a few days, however, all was changed, and we had sunshine and balmy air, green fields, fragrant flowers and singing birds.

Three weeks is far too short a time to see Florence well; to explore its museums and galleries, to visit the villas and artists' studios; and as to the country around about—one would never tire of it. Nobody expects us to describe all that we saw in those busy weeks; merely an outline sketch of a picture here and there is all we shall attempt. Yonder town, three miles to the north on the crown of a hill, which we would call a mountain but for the loftier peaks beyond it—that town is Fiesole, older than Florence, and older, as we are told, than even Rome itself. We shall need one whole day for this visit. It has interesting ruins to show us; a cathedral begun in 1028; remnants of the ancient Etruscan wall; part of the theatre so far excavated as to show sixteen tiers of seats in a semicircle thirty-seven yards in diameter; and a museum filled with articles gathered during recent excavations.

Leaving Fiesole for the present, let us tell you about a visit to the castle of Vincigliata—a mediæval castle, restored; this, also, is on the slopes of the mountains on the north of the valley. We leave the city by the Porta alla Croce. To make the most of our opportunities, we turn a little aside from our road to visit the now suppressed Monastery of San Salve, of the order of Vallambrosa. We find a small school in session in one of the great halls of the spacious buildings; a peasant family occupies some other rooms; but elsewhere desolation reigns. "The Last Supper," painted on the walls of the refectory, was the object of attraction. This was the work of Andrea del Sarto, and ranks as third, in point of merit; that of Leonardo da Vinci, at Milan, being first, of course, as all the world allows. Painters were there making copies, as they are to be seen everywhere in Europe, in churches and galleries before the famous pictures, multiplying copies to sell, or to fill orders from various parts of the world. We carried away that painting in our memories, and there it still lives. The impression left on the mind by such scenes is no hindrance to the enjoyment of the natural beauties spreading around us in our ascent of the hill, varying and expanding from each new standpoint, and as we climb to higher positions. The castle, with its many towers, had been in view occasionally for a long time before we reach it; the road is steep, and has many turnings, and our panting horses show signs of satisfaction, when, at length, they are bidden to rest under the shade of the frowning fortress walls. A vigorous knock at the door brings the porter, who sharply scans our *biglietto di ingresso* before he admits us through that narrow passage, and leads us across the court to the castle. We find nothing in the guide-books about this place, therefore we must learn all we can by observation. As the large iron keys throw back the bolts, and we are shown within, the ponderous doors creaking on their hinges behind us, it is not surprising if we feel a little strange; stories of the dark ages rush upon our memory, and it requires some effort to reassure ourselves that we live in the nineteenth century, nevertheless, and that we are really in no danger of being starved to death in some dark cell, thrust down into a deep dungeon, or buried alive in the dismal vaults, and we listening to the workmen while they seal up our graves with stones and mortar. We soon recover ourselves, however, and proceed, mentally, to take notes. Even now we seem to see those cold and dimly lighted halls, the narrow and winding passages, rooms placed here and there, and on different levels, so that we ascend to some and go down into others—a perfect labyrinth. What especially impressed us was, first, the dining hall, with its massive tables and heavy chairs, the seats or lockers on the four sides of the room, curious lamps suspended from the low ceiling, arms hanging on the wall to be ready, at a moment's warning, among which were spears, swords, battle-axes, and cross-bows;

on one side of the room were small, grated windows, like loop holes, but so high we had to stand on the benches to look out. Not far from this was the armory, well supplied with all the implements of mediæval warfare, offensive and defensive, with suits of mail, both for man and horse. Next we found ourselves in the kitchen —a spacious apartment—with its great fireplaces supplied with cranes, with hooks and trammels, with pots and kettles of many shapes and sizes, and one place designed expressly, we were told, for roasting an ox entire. From the kitchen was the passage leading to the store-room, and, from its size and the bins for holding provisions, we judged that the siege must needs be long in order to force this fortress to surrender. The store-rooms for clothing, with their lumbering, wooden chests, were also ample; and here were the two large and richly ornamented trunks, purporting to have contained the trousseau and wedding presents of a young bride once brought home to become the lady of this castle. From the kitchen we are conducted into the rear courts, where were many sheds and stalls; and on the walls above these sheds were rude frescoes, reproduced by the present owner, and designed to give the history of the place, its various occupants, and their vicissitudes of fortune, and finishing with the representation of an army on the march from Pisa along the valley of the Arno, then filing in among the mountains, and scaling precipices, till, at length, they are seen beleaguering the fortress until a breach is effected, and they pour in over the parapet, and their work is done.

A visit to the tower is next proposed. A portion of the party wisely decline to undertake the ascent; others give out before the top is reached. Spiral stairs, especially if steep and narrow, and leading up to dizzy heights, need not be attempted except by persons with considerable reserve force. We, who persisted in our climb, felt amply repaid by the magnificent panorama spread out before us. Language is insufficient to describe it. Below us in the valley, the *la belle* Firenze, broad plains, dotted thickly with villages and villas, through which the classic river winds, pursuing its now peaceful way towards Pisa and the sea. We, it is true, descry no army marching up the valley to seize this stronghold, their burnished armor gleaming in the sunlight, but we see the very mountains which looked down on that army many long years ago. And as the sun is getting lower we are becoming more and more interested in the way he is painting all the landscape. Behind and on either side are the rugged Apennines; away to the north-west the Carrara Mountains, with white streaks on their sides which, perhaps, we may be at liberty to fancy are spots where the storms of many years have washed off the earth, exposing to view the pure white rock. Somewhere among the wooded hills at out left are the Forests of Vallambrosa. Descending we are shown the rooms in the upper story of the castle, which are occupied by the present owner of the property during the hot months of summer, at which season all who are able leave the heated walls of the city in search of cool retreats in the mountains. We are now nearly on a level with the parapet of the outer walls, around which on the inner side is a gallery where the guard may patrol, and from which, through the embrasures and loopholes, the soldiers may fire upon their assailants. We want to get out and walk around on that gallery, but the bridge is drawn and we must forego that pleasure. But, before descending, our attention is called to the great well, and to the cistern, and to the ample arrangements for pouring into them the rain gathered on the many roofs. A beleaguered garrison could long hold out with such a supply of water. But we must not let our interest in all these things cause us to forget that there may be impatient people waiting for us below. So we hasten down, return to our carriage, and are soon rattling down the mountain side, still enjoying the scenery, but reflecting anon on the tastes and fancies of that wealthy English gentleman, who, finding this old castle completely gone to ruin, and the family in possession of it and of the lands adjoining likewise in a badly decayed condition, and more in need of money than they were of ruins, however rich these broken walls and towers might be in tales of chivalry—this gentleman, we say, conceived the idea of securing the property, rebuilding the castle, and reproducing all the furniture, as nearly as possible in every particular like what it was eight or nine hundred years ago; replanting also the forest trees in the spacious grounds around about. By the aid of a competent engineer, as enthusiastic as himself in the study of everything relating to the feudal period, and with no lack of money, he has rebuilt, and will leave for the inspection of future generations, this work to which we have been endeavoring to introduce you. This was an afternoon of enjoyment, affording opportunities also for gathering instruction in different departments.

On other occasions we had groped far underground, exploring relics of two thousand years ago. We had visited Roman remains of a later period, and wandered through the roofless halls and the dismal vaults, built and inhabited in the Middle Ages, but it sometimes required large imagination to restore the ruins satisfactorily; while here, before our very eyes, was a genuine mediæval castle, perfect and complete in all its parts, lacking only the ivy and the moss, and leaving nothing for fancy to do but to call up the feudal lord with all his household and retainers. We had but to fancy the ladies in the *salon*, the mailed warriors in the dining hall, noisy over their cups; busy menials in the kitchen; the sentry in the watchtower, and mounted scouts on the surrounding hills.

San Francisco. W. A. Loomis.

THANKSGIVING IN NEW ENGLAND.

The chill winds sweep o'er hills and dales,
The Sun in clouds his splendor veils,
The dead leaves rustling eddy low—
All things portend the coming snow.
In quiet lies the sheltered pond,
A prisoner held by icy bond;
The trees their gaunt limbs, moaning, sway;
The church-bells chime "Thanksgiving Day!"

The barns are filled with harvest store;
Piled high with golden corn the floor;
The tasks of Autumn fully done,
The Winter's rest is fairly won.
We pause and muster up our ranks
To join in giving God our thanks,
Whose loving goodness helps us find
Even in ills some mercies kind.

For days before, with happy care,
The mother fashions dainties rare,
And culls her cupboard's choicest stock
To welcome home her wandering flock.
With tender thought she looks around
And seeks the homes where needs abound;

Her shelves she robs with liberal hand,
And freely gives at Want's command.

Homeward, by boat, by rail, they meet;
From busy haunt, from crowded street,
From cares of State, from college hall,
They gather at the loving call.
The locks of some with silvery sheen;
Some eyes—new opened to the scene—
The dear old spot see first to-day
Which knew their fathers' boyish play.

And now, the joy of meeting o'er,
They draw on Memory's heaping store:
Tell how the year with each has sped;
Recall the living and the dead.
The vacant chair— But ah! not now
Shall sorrow overcloud the brow;
For on this day, all, all are here;
If not the form, the spirit's near.

San Francisco. A. Mc. F. Davis.

MEN ONE WOULD LIKE TO HAVE KNOWN.

I do not feel conscious of any great yearning after the common society lions; it is pleasanter to hear them roar at a distance. The fact is, there is too much monotony in their tone, and, like the music of a bagpipe, it is much the best at a distance. There have been those men who were so undeniably great, that we commonplace folk (who are, after all, in a tremendous majority) can only look upon their shades with a feeling of distance and moony wonder, that takes away all comfort in the contemplation, just as one becomes sensible to a tendency to a crick in the neck, in gazing at a colossal statue, for any length of time. When we try to think of Shakspeare, we think of his marvelous creations, and not at all of the man himself; still, little as we know of him personally, it would seem that a man that could depict all human nature must have had a soft place in his heart, even for common humanity, and been tender over it, and thus be one of the men one would like to have known. Of John Milton we know very much more; but that much more makes us feel that we should as soon be intimate with St. Paul's Cathedral, and enjoy taking a cup of tea in the dome; we can not form the idea of intimacy with such a man. Even our august Washington—with all reverence be his name written—are we not better content to know him as a great serene picture, painted for the humble imitation of earth's rulers, and out of the sphere of common humanity, for otherwise he awes by the ponderosity of his virtues. Do not all of us, in fact, feel more at home with the man that can sympathize with our own littlenesses?—and do we not feel a warmth toward those great men who show they are human, even to fallibility?

The man of humor, who can laugh with the merry, is generally the man of sympathy, the man who can weep with the grief-stricken. These are they who creep into the inner chamber of the heart far easier than those desperately high-minded fellows who astonish the world by their wise words, and are always reproving it by their immaculate lives. Who would not like to have known that stalwart Scottish plowman, who could feel with even the "wee 'cowrin' 'timorous beastie," disturbed by his plowshare; or could laugh with the Jolly Beggars in the hostelrie of Poosie Nancy, and then could thrill the world with, "A man's a man for a' that"? One can fancy the light in his eye, and the warm thrill in his veins, when that song came leaping from his heart, and a still more deep and touching remembrance it would be to have seen him when he had just penned the saddest, simplest plaint of humanity, "Man was made to mourn." If Burns had never suffered and never sinned, he could never have made so firm a place in the love of even those who are troubled to understand the dialect he has written in. And Scott, in spite of his high Tory nonsense, was so much a man, so full of fun and sympathy, that recollections of the great tale-teller will be tender and loving while literature lasts. Who would care to have known Byron, wonderful as he was? His line to Napoleon equally applies to himself: "By gazing on thyself grown blind." So his introverted glance for ever and always pictured out his moods and whimseys, dark and unhealthy; he was only preëminently great in describing his own morbidness, in a most wonderful tongue. Rousseau—the eloquent egotist—one reads him with similar emotions to those felt in seeing a cancer patient calmly uncover and display his own horrible disease. But who would not like to have known the quaint, stammering, little clerk in the India house, in his snuff-colored coat. A man with a heart big enough to live a bachelor life for the sake of a stricken sister; joking his way, uncomplainingly, through as dark-tinted a life as ever man lived; and the few murmurings that he uttered were so comical that they only endeared his memory the more. "Lamb," said Colerige, after one of his wonderful monologues "did you ever hear me preach?" "I n-n-never heard y-you do anything else," and the repartee has delighted more than the "Hymn to Mont Blanc" ever did, because, with all his magnificent genius, Colerige worshiped himself; but Charles Lamb sympathized with his fellow mortals. Another old bachelor has endeared himself to thousands; modest, retiring and shy, yet the quaint kindness and love of humanity that comes out on every page Irving wrote seems to enfold one with the balmy laziness of a perfect Indian Summer day.

Blessed twin gifts—sympathy and humor! Given these—the wit need not be so keen or the eloquence so dazzling—and average humanity will tuck away the memory of their possessors in the coziest chambers of their hearts. I wonder if it be high treason to say that the one thing missing in the stately shade of Washington, our first President, was a lack of humor. Wouldn't we have felt him nearer to us if he had not been so majestic? Like his statues, he was always posed for the admiration of mankind; and it is exasperating to commonplace humanity to know that he always deserved that wonder and admiration. I think nineteen-twentieths of us would have enjoyed the companionship much more of the man who filled his seat about a hundred years after; a man who had sympathy permeating every fibre of his giant frame, and whose humor was a kind gift to release, once in a while, the tension of a mind strained as few minds have ever been. We have lived so long since the day of Abraham Lincoln that we can cast aside political prejudices, and calmly look forward to the verdict of posterity, which will declare that the great intellect and greater heart of Lincoln have made his memory one of the dearest among the rulers of earth.

Who cares for the ponderous erudition contained in the dictionary of old Sam Johnson, or the cogitations that he put into the mouth of Rasselas, Prince of Abyssinia; but who does not care for the kind-hearted old giant rolling in his arm chair, swallowing oceans of tea, making extraordinary grimaces at humbug and cant, and supporting by his labor as queer and worthless a tribe as ever kind-hearted man allowed to impose on him? His comrade Goldsmith — whom he used to scold and lecture, but would not allow any one else to —was a man one would like to have known. What a mixture was there for one head! Worse than a child in common life, but as a master of English rarely equaled; vain as a peacock, and humble as the village priest that no man has ever pictured so well. A boy all his life long, and yet his works will live and be enjoyed as long as the English tongue is spoken. What man was ever better worth knowing than the man that made fun for the world of literature, was the tumbler of the circus of literary art, and set even the actors on a grin when he announced, "Here we come again," in the columns of *Punch* or Hood's own? His pages were pyrotechnic displays of puns, glistening like the sheet-lightning that glitters but does not hurt; yet Thomas Hood could write some of the saddest lines, and lived a life almost as sad as his most pitiful poems. But his brave spirit never gave up. Even under the pangs of mortal disease, he would beat back pain to write charming little letters to the children he loved.

The great travelers have been rather a hard-headed race; always on the lookout for terrible facts and statistics, that after all give one but little idea of the countries they are trying to describe; but I must mention one of their number who from his writings alone gave me a strong desire to know the man. I refer to that writer who with pen and pencil gave the world the portrait of Gier Zoega, and the English travelers in Iceland, and illumined the rough roads of Norway with the same light touch. Wherever he went he cast a good natured grotesquerie upon every subject that came under his notice. This man surely was one of the men one would have liked to have known, because his writings show him to be full of that humor that is far more correct in giving general impressions than all the facts and figures of the materialist. Just as a few strokes from the brush of a master will reveal the characteristic appearance of his sitter, as his skilled hand sweeps over the canvas, so does the description given by the humorist make an impression that the painstaking materialist can never equal, labor he ever so long and conscientiously. And therefore the thousands who have followed the wanderings of J. Ross Browne through the pages of the magazines, said to themselves, "That is a man I should like to know."

The two great masters in English literature of whom we now have to write as belonging to the past—Dickens and Thackeray—are we not thankful for the repasts they have placed before us? One of them, so jaunty, so self-satisfied and self-possessed, with his wonderful genius at pen-and-ink caricatures, but it seems we would rather laugh at his creations and enjoy them than laugh with the man and enjoy his society. Dickens—never-to-be-forgotten Dickens. He knew every bit of his own worth, and he always felt that he was right, and that marvellous self-esteem carried him upward in the literary world much faster than the ascent of his great competitor. Would it be pleasant to meet a man who is not only above one, but who also feels that superiority exuding from every pore of his body? But the mental and physical giant, Thackeray, the man, who, having a giant's strength, thought it "villainous to use it as a giant," the man who slowly climbed up to fame because there were few who recognized his greatness at first; who was never satisfied with anything that he wrote, and, knowing his own deficiencies, was lenient to those of other men, and only lashed mercilessly pretense and sham—this man one would like to have known, certain of looking up to something wise, and great, and yet in sympathy with himself. W. H. Woodhams.

Oakland.

MY TROUBADOUR.—A BIRD SONG.

To my chamber window singing,
Comes my troubadour;
His voice like fairy music ringing
In my dreamy ear.
Sweet, sweet, sweet, sweet,
Calls he, o'er and o'er;
Sweet, sweet, sweet, sweet,
Calls my troubadour.

All in burnished mail bedight,
Gallant knight and true;
Wearing on his visor bright,
Love's own proper hue.
Sweet, sweet, sweet, sweet,
Calls he, o'er and o'er;
Sweet, sweet, sweet, sweet,
Calls my troubadour.

Lord of many lands is he;
Rich in fields of grain;
And he rules right royally,
All his wide domain.
Sweet, sweet, sweet, sweet,
Calls he, o'er and o'er;
Sweet, sweet, sweet, sweet,
Calls my troubadour.

Would that I might join with him
In his happy lay;
Break my bars and fly with him,
Where he leads the way;
Sweet, sweet, sweet, sweet,
Calls he, o'er and o'er;
Life with thee were passing sweet,
O my troubadour!

San Francisco. Louise H. Webb.

THE PRINCE OF PARAGRAPHERS.

About fifty years ago there came from Connecticut to Kentucky a bright-eyed, rosy-cheeked Yankee boy. He was an ardent Whig and enthusiastic admirer of "Harry of the West," the immortal Clay, and he came to Kentucky to write Mr. Clay's life. The place to which his employers sent him after he had obtained the necessary data for the book, was a delightful resort hid among the hills of Eastern Kentucky, in Bath County, known as the Olympian Springs. It was the favorite summer resort of the great "Harry" himself, and to Mr. Clay, and the learned gentleman who owned the Springs, Colonel Lansdowne, the localities in that neighborhood owe their classic and high-sounding names. One peak among the hills was known as Mount Olympus; an immense rock is called Pompey's Pillar, a little stream babbles along over its stony bed heedless of being called the Tiber, and a table-land near by is to this day luxuriant in its annual crops, and smiles all the the time under the name of the Campus Martius. The young man who was writing Mr. Clay's life often repaired to a lonely and romantic spot in the forest, near a fine chalybeate spring, with his writing materials, and did his work there, and he never failed to carry with him a trusty rifle, having sometimes an opportunity for a splendid shot at an antlered buck or other game.

The book was completed in an incredibly short time, and very much pleased Mr. Clay and his partisans. After that, Prentice was employed to edit a newspaper for the Whig party and in Mr. Clay's interest, at Louisville, and the new paper was named *The Daily Journal.* Prentice has often laughed about that name, saying that "a daily is certainly a journal." But he made the *Journal* a great power and the text-book of Whiggery in the Southwest. He had a terrible opponent in the editor of the Democratic opposition paper, Shad. Penn, of the *Advertiser*, but when Prentice began his work he said, in his first editorial, that he had in his quiver quills of all kinds, from that of the humming-bird's wing to that from the pinion of the eagle, and his opponents could choose for themselves. Prentice had been severely trained in the New England school of culture and social ethics, but wit and poet and brave man that he was, he flung himself into the barbarous frontier partisanship of the period and soon signalized his high-backed and stiff-necked *Alma Mater*, and dazzled and won the rude yeomanry of the region and the times, by unequivocal triumphs with both pen and pistol, for he was a dead shot as well as a dreadful satirist. He and Shad. Penn battled fearfully in polemics, though they remained personal friends almost to the last, and the articles with which they lacerated each other and championed their respective causes will show to those who may read them now, that "there were giants in those days."

Prentice's peculiar forte and most powerful weapons were his short, sharp, stinging, witty, and sarcastic paragraphs. Their terse, epigrammatic force was more than even Shad. Penn could stand, and he gave up the fight, after a few years, and retired to St. Louis. A coolness had sprung up between the two toward the last, which was melted away, however, when Penn came to leave, and when he went Prentice wrote a farewell to him, which for magnanimous phraseology and pathetic and beautiful sentiment, has seldom been equaled by any composition of that character in American journalism, and never excelled until when Prentice wrote a notice of his former rival's death.

A remarkable thing about Prentice's paragraphs was that he could write endless numbers of them, at one time, all on the same subject, no two of them alike in any particular, except that all were sharp, pointed, and effective. During the forty years, or thereabouts, through which he conducted the *Journal*, it teemed daily with these bubblings of wit and wisdom; condensed and explosive quantities of pure Attic salt, refined humor, scathing satire, and nipping sarcasm. They filtered through every proposition of their day, and their subject matter was gathered on every hand. Politics, religion, society, literature, the drama, art, science, good sense, and insanity, were dished up in two, three, and four line paragraphs; and, in journalism, there can be no doubt that George D. Prentice was the father of paragraphing, and the prince of paragraphers. Upon this branch of editorial work is based his greatest popularity; though much of his truest and most lasting posthumous fame is growing upon his more studied and lengthy writings, and his pure, sweet poetry, which has lately been compiled and issued in a beautiful book, from which arise the songs of a noble heart, like incense from an altar.

Like nearly all men of true genius and intellectual worth, Prentice was a modest man; and the visits of those who came to see him, simply because he was famous, were exceedingly embarrassing to him; though with his friends he was always comfortable, and a highly entertaining conversationalist. He was bluff enough when irritated, but generally he was as gentle as a woman. Once when coming out of a library which had double doors that swung in and out, he naturally pushed the right-hand door; but a young man, who was attempting to enter the room at the same time, was pushing what was to him the left door, and thus the two were in the ludicrous position of pushing at the same door, and against each other. Finally, Prentice made a powerful effort, which opened the door in the direction he desired to go, and, at the same time, sent the young man sprawling on the floor. Prentice, approaching, assisted the fallen youth to his feet, and then said: "My young friend, I want to give you a piece of advice. In your way through life and this world, always keep to the right, and you'll never run against anybody but a damned fool, and you needn't apologize to him." Prentice wrote poetry because he loved it, and yet he used to advise young people, who aspired to it, not to do so. "Poetry," he said, "is the most unmarketable article in all the booths of Vanity Fair." It was part of his nature, however, and always clung around and about him, like the tendrils of the ivy to the oak. 'Twas to his existence what the dew and the sunshine are to the flowers.

When Mr. Prentice died, it became my duty to write a brief sketch of his life and the obituary notice in the journal on which I was then engaged. The last paragraph of that article gave the opinion which had been formed of this great man by one who knew him intimately many years, and who loved him as a kind patron and a dear friend. It was as follows:

> "As an editor, Mr. Prentice wrote, in simple and unmistakable language, sentences that impressed the appreciative scholar with admiration for their beauty, the politician and discussionist with the power of their logic, his opponent with awe, and the multitude with enthusiasm. He grasped his subject with a hand of iron, and sent his thunderbolts abroad in tones, deep, and full of energy and pathos, while the lightnings of his wit and sarcasm gleamed through it frightfully, or playfully, or pleasantly. His eloquence was as grand and lofty as the mountains, and as sweeping as the torrent that dashes through their gorges. His humor was as bright and sparkling as the best champagne, and his satire as keen and cutting as the best Damascus blade. As a poet he was sublime. At the time of his birth a furious storm was raging throughout the country; his life was one almost continued storm, and when 'the golden bowl was broken and the silver chord unstrung," and the spirit of the great man took its flight, the skies wept rain-drops for his memory; the bleak winter's winds rushed wildly and sadly by, lending their mournful music to his requiem; La Belle Rivière, the beautiful Ohio, on whose lovely banks he dwelt, swelled up in awful agony; and while the country mourned her gifted son the world's constellation of literary stars hid their twinkling lights behind a cloud of sorrow as this companion gem flew from its orbit into the interminable space of eternity."

San Francisco. W. L. V.

REVERIES OF A SHEEP-HERDER.

Were physiologists to invade a sheep corral, what a study they would find among the countenances of the herd! No two sheep have features alike, however similar in form. Very expressive features, too, they often are. Rosa Bonheur has won world-wide fame as a correct and natural delineator of animal life; but her greatness needs something yet to make it complete, till she can convey to canvas the meaning expressions which sometimes illuminate the face of a California *borego*. Now, there is that Israelitish mutton of my band, "Moses," he of the Jewish features and habits. "Moses" meets me at the corral gate, punctually every morning, with a wily, crafty kind of leer on his "phiz"—a sort of grave, silent petition to be let loose on the feed ahead of the rest. And, verily, "Moses" always knows where the grass grows sweetest and best, and he cribs it, too. He is a prosperous mutton, as his sleek sides attest. He is of French Merino ancestry, and the "wool grows over his eyes" literally; but he manages to see much farther, and more wisely, than his woolly fellows. "Hon. Jim Blaine" is a big, restless wether, excitable, roaming here, running there, but always getting a nip at the best things going, and keeping posted and in good condition. That little chunky, short-legged fellow I call "Ben Butler," partly on account of that squint eye, and partly on account of certain habits. "Ben" often invades the sacred fields of growing grain, and has a most erratic way of running where not wanted. He is also hard to "turn back" or "head off," and generally worries out the herder's patience, and carries his point. He never gets caught by herder or dog. I have a "Conkling;" so called because he has the traditional blue spot, entitling him to membership in the royal family. Yet some men are so devoid of observation and thought, that the only study they ever bestow on sheep-life is devoted to their matutinal mutton chop.

> "Complete sets of teeth, warranted comfortable and enduring, $6, $8, and $12. Teeth extracted or 25 cents."—*Adv.*

How rapidly luxuries are coming within the reach of the common people! Thinking of false teeth reminds me of an incident. It was at a tan-bark mill on the Walhalla River, in northern Sonoma. Four of us ran the mill. Carlo, a German importation, was engineer and machinist; Tom Dougherty, Esq., from France, cracked the tan-bark and shoveled it into the mill; "Remote Jack," the Bohemian of the crowd, did the cooking and sack-sewing; the "Doc," a Canadianized-Yank, sometimes ran engine, sometimes filled sacks, and alternated about as fancy-free disposed him. On the "Doc" centres the interest and memory of our reverie. He was the typical Yankee—as the world accepts the Yankee—tall, lank, dyspeptic, ungodly, homely, and shrewd as Yankees are ever made. The "Doc" earned the name by letting it leak out that he "done chores" around an Eastern medical college till he acquired sufficient surgical knowledge to assume the honorable profession of "corn doctor," in which he found the San Francisco chiropodists outshone him. The "Doc" during the course of his varied life, had managed to envelop fabulous multitudes of "Kanuck syrup," doughnuts, 'lasses, apple-butter, pies, and all those light viands tempting to the Puritan palate. Result, a very premature assumption of false teeth. All in camp, however, were ignorant of this, till an accident revealed it. The "tan-bark boys" were invited to a dedicatory dance at the new school-house. Thorough preparatory ablutions were necessary to whiten those tanned hides. The Walhalla was dry, deep pools standing here and there in its sandy bed. To the deepest of these pools we bathers repaired. The water was clear as crystal, and icy cold. At the first dip the "Doc" rose so hurriedly from its depths, and with such a ghastly expression on his features, that we cried out to a man, "Are you snake-bitten, Doc?" Only a silent, stupid, horrible stare. "Don't lave the man to die in the wather, will yees!" said Frenchy. We laid hold of the "Doc" to land him, but he struck out fiercely and landed us. Was this a case of sudden insanity? "What on earth is the matter, Doc?" A smile, sad and sickly, as he answered, "Boyth, I've lotht my teeth. What thall I do?" We smiled audibly—we couldn't help it; but we really sympathized with the "Doc," and so we began to devise means to recover his lost molars and bi-cuspids. Frenchy suggested, "Fale for thim, boys, wid ye toes, like Injin squaws falin' foor clams." No go. Then we let the water clear up and settle, and tried to "see 'em," Couldn't see worth a cent. Mistook yellow leaves, and once the side of a dead fish for the gold of the teeth. Then we made a rake out of redwood shakes and tenpenny nails, and raked the pool with no better success, only bringing up all the stones, frogs, water-lizards, dead leaves, sticks, and filth, from the bottom. Then, as it was near sunset, we manufactured a long scraper, and, having told the "Doc" to rake out his teeth and hurry up after us to the dance, we made our toilets and departed. As we wended our way up the steep mountain-side, I turned, and to my dying day can never forget what I saw—a tall, comical, woe-begone, slab-sided Yankee, standing up to his knees in a pool of water, sorrowfully scraping away there in the twilight for a set of lost false teeth, and chattering with cold and nervous excitement.

With what bold frequency does the nocturnal robber resort to the pistol of late! I question if this law forbidding the carrying of concealed weapons be altogether wise. In cities where life and property are vigilantly and efficiently protected (?) by public officials it may be well enough, and still it leaves the virtuous citizen at the mercy of the ruffian. The law-abiding citizen will obey the law and conceal nothing under his coat more deadly than a bottle of "imported." The reckless *hombre* laughs to scorn all idea of a "permit to carry arms," and conceals weapons all over himself. When he and a "quiet human" have an interview the pacific one comes out injured, In regions like these, where an inoffensive miner was recently killed, drawn out of his cabin, and burned on his wood-pile, every man goes "heeled." Even here, however, the ruling and most intelligent citizens do not favor "packing shooting-irons," and always "go for" any man who may be found with weapons on his person. To-day a youth of nineteen California summers, a sheep-shearer, rode up to the shearing-shed carrying strapped on his dexter thigh a "six-shotgun," heavy enough for harbor defense. An old '49-er shearer did not "favor such airs." "Young man," said he, "you'd better file the sights off that gun of yours." "What for?" demanded the young shearer. "Because," replied old '49-er, "I'm going to shove it down your throat jest as soon as I fire up my pipe." This raised a laugh, and all turned from their shearing to see what would transpire, but the fellow who "was loaded" was gone.

FARJEON AVIRETT.

Butte County.

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SAND.

CHAPTER II.

The home of Colonel Holten was his own. He was its author. There had been a time in the manhood of his life when the price of any article in this home would have been a vital financial matter to him; but now, thanks to his own efforts, care, courage, and capabilities, he was able easily to have about him whatever money could buy. Yet his home was in no way a heterogeneous array of imitative purchases or gilded trashiness. It was costly, and it conformed in all its details to his ideas of a home, as near as well rewarded skill and personal supervision could make it. Yet, withal, he was no slave to his merchantable surroundings, nor would he advise or permit those who shared his affections and fortunes so to be. The downs of life had taught him that its ups are only valuable as they promote contentment with the reasonable attainment of one's object. The acquisition of the power of wealth was his game. He loved to play that game. But he loved even better the seasons of relaxation, under the roof-tree he had reared from a foundation of empty hands.

His wife was a soothing, sensible, domestic person, supposed by himself and others, but not by her, to be above him in blood and lineage—whatever that may mean in the United States of North America. Some recent ancestors of hers had been members of the Legislature of her native State, or of some other State; and one ancestor in particular had been a judge in his time, and also a member of Congress. But Holten's ancestors had been simply furrowers of the soil, or traders, for numberless generations. And though now, in the matter of weight in the State and on the market, he was able to buy and sell, had such been for sale, the influence of all his wife's relations from the remotest point in the family history, still he ever, and at all times, held and gave forth the idea that his wife and her family were, as compared with himself and his family—or with anybody else's family, in fact—superior persons. He not only held this idea, but he religiously believed it, from the fact that when he first felt his heart warm toward the good girl of his choice, she seemed so far and away above his social position and culture, that the impression then made remained, in true love evergreen, with him through life. He, by his actions, more than by his words, perhaps, sought to convey this idea to his children; and he generally succeeded in doing so, but not in every case. He had no son. This was one of his regrets. But he had three fair daughters, the eldest of whom was his son in all ways, except that she was in no way masculine. She was himself again as near as she could be, aside from what she regarded as her misfortune of sex. She was a strong woman—not strong as a man is strong—but strong as a brave man would have her to be. She knew when he was hurt. The least abrasion on the firm-fronted armor which he presented to the striving world was not hidden to her eyes. She gloried in his strength, rejoiced in his successes, and was vexed at any impediments in his way. She realized as by intuition that the fortunes of a

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man are himself, that opportunity in itself is dead matter, until vitalized by a vigorous manhood; and yet she was not a forward nor an obtrusive woman. Toward this child the father leaned in his wearied-out or disgusted hours; and she promptly met him with as much motherly kindness as may be in a young woman of years not yet counting one score. In form and feature she resembled her father and her father's people. Tall she was, but not over tall, full and firm of chest, strong of limb and lithe of action, with an imposing, grand, and graceful way of her own. She was not pretty of face, yet it was easier to look in her face a second time than to avoid doing so. It was a sweet, powerful face, and the head which gave to that face an appearance of prominence of mouth and chin was a grand head. It was of the domestic-heroic type, poised a little backward by the weight of a vital brain, and yet full enough forward for all practical purposes. Her hair was light brown, her eyes gray, her skin fair, her teeth good, her cheeks and chin dimpled, and her neck and throat white, smooth, and with but the faintest suggestion of an angle. Still she was not pretty—did not think she was. But she was, and she early knew it, pleasing to her own sex, and interesting to the other. Her sisters, being younger and prettier, were as yet ordinary persons, not requiring special notice at this time. But she had a visiting friend, a few years older than herself, from the country of ancient culture which lies to the eastward. This friend was another sort of girl—slender, high of forehead, and light behind the ears. Her head poised the reverse way to that of our heroine, for whereas the head of our girl tilted backward, giving to the face a slightly upward poise, the face of the other poised forward, drawing the chin back, and throwing the brow to the front; hence, our girl looked at you with a full, open expression, while the other glanced from under her higher forehead. Girls who have heads and faces gotten up in these styles have usually bodies and minds to correspond. Thinking observers know that; so there is no need just here to further describe Judith Holten and her young Eastern friend, Alice Winans.

Into this family Norman Maydole, Jr., was ushered by its head. Mrs. Holten, taking his reserve of manner for bashful timidity, strove, with cheery motherliness, to make his introduction easy. The younger girls stood with their arms about each other, and looked innocently at the new young man. Miss Alice Winans inspected him according to Robert Burns's formula:

> "Keek thro' ev'ry ither man
> Wi' sharpen'd slee inspection."

Judith shook hands with him earnestly and fairly, looking at him with level eyes from an open, honest expression, bade him a brief, hearty welcome (after her father's style), then paid no further particular attention to him. But Miss Alice kept a mental registry of his looks, and ere the evening was half ended had noted that Norman's eyes were, though very quiet and self-possessed, prone to wander after the form and movements of Judith Holten.

Norman made no boyish effort to add weight to his own impressiveness—had no thought of so doing. His mind was upon other matters, relating to the changing condition of his affairs; and, perhaps, in any case he would have acted as he did then—simply as a quiet young gentleman.

As the evening visit progressed into the late hours, Mrs. Holten remarked easily to Norman, as she took a seat near, in her changes from place to place about the room:

"Mr. Maydole, you are to remain with us *en famille* for the present, and you must try to feel at home."

"Thank you, madam; but is it not more fit that I should remain at my hotel?"

"No, indeed! Mr. Holten would not think of it; and we have all voted that you remain with us."

"It is with entire pleasure that I accept your kindness. Indeed, as to its effect upon myself, I have not, have not had, any hesitation in its acceptance; but I am here to serve, not to be served."

Mrs. Holten laughed a little laugh, remarking:

"The service is to be mutual, Mr. Maydole." Then excused herself to hasten away to some other matter.

"Mr. Maydole," said Colonel Holten, coming into the room from which he had been absent for some time, "my wife has told you that you are to abide with us; and having had a long and weary ride, you must be tired. If it is your wish to retire to rest, I will show you to your apartments."

Norman thanked him, bade the family goodnight, and followed his host from the room; whereupon the family circle dispersed to its several dormitories.

In the rooms of Miss Judith there was an immediate discussion of the new young man.

"Well, what do you think of father's *protégé?*" asked Miss Judith of Miss Alice.

"What think you of him?"

"I have not thought much about him. He has nice feet, a soft voice, and his clothes fit him. Father has so many 'old pards,' as they call themselves, coming and going, that my curiosity is not very keen."

"This one is no *old* pard," said Miss Alice, laughing.

"Well, it's all the same—his father is."

"I think this is a gentleman."

"Well, that's a blessing; because some of father's old friends are good men, but they are very loud, not to say sometimes coarse."

"This one is not coarse. You need have no idea that he is. He is a little new—not raw; but he will assert himself without noise or over-exertion."

"You are a student of character, Alice. Oh, I wish you could see some of the characters father brings home. 'The old-time boys,' they call themselves. They straggle in upon him from everywhere. From Nevada, Montana, Colorado, Arizona, Asia, Africa, America, and the islands of the sea. Father enjoys them when he is not over-worked. Some of them are very poor—alas, poor old boys!—but many of them are 'well fixed,' as they call it, and liberal to profusion; and they almost invariably make me the recipient of their bounty, because, they say, I'm 'so much like the old man.' I have a perfect museum of the most astonishing *bric-à-brac* presented to me by elderly men, who wanted to drive me in the highest style to the the*ay*ter, or anywhere, or everywhere. They all wanted to do something handsome—and the right thing—by their 'old pard's little gal.' They are not so numerous now as they were when I was a child. Poor fellows!—dead, perhaps," said Judith, with a sigh.

"This man will not come to you with presents."

"Why not, pray?"

"Because you will go after him."

"Wh-a-w-t?"

"That man is just as sure to interest Judith Holten as I am alive to say so."

"Good—ness! He? A little, long-armed, amiable soul like him?"

"Amiable? Why, Judith, the man is a young mountain lion. Look at his quiet, leopard-like eyes, his long, cruel hands. Oh, those hands! They give me a fit of semi-suffocation to look at them."

"Dear me, I did not see anything remarkable about his hands—except that they seemed large and very well formed."

"Cruel, cruel! Hands that may fall gently as a roseleaf at one moment, but with the crushing grip of a giant in the next."

"Why, why, Alice! I shall keep my eyes open if I am to see the wonders which are revealed to you."

"It is no effort for him to breathe. He does not know that he is breathing. The tigers, the cats, and all the feline race, breathe as he does, in utter stillness, and then they pounce and tear."

"If he is so terrible as all that, I must warn my father to send him away at once," said Judith, laughing.

"He's only a half-grown kitten yet—nice, smooth little kitten; but he is the making of a terrible tom-cat. I hate cats; still I think he is a gentleman."

"He may be one of those men father talks of, who have reserved force—whatever that means."

"That's just what he is."

"If that proves to be the case, I must look after him, for that sort of man is father's special admiration."

"No doubt you will look after him. *Kismet* —I have said it."

"Do you call him handsome?"

"I do."

"That's something to his credit."

"His face is boyish yet, because he is well preserved, morally and physically, but when age and trial shall have developed the latent lion in his face, he will have an admirably impressive presence."

"Alice Winans, what has come over you? What kind of a merry humor have you fallen into? Have you set your wits to woo my heart for the new man? 'Handsome,' 'well preserved, morally and physically,' 'an undeveloped lion among men,' quoth she. Why, that is the blessed fellow of my dreams."

"Well do I know it, Judith, dear. And thou hast him, and he'll have you. Good night," and Miss Alice departed for her own couch.

Judith retired, and fell asleep more interested in the humor of her friend than in the character or conduct of the new man—but still not without considering him, as far as her observation warranted.

When Colonel Holten had shown Norman to his room, in the good, old-fashioned way, and was about to bid him good night, he said:

"If you are an early riser, Mr. Maydole, and find no one but the servants stirring when you get up, come to my den. It is in the south-east corner of the building, right-hand side along this hall. I am usually up betimes in the morning. I shall be busily occupied, but I will find you something to do."

When Colonel Holten left him for the night, Norman undressed, paid some attention to his wounded shoulder, and then lay down to sleep. But there were too many new arrangements among his ideas to allow of his sleeping for several hours. He went over in his mind his leaving home, and all that had happened to him, and by him, on his way down to the city, and then he tried to forecast his position in Colonel Holten's family; but that being a too complex prospect he gave it up, turning at length drowsily upon his pillow, to fall into a half-dream, in which he saw Judith Holten's grand, muscular grace moving about the house, and heard her strong, contagious laugh ringing him at last into a sound, dreamless sleep.

This laugh of Judith's, by the way, was an interesting performance, which broke first on her face in a smile of deepened dimples and gleaming teeth, and then shook her into a contagious grace of contortion, which she could not resist, nor anybody else. As one of Colonel Holten's "old-time pards," when he returned to his bachelor home in the mines, describing Judith Holten, said: "A feller could afford to make a d—d fool of himself, any time, if she'd laugh at him."

In the morning Norman was up and about at an early hour, but he had heard heavy, slipper-footed steps along the hall before he was out of bed; and as the sound of these steps went in the direction of "the den," he followed the sound, and, knocking at a door in the side of the hall, was bidden to "Come in," and then passing into a room which had the appearance of the office of a hard-worked counselor at law, with its desks, its library, its pigeon-holes, and its papers, he was heartily accosted with:

"Ah, Mr. Maydole! Good morning, sir. Pleased to see you. Hope you rested well. I'm very busy." Then without waiting for an answer he added, pointing to a desk in the middle of the room, "Amuse yourself looking through those accounts—said to be tangled—see what you can find out." Then taking out his watch, he smoothed his thumb across its crystal, and further added, "We will work till half past eight o'clock, then breakfast, then I go down town, then you work at those account books as long as you feel like it, and afterward follow your own fancy. If you think you find a point that is crooked, report it to me." Without another word he sat down to his desk, and immediately relapsed into the spiritual trance of business absorption.

Norman took his seat without remark, and straightway went to work. The books proved to be those of a mining company, containing what purported to be the business records of the working of the mine through several years. For all he could make out at a brief examination, the books seemed mechanically well arranged, and kept with artistic neatness as to penmanship, etc.; but Norman, as occasional assistant to his father in the county clerk's office, had seen fancy papers make a very poor showing of facts, and was, therefore, in no wise dazzled by the matter of style. He had also in his time, even from childhood, sat by his father's side in court, watching the proceedings in lengthy litigation of commercial cases, and had marked the shrewd attorney examining books of account and book-keepers; and these early impressions, coupled with his late course of commercial education, had brought him forward not so ill prepared for the task in hand. As no particular point had been given him to find out, he wisely concluded to prepare himself with "a case in court," and be ready for examination at all points, let the same come in what shape soever. He saw large, numerous, and oft charges, for wages, for timbers, lumber, powder, steel, tools, etc., and he concluded to extract and make schedules of these expenditures, in an effort to compare the proportion which each bore to the other, so as, if possible, to trace an excess of expenditure, or waste, in any one direction, as proportioned with any other. For his first item he selected the matter of mining timbers; and, by breakfast time, he thought he found that in one year the amount of timbers charged as used by and placed in the main shaft of the mine, would have so filled the shaft with timber that the twelve by six-foot opening would be reduced to a six by three. He was working to verify this matter, when Colonel Holten suddenly awoke from his trance, and said, looking again at his watch:

"Ah, breakfast! Well, Mr. Maydole, how are the books?—too soon to ask that question, eh?"

"Rather, sir. But still," said Norman, laying down his pencil, "there seems to be a little queerness in the charges for timbers."

"How's that?"

"It seems to me, at a cursory glance, that if the amount of timber charged as used was used in the place to which it is allotted, there would be little room for anything else in that place but timber."

"Very good, very good, Mr. Maydole! Let us go to breakfast." Then he suddenly paused at the door, out of which he was about to lead, and, going back to his desk, opened a drawer, saying, "Here. It may happen that you shall wish to go out into the town without passing along the halls of the house. This key will let you out of that door," pointing to it, "into the side street. Be careful to lock it after you. Now we will go straight to breakfast."

At the breakfast table Norman was pleasantly greeted by the assembled family. Mrs. Holten, still under the idea that his quiet ways meant bashfulness, sought to draw him into conversation, and asked:

"Does it snow where you have lived—I mean, does it fall heavily?"

Now, snow-storms were among Norman's admirations of the fine things in nature.

"No, madam, not where my father resides—that is, not heavily."

"Isn't that a pity! I think the first heavy snow-fall of the season is one of the most delightful things in the world."

"O-o-o-o," shivered Miss Alice Winans, as she drew up her shoulders into the imaginary wrappings of a heavy shawl.

"La! when I was a girl," continued the madam, "we girls then used to wear our hair parted in the middle, and combed down smoothly over our ears, and done up with a comb in the back—"

"A very sensible, becoming, and womanly way to wear it," dryly exclaimed Colonel Holten.

"Old-fashioned, though," interrupted Judith.

"There is a great deal of good sense in that which is old-fashioned, my daughter."

"And much that is old-fashioned which is as full of folly as a powdered wig," rejoined Judith.

Holten smiled in his beard, and his wife continued:

"And we used to put on our shawls and go out bare-headed to romp through the falling snow. It was just delightful to see the steady falling, falling, falling of the soft, feathery flakes, and to hear our voices echo such a little way off in the muffled stillness. I like the snow."

"Oh, me! I hate it," said Miss Alice, with a shrug.

"The fall is heavy higher up the mountain than where you live?" Col. Holten half asserted, half asked, nodding at Norman.

"Yes, sir. I spent one winter hunting on Norwegian snow-shoes on the high Sierra."

"And what did you hunt?" asked Mrs. Holten.

"Bears, wild-cats, mountain lions, deer, and small game."

"Why! I thought the bears crawled into their caves or holes in the winter season. That's what the *Natural History* says," remarked one of the younger Misses Holten.

"Then we crawl in after them," said Norman.

"Dear me, Mr. Maydole," continued the young miss, "would you crawl into a dark cave after a wild bear?"

"Yes; if I were hunting him."

The young miss, looking at him with rounded eyes, simply said, "Mr. Maydole!"

"Did you ever try it?" asked Col. Holten, with a somewhat incredulous lifting of his brows.

"Yes, sir."

Miss Alice looked from under her forehead at Miss Judith, as much as to say: "What did I tell you?"

"Did you get him?" asked the Colonel.

"We did."

"To whom do you refer as we?"

"Judge Clayton, Canutesen the Norwegian, and myself."

"Ah, that is like Clayton. He was the prehistoric man of the cave epoch, heavily veneered with modern learning and the true chivalry of civilization. I knew him well. He was the only man I ever saw who loved danger—truly loved it."

"He was my best friend," said Norman; "and from him I learned the use of arms, offensive and defensive."

"Did he convey to you his unerring aim with a pistol?"

"He has often said that he did."

"And his love of fisticuffs, with his address in the manly art?"

"To some degree."

Colonel Holten looked at Norman's hands, and seemed to catch an idea for reflection, for he said no more during the breakfast.

"How deep is the snow upon the mountains, usually, in winter?" asked Miss Judith.

"From nothing to six, eight, ten, or twenty feet, until it is drifted by the winds, and then it is any depth, almost, you would ask."

Here Norman was led into a brief description of snow-shoeing, up and down over the deep snow on the silent, white-clad mountains, until Miss Winans, in the month of June, said she was freezing, and wanted to know if the company did not hear the sleigh-bells jingling through the streets of San Francisco.

"I think I do," said Colonel Holten, as, waking from his mood of reflection and rising from the table, he buttoned up his coat, pulled the collar up about his neck, looked for his hat, and said to his wife:

"My dear, put on your wraps, and we will go for a merry ride under the robes of 'auld lang syne.'"

Mrs. Holten looked at him with a smile lit by the light of other days, in which there was to him a quiet significance that sent him out of the house smiling as if he remembered something pleasant.

The family dispersed, and Norman went back again to the contemplation of his new work. He had not sat long when it occurred to him that the present was as good a time as any to follow the directions on a card, given him by Dr. Minnis, to the address thereon; not that his shoulder was paining him to any extent, but because he thought it his prudent duty to have his wound looked after; consequently, he let himself out of the side door, and proceeded to find the medical man.

When he sent in the card given him by Dr. Minnis, he had but a few moments to wait ere the distinguished disciple of Galen came, himself, to meet him and greet him, saying:

"I am pleased to meet you. Any patient of Dr. Minnis's is a personal friend to me when bringing the proper credentials. In what way can I serve you?"

"My shoulder—" Norman was beginning to say.

"Just so. Step into my private office."

Norman entered, laid bare his shoulders, and the doctor, as he proceeded in removing the slight dressing of his wounds, uttered, half under his breath, yet still audible to his patient, a rapid series of exclamations.

"Well, well, well!"

"Do you find it in a bad condition? I suppose I should have had it attended to more promptly."

"No, no. The wound is doing nicely, and amounts to nothing to speak of."

"I thought by your exclamation it had passed into some new condition."

"No, no!" said the doctor, laughing. "I was surprised at your heavy development of chest and muscle, so greatly in contrast with your facial indications. You are a very big little man, sir—not so little, either—I should more properly say you are a bigger man than you look. Like the Dutchman's horse, you are big when you are lying down."

Norman smiled.

"How did you get this wound? It is almost a wound in the back," continued the doctor, as he worked busily at his art and mystery.

"I was on the top of a stage, and we were fired upon by footmen in the road."

"The direction of the ball-hole indicates as much. The wound also shows it to have been a nearly spent ball."

"Perhaps it was. I can not tell much about how I got it; we were very busy at the time—the driver and I—and the balls were numerous and lively."

"Stage robbers?"

"Yes, sir."

"When?"

"On Monday."

"Where?"

"Summit of Buckeye Cañon grade."

"I know the place—have hunted quail there with Minnis. Anybody killed?"

"I do not know—not any of the passengers."

"Why, you don't say you fought them?"

"We did."

By this time the doctor was through with all that was to be done, and assisted Norman to dress.

"Doctor, what is your charge?"

"Nothing, sir. A young man who fights stage-robbers, and is a friend of Dr. Minnis, is welcome to any service I can do him."

"Thank you, doctor," said Norman, moving quietly toward the door. "Good day, sir."

"I will be happy to see you at any time. Let me see," referring to the card, "why, bless me! Maydole! I know your father. Come and see me. Good day."

Norman returned to his work on the books. He worked deliberately, diligently, like Champollion, deciphering, by scientific classification, the hidden meaning of a "dead" thing.

Day after day, his life wore on in agreeable monotony. Day after day, Colonel Holten, with his quick, all-seeing glances, watched him, and silently warmed toward him. Day after day, he met the family of his employer and friend, and sought ways to serve them.

Mrs. Holten called him a good boy—not to his face, however. Miss Judith Holten and Miss Alice Winans drew him into talks about the mountains, and listened attentively when he threw the blood of life into hunting stories and mountain adventures; while the two younger girls said that his talk was "just splendid."

Miss Alice Winans was rather puzzled with him. In her philosophical intellect he was always something between a latent monster and a good young gentleman, while in her heart he began to be a photographic "negative," which only grew more distinct against the dark shadow of him which lurked in her intellect. Over the shadow she talked, analyzed, and philosophized; over the "negative" she sighed and kept silent. Queer it is, at times, that our heads go one way and our hearts the other. There is no science in love—and mighty little judgment. Blessed be the man who first invented true love—he didn't put much brains into it. If he had, he would have spoiled it, and poor, ordinary male devils could never marry the grandly sensible women that they sometimes do marry. If the wise were to wed only the wise, there would be a monopoly of wisdom. Nature abhors a monopoly no less than she does a vacuum. The inventor of true love seems to have been familiar with these great facts; hence, we have the dirty water poured from the window upon the wise pate of Socrates by his wedded wife, who had no taste for a full head with a lean larder.

Norman was discussed by the two young ladies from time to time.

"Father is taking a strong fancy for Mr. Maydole," said Judith, in one of the discussions of the young man.

"I do not see why he should not."

"Nor I, either. But I am suspicious of father's weakness that way."

"I do not call it weakness."

"Perhaps it is not, in this case—at least, I hope not. But father has always had a romantic notion of finding some kind of an ideal young man. He is always, as the miners call it, 'prospecting' for such a person. An honest, heroic young fellow, who is not spoiled by billiards and foolishness."

"Does your father object to billiards, and permit billiard tables in his own house?"

"No, not to billiards in moderation. But he dislikes—I may say abhors—all futile absorption. You will hear him, some time, talk about it—about the young men of this age throwing their immortal souls into billiard balls, and lounging their energies away in the smoke of fancy brands of cigars, and so forth."

"Had he no youthful follies?"

"I do not know, of course; but as near as I can find out, father has always been a worker and a driver. Something of a hero, perhaps."

"On 'Change?"

"More than that, I think. The men who were young along with him, years ago, have told me that in the early days of the gold diggings, father used to lead the fights against the Indians and wrong-doers. I have also heard him speak of such things."

"Judith, you have a great admiration for your father."

"I should say I had," said Judith, with a round, full, and assuring emphasis. "My father is the jewel of all our tribe. Yet he is so modest that he does not know it. He always puts mother's people above himself. They are good people, it is true, but father is worth all of them put together; and I say it, not to disparage them, but to do him justice."

"Do you think Mr. Maydole has characteristics resembling those of your father?"

"I do not know. Sometimes I think he has. But we can not tell about that till he is more tried. See what my father has come through in his younger life: leaving home almost a boy; looking out for himself; then plunging into the wildest days of the gold excitement, with no hand to softly—it could not have been done any other way—hold him back from the riot and fascinations of those times. Yet here he is to-day, so far as I can learn, a strong, clean, domestic gentleman. Out of the midst of much badness he has grown to be better than good."

Miss Alice made no immediate reply; perhaps she paused to hold the "negative" against the shadow. Then she said:

"Judith, you are like your father."

"Doubtless I look like him, but I'm not like him."

"Why not?"

"Because he is self-poised and perpendicular, while I cling, like a great squash-vine, to whatever is higher than I."

"That is because you are a woman."

"There are plenty of women who cling to nothing."

"Trial may deprive you of your tendrils—then you, too, will be self-poised and perpendicular."

"Never. I have a mother, also, as well as a father. When my father strikes his tent, my mother mounts the camel of obedience, and rides in the family caravan, without asking 'whither.' I fear I have inherited the amiable weakness."

"That is because she has learned to follow a strong man."

"Well, I shall not follow a weak one," replied Judith, in what seemed flat contradiction of herself; then she added: "I, at least, must think he is strong, or I never will put myself in a way to follow him."

This conversation, so far, does not seem to be much of a discussion of Mr. Maydole, and yet, to the astute brain of Miss Alice Winans, it said much that she wished to find out about Mr. Maydole's prospective position in the Holten family, and caused her to wish that the "negative" would fade from off her heart.

In the days through which this little story runs the news did not travel as it does to-day. It had to be carried, partly by stage, then some distance by rail; but even in that case, it would have come direct enough if the news-gatherer had then the alert energy which is manifest to-day. The news of the attempted stage-robbery went backward to the principal mining town nearest to which it occurred, and thence, being published in the daily town paper in full, found its way, as a brief "State Item," into the city journals.

No whisper of Norman's war with the robbers had yet found its way into the Holten house; but, during the late evening conversation last above related as occurring between Miss Judith and Miss Alice, Colonel Holten came in with his country mail, as it was his custom to keep himself posted on matters throughout the State, and sat down to take his comfort in a quiet glance at the general outlook. He read away quietly enough, opening paper after paper, ripping off the wrappers with his thumb, till at length he began a series of exclamations, such as, "Well, I declare!" "Well done!" "Good boy!" "Served 'em right!" and so on, until his wife, catching the excitement, asked:

"What is the matter, my dear? Is there a break in stocks?"

"No, my dear. Listen." Then he read it carefully, in good style, for he was thoroughly waked up to its merits, while his wife, in her turn, applauded with astonished exclamations.

"I must take it right straight to the girls," said Mrs. Holten, grasping the paper, and passing to the door.

"Tell them not to lose that paper," the Colonel called after her as she passed out.

Mrs. Holten carried the paper to her daughter's apartments, and finding the young ladies not yet gone to bed, handed it in at the door, saying:

"Here's news for you, girls," and straightway returned to her husband.

"Read it, Alice," requested Miss Judith, giving it to her friend, who sat half-buried in a softly-cushioned chair; and Miss Alice read as follows:

"THE ROBBER FOILED!

"THE VILLAINOUS 'COCHO PIZAN' PROBABLY KILLED BY YOUNG MAYDOLE."

Having read the display lines at the head of the article, she laid the hand which held the paper down in her lap, and looked at her companion.

"Read on," said Judith, "and let us know if this Cocho is a pig or a person."

"I imagine he is a corpse. Didn't you hear him, at the breakfast table, admit that he was a crack shot, as they call it?"

"I don't remember—read on."

Miss Alice looked at her friend again, and then read:

"The down stage from this place was waylaid on Monday forenoon, at Buckeye Cañon, by three masked men, heavily armed with double-barreled shot-guns and revolvers. 'Curly' Reese, the driver, says that the robbers leaped into the road, stopped the team, and commanded Norman Maydole, Jr. (son of our worthy County Clerk), the only outside passenger, to throw up his hands. Maydole did not throw up his hands worth a cent; but, on the contrary, drew his pistol and dropped the captain of the gang at the first fire, then continued to fire upon the other two, while he, 'Curly,' plied the lash to his horses, and drove out of range. He further states that the whole thing did not last a minute, and that one of the robbers—presumably the notorious 'Cocho Pizan'—is dead; and he thinks also one of the other robbers is as good as dead. This statement is confirmed by other reports from down the road.

"'Curly' exhibits his hat perforated by a ball; also, the ball-holes in his coach, and states that young Maydole is wounded in one of his shoulders, but not seriously.

"Norman Maydole, Jr., is a most worthy young man; pupil, friend and *protege* of the late lamented and admirable Judge Clayton. If he has killed the famous and infamous 'Cocho,' he has done the State a service, and set our people an example, which, if followed up, would soon make of stage-robbing a lost art. The stage and express companies should make to the young man, and also to the driver, some fitting testimonials of esteem and admiration for their gallant conduct.

"LATER.—'Cocho Pizan' is undoubtedly dead; which fact proves the wisdom of the colored janitor of the Court-house, at this place, who said, when the rumor was first heard: 'Yo' bet yo' life, ef Nawman pinted a loaded pistol at a man, and fired hit off, dat man's dead —er mighty sick.'"

Then Miss Alice laid her hands and the newspaper in her lap, and, leaning back in the luxurious chair, looked at Miss Judith, whose eyes were brilliant and steady.

"I think his conduct is as modest and heroic as any I ever heard of—these several days he is in this house talking about his home and the mountains, and yet never to mention one word about an action so gallant and so very recent. It almost seems that he has kept it back for dramatic effect."

"Oh, no! I think not," said Miss Alice, in a weary sort of manner, still leaning back in her chair; "I suppose if we had known enough to lead the conversation in that direction, he would have talked of it."

"Would not you have spoken of it among your earliest words, if you had been in his place?"

"The question is not to be asked me—the conditions are impossible. He does not think of it as we do. To him it is but the firing off of a gun, to which he is accustomed as to the snapping of one's fingers; a little noise and racket—that's all it is to him."

"But you forget that he is wounded, and has been wounded while we were talking to him all these days. It does not seem real. It doesn't seem possible that such a man could be so near, and yet look so little and so unlike what he is."

"He is larger than Napoleon Bonaparte, than General Phil. Sheridan, or than many other men who have cast long shadows across the world."

"Alice, it don't seem to me we have been as considerate of him as he deserves. I begin to feel a growing sense of unworthiness in his presence."

"His conduct has been very direct, honest, simple, and modest."

"Well," said Judith, "my mind is made up. I am going to regard him hereafter as a superior person, and treat him as such."

"Yes, yes," said Miss Alice, suppressing a yawn. "Judith, dear, it is late—let us go to bed."

Norman was abed and in the land of dreams, utterly unconscious that he was to awaken in the morning to find himself famous throughout the house. When he went into "the den" in the morning, Colonel Holten greeted him in his rapid way:

"Ha! Mr. Maydole! Glad to see you looking finely. Letters from home for you," pointing to them on the desk. "I have also received the papers from up your way. They speak very highly of your conduct in the fight with the highwaymen. You should have told us about your wound. We expect you to act in this house as though you were at home—your father would never forgive me if you were to suffer from neglect in a matter of that kind. You should have told us."

"The wound does not signify. I have had it carefully looked after according to Dr. Minnis's directions. It has given me little or no trouble."

"Very good, very good," and he sat down to his absorbing labors.

Norman read his letters. There was a joint letter from the younger children, full of the true inwardness of home, with brief, veracious histories of everything, from the new kittens up to the school holiday owing to a headache of the teacher; also, a letter from a young man friend, telling him the social news, etc.; and, more than all, a letter from his mother, in which she worried herself about his wound, which she was glad, however, to hear was not of a serious nature, as far as reported, but she did not altogether rely on reports, and therefore commanded him to tell her all the particulars about it, and not on any account to neglect relating in detail all the circumstances. Then she wrote:

> "Your father is much pleased with the praise of your conduct, which he receives from all quarters, regarding how you behaved in the attack on the stage, and I am very proud of you; but, O Norman! be careful not to permit yourself to look upon the taking of a human life as a light thing. I put great faith in you, and I know that you are a prudent boy, but it is so easy to fall into the habit of regarding man-shooting as a common matter, that I wish you to be very much on your guard against such a line of thought. I imagine, when one is so intimately, as I may say, familiar with firearms as you are, the tendency is to use them on every annoying or aggravating occasion. Life is easily quenched, but impossible ever to relight. So many generous and bravely impulsive young men, in this and other States, but particularly in California, have been made miserable for life by a too ready use of the pistol, that I dread its influence. Do not understand me—but then I know you will not—to be saying one word against a proper and spirited defense of one's self, or of the public good. In short, all I ask of you is to, as the miners say it, 'go slow.'"

Norman finished reading his letters, and was about to go to work, when Colonel Holten suddenly pushed back the papers on his own desk, and asked:

"What headway have you made with the books, Mr. Maydole?"

"I think," replied Norman, "about all that I can make without some suggestion or new light."

"What's the conclusion?"

"It is, that these books have been admirably kept, but that the business to which they refer has been singularly conducted. Here," continued he, passing across, with his papers in his hand, to Colonel Holten, "is a transcript of what I may call the facts in the case. My conclusion, which I was just about to write out, may as well be expressed in the one word, 'fraud,'" and he passed the papers into the Colonel's hands.

Colonel Holten took the papers, swung around to his desk, adjusted his eye-glasses; Norman went back to his own place, and, save an occasional crackle of a turning leaf of manuscript, a profound silence reigned in the room. At the end of half an hour, Colonel Holten uttered his usual "very good, very good," laid his eye-glasses on the desk, on top of Norman's manuscript, wheeled his pivotal seat half around, and said:

"Do you think you could get more light on this subject if you were upon the ground—or, perhaps I should say, under the ground—at the mine?"

"I am unable to say, or to think, what I could do in such a position. I can try it."

"They are a rough set up there. They might handle you very roughly if you sought to antagonize their rules and regulations, 'Miners' Union,' etc."

"I should seek no antagonism outside the proper line of my duty."

"That is just the trouble. We—I mean some heavy owners—want a new deal; but certain fellows in the mine, and of the mine, seem determined that we shall have nothing of the kind. We ought to have a man, or men, there in our interest, but I have no time to go there—I have no time to go anywhere—and my partners are in the same fix. We were drawn into the investment by an old-timer—a very good man, now dead—who, had he lived, could most likely have avoided this entanglement, and saved us from numerous assessments, if he could not have given us an occasional dividend.

We have sent expert book-keepers there, and they, as you see, have kept the books in admirable disorder. We want a man there who will—mark the word!—*will* see what is done, when it is done, how it is done, by whom it is done, and keep an honest record of the same. We do not care how he keeps his record, whether by single-entry, double-entry, or with a poking-stick in the ashes, so long as he gives us all the facts. Such a man will be delayed, prevented, interfered with, annoyed, aggravated, and bamboozled, if it be possible so to treat him. Now, I have told all, save that we are willing to pay a high salary to such a man, and back him up to the best of our power. What do you think of the situation?"

"I will take it."

"Done! You shall have it. Let us go to breakfast." And as they passed out into the hall, he added, "We will see you fixed for this situation in a few days."

At the morning meal Norman found himself treated with a change of attentions, and he did not like the change. The concentration of the family talk upon his stage ride began to pall upon his taste, and the more distant deference was less pleasant to him than the unstudied former familiarity. But he braved the fire of compliment, and was rather glad when he could retreat in good order to "the den;" yet he took note of the fact that Miss Judith seemed, in some unaccountable way, nearer to him than she had formerly been. One other person at the table took note of the same fact.

During a few ensuing days Norman had no occupation, other than the writing of letters to his home, and the occasional copying of important papers for his busy patron; therefore, he amused himself with studies of the city ways and sights, varied now and again by acting as escort to the ladies of the house, sometimes on foot, but more often on wheels, behind the spirited family teams.

In one of the leisurely rambles through the streets with the young ladies, he met with a provocation that waked him up. They were laughing and talking pleasantly, with no thought of offense to any one, when they attracted the attention of that very peculiar disgrace which haunts the streets of San Francisco—the hoodlum.

From a crowd of jauntily dressed young men, who stood in front of a cigar shop, with hands far down in breeches pockets, feet wide apart, cigars set at an elevated acute angle, and hats propped on one ear, Norman heard remarks like these:

"Aw, damme! Gentleman from Snohomish, escawting the Nobhillitay."

Norman's ears not being dulled and dead to street noises, he involuntarily turned his eyes upon the crowd, to be greeted with,

"Aw! High-toned Chinook buck from Webfoot, prancing out with his squaws," exclaimed in execrable tones of the burlesque fashionable.

Norman and the ladies had not altered their pace, but he, with his eyes upon the hoodlum crowd, lost the thread of conversation, while he mentally marked down the location of the tobacco store, the name on the signs, and the attitude of the traditional graven image; and by the time that was all done, he had fully passed the crowd, which now stood in echelon across the walk some distance behind him, gibing at him with their untranslatable jargon of exclamations. The young ladies, accustomed to pay no attention to noises in the streets, if they noted the rudeness at all, let it go as it came. Norman made no audible remark upon the subject, and to all outward appearance had let it pass, and gone forward with the walk and conversation.

When Norman and his friends passed away, there entered the cigar store a tall, nimble-stepping, elderly-young man, wearing a nobby gray plaid suit, high-heeled, stub-toed boots, a new broad-brimmed soft black hat, a fancy colored shirt-front, adorned with large gold stud-buttons, a ceruleous necktie, and a heavy silver vest chain, to which was attached a pendant bright gold model of a horseshoe. His broad-brimmed hat sat far enough to one side to show his close-cropped, curly hair, and give a striking profile view of his sun-tanned face and wide-awake expression.

"Gimme," said he, shoving his hat to the back of his head, and running his hand down into his breeches pocket, as he stepped up to the counter, addressing the disciple of Nicote, "a fust-rate seegar. I don't want no loud old perfumery weed, if ye hear me."

When the salesman "set 'em up" to him with various explanations as to brands, etc., he selected such and as many as he wanted, paid for them, pocketed all his purchase but one, the finished end of which he bit off with his even teeth, procured a light, and, leaning in an easy attitude against the counter, proceeded to smoke, while he twiddled the golden horseshoe between his thumb and forefinger.

"You ain't the same feller 'at kep' this place three yer ago?"

"No, I pought him ouat apout dwendy monts ago."

"Wher' is he now?"

"I couldn' told you—he vent avay somvere."

"I reckon he did, ef he ain't yer no more," responded the smoker, blowing a fancy fleece of smoke past the corner of his off eye up toward the ceiling.

The hoodlum crowd still hung about the door of the shop, conversing in their slangy drawl, and making chaffy observations on the appearance and character of the passing persons in the street, and upon this crowd the man with the horse-shoe seemed to be keeping a half attentive, half careless eye, when his attention in that direction was aroused to that degree that he suddenly threw away his cigar, pulled his hat down to his eyes, and began turning up his sleeve-cuffs as he advanced softly toward the door, which he reached in time to hear Norman Maydole, Jr., who had just stepped into the crowd, ask:

"Am I mistaken in supposing that I was favored with a few remarks, a short time since, by some person in this crowd?"

"N-a-w! Yer not mistaken. What'r' ye givin' us, any way," and the speaker swaggered up to Norman with upturned cheek and protruding under jaw.

"Are you the person who made those remarks?"

"Yaws. I am the—"

Norman clutched him by the throat, pushed him away to the length of his long left arm and was making a dismal ruin of his impudent face with the knuckles of the other hand, when the crowd of city coyotes piled in on him.

At this juncture of affairs the horse-shoe man opened a galling fire in the rear, shouting, as he did so:

"STAY *with* 'em, Mr. Maydole; I'll take some of it in mine!"

Norman released his now harmless first opponent, and proceeded to do some extra fast and promiscuous heavy "sparring," in which he was ably seconded by the man with the horse-shoe, so that by the time the policeman came up on the double-quick there was a comparative cessation of hostilities, caused by a failure of reinforcements on the hoodlum side. Norman's forces, "firm, though few," were, as the night was falling, ready to sleep on the battle-field, if need be; but the inexorable arm of the law led them away, along with a small portion of the opposing party, toward the place where charges are preferred. As they walked along, Norman, having had a moment to breathe, extended his hand to the horse-shoe man, saying:

"Mr. Reese, I am obliged to you, and very glad to see you."

"Well, ef you think I ain't glad to see you," said "Curly," grasping the hand, "you're a little off. Whooh!" he added, throwing his arms out in front of him, and then proceeding to turn down his sleeve-cuffs. "We made it purty damned hot fer that crowd, ef ye hear me."

Arrived at the police office, the proper officer listened to the charge as made by the policeman, against Norman Maydole and Talman Reese, of that form of misdemeanor called "battery."

"What's 'battery'?" asked "Curly," to whose ear a fist-fight by that name seemed a new sort of offense.

"Fighting. Thumping. Breaking the peace."

"I didn't break any peace. I was a tryin' to keep it from being broke," said 'Curly.'"

"You looked mighty like a man making war, when I sighted you," remarked a policeman, with a smile.

"Curly" chuckled an instant, and then said:

"All right; everything goes; but if a feller ain't keepin' the peace when he tries to keep five or six huskies from pilin' into one man, I'd like to know what you call it?"

"Gentlemen," said the officer, "the charge of battery is filed against you. You may be admitted to bail, pending your appearance, or go into custody."

Norman made no remark in the office to any one. He knew the offense was bailable. He intended to give bail, but he was considering in his own mind as to whom, among his very few acquaintance in the city, he would send for, and had about concluded to dispatch a messenger direct to Colonel Holten, when "Curly" blundered into a ready solution of the whole matter.

"Can't a feller put up the scads for bail?"

"Yes," briefly answered the officer.

"How much for both of us?—we wasn't huntin' no fight—now recollec'."

"Twenty-five dollars each."

"Hell, that's nothin'!" said "Curly," placing three golden twenties upon the desk. "There's the c'latteral. Give us a receipt for two, and ten dollars change on the side," said he, in the regular restaurant tone.

The tender was so quickly made that Norman had barely time to utter his remonstrance against the liberality of his friend, when the officer, as he handed the change to "Curly," remarked:

"All right, gentlemen. To-morrow at 9 A. M."

When Norman and "Curly" passed out of the police office into the street, Norman said:

"Let me again express the deep obligation I am under to you, Mr. Reese."

"Well," said "Curly," "ef you like to express it, that's all right; but you needn't lose no sleep over it on my account. I wouldn't a missed that little discussion fer a summer's wages. That's the best thing ever I tumbled to."

"You handle your hands very well, Mr. Reese."

"I hain't no science to amount to nothin', but I'm hell on main strength an' okerdness. One o' them cusses had his gun out on the sly, and he was prancin' round the outside, tryin' to get a pop at you—I got a show at him where I had plenty of elbow room, and I give him a Joe Glinter under the lug; he went one way an' his pop-gun the other, an' they both lit on the ground somewheres—I didn't stop to see wher';" and this performance seemed so extremely playful and facetious to him, that "Curly" laughed till he half strangled, and went into a mild fit of coughing.

"When did you leave the road?"

"Oh, I ain't left the road. The agent give me two weeks on full pay to take a little *pasear* on account of us gittin' away from 'Cocho.' I thought 'at I'd come down to the Bay; so I got a free pass down and back, drord my reserve fun's, and I've been yer two or three days."

"I hope you are having a nice time."

"Bully! The express agent ga' me a letter to the head office, an' told me ef I got strapped, or cinched any way, to go ther'. I was never better fixed in *my* life."

"The agent has done right," said Norman.

"He went up to your house at home, and was talking to your father about the company givin' you a present of a gold watch, or somethin'; but the old man jist r'ar'd back on his paster' jints, and said, 'he hoped no son of his wouldn't consent to receive any materel reward for doing the duty of a gentleman.' Oh, I tell ye, the old man tuck high Southern ground with him. He did that."

"About the duties of a gentleman, my father is sometimes a little Quixotic."

"A little what?" asked "Curly."

"Quixotic," said Norman, pronouncing in the English style.

"Damfi know what that is."

"It is merely an illustration drawn from the story of the Knight of La Mancha, who used to fight wind-mills."

"O-h-h, yes—I know. Old Donkey Hoty. The high-toned old rooster who went around gittin' heads put on him. He had the sand, but he didn't pick his fights wuth a damn. Old Sanches used to wake me up in the middle of the night laughin' at him, an' that swamper o' his'n 'at rid round after him on the *burro*."

"What Sanches?"

"Oh, an old cabin pard o' mine 'at used to sleep all day, and play *monte* and read all night."

"How did it happen that you fell into this difficulty of mine this evening?"

"Well, I've been kind o' rather more'n half lookin' fer you, in a keerless way, ever sence I come down, and I dropped on you this afternoon when you was walkin' with the ladies. I knowed I couldn't chip in then—so I sort o' santered along, bein' it was as cheap fer me to go one way as another—having nothing else to do—thinkin' I might git a show to speak to you when you'd git through with what you was at; not knowin' wher' you put up. Then I seed them fancy ducks chuckin' chin at you, and I got nigh enough to hear part of them remarks about squaws. 'Hell!' says I to myself; 'I won't have no trouble seein' him now;' fer I know'd mighty well you'd come back."

Norman laughed.

"Yes, I did that! So I went in ther', bought some seegars, and was joshin' the Jew, when you riz that pint o' order 'at brot on the debate."

Norman laughed again, for the reaction of his feelings gave him an unusual sympathy with "Curly's" breezy buoyancy. After the laugh he asked "Curly" to look into his face and tell him if he could discover any bruise or discoloration.

"Not a speck," said that person, after a brief examination.

"I have received some thumps about the head, and one blow on this side of my face. I propose that we go to a barber's and get washed and brushed."

"That's my idea to a ha'r," responded "Curly;" "and after that I puppose that we go to a high-tone res'trant and take some grub. Isn't there a Poodle Dog, er a Bull Pup, er some other place wher' they put on style about knee deep?"

"I have not yet been to any such place," answered Norman, smiling, "and I regret that I can not go now, because I left important business unfinished to come back to the row we have just had."

"All right," said "Curly," a little crest-fallen, for he had set his heart on having one of those "good times" which are at once the pleasure and the danger of fresh men; "you're able to paddle yer own canoe."

After a wash and general outward adjustment Norman said to "Curly":

"Mr. Reese, if you will be good enough to come with me I will pay back to you the cash you are out on this fracas. The other debt I never can pay, but I shall always be ready to do so."

"Oh, damn the pay! Let her rip till to-morrow at 9 A. M."

"But perhaps I shall not be in attendance at the court to-morrow."

"Well, but we've got to be ther."

"I think not," said Norman.

Now "Curly" had a secret notion that an account of his arraignment along with Norman before the police court, when published in the city papers, would be a good card among his horsey friends in the mountains—but Norman had other views of the matter.

"Curly" consented, after solicitation, to go along and get his money; but when he became aware that the whole sum was being returned to him, he got indignant, and asked Norman what he took him for—was it supposed that he was "a quitter, a bump on a log, a wild hog in the tule?" and no reasoning could induce him to accept more than half the sum.

Norman finally planned some other way to repay him in future, bade him a kindly good evening, and hastened away about other matters more important to himself, and not in any way directly concerning Mr. Talman Reese. If moralizing, in fiction as well as in reality, were not relegated to the lumber loft of useless, old-fashioned things, it might be well to note here that Norman made a fortunate escape, not from the hoodlum fight, but from Talman Reese and his own feelings; because, when a man is young and finds a gallant friend who has just stood by him in a hard fought battle, resulting in some degree of victory, the invitation to cut loose and enjoy the fine things of a jolly good fellowship is a terrible temptation. Norman was neither a niggard nor a cold-blooded ascetic, but he was, by nature and education, inclined to mind his own business. That is what saved him. The man who can not be saved in the same way is beyond salvation in this world—and is a case of *quien sabe?* for the next.

J. W. GALLY.

WASHINGTON TERRITORY.

Those who sailed from this city in the *Dakota*, belonging to the Pacific Mail Steamship Company, and under the command of Captain Morse, on the tenth day of November, saw, upon their entrance into the Straits of Juan de Fuca, the cold, rugged hills of Vancouver on the north, and the outlines of the Olympian Mountains on the south, rising in hazy magnitude through the air laden with the fogs peculiar at this season to high northern latitudes. This impression of solitude, and the presence of Winter in his home, was not dispelled when the *Dakota* swung into the little bay, and was cabled to the docks at Esquimalt, with tall rocks rearing their lichen-covered heads around, grim epitomes of unsociability. A half dozen guns frowned from a slight elevation—the title of Victoria, *Dei gratia* queen, etc., to the vast region to the north, but with an element of profound sarcasm in the light of plate-clad monitors. The American spirit of haste and ease has so far invaded this part of Her Majesty's dominion as to abbreviate the name in common usage to "Squimalt." Owing to the shallow water at Victoria, "Squimalt" has become the port of southern Vancouver. From "Squimalt" the Straits trend eastward, terminating in Puget Sound and the Gulf of Georgia, that lie to the south and north respectively, each at right angles to the general direction of the Straits. The Straits of De Haro and Rosario inclose the islands of Lopez, San Juan, and Orcas, composing the Washington archipelago, and connect it with the Gulf of Georgia.

Port Townsend, the first town on Puget Sound, has seven hundred inhabitants, and is situated at its mouth on the western side, in the midst of hills heavily wooded with fir and pine. This place was first settled about the year 1846, and was once the most important point on the Sound, being the centre of a heavy lumber and fishing interest. The United States government has a military station there. Puget Sound is, in many respects, the most remarkable sheet of water in the world. Whether that section lying west of the Cascade Mountains, comprising the Sound and lands lying between it and the ocean, was once an ocean bed, can not well be determined; but the physical indications point to that as the best authenticated theory of its past history. By volcanic action the Olympian Mountains, which rise between the Sound and ocean, were thrown up to a great height, and are now covered with large fir, pine, and other coniferous vegetation, that clamber in serried ranks up their precipitate sides to the altitude of almost perpetual snow, nourished by a soil strongly alluvial in its elements, and bearing the appearance of sediment deposits. Trees grow heavily all over western Washington, chief of which are the red, black, and yellow firs, the latter often attaining a height of three hundred feet and great size, and extensively used in Eastern ship-yards for spars; the cedar, yellow and scrub pine, white and yellow spruce, a singular feature being the almost exclusive prevalence of the *coniferæ*. The tallest peak of this range is Mt. Olympus, which rises eight thousand two hundred feet above the ocean level, and frequently holds the winter's snows upon its apex the entire summer. The greater portion of the country west of the Sound is mountainous, and covered by Indian reservations, or sparsely settled by whites. The chief feature of the Sound is the great depth of the water and number of fine land-locked harbors. The Sound itself is land-locked by tall mountain ranges, and in addition the numerous bays, of which it is largely composed, are again more surely protected by the wooded hills that intersect and break it up into smaller bodies of water. Almost anywhere from Port Townsend to Steillacoom the *Great Eastern* could find safe anchorage. Tumwater (which means "falling water" in the aboriginal Chinook) was the first white settlement on the Sound, and in all this region second in point of time only to Victoria, which was established as a trading post by the Hudson Bay Company in 1843, and which has been the capital of British Columbia since 1859.

The most important place on Puget Sound is Seattle, a lively little town of thirty-five hundred inhabitants, situated on a narrow strip of land between Elliot's Bay and Lake Washington. A busy, enterprising people are pushing its fortunes as rapidly as its isolated condition will warrant. It is the chief shipping point for the timber brought down the rivers from the "logging camps" up in the gorges and *cañons* of the mountains, while a considerable amount of coal is shipped each month. Seattle has a number of spacious residences, brick stores, hotels, and banks, and any number of churches and Young Men's Christian Association halls. Property owners evidently think well of its future, as real estate in the heart of town is held at from $100 to $200 per front foot. A queer supplement to this, however, is the additional fact that three hundred yards farther away from the water front it has nothing approximating a regular limit of value. Seattle also boasts gas works, a sash factory, a barrel factory, sawmills, and a railroad. Ships from San Francisco, North China, and New England may be seen any time loading coal and ship-timbers at the wharf.

The history of the Seattle and Walla Walla Railroad is as romantic as its present use—the transportation of coal—will permit. Prior to its construction, coal was brought along tramways from the Renton and Talbot mines, eight miles, to a point on White River, and thence to Seattle in barges. Growing restive under this slow process, in 1876 a few leading spirits, prominent among whom were Mr. Coleman and Hon. John Leary, conceived the plan of this road. They were all too poor to undertake the enterprise in the orthodox way, and to the faint-hearted it was a dream of the unattainable. But the restless spirit of American enterprise was aroused; a small subscription was raised, with which the way was cleared through the dense forests along the banks of the river for three miles, when the money gave out. Nothing daunted by these seemingly insurmountable obstacles, the projectors began to fan to life an enthusiasm among the people. They appointed a day for picnicking on the site of the present terminus. Instead of enjoying the *dolce far niente* under the shades, the whole population fell to grading the road. Preachers invoked a special blessing and burrowed down into the soil and roots; lawyers laid aside briefs for picks; clerks drove the spade into the stubborn earth; in fact, every able-bodied man and boy caught the fever and buckled to the work. Every week, upon the day of the inception of the work, this strange picnic was held, and the grade crept slowly through the swamp, till, one afternoon, the first three miles were ready for the ties and rails. Then Mr. Coleman submitted a proposition for the completion of the road twenty-two miles, to Newcastle, which was accepted, and the work went on under his management, slowly making its way up the river to the Talbot and Renton mines, and up the foot-hills of the Cascades; and in an almost incredibly short period, considering the circumstances, the iron horse came screaming down the slopes and river flats to Seattle, with a long train of coal-cars rattling behind. Then the road that is intended to climb the Cascades through Snoqualmie Pass, and reach the grain fields of the Columbia Valley, began.

Mr. Leary, one of the owners of the road, and the Newcastle mine, kindly extended to me an invitation to ride out to that mine. No passenger coaches were on, so we took seats upon the tender of the engine, which, running reversed, gave us a good view of the country. Five miles up the river, by a sudden turn, we were overlooking the valley near the Talbot, with Mount Rainier thirty miles to the south, wrapped in his mantle of snow. This peak rises with startling prominence eleven thousand feet high, leaving the rest of the range dwarfed by its side. On its peak is a crest of ice older than the Iron Crown, and whose history reaches back till it is lost in the twilight of fable. It was old before Abraham was born; it had seen a thousand suns rise, flash upon its crest, and set, before the dream of the Pyramids was born in the brain of an ambitious Rameses, or the first papyrus sail swelled to the winds of the Red Sea. There it stood, with that white crown of antiquity pure as when the snows first drifted about its inaccessible crest, untouched by the adventurous foot of man, and unvexed save by the wing of the proudest king of the empyrean, basking in a loftier ether. The breath of Spring comes not to melt or warm its crest of ice or heart of stone, and, Sphinx-like, it looks unchanged upon the vernal lap of ten thousand summers, sleeping in the valley below—a pitiless, bloodless, pulseless, relentless, immaculate epitome of Eternity! Pointing toward this white, dazzling Titan, I said to a sandy-haired companion in a half-worn fur-tipped great-coat: "More appropriate would it have been could Napoleon have pointed there and said to his battalions, 'From yonder peak forty centuries look down upon you!'"

"Ha-a-ah?" he asked. "Punches up considerable, don't it? Guess you wouldn't like it in a linen duster up thar!"

An inspection of the Newcastle—the only one of the three mines now being worked—disclosed a ledge of lignite, with a faint empyreumatic odor, which shows a formation post-dating the true coal era. The wood-fibres are in some places easily traceable, while leaves are seen fossilated as clearly as a photograph. My unsentimental *compagnon de voyage* remarked that they were digging it out a thousand years too soon, and that they ought to close it up, leaving a record, so that it might be opened again when that period had expired; to which one of the proprietors replied that he didn't owe posterity quite that much. It was near sunset when the train of twenty-two double cars, loaded with coal, pulled out from the bunker-shed at Newcastle, and started down the foot-hills toward Seattle. Out a half mile the engine was cut loose, leaving the cars in charge of two brakemen. We stood upon the rear car. The long train, without a head, flew down the steep grade, winding, like a long, supple thing of life, around curves, through deep cuts, and thundering over trestles.

The sharp, crisp air of the mountains, laden with the balsamic odor of the pine and fir, braced the nerves, sent the blood dancing along the veins, and soughed through the nodding boughs overhead. Here and there a bent and twisted rail, thrown to one side, told its story of trains "ditched," and the insecurity of the situation; but the novelty of the ride, the ozone and pine fragrance in the air, made the soul defiant of dangers. Across two trestles, respectively ninety-nine and one hundred and twenty-one feet high—the latter with a reverse curve in seven hundred feet, with no curve-laps, but with the ends of thirty-pound rails merely joined, making an obtuse angle on the outside track, and every wheel chipping off a piece from the next rail, as it passed the angle with a suggestive and ominous jolt—with the tall trees nodding their heads beneath us, all conspired to key up the sensibilities to an exciting pitch. At Renton, after six miles of this wild ride, the engine was attached, and away we sped down the dense swamp, the black giant rushing headlong, with tireless muscle, around curves and over marshes, his spark-spangled plume streaming ever back in the gathering gloaming, and the clank of his iron armor waking the echoes slumbering in the wilds, spurning Nature's obstacles, and screaming his greeting to the black hulls whose profound depths were to receive his cargo, and bear it across the seas to the busy marts of the world.

Extensive fields of high-grade coal are found on Green and Carbon Rivers, and preparations to take out the latter are now being vigorously prosecuted. This coal can be put afloat on the Sound as cheaply as that from Newcastle, and, as it is a better grade, will in all probability drive what is known as Seattle coal from the market.

The soil along the numerous rivers emptying into the Sound is a dark rich alluvial, but the forest growth is so dense and heavy, and the cost of preparation so great, that the agricultural development is necessarily slow. Two processes are adopted—one quick and costly, the other cheap and slow. The former is the usual mode of cutting away the timber, taking up the stumps and largest roots and burning them, and costs from $50 to $125 per acre; the other is to cut away the undergrowth, burn off the *débris* on the land, girdle the heavy timber, and wait for it to die and fall. This requires from seven to ten years, but is comparatively cheap. When once tillable, large crops of potatoes and hops are grown, often netting $150 per acre in one season. Wheat, oats, and barley are grown in limited quantities. Back from the water the country is sparsely settled, and no good reason exists why it should be densely settled for some years to come.

The waters of Puget Sound are deep enough to admit the largest ocean ships as far as Steilacoom, and at Tacoma, the present terminus of the branch of the North Pacific Railroad connecting the Sound with Kalama on the Columbia River, are sixty fathoms of water. At this place are located some large saw-mills. Cod, halibut, herring, sturgeon, and the prince of fish, the salmon, swarm in the waters of the Sound, the White, the Duwamish, Skagit, and other rivers, and in Lakes Washington, Union, American, and Whatcom. At Steillacoom, which is one of the oldest settlements in western Washington, is situated the Territorial Insane Asylum. Washington, west of the Cascades, has a more equable climate than the same latitudes on the Atlantic Coast; and, indeed, it would be a matter of some surprise to the unphilosophic inhabitant of New Brunswick to know that in the same latitude on the Pacific Coast the climate is mild, and as many as twenty-seven varieties of roses have been gathered from open-air gardens on Christmas day. This is owing to the double influence of the warm currents of the Pacific, and the protecting barrier of the Cascade Mountains, which bar the north-west winds of winter, and turn them down across the Klikitat, Kittitas, and eastern Oregon. This mildness of climate is found only along the basin of Puget Sound and the low lands between Olympia and Kalama. Spring comes early, and the summers are soft and invigorating.

Olympia, the present capital, has twenty-five hundred inhabitants, and has all the appearance of an old slow-going eastern town. Here the Territorial Legislature meets biennially. It is safe to say, in view of the growing population of eastern Washington, that in a few years the capital will be located at Walla Walla. The most remarkable act of the Legislature, and one that expresses the progressive and iconoclastic spirit of these people, was enacted last autumn, and consists of provisions completely emancipating married women so far as property rights are concerned. Its provisions sweep away all the artificial distinctions of the common law, uproots the theory of legal unification and the husband's absolute or trustee rights. It stops only short of the elective franchise. It presents a problem of the largest social importance that this western empire, in embryo, not yet invested with the dignities of a State, whose people are generally supposed to be rough pioneers, and far less enlightened on questions of life than the cultured *dilettanti* of the populous East, should lead the way in the emancipation of woman.

A continuous effort has been made for the last five years, by the people of the Sound, to get a railroad from Seattle or Tacoma across the Cascades, at Cowlitz or Snoqualmie Passes, into the grain fields of east Washington; but as yet nothing has been completed but the preliminary survey. Estimates on a liberal basis place the cost at $3,500,000. This would be one of the best large investments in the Union. The two sections, separated by the Cascades, would commercially supplement each other—the one sending grain and cattle to deep water, to be shipped with only one portage to all the marts of the world, the other returning coal and wood, of which the grain fields are devoid—and would pay such a road from the day of its completion ten per cent. on $5,000,000, which is double the safe investments of the East and Europe. Heretofore, every effort made in this direction has met the active opposition of Portland, whose geographical location is such as to make her commercially inimical to any such project, as she now transports all the grain from eastern Washington down the Columbia to the sea. The Oregon Steam Navigation Company hold a monopoly on that river, and demand a tariff characteristic of monopolies the world over, which, in connection with the natural difficulties presented by the chutes and rapids of the river, renders the expense bill of the wheat grower of the valley of the Upper Columbia the heaviest in the world.

Eastern Washington, until a few years ago, was thought to be fit only for grazing, being mostly an elevated plateau covered with bunch grass and sage brush, and alkali deposits, which, in places, look at a distance like snow, so heavy is the incrustation. Immigrants coming across the plains in the "prairie schooners," as far back as 1843, passed over this desolate waste, and settled on Puget Sound and in the Willamette Valley, leaving a hardy, careless pioneer here and there on the mountain plains drained by the Columbia, Palouse, and Snake Rivers. These stragglers roamed over the largest grain fields in the world as nomadic herders, little dreaming that they trod a soil with untold agricultural wealth in its depths.

About 1844 Fort Wallula was established, and two years later on the Touchet River, some twelve miles from the fort, Dr. Whitman and comrades were massacred by the Walla Walla Indians, which constitutes one of the great historic events of the early days of the territory. Lewiston, Idaho, was founded some years after, before any extensive permanent settlements were established between that place and Fort Wallula, and had at one time a population of several thousand more than at present. Throughout this vast area the country is almost denuded of trees; the small, frail white willows growing feebly along the streams, with an air of beg-your-pardon, constitute almost the entire accessible wood growth. On every side the vast solitudes stretch away over rolling hills, dark gray in late summer and fall, or glinting in deepest emerald in late winter and spring. The soil has in some respects the appearance of fine alluvial, while unmistakable evidences of volcanic elements appear. Not only is this seen in the occasional scoriated rock, but the nutritive elements peculiar to volcanic regions mark their presence in the vegetation. It is a question whether the frosts and snows of this high latitude have not, by what may, by way of illustration, be called the attrition of chemical forces, released certain properties of the volcanic period as a vegetable nutriment not found, or found only in limited quantities, in regions of similar formation further south. It is a well authenticated fact that frosts and snows will dissolve most earthy formations, and release properties that defy ordinary degrees of heat, but how far this effect enters as a cause into the fine growth of wheat in a character of land until recently there, and elsewhere now, regarded as comparatively unproductive, is referred to the analytical chemist. Suffice it for the emigrant that wheat grows there in paying quantities, and vegetables attain enormous size; as, for instance, a squash in the possession of Dr. Blalock, of Walla Walla, that weighs 124 pounds. In partial confirmation of this theory of the release of vegetable nutriment from the volcanic formations, is the fact that the lands of the foot-hills, and even on the highest accessible peaks, are far more productive than those of the valleys and along the streams, thus reversing the usual rule of agricultural value obtaining all over the world. As the external appearance of most of the wheat land of this region is much like that of the sage-brush alkali plains of Nevada and Utah, the question arises, may not, in the near future, these plains, now considered worthless, be found to grow in prodigal quantities something of prime commercial importance, and the world see again the triumph of the "stone which the builders rejected," in that the waste of to-day will become the key-stone in the agricultural arch of American greatness?

However, this is not the paradise that partial rumor has painted it. The valley of the Wabash, and various sections of Iowa, Wisconsin, Kansas, Texas, and California, grow wheat as well, if not better. By late experience they have discovered that to grow wheat successfully, and maintain the strength of the soil, it is necessary to summer-fallow every other year, and by that process thirty bushels per acre can safely be counted upon. In this respect it falls far short of the durability of the valley of the Euphrates, whose cereals have been grown continuously for the last two thousand years without any appreciable diminution in the annual yield. Exceptionally fine fields of small size, under the most favorable conditions, yield as high as fifty bushels to the acre, and this, as a bit of newspaper information, isolates itself from the result in less fortunate vicinages, and goes to distant parts of the country as a representative type of the general productiveness of the section. With as much truth could we herald the almost fabulous wealth of Mr. J. C. Flood, with all the environments of his life, as a representative instance of fortunes in California. Though not quite so startling in its sophistry, it still paints a truth with a faithfulness painfully realized by many who have gone there on the flood-tide of these wild and exaggerated estimates. Fortunes are being made slowly there now on wheat culture, with all the disadvantages of the isolated situation and an imperfect transportation, and when the railroad projects now contemplated are completed, and freights reduced to reasonable figures, this country will develop in wealth as rapidly as a fine agricultural country anywhere. During the winters those not prepared better than immigrants usually are, have anything but a pleasant life in that low temperature. Building material has to be brought from the mills on the Lower Columbia, beyond the Cascades, and hence is very costly; and as the Columbia is generally ice-blocked as far down as The Dalles for two months in the winter, immigrants arriving late in the season have been compelled to live the entire winter in tents pitched upon the muddy soil, and exposed to the unobstructed sweep of the winds for hundreds of miles. Many such may be found the present season in the Palouse country. On the other hand, in summer the traveler of a dozen miles will find great difficulty in ascertaining by inspection the original color or material of his clothes, while his eyes, ears, nostrils, and mouth will be smarting with alkali dust. The strong summer winds take up the fine particles and drive them across the country like clouds, and any one who has felt the stinging sensation of alkali in the eyes will at once conclude this is not a paradise, whatever enthusiasts may say. The thermometer rises as high in the Walla Walla Valley in summer as in the San Joaquin. These extremes of heat and cold and high winds will be to some extent modified when any considerable growth of trees is produced. Though almost nude of them now and originally, it results from no defect in the soil or climate, as has been demonstrated by practical tests about Walla Walla, where they attain great height and breadth in a short period. Tree culture is beginning to attract considerable attention, and can not be too highly estimated. This is a country of great promise, and will one day be a rich and populous section, but he who seeks it now expecting to realize the hopes fostered by common rumor, will find how difficult it is for truth, like witches, to cross a running stream. He will not even see in the near future the *avant-coureur* of universal happiness.

To give an accurate idea of the trouble of transportation from Walla Walla to the ocean, we will follow a sack of wheat from the field where it is grown. It is hauled to the depot at Walla Walla and there stored, to await its turn when the twenty-five thousand tons already ahead are taken away. Then it is put upon the cars and taken to Wallula; then it is put upon the boat and taken to Umatilla and transferred to another boat for Celilo; then it goes through the warehouse to the cars, taken to The Dalles and stored again; then it goes by boat to the Upper Cascades, and is then delivered to the railroad, by which it is taken to the Lower Cascades and transferred to another boat, by which it is taken up the Willamette to Portland. Here again it is stored, and thence sent down the river to Astoria and the ocean. This will to some extent be remedied when the road from Wallula down the river to The Dalles is completed, which the Oregon Steam Navigation Company claim will be in time to take out the crop of next year. It will probably be completed in two or three years. But never will the valley of the Upper Columbia have an adequate outlet until a road is running to Astoria, or across the Cascades to Puget Sound, which would be better.

For unique grandeur of scenery, the Columbia River can not be surpassed. From Portland the banks break away into low hills, gently rising into wooded heights till nearing the Cascades, where the river rushes through dark gorges, beneath beetling peaks of rugged grandeur. At the Upper Cascade, perched upon a high knob, is still standing the old block-house, erected by the white settlers about 1847 as a defense against Indian assaults. It was attacked by the Klikitats about 1850, and withstood a siege of three days, when the savages withdrew. The roof and corners of this stout little fort are crumbling beneath the assaults of the elements, more persistent and unrelenting than Grant's "all summer" threat. Snows whiten the crests of all this region in November, and bend the boughs of the stout firs that knit their roots into the crevices of the rocks. Near this point may be seen, in winter, the singular spectacle of a cataract, of a hundred and fifty feet fall, frozen into a huge, glittering icicle. From Cascade to The Dalles the timber rapidly decreases in size and number, and soon after leaving the latter place, going up, the basalt rocks rise coldly and bleakly, in a desolation that appalls sociability. Mile after mile is passed until they grow into scores, and not a human soul to be seen along the banks. A few Chinese mining in the edge of the water, half a dozen Indians, or a sickly attempt at a village, alone breaks the painful solitude. At this season of the year there was no "glancing of sunbeams from the emerald grass-banks down to kiss the dancing waters," nor did the breezes meander along in a "gentle Annie" kind of a way. We didn't see that. The river "danced," but not to the kisses of the sun. It was hurrying out of the country, and any one going there at this season will look upon its movements with profound sympathy.

Scattered over the Territory are many fragments of once numerous Indian tribes, most of whom have now abandoned tribal relations, live on the streams and valleys in winter, and hunt and fish in the mountains or pick hops on the Sound in summer. Those retaining tribal relations are mostly kept on reservations, scattered over the country. Chief Moses claims to represent all these fragments, but, in fact, only a few hundred acknowledge his authority; a pronounced majority repudiate his assumed representation of them. It would be far better for the future, both of the country and the Indian, if the policy pursued in 1836 with the Southern Indians—the Creeks, Chickasaws, Choctaws, and Seminoles—were again adopted, and all the fragments put upon one permanent reservation, and the control of that given to the army. The Indian Territory to-day presents a splendid proof of the wisdom of that policy, in the general progress and wealth of its many dusky inhabitants. As they are now, they are worthless to themselves and to the public. They are thriftless and miserable creatures, too spiritless to disturb the flea that bites them.

The people of Washington are ready for admission as a State, except in the matter of a few thousand less in population than the requisite number. They have formed and adopted a State constitution, and are knocking at the door of the Union for admission, and hope at the present session to become a constellation, under the never-to-be-forgotten name of the Father of his Country. When they charge the failure of this project to the iniquity of the "rebel brigadier," the philosopher will ponder the social problem of the hatchet in its relation to the future grain-queen of the north-west.

James Wyatt Oates.

HOW GARDENS GROW IN CALIFORNIA.

Never was garden more unintentionally started, and never did one prove greater source of pleasure. One of the row of detached cottages, which my elder brother had built for the purpose of letting to tenants, was occupied during one summer by a younger brother with his family, who purposed returning to the States at the close of the following winter. The town lies in the midst of the Salinas plains, and as these cottages were pretty much on the outskirts, the surroundings were flat and dreary enough. George, however, had the foresight to plant trees—little snips of eucalyptus, about six inches high—one row along the outer edge of the sidewalk, another row inside the white paling fence.

To make the glaringly new place a little more homelike during my sister-in-law's sojourn in California, I had a dozen or two of plants sent up by a San Francisco florist, and set out in the little front yard of the cottage—fuchsias, a few double geraniums, pelargonias, pansies—common enough flowers, which would entail but small loss by their death or destruction, after having served their purpose.

It so chanced, one day about Christmas time, while on a visit there with mother, that my little nephew brought me two small twigs of honeysuckle—little sprigs about four inches long, broken off a neighbor's vine at haphazard —not slips or shoots. It was a wet, rainy day, and I stuck them in the ground by the front porch, as children do when they play at making gardens. I went back to the city, mother remaining in Salinas till the time should come for my State-brother's departure for his old home; then I went up for a last visit, and was surprised when mother pointed out two nicely growing honeysuckle vines, and said they were the little sticks I had planted. By this time, as the winter was a wet one, the little eucalyptus had more than doubled their height; the geraniums looked as if they did not intend to die, by any means, after their brief period of usefulness; and the fuchsias were covered with the merriest, gayest bells of royal purple, deep red, and starry white. Mother had, in the meantime, set out a verbena slip here, a bunch of violets there, in the little front yard, and began to cast longing glances at the much larger space in the rear of the house, which stood covered with weeds a foot or two high. I, too, found myself often on the front porch, watching the almost visible growth of the scant collection of plants; and finally, before the day came on which we were all to leave the little cottage and my bachelor brother to their solitary fate, we had concluded not to abandon either, but to refurnish the cottage and install mother as housekeeper for brother, while I was to spend there such brief periods of my existence as I could pass without breathing the air of San Francisco.

And now we commenced growing a garden. I haunted the florists' shops and fancy nurseries in and about the city, bought and sent home all the flowers I could see or think of—had many a batch of worn-out, gnarled old plants palmed off on me as "sturdy growers," and many a "goose" flung at my devoted head by my big brother, because I could not tell a healthy, thrifty flower from one that had been forced into temporary bloom and beauty by the gardener's art. To my unspeakable joy I was one day presented with a bundle of a hundred rose cuttings, and on carrying these to Salinas in person, my brother's interest in the garden was at last fully aroused. The ground back of the house had ceased to be a wilderness; the soil had been turned, beds laid off, and all sorts of seeds sown. On a piece of ground next our garden proper, and in the immediate vicinity of an artesian well, George laid all the rose cuttings in rows, close together, the object being to give them as much water as possible through the summer, to make roots, so that they could be transplanted in the fall. A little, rude paling fence was built around the patch, and, as it had just about the right dimensions for a grave, the neighbors' children got to calling it our graveyard. As it was still early in the year, we continued to plant, mother and I, all the slips, seeds, and flowers we could buy, beg, or borrow. I dare say the seeding and planting was not always done strictly according to rule; and my brother, who understands something of gardening, no doubt often had his patience sorely tried by the lack of system and knowledge we displayed. But what matter, so long as everything grew and thrived and flourished? Every small bit of geranium that was broken by accident was stuck in the ground and grew to be a bush. Every little twig of fuchsia, every fragment of petunia, heliotrope, pink, showed the same accommodating disposition. No soil but that of California can boast of such clinging love as its children bear it. Fling away the bit of heliotrope in your hand, drop the spray of fuchsia on the ground at your feet, throw but a cup of water upon it, and you will be surprised, some odd morning, to find a blooming bush at your door. The sand of San Francisco, or the black adobe of Salinas, will make the same generous return for the smallest amount of labor.

When June came I thought our garden was splendid. There had been a sollya planted by the front porch on one side of the hall door, and a climbing-rose (cloth-of-gold) on the other; the bases of the pillars at the outer ends of the porch were already covered by the honeysuckle. I had found at a nursery two aquilegias, dark brown and dark blue, with buds on them, and had transplanted them into the front yard; and never did flowers look so lovely as these simple, graceful plants, old-fashioned, but handsomer far than many of the costlier, newer kinds. The roses in the "graveyard" *would* bloom, no matter how often we broke off the buds; and the stock (gilliflowers) which we had sown early in the year, blossomed out in the richest colors and most delightful fragrance, and continued so to bloom for the next three years. A little slip of heliotrope had been set out by the steps at the front door, no one thinking that the hop-o'-my-thumb would ever do more than fill out its little corner. By fall, it had grown to be two feet, was covered with flowers all that winter, and the next spring shaded, under its then stately height, countless little plants sprung up from the seed. These were transplanted to different parts of the garden, and some of them proved really choice varieties, with clusters larger and finer than the parent flower could ever boast of. The roses in the "graveyard," which had been marked whenever they had shown their color by their buds, were transplanted after the first rains in the fall, and commenced blooming almost immediately; and a tiny slip of a passion-vine, set out about the same time, a calla lily of three small, delicate leaves, and a diminutive yellow jasmine, entered on a race for the championship in speed and endurance. How their strength held out, all through the winter, is a marvel to me. With what pride I picked my daily bouquet in the year-old garden, I need not say; and some of the railroad officials can testify to the huge bunches of flowers I used to bring with me to San Francisco.

If I had thought the garden splendid in June, when it was only six months old, how much more so did it seem to me the June following, when it was just eighteen months old. I had been absent for some time, and when I neared the well-known cottages, I was surprised by a dark-green shimmer along the whole road. The eucalyptus trees had made good use of their leisure, and had grown a full head taller than my big brother. As the whole length of the block belonged to him, he had had the double row of trees extended all the way down and around the corner, though there was no building on the lower half of the block, only the white picket fence enclosing the lot. I could hardly realize that this was the bare, bald-looking place I had once so detested, as I stopped before our own particular cottage. Honeysuckle vines were twining tenderly about the corner pillars of the porch, and drawing their network across to the next support; they were covered with bunches of white, creamy tubes, and the air was heavy with their perfume. The climbing-rose had reached the height of the lattice-work on its upward journey, and its yellowish flowers formed a most effective contrast to the sky-blue of the sollya blossoms, trained up on the other side of the porch. The beds were edged variously with dark-blue violets and pink daisies, above which bloomed salvias, euphorbias, lantanas, tuberoses, forget-me-nots, carnations, white lilies, Japan lilies, iris, primroses, ranunculus, lilies-of-the-valley, pansies, anemones, dahlias, and roses—white, red, pink, yellow, crimson, cream —in the wildest profusion. On the porch, on either side of the hall door, stood a Turk's-head cactus, with large, trumpet-shaped, rose-colored blossoms; and above, on the door-posts, hung two cages, "Yakob's" on one side, "Jimmy's" on the other. At the corner of the house I could get a look into the garden at the back, and was fairly dazzled by the bright colors in the sun. But the sun had destroyed quite a number of plants, mother said, particularly her hydrangeas, and she was going to have trees in the garden to shade her plants. As she is quite an independent old lady, she had determined to trouble no one, but raise her own trees. A little box filled with earth, and two bits' worth of eucalyptus-tree seed, was all she wanted, and in an incredibly short time she had a miniature forest on hand, which she distributed to suit herself.

Every well-regulated garden has its own toad, I believe; and I discovered ours, one day, in the "wood-house." This is an institution where garden implements, kindling wood, disabled chairs, broken-nosed pitchers, and the like are kept; and, while rummaging here for something, my hand suddenly touched some alarmingly cold object. A bound and a scream was the natural result, and when mother came and threw open the door, we beheld for the first time our toad—a tender little thing, not over an inch or two long or broad. He looked gravely into my face, surprised and displeased at the fuss I had made about it, and then demurely hopped away. After this we saw him frequently, generally seated behind the yellow jasmine on the "half round" bed, but just as often perched on the top of an old stone jug in the wood-house. But he croaked when he felt like it, and it meant neither sunshine nor rain, so far as I could discover.

About this time I visited San José, and there, at a pottery, saw a garden urn which I knew would look perfectly lovely in our garden. It stood about a yard high from the ground, could be taken in two pieces, and was to cost five dollars. I had it sent home; but, somehow, George never liked the thing, though he had it painted a bronze-green at my request. I lugged it into the front yard, underneath a eucalyptus tree, with an immediate background of pink-blooming double geranium. In it I planted a heliotrope (they grew like weeds all over the garden), surrounded by a wreath of some drooping little vines, which hung over the rim of the urn. This whole arrangement I mounted on an empty candle-box, around which I planted the periwinkle with its far-reaching arms, to hide the box and make believe it was a pedestal. Placed at the head of the broad walk or alley formed by the two houses, and viewed from the bottom of the garden, I thought the effect was charming. But my brother thought differently; and when I came to Salinas again, the box pedestal had been chopped into kindling-wood, and the urn, in two pieces, was idly rolling around the yard. The heliotrope had died, George said, and the periwinkle would not grow. I quietly gathered up the urn, dragged it to the front porch, filled it with earth, and planted a beautiful pink pelargonium in it, surrounded by a wreath of blue lobelias. I watched it and tended it, and when I left, it was under the impression that this was the prettiest piece of furniture in the whole establishment. On my return I could see neither the urn nor the plants in it, and immediately commenced a "still hunt" for both. I found the urn at last, drew it out of its hiding-place, rolled it to the front porch once more, and commenced operations. I took the largest of the Turk's-head cactus, and, as I could not handle the thing on account of the long thorns, broke the pot to pieces and managed to slide the plant into the urn. Then I carefully gathered up the fragments of the big flower-pot, put them where I had found the urn, and considered a good day's work done. I had beaten my brother—the cactus was too much for him; and, as far as I know, the urn stands on the front porch to this day.

Soon after, another equally bitter but equally wordless war was waged between us. The garden was now so grown up—so choked up, in fact—that many things which had been planted in the first place to make a quick growth, could be well spared. Among these, first and foremost, a vine called water-ivy by some, German ivy by others. It grows rapidly, has a pretty, glossy, dark-green leaf, and is the favorite resort of a large, hairy, black caterpillar. Partly on this account, and partly because it dies down in winter and leaves a mass of tough, black, string-like lines clinging to the trellis, I had always hated it, and wanted George to root it out, as there were so many prettier vines in the garden—English ivy, woodbine, passion vine, ivy geranium, smilax, clyanthus, and running roses. George, on the other hand, hated my beautiful sollya, because the resinous matter, which exudes from it with the sun, always caught the dust, and adhered as a black mass to the flooring of the porch. But the plant was graceful and the flower lovely, and I would not pull it up. Neither would he pull up the water-ivy. At last I commenced on this myself; but it was so tough, and so spread out and rooted in, that I made but little headway, and went to San Francisco before I could fairly finish the task. When I came back my sollya had disappeared, root and branch, and that horrid water-ivy was still in its place. The porch was so thickly covered with vines now that the sollya was really not missed; but I had to get even with my flint-headed brother. After much labor, I succeeded in dragging the objectionable ivy out of the ground, threw the whole thing over the fence, and took my departure for the city, well satisfied with my efforts at ridding the garden of a nuisance. Returning within a week or two, behold!—the water-ivy, replanted in its old corner. Without a word I dug it up, and threw it over the fence on the other side, and felt quite triumphant when its former place was vacant on my next visit. Months later, I chanced into the vacant lot below, which had been set out with roses and evergreens, when what should I see but that detestable water-ivy, growing as if nothing had happened it, in a far corner of the lot. I ran back to the house, found a hatchet, pulled up the plant, hacked it into little pieces, and threw it, by bits, into the street. That was the last of the water-ivy.

Amid these "wars, and rumors of wars," fair June had come once more—two years and six months, to a day, since I had unintentionally started a garden by sticking a little twig of honeysuckle into the ground. Verily, a goodly showing was here, for a garden that had been neither planned, nor laid out, nor sub-drained, sub-soiled, nor anything else that Eastern people think indispensable for growing a garden. George met me at the depot, after several months' absence; and long before I could see the row of cottages, I saw the trees waving high above them. Turning into the street, we entered an avenue of tall, stately trees, swayed by the noonday breeze, and shading garden, sidewalk, street, and cottages. The skimp little things that had been objects of my scorn two years before, now commanded my respect and veneration, for there is nothing so impressive and solemn to me as the rustling of the wind in the trees. From out between the paling-fence, and above it, great round clusters of double geranium—pink, rose, scarlet—thrust themselves into the faces of the passers-by; for all these plants, with the exception of a few white and salmon-flowered ones, had been banished to the fence, on account of their impudently forward growth. Some of the leaves were the size of a large palm-leaf fan, the stems were as large round as my arm, and one of the scarlet double kind was actually making its way from the fence to the roof of the house. The cloth-of-gold climbing-rose at the front porch was climbing over the roof, and the heliotrope—the old original one, in the corner by the steps—was eight feet high, though it had been wilted down by the unusually severe weather of the past winter. The honeysuckle, which we had once so cherished and protected, had taken possession of the better part of the porch and house, and mother made daily attacks on it with carving-knife and garden-shears, to keep it from forcing its way inside. The jasmine was twelve feet high, the passion-vine an impenetrable wall, and the calla lily grew all over the garden; it had been separated into fifty different bushes, and they bloomed from the first of January to the last of December. A dozen gladiola bulbs which had been placed in the ground, made the garden look like a dry-goods store show-window; and when it came time to take up the bulbs we filled baskets with them, and then had to pull up as weeds the blades that sprang from the countless small ones left in the earth. Hyacinth, tulip, and other bulbs increase in the same proportion; and the flowers seem to retain their bloom longer here than they do in the Eastern States.

One of the homely German proverbs says that "our appetite grows with the eating." The more garden we had, the more we wanted. The only free space left in the yard, about twenty feet square, on which fronted the wood-house and the back porch, was now traversed by rude benches, rising one above the other like steps, completely covered with flowers growing in pots; and the bees of all Monterey County gathered right there, as if they thought these flowers, being in pots, must excel those in the ground. The side-wall of the wood-house had been trellised all the way up, and here a separate fuchsia-bed had been established. It was sheltered from the hottest sun as well as from the cold that sometimes nips them in the winter-time; and I will engage to pick a bouquet of the most variously-colored fuchsias from that bed, any time of the year, be it January, May, or October.

Still, I don't boast of our fuchsias; I do not think that they thrive in Salinas as they do in this horrid San Francisco; we have no plant in the garden over eight feet high, and there is no stem there more than one inch and a half in diameter. But our lemon-verbena! That is something to boast of. It may seem strange to Eastern folks to hear a lemon-verbena spoken of as a shrub; this particular one, however, is a tree. It was a slender shoot of two feet in height when we set it out; it is fifteen feet now, and the stem as large around as a stout man's arm. It is monstrous, but has lost none of its fragrance by its vast proportions. It is the home of a dozen humming-birds, who build their nests in it, and are tame enough to visit the cages of "Yakob" and "Jimmy" on the back porch; for there are no children with prying eyes and climbing feet to disturb them.

"Yakob" and "Jimmy," poor fellows, had twice a very narrow escape from those feathered Apaches, the king-birds. In both cases "Yakob's" vigorous lungs had brought timely help; "Jimmy," a timid, oppressed-looking little canary, had sat huddled up in a little heap, as far back as possible in the cage, when rescued, with his head tucked under his wing. After this, the cages were hung out on the back porch, where they could be seen from the dining-room and kitchen. The birds were really fond of flowers, and enjoyed the garden as much as any other member of the family. "Yakob," a splendid singer, was spoiled by petting, and naturally grew headstrong and willful. Among other things, he insisted on coming out of his cage whenever he felt inclined to roam through the house, and would not sing unless he had his way. He always wanted "Jimmy" for company, and together they wandered from room to room—"Yakob" leading the way, "Jimmy" humbly bringing up the rear. But they were not ungrateful, and "Yakob" would strike up a brisk, lively air, hopping about the floor by mother's feet, "Jimmy" singing a feeble little second. We used to be very careful about closing the doors and windows when first they were allowed to leave their cages, more particularly the hall-door. This opens into the house from the front porch, and as you enter, you have George's room on the left, the parlor to the right, through which you pass into the dining-room, where the cages hang by the window.

One day I happened in the dining-room, just as the birds were crossing the parlor floor and hopping up to the hall-door, which stood wide open. I was afraid to startle them, as they did not know me as well as mother, so all I could do was to watch. Presently "Yakob" stood in the doorway, craned his neck to look up at the sky, shook his head, turned to "Jimmy" to say that it was not safe out there, and led the way into George's room, where they both perched, as usual, on the bouquet. After this, the door was never closed on their account, and "Yakob" even made short trips to the lemon-verbena, on different occasions, leaving "Jimmy" behind on the porch. As I said, they were really fond of flowers—devouring their own weight in mignonette, many times a day. George always brought them a handful when he came in to his meals; and if he ever neglected it, there was war in camp. "Yakob" would flutter around, scold, and work himself into a great fury; and if he happened to be shut up in his cage, I have seen him clutch the door with his little claw, shake it, and screech in the most vindictive manner, and I know perfectly well that he meant: "Ho—let me at him! I want to pick out his eyes!" "Yakob" was afraid of nothing; but "Jimmy," as I said, was easily frightened, and had a strange horror of George's black hat. He would flutter wildly about, if the black hat approached his cage, and his little heart would beat with fear for an hour after. One day, as both cages were hanging on the back porch with the doors open, George's hat came unexpectedly around the corner, and "Jimmy," in his first fright, shot out of the cage and made for the trees. George, never thinking of the mischief he should work, started after him, tore off the fateful black hat, and tried to catch "Jimmy" by throwing it over him. The frantic bird flew over the top of the house, got in among the trees on the street, and was never heard of again. "Yakob" still lives—a saddened life; he has neither sung nor left his cage since "Jimmy's" flight.

The toad, however, is still on hand. Mother had called my attention to the fact that his croaking could plainly and frequently be heard, but that he was no more to be seen. Looking around for a larger flower-pot, on one occasion, to transplant a slip that had grown into a bush, she stooped to pick up one that stood, inverted, among the flower-steps I spoke of before. With a horrified scream she dropped the crock, for under it appeared what she thought at first was a curled-up snake, but which proved, in reality, to be our little toad, grown in circumference to the size of a large saucer, and fat as a pig. He stared at mother quite as fixedly as he had once regarded me, but uttered a gratified croak as he hopped away. Can any one tell me whether he had lain under that crock for weeks and months, croaking and growing fat? Surely, there was no possibility of his raising the heavy flower-pot from the ground every time he wanted to take temporary shelter under it.

Elsewhere I have spoken of the enormous size the stems of some flowers here attain. When we have lived a number of years in this State, we forget that there is anything remarkable about these things. It is only when we note the astonishment of strangers and tourists, who see them for the first time, that we are reminded of its being something extraordinary. A cousin of mine, who generally spends his furloughs in European travel, and who prides himself somewhat on the collection of rare and beautiful plants in the conservatories on the ancestral estate in the Fatherland, devoted his last furlough to a trip to this country. Driving with him through the Golden Gate Park, I expected, of course, to hear him say how much better and finer they had "all that sort of thing in Europe." But he was honest enough to express his surprise and admiration; and when I remarked casually that the lupine had been found very serviceable in keeping the sand from drifting, he looked in bewilderment at the huge, grayish-green bushes I pointed to.

"Lupines?" he said, "Do you call those lupines?" And he sprang from the carriage to convince himself, cut off one of the branches, stripped it of its leaves, and said he would send that to Alt-Jessnitz to astonish his brother.

"Then why not cut down one of the bushes and send the main stem?" I suggested.

But he only laughed and shook his head, saying that would never do—this was bad enough. It reminded me of Pat, who asked his employer to write a letter for him, home to his people in Ireland. "Tell them," says he, "that we get meat three times a week in this country."

"But Pat," the man corrected him, "don't we give you meat every day?"

"True for you," was the reply; "but divil a bit would they believe it at all, at all; sure, three times a week is as much as I dare tell them."

The one regret of my life clings about this same cousin. It so happened that I did not succeed in showing him a single heliotrope more than five or six feet in height. The previous winter had been severe; most of them had been nipped by the cold, and had not yet attained their former dimensions. We did not get time to cross the bay, to Oakland; and all I could do was to give him my word that I knew of different places there where the heliotrope had clambered up to the second story of the house. As a well-bred man he could not doubt my word, but—it was *awful* hard to believe.

"You see," he said, "we have an *orangerie* at Alt-Jessnitz, too—under glass, of course, in winter-time; and the orange-trees there grow *so* high. But heliotropes——" and a surreptitious shake of the head told me that he was not convinced.

Let me say it again: "Our appetite grows with the eating." Though a thousand blossoms flashed their brilliant hues through the sun-lit garden, and filled the air with perfume, I could not help but think of other flowers which we could not grow in the grounds. Begonias, for instance, in spite of all that florists may say to the contrary, will not live in the garden through the winter. Then there are camelias, rhododendron, gloxinias, amaryllis; and none of these were to be found in our garden.

We are all remote descendants of the monkey, I think; at least our instinct to imitate is easiest accounted for in this manner. Passing along the street one day, I saw a newly-erected green-house, built entirely of glass, covered with a coat of white paint; and the moment my eyes fell on it, I knew just what we wanted. I rushed home out of breath, and proposed that George build a green-house.

"I've no more time or money to lay out on that garden," he grumbled.

But I was not discouraged. I knew him to be passionately fond of begonias, and I called to his mind how many specimens of the begonia had passed in through the garden-gate, and out over the fence—dead. I represented to him that he would keep on buying begonias, and throwing away their corpses, till the expense would reach that of a good-sized green-house, and he would curse his folly and short-sightedness at last for not having built one in time. Feeling that my speech had made a deep impression, I knew that I could safely leave the rest to mother, and returned to San Francisco.

A month later he wrote: "Come and see the green-house; it is twelve by sixteen feet, and cost fifty dollars to build." I went as soon as I could. A perfect beauty was that little green-house. It stood against the fence at the bottom of the garden; the board fence itself had been raised to form the thirteen-feet-high wall, and from there the roof sloped toward the garden. Everything about it, except this fence-wall, was window-glass, covered with a thin coat of white paint. Thus it gleamed out magically from among flowering shrubs of oleander, magnolia, lilac, bridal-wreath, and roses. Graceful, slender trees, the trees that mother had raised in the little box, flung light, fitful shadows over it; and, altogether, the effect of the little structure was more than charming—it was enchanting, fairylike. Inside, on either hand, and along the back wall, were shelves; and George had already filled a great portion of them with begonias—but begonias in such endless variety that the one name does not seem sufficient for all the different kinds. Being no florist, I can not call the multitudinous members of the family by name; but aside from the two principal divisions (discernible to the unprofessional eye), the flowering begonias and the foliage begonias, there must be some fifty subdivisions. The different flowers were from the deepest scarlet to the brightest coral—pure white, salmon, pearl-pink, faint red, bright red, pink, another red, another salmon—no two shades alike, but always playing in the same colors. Then there was the Rex begonia, with its grand, silver-tinted leaves; another with funny little leaves, all hairy, and mottled like a toper's nose; round, glossy leaves, and leaves with a bright rim running around them—all begonias, but no two just alike.

The floor of this grand conservatory was exactly what it had been while it was still common garden; even the white rose that climbed up the fence was still there, though capped of its longest branches. Geraniums, pinks, and heliotropes that happened to stand in that part of the garden, had insisted on growing till their heads struck against the lowest shelf, and they seemed stupidly staring at the changes around them. Of course the place is not heated, either winter or summer; there is no trace of fire, steam, or any other artificial heat within a hundred yards of it; but the house contains all the exotics that grace the conservatories of the Eastern States—camelias, bouvardias, azaleas, gloxinias, and a hundred more. Pretty as the glass-house looks in the light of the sun, I think it is prettier still at night, seen from the outside, when brilliantly lighted up within—and a two-tallow-candle-power is sufficient for this purpose. To see it then, when every leaf and blossom seems delicately traced on the illuminated glass—when the trees above cast a momentary mantle over its brightness, to let it beam out softly again the next instant, while the wind whispers mysteriously among the slender leaves, and the night is made fragrant by the breath of a thousand flowers—no one would ever think that the garden was purely a chance one, and the conservatory merely an afterthought.

For the third and last time let me say that "our appetite grows with the eating." Many a time when I stand, garden-hose in hand, draggled and wet to the waist, like a mermaid, I measure with my eye the distance to the farther fence that surrounds the next cottage. Our garden is not a large one, and the flowers are actually crowded. Now, I think—and mother thinks so too—that George ought to have that cottage moved to some other lot, so that the fence between our grounds and the neighbor's yard could be torn down, and the whole space turned into one large garden. And what mother and I think will come to pass.

JOSEPHINE CLIFFORD.

PREHISTORIC TREASURES.

A few years since there was found, buried in the ground, in a cave at Bethlehem, in Judea, a small collection of flint flakes, evidently the work of prehistoric man. Similar discoveries have been made in nearly all parts of the world. The great museums of Europe, and of this country, contain collections numbering thousands of these implements, made by our remote ancestors. They have been discovered beneath the floor of caves, in peat bogs, buried in the ground of plains, and below the surface on hillsides, and on mountains. Vast quantities have been found in the United States and Great Britain; in every part of the continent of Europe, from the peat bogs of Denmark to the plain of Marathon; from Peru to Terra del Fuego, and from Japan and China to the Malay Archipelago.

In the *American Antiquarian* of September, 1879, is an account of the recent discovery of a large collection of these flaked flints, which was found two feet below the present surface of the ground near Akron, Ohio. In commenting on this discovery, the editor of the *Antiquarian* says:

> "One of the greatest archæological puzzles in our country is the large flaked flints usually called leaf-shaped implements. They are from four to nine inches in length, three to five wide, and about half an inch thick; round at the base, and very obtusely pointed at the opposite extremity, the apex being slightly to one side. They show no signs of use whatever, and are found in masses, from a few to many hundred."

Some of these collections of flakes have probably been buried thousands, if not tens of thousands of years, or from the time of man's first appearance on the earth, and others have not been in the earth for more than two or three hundred years, and, without doubt, some are being buried at the present time.

If we could find a people at this time practically living in the paleolithic age, who make and treasure similar flakes, and observe the use they make of them, and note the high value at which they are held, we might obtain a simple and easy solution of this archæological puzzle.

There are several small tribes of Indians in northern California and the southeastern portion of Oregon, who still depend upon the bow and arrow in the chase, and who yet use stone arrow-heads and obsidian knives, chisels, and scrapers. The Wintoons, or McCloud River Indians, as yet have no fire-arms, and but few of them can be induced to make use of a gun. When I asked Consolulu, the best arrow-head maker of the tribe, to make, in my presence, an arrow-head as he had made it before he had seen a white man or a piece of iron, he conducted me to his brush camp, and removing some bear and fox-skins spread over some pine boughs, he took from a depression in the ground, beneath the boughs, a small candle-box, which was about one-fourth filled with these leaf-shaped flakes of obsidian, as well as pieces of obsidian not yet split into flakes. He selected one of the smallest of these flakes from which to make the arrow-head; but as I desired to see the operation of splitting the obsidian into flakes, I induced him to split a flake from one of the large pieces for this purpose. His box contained two pieces of obsidian; one weighing about two pounds, the other half this weight; about forty or fifty flakes of the ordinary shape, from three to five inches long, and from one to three wide; some short pieces of telegraph wire sharpened to a point and tied to wooden handles; some sharpened deer-prongs, and some pieces of split deer-horn ground off squarely at the ends, which he used to split the flakes from the large piece of obsidian. As nearly the whole region claimed by this tribe is of carboniferous limestone, I was curious to know where he obtained the obsidian. He answered, on the north side of Mount Shasta, about sixty miles distant, in the country of the Yreka Indians. He said the Modocs, the Trinity Indians, the Klamaths, the Poospooshs, and the Wintoons all obtained this stone from the same place. The country originally inhabited by these tribes would occupy an area of about two hundred and fifty miles long by two hundred broad. Obsidian is also found in Lake County, north of Mt. St. Helena, and in Plumas County, near Lassen Butte. For any of the tribes named to have obtained it from these latter places, would have involved journeys of hundreds of miles through country held by several tribes. Mount Shasta, though claimed by the Yrekas, was near the boundary line of different tribes speaking different dialects. Consolulu, in describing to me the place where he obtained this obsidian, stated that before white men came to the country his tribe rarely secured it without a battle with the Yrekas, or Modocs.

To these Indians, as to prehistoric man, flint, obsidian, jasper, and chert represented the highest values. Without some hard stone, having a conchoidal fracture, they were powerless against their enemies and almost impotent in the chase. With implements made from these stones, they kill game, skin animals, cut, saw, chisel, and scrape wood for their bows and arrows, and for other purposes; bore holes in wood and in softer stones, kill their enemies in battle, and do numberless things which civilized man now does with iron and steel. It is not strange that the stone weapons and implements used by these Indians should be almost identical with those made by prehistoric man, wherever found. The material from which they are constructed and the use of only such means of manufacture as were found in a state of nature about them, would not admit of other forms. Mr. E. B. Tylor, in his work on *The Early History of Mankind*, says the remains of the work of paleolithic man consists of "a very small number of classes, such as flakes, knives and scrapers, spear and arrow-heads, celts and hammers. Taking the mass of specimens found in museums.........the prevailing character of these implements, whether modern or thousands of years old, whether found on this side of the world or the other, is that of marked uniformity." Mr. John Evans, in his work on the *Ancient Stone Implements of Great Britain*, says: "The majority of these implements were made from flakes, or splinters of flint struck off from larger blocks in such a manner that it was the flakes that were utilized."

Without doubt these stones, split into flakes, served the place of money, and were the means of exchange among friendly tribes; for they are found in prairies and on plains hundreds of miles away from the quarries where the stone is found in place, and are still in use among tribes whose land contains none of these kinds of stones. When it is remembered that every warrior and every hunter must have these stone arrow-heads and knives, and every woman knives and scrapers, and that all of them are made from these leaf-shaped flakes, and when we think of the unknown generations, during countless ages, that have made use of them, it is not strange that the plow of civilization turns up to the light so many collections of these ancient treasures.

If I describe what must have taken place among the Wintoons before they had seen a paleface, and tell what I have observed and learned from them and other Indian tribes in California, it will, I think, offer a solution to the archæological puzzle. Except that some members of this tribe are beginning to substitute iron for stone, they live, hunt, fish, and follow the same modes practiced by their ancestors ten thousand years ago. They cannot, with profit, do differently unless they adopt the habits of civilization.

Their knives having been worn out, their arrow-heads shot away and broken—if unable to obtain obsidian by barter from other tribes—they would be compelled to go sixty miles to the country of the Yrekas to obtain it. If it could be got without a battle they would be fortunate. When obtained, they would have no means of transporting it except in willow baskets held on their shoulders by a deer-skin strap. While traveling in an enemy's country, this strap passes across the forehead, leaving the arms free, and allowing the load, if necessary, to be instantly dropped from the shoulders. After arriving at a place where they felt secure against attack, their first business would be to split the lumps of obsidian into flakes. They would do this because all of their weapons and implements are manufactured from these flakes, and while an arrow-head, knife, scraper, or spear-head can be made from a flake with only an occasional loss from breakage, the splitting of a large piece of obsidian into flakes is an uncertain business in the most practiced hands. In splitting up a piece to make fifty of these flakes, probably one-half in weight of the stone would be lost by breakage. Many of the pieces of obsidian, which look well when first obtained, are found on splitting to be shattered, and consequently unfit for working. These are thrown away. When all of the proper pieces are split into flakes, and the journey resumed, the weight to be carried would probably not be more than one-half of that with which it commenced. The fragments and chips left where this work was done would remain to puzzle antiquarians in after ages.

I have in another paper* described the process by which these people make an arrow-head from one of these flakes. They split the flakes from the large pieces of obsidian by holding against an edge a piece of split deer-horn, the split deer-horn having been ground off squarely at each end. This leaves each end a semicircle. The line of the diameter of the split deer-horn is held to cover as much of the edge of the obsidian as will make the thickness of the flake proposed to be split off. Holding one end of the split deer-horn firmly with one hand against the obsidian, with the other hand holding a round, water-worn boulder, a sharp blow is given to the other end of the split deer-horn. If successful, and the obsidian is uniform in texture, a conchoidal, leaf-shaped flake will be split off, almost always concave or convex at the base, obtusely pointed at the opposite extremity, and the apex usually slightly on one side. The concave or convex base, and the form of the flake, arise from the fact that all of the stones used for tools by paleolithic man fracture conchoidally, and when split in the manner I have described, invariably take this leaf-shaped form.

Arriving in the village, the arrow-head and knife maker would be busy until all were supplied who could give something in exchange for the implements. These flakes, being in universal use and demand, have so great value that for safety they are hidden or buried. Consolulu valued the two pieces of obsidian, weighing respectively about two pounds and one pound, so highly that he would not sell them for less than forty and twenty dollars. Before going into battle, or on long hunting expeditions, these flakes, as well as shells and other treasures, are buried. If killed in battle, the shells may decay, but the flint and obsidian flakes remain unchanged for unknown ages.

They are also buried for other reasons. One day, a few years since, while fishing for trout near the summit of the Sierra, on one of the branches of the North Fork of the American River, I sat down to rest on a granite boulder, below which, about twenty yards distant, was a spring of alkaline and salt water. This spring, after the snows have melted, is much frequented by deer. This boulder is one of a group composing an ancient moraine, and is almost hidden by chapparal *(ceonothus velutinus)*. Happening to stir the ground at my feet, I disturbed a flake of red jasper; digging further, I found myself among the chips of an Indian workshop. All the chips disclosed would have filled a peck measure. There were dozens of broken arrow-heads, pieces of flakes too small for arrow-heads, flakes having some defects, and a half-dozen or more of arrow-heads which to me seemed quite perfect. Digging on the other side of the boulder, I found five perfect flakes of obsidian. No Indians live in this part of the State, and there are no evidences that they ever permanently resided here. The elevation is nearly seven thousand feet, and snow remains on the ground until the middle of June. The deer *(cariacus columbianus)* migrates with the season, in winter living among the foot-hills of the Sierra, and in summer following up the snow line as it recedes. From August to November, deer are numerous in all this region, and it is a favorite hunting-ground for the Truckee and Washoe Indians. At this season, the men, leaving the women at the village to gather grass-seeds, make excursions from Washoe Valley, in Nevada, and from the borders of the Truckee River, thirty miles or more, crossing the crest of the Sierra in the journey to this part of the State, for the purpose of hunting deer. I had evidently found a "blind" where some of these Indians and their ancestors for unknown generations had watched the "salt lick" for deer. Some of the industrious members had brought with them their flakes of jasper and obsidian, and patiently worked behind the boulder, chipping them into arrow-heads, while waiting for the deer to approach the spring. One, probably called off and expecting to return, had buried his stock of flakes. As he never came back, they were left for me to find.

With the Pah-Utes and Shoshonees of the Humboldt River, obsidian is so difficult to obtain that it has great value, and is only used in battle, and for killing large game. Their small game, such as ducks, hares, and ground-squirrels, are killed with an arrow, the shaft of which is made from a reed *(phragmites communis)* that grows near the river; the point, from mountain mahogany *(cercocarpus ledifolius)*, a very hard wood of close grain, so heavy that it will sink in water, and found growing on the eastern flanks of the Sierra Nevada.

Our prehistoric ancestors, before the discovery of bronze and iron, must have lived in the same manner as these Indians, and made these flakes in the same way, used them for the same purposes, and valued them as highly. Wherever found, they are near where once was a village, and are the buried treasures of the warrior or hunter who hid them before going on some expedition from which he never returned. 'If near a spring, pond, or stream, and associated with chips of the same material, then evidently the hunter took flakes with him, and chipped out arrow-heads as he patiently watched for game. When Consolulu chipped for me one of these flakes into an arrow-head, and explained how much more rapidly he could work with a piece of iron wire than with the sharpened deer-horn, he added, that he wished the white man would give him something to polish and make smooth his work. My interpreter could not find words in the Wintoon language to describe an emery-wheel, and I had to leave the old man unsatisfied in his aspirations of emerging from the paleolithic into a neolithic age. B. B. Redding.

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* *American Naturalist*, November, 1879.

FRANKINCENSE.

A faint, white light burns tremblingly
Before my altars night and day;
Ever the sacrificial knife
Poises above them, strong to slay,
And the air of the temple is warm and dense
With the pungent smoke of frankincense.

The light is trimmed, when it waxes dim,
By unseen hands that never fail;
The victims fall without a moan,
And vanish in the shadows pale;
And lazy spirals forever float
From the mystic censer's slender throat.

No acolyth is holding high
The sacred vessel as it swings,
The curtain guarding the inner door
Of the temple, foldeth its velvet wings;
For the patient flame, the musk and myrrh
Burn for *one* kneeling worshipper.

And this dumb creature hath no priest,
Nor service save the prayer of tears;
Her choir is Memory's muffled voice,
Chanting the Credo of the years,
As she strives to cleanse from stain and rust
The idols fallen in the dust.

The white gods, standing straight and still,
Each in his niche of altar-stone,
Look, with unpitying, sightless eyes,
On their dead comrades overthrown.
Once they were fair, these things of clay,
But they crack and crumble day by day.

Each in his niche of altar-stone
Pointeth a silent finger down
To say, in stern, unuttered speech,

"And here we, too, must lose our crown:
We, too, are shapen of careless clay,—
Watch us blacken and melt away!"

The travail of hope, the breath of faith
Swaying the prostrate worshipper,
May never fill the altar-space,
Or make the fallen gods to stir;
But ever the faltering temple light
Maketh a lantern in the night.

And when the walls are clean and bare,
And the silken curtain is lifted wide,
And the sacrifice has been complete,
And the ruined idols are swept aside,
What is there left to carry hence,
But a floating wreath of frankincense?

MY ROSARY.

"He only is rich who owns the day."—*Emerson.*

So *I* am rich, for my days go by
Like the beads of a royal rosary—
This one amber, and that one gold,
Slipping away as the prayer is told.

Here a carving of sombre jet,
Making its comrades fairer yet;
There an opal, flashing dim,
Set in a tarnished silver rim.

Flame of topaz and gleam of pearl—
How they shimmer, and burn, and whirl!
Sliding adown the silken thread,
Till all the Aves at last are said.

The summer comes and the spring-tide goes
With perfect bloom and the summer's rose;
The seasons shift, with rain and shine—
But, dark or bright, the days are mine.

And when my fingers have loosed their hold
On these glancing knots of amber and gold,
I gather them up, like a pious nun
Whose ended duty is just begun.

And I read their story over again—
The daily trifles of joy or pain,
Furbishing up each treasure-trove—
This one Vanity, that one Love.

How do I know that the days are mine?
How do I know that the rain and shine
Mean what they ought? that I truly hold
The very heart of the amber and gold?

It is so easy to laugh and say
"The days are mine," as they slip away;
But out of their fullness, I know too well,
I have lost—ah! what, I scarce can tell.

They held so much, and I let it go;
They are so bright, and I lose the glow—
Always *something* slips away
With each precious bead of my rosary.

KATE M. BISHOP.

THE SEVEN CITIES OF CIBOLA.

Strange reports reached the City of Mexico, about fifteen years after its conquest by the Spaniards, respecting the unknown countries which lay to the north and northwest. Those as yet undiscovered regions were supposed to abut upon the kingdoms of India, and were said to contain not only rich and populous nations and splendid cities, but also mountains of gold, silver, and precious stones, oceans of pearls, islands of Amazons, mermaids, unicorns, and all the marvels which for centuries had played a part in the fables and romances of the East. The conquerors, even though in the presence of the glories of Tenochtitlan, believed they had entered merely the *threshold* of the wealth and splendor of the New World, and that the true El Dorado lay in the far north beyond. To their excited imaginations everything in that direction assumed a golden hue: the vague accounts of the country given by the Indians grew more and more exaggerated with every repetition as they passed from mouth to mouth, and not only the soldiers, but even the great Cortes himself felt firmly convinced that in the unknown north there were nations whose wealth and empires whose splendor as far exceeded that of the Aztecs as those of the Aztecs exceeded Hispaniola and Cuba.

But strange as were these reports, on account of their romantic character and the avidity with which they were caught up and credited, they were much more so on account of the singular substratum of truth which underlay them—a substratum of truth which, though only lately recognized, has exceeded the wildest dreams of the early enthusiasts. They all pointed in the direction of the territories since called California, Arizona, and New Mexico, the territories which have since been found out to be the true El Dorado, the territories which, as the world now knows, are the true land of mineral wealth. They all pointed to cities large and populous, cities of splendid and extensive buildings, cities far advanced in civil polity; and we now find immense ruins spread over vast tracts of country, which, even in their loneliness and desolation, still bear eloquent testimony of former grandeur and magnificence. By degrees, as further and further discoveries are being made among these ruins, our attention is being more and more attracted to the ancient reports; and when we come to compare recent developments with what have hitherto been regarded as only the heated fancies of the old Spanish conquerors, the facts demand at our hands a much ampler justification of Cortes and his companions in their reception of, and belief in, these marvelous stories, than has ever yet been vouchsafed to them.

Among these marvelous stories, the strangest and most wonderful, those which attracted the most attention and gave the greatest impetus to adventure and discovery, were concerning the Seven Cities of Cibola, or *Septem Civitates*, as they were called by the Latin-speaking priesthood of the day. The exact situation of these famous cities was not pointed out; but in all the ancient maps, however general and defective in other respects, they were invariably designated, and given "a local habitation and a name." In some, they were represented as rearing their giant towers where the then unknown Bay of San Francisco ought to have been; in others, as lying at the head of the California Gulf, and in others as more nearly in the centre of the great sandy wastes, like Palmyra in the desert. However erroneous, and at whatever times these maps may have been made, they all exhibited the Seven Cities, or *Septem Civitates*, as if they were as familiar to fame as the cities around the Lake of Tescuco.

Cortes, as is well known, sent several expeditions, one of which he accompanied in person, in search of the splendor and wealth which were thus believed to exist in the far northwest. The story of these expeditions is told in most of our histories; but it is omitted to be told in them how, though all his expeditions proved unsuccessful and unfortunate, his confidence of the wealth of the country remained unbroken and undiminished. Though he had seen for himself the bare and rugged mountains of the Californian peninsula, and their wretched and savage inhabitants, he still believed that the El Dorado which he sought, though it might be distant, still lay in that direction. And in this belief all the adventurers of the then New World participated. If we could suppose that they actually knew only a small portion of the truth, we might well imagine how they reveled in their anticipations of the magnificent countries and illimitable treasures open to their conquest. If we could suppose that they had obtained only a few nuggets from the Californian placers, we might well appreciate how richly prepared were their minds for the marvelous stories, which, as narrated by the old Spanish chroniclers, reached Mexico in the year 1536.

The bringers of these stories were Alvaro Nuñez Cabeza de Vaca and his companions, Alonzo de Castillo, Andres de Orantes, and a negro called Estevanico, the last of whom, by the way, is one of the first of his race named in American annals. These persons, according to the reports they gave of themselves, were of the unfortunate expedition, conducted by Panfilo de Narvaez, into Florida in the year 1527. Managing to escape the death which their leader and comrades suffered, they found means, by persuading the Indians that they possessed miraculous powers for healing sicknesses, to subsist. Several fortunate recoveries under their hands gave color to their pretensions. They passed from tribe to tribe, and gradually, after wandering for nine long years, reached the Pacific and at last made their way to Mexico—being thus the first Europeans who crossed the continent north of the tropics. In narrating their adventures they assured their wondering listeners that the interior of the country through which they had passed was full of various nations; that they themselves had seen much wealth in the shape of arrow-heads of the finest emerald, and big bags of silver, and that they had heard of many peoples, living further north, who possessed great cities and abundant riches. These reports, sustained as they were by the credit of Cabeza de Vaca, a gentleman of character, confirmed the Spaniards in their previously somewhat vague belief in the wealth of the northwest, and not only induced Cortes to continue his exertions, but attracted the enterprise of others, who, it might be supposed, would have been the last to engage in visionary schemes or mere romantic adventures.

One of these latter was Father Marcos de Niza, a Franciscan priest and provincial of his order. He was regarded as one of the most solid and substantial men in the New World; but he became so much animated by the reports of Cabeza de Vaca, that, without considering personal risk and inconvenience, he determined at once and almost alone to explore those wonderful countries, and reap the early harvest of uncounted wealth, as well as of regenerated souls, which they promised. Accordingly, having secured the services of the negro Estevanico as a guide, and a number of Indian interpreters, he set out for Culiacan, the most northern of the Spanish settlements on the Pacific, in March, 1539. He traveled first a hundred leagues northwestward along the eastern coast of the Gulf of California, and reached, and in four days crossed, a desert. This brought him to a country where the natives had no knowledge whatever of the Christians, and believed him a man come from heaven. They placed before him provisions in great quantities, and touched his priestly robes with reverence. In answer to questions concerning the countries beyond, they told him there was a valley among the mountains, four days' journey eastward, where the people possessed large vessels of gold, and wore ornaments of the same in their ears and nostrils. Father Marcos determined to visit this valley on his return, should it prove worth his while; but upon the present occasion, without turning aside, he continued his journey northward, and in four days further, came to the town of a nation called Vacapas. It was now the time of Easter, which his profession required him to pass in quiet and religious exercises; and he accordingly made arrangements to tarry among the Vacapas for a week. Having an eye to business, however, and apparently regarding his companions as mere Gentiles, excluded from the pale of salvation and not in need of the same religious recreation as himself, he divided them into three parties, and sent them out north, west, and east, with instructions to explore the country and bring him back intelligence of their discoveries. It was only a few days after they had gone, when he was surprised with great news. Estevanico, who had gone northward, sent back intelligence of a great country, thirty days' journey further north, towards which he was advancing as fast as he could go, and requesting Father Marcos to follow as speedily as possible. This country, Estevanico informed him by messengers, was called Cibola, and it embraced, or consisted of, seven great and magnificent cities, whose houses, built of stone, several stories high, with portals adorned with turquoises, were disposed in streets, and whose inhabitants were under the government of one supreme king. Soon afterwards, the party, which had gone westward, returned with word that they had found the sea forty leagues distant, at a place where there were thirty-four islands near the coast, and many people bearing shields of leather beautifully figured; and about the same time the party that had gone eastward also returned, bringing three Indians of a tribe who painted their arms and breasts, and were therefore called Pintados. At first it was supposed that the bringing in of the Pintados was a matter of small account; but upon questioning them they said they had traveled and knew the country, and that among other places they had seen were the great cities of Cibola, which they described, and in all respects confirmed the reports of Estevanico regarding their grandeur and magnificence.

Father Marcos now bade farewell to the hospitable Vacapas, and continued his journey northward. In three days he was met by another messenger from Estevanico, who brought still further and more glowing accounts of the greatness and wealth of Cibola. Further on he heard that, besides the Seven Cities, there were three great kingdoms situated in the north, called Marata, Acus, and Totonteac, the people of which wore ornaments of precious stones in profusion. Still further on he found a great cross, which Estevanico had erected in token that the prospects of great discoveries brightened as he advanced. Cheered by these hopeful indications, Father Marcos hurried along and passed through a country which was artificially irrigated and very productive, where the people were clothed in cotton, and wore turquoise necklaces. He then crossed a second desert, and came to a populous and well irrigated valley, inhabited by a people whom he says were white, where he found that the Seven Cities were as well known and as much spoken of as the City of Mexico in New Spain. Hearing at this place that the sea was not far distant, he turned aside, and discovered what he supposed to be the ocean in the neighborhood of the thirty-sixth degree of north latitude—the parallel of Tule Lake and Santa Fé—a supposed discovery, in which the worthy Father was probably deceived by some mirage of the desert, mistaking it for a portion of the fabulous Straits of Anian. Again pursuing his northerly course five days further, Father Marcos met a fugitive from Cibola, who gave him still further information concerning the Seven Cities, their form and appearance, and also of the kingdoms of Marata, Acus, and Tontonteac, their people, their cities built of stone and lime like those of Cibola, and their riches. It was about this same time that a skin was brought in said to belong to that famous animal, the unicorn, which the worthy Father informs us was one and a half times larger than an ox, having hair the length of a finger, and of the color of a he-goat, and possessing a single horn curving down from the forehead upon the breast, and giving off a single prong, in which there was great strength and power. In the meanwhile further intelligence came from Estevanico that he was traveling with all possible dispatch towards the Seven Cities, in company with three hundred natives who had joined him; that so far as he had traveled he had found no deceit in the Indians, and that therefore full credit was due to all they said about the rich countries to which he was leading the way. And to this commendation Father Marcos assures us he could add his own testimony "that in the one hundred and twelve leagues he had journeyed since first hearing of Cibola, he had always found them truthful and trustworthy."

Father Marcos was now, May 9, 1539, within fifteen days' journey of Cibola. The remainder of his way was a desert, over which he traveled twelve days, and consequently arrived within three days of Cibola, when the melancholy intelligence reached him of the barbarous and inhuman inhospitality of the Cibolans, and the massacre of Estevanico and all his friends. The tragic news was brought by an Indian, who said "that Estevanico, when within one day's journey of Cibola, had sent forward messengers to the Governor with presents of strings of bells and colored feathers; that the Governor, upon their approach, flew into a great passion, flung the presents into the fire, and said he knew the people from whom they came, and that should they enter Cibola, they should surely all be put to death; that Estevanico, notwithstanding this threat, persuaded his companions they would still be well received; that accordingly they all proceeded to the city, which, however, they were not allowed to enter; but, after being stripped of everything they carried, they were imprisoned in a large house, and the next day the people of Cibola fell upon and massacred them."

It was difficult at first to credit this evil report; but soon afterwards two of the Indians who had accompanied Estevanico, and who had escaped the massacre, arrived and confirmed it in every particular, adding "that they themselves had only escaped by hiding among the dead bodies of their companions until after night-fall." The account of so great a disaster, thus brought and thus confirmed, at a moment when his imagination was worked up for far other intelligence, so confused and so horrified Father Marcos that for a long time he knew not what to do. He, however, like a good Christian as he was, eventually composed his mind to patience, and retired apart to pray and commend himself to God. But, alas, his absence only added to his troubles. Upon his return a new cause of danger and inquietude stared him in the face. The Indians, who had escaped the slaughter, having leisure to discuss their situation, came to the conclusion that he was the cause of all their misfortunes, and conspired to put him to death. It was an occasion upon which such a man as Cortes would have exhibited some master-stroke of policy as a soldier; Father Marcos acted simply as a priest and missionary. He ordered all his merchandise and trinkets to be brought forth, and, after dividing them among the Indians, informed them "that they would now gain nothing by his death, and that should they kill him, the Christians would surely avenge his death." And thus he saved his life. By the effect either of his words or of his liberality, the Indians were appeased, and made no attempt to put their threats in execution.

Father Marcos, finding himself thus delivered from imminent danger, and considering that he might safely see, even if he could not visit, the great object of his search, continued his journey with the few companions who still remained faithful; and the next day, upon ascending the ridge of a mountain, came within view of the famous Cibola. Glorious was the sight now presented to his eyes. Far below him, in a plain among the hills, within a short distance of each other, lay the Seven Cities, shining in the sun; with their long streets of stone houses several stories high and flat-roofed, and darkened by a population more numerous than that of Mexico. No wonder Father Marcos, upon beholding this beautiful sight, and gazing down upon it long and earnestly, was tempted to descend and enter the forbidden precincts; but remembering that if he were killed no one would carry back the news of his discoveries, he wisely refrained. He contented himself with setting up a great pile of stones, surmounted with a cross, and thus claiming possession of the whole country of Cibola and of the kingdoms of Marata, Acus, and Totonteac in the name of his friend and patron, Don Antonio de Mendoza, Viceroy and Governor of New Spain, for the crown of Castile and Leon. Having thus made his discovery, and convinced himself, with his own eyes, of the existence and magnificence of the Seven Cities, Father Marcos set out upon his return. On his way back he turned aside at the golden valley, of which he had heard on his outward journey, and approached near enough to see its towns and people; of which he also took possession, and erected a cross as he had done at Cibola. He then hastened to Culiacan, and thence to Compostella, the capital of New Galicia, whence he sent advices of his discoveries to Mexico.

The report of this journey, as might be supposed, filled all New Spain with novelty and excitement. There was enough of uncertainty about it to give free scope to the imagination, and enough of truth, we may well believe now, to convince the reason. It sounded almost like a fairy tale, and yet it was told by a Father of the Church. Now, at least, it became probable that all the discoveries and conquests hitherto made in the New World would be eclipsed. Nothing now was thought of but Cibola. Every man partook of the absorbing enthusiasm, from the old captain, who had seen the Aztecan and Toltecan capitals in their pristine magnificence and was now enjoying his *repartimientos* and revenues, down to the half-clad recruit, last come from Europe in search of employment and fortune. Even the cautious Mendoza and other officers of government were inspired with the same ardor, while on the mind of Cortes, being, as it was, the proof of his long-settled belief in the wealth and splendor of those distant regions, it must have produced a profound effect.

The Conqueror, who by his Emperor had been named Captain-General of New Spain and of the coasts of the South Sea, held the right, according to the terms of his *capitulacion*, of making discoveries and conquests of all countries in the New World beyond the jurisdiction of other Spanish Governors. He had already built many ships and spent vast sums in projects directed towards the countries of the northwest, the very ones into which Marcos de Niza had penetrated. But he now found two great rivals, whom the reports of the wealth and splendor of the Seven Cities induced to enter the field against him. One was Mendoza, the Viceroy, who laid claim to the new countries in right of his office and of the possession taken of them in his name. The other was Pedro de Alvarado, Governor of Guatemala, who had recently managed to obtain a commission to make discoveries, and was now preparing an armament beyond anything which had ever appeared in the Pacific.

From one end to the other, New Spain now resounded with the noise of preparation; recruits were gathered, arms furbished, stores collected, and everything got ready for the march. Cortes, Mendoza, and Alvarado, each in his own sphere, pushed on their projects; but Cortes, with that celerity of movement peculiar to his genius, far outstripped his competitors. Long before they were ready to start, he equipped a great fleet and dispatched it up the northern coast under the charge of that most faithful and perhaps most deserving of his officers, Francisco de Ulloa. Ulloa completely explored the Gulf of California, weathered Cape San Lucas, and ran up along the western coast of the peninsula, till meeting heavy weather in the northern seas, and finding his crew disaffected, he turned about. On his return, when almost within sight of the port from which he set out, he was basely assassinated by one of his soldiers, and his fleet scattered, without having either seen or heard anything further of the Seven Cities. In the meanwhile, Alvarado, the Murat of those times, before he was ready to take his final start, was killed by a fall from his horse, and his enterprise also broken up. Mendoza, on the contrary, succeeded in sending a force to the new country, consisting of one hundred and fifty horsemen, two hundred infantry, and some light pieces of artillery, under the command of Francisco Vasquez de Coronado, Governor of New Galicia. The leader of this expedition appears to have been a man of cold disposition, with not a spark of enthusiasm or romance in his composition. One cannot help thinking him a methodical and careful soldier, and undoubtedly he was an able leader; but the reader of the old chronicles in which his exploits are recorded can hardly thank him for his strange incredulity in a land so full of wonders; and the Spanish nation may attribute to him, in great part, the non-development, and perhaps the subsequent loss, of the richest mineral territory on the face of the earth.

Coronado set out from Culiacan on April 22, 1540, with the express design of conquering the Seven Cities, and all the countries in that part of the world. When he reached the neighborhood of the valley among the mountains, which Marcos de Niza had reported to be full of gold, he sent off a detachment of horsemen to reconnoitre it. They did so; but brought back cold comfort. He assures us they found neither cities, nor gold, nor anything, but a few Indians, who lived upon maize, beans, and calabashes, and in warfare used poisoned arrows, with which they killed several of his soldiers. He thereupon continued his march; taking, however, a somewhat different route from that pursued by Marcos de Niza; for he crossed several mountain chains, and two rivers, one of which he called the San Juan, and the other the Balsas. In the course of a month or more, having passed over countries diversified with deserts, fruitful valleys, mountains, and plains, in all of which there was nothing to attract his attention, he at last stood, with his army, before Cibola — Cibola the famous, Cibola the renowned! The imaginations of all had been raised to the highest pitch by Marcos de Niza's account of his views of this renowned locality from the mountains. But all that Coronado could now see was a few small towns, consisting of houses built, indeed, of stone, and having flat roofs, but peopled with only a few hundred miserable inhabitants. He admits that the country was delightful, and the soil fruitful; but he intimates, and indeed virtually declares, that the narrative of Marcos was a fable. He, Coronado, could find nothing worthy of conquest, nothing to attract emigration, nothing to justify settlement. The country was remote; and there was in it neither civilization, nor splendor, nor wealth, nor turquoises, nor precious stones, nor silver, nor gold.

Coronado was of too unimpressive and unimaginative a nature to observe objects of scientific or historical interest; and, not finding the expected wealth, he contemptuously turned his back upon the Seven Cities, and proceeded in search of Marata, Acus, and Totonteac. These towns, when he reached them, he found to be similar to those he had just left. But one important fact he could not help noticing, and this was that all the streams which he came to ran towards the Gulf of Mexico. One of these in particular, the largest he saw, he followed twenty leagues towards its source, and in that short distance passed fifteen towns. He appears to have traveled eastwardly and northwardly, after leaving Cibola, for nearly three weeks, and at length arrived at a country where the plains, as far as the eye could reach, were black with herds of buffaloes, so crowded together that his troops could scarcely pass. Here he heard of Quivira, a country still further north, governed by Tatarrax, a hoary-headed, long-bearded king, said to worship a golden cross, and an image of the Queen of Heaven. To this venerable monarch Coronado now determined to pay his respects; and, after traveling a whole month northward in search of him, at length arrived at his dominions. But these, though they exceeded Cibola in fame, proved, also, quite as unimportant and inconsiderable. Nothing found favor in the eyes of Coronado — neither the country, the vegetation, the animals, the inhabitants, nor the natural wonders; neither the mountains, nor the streams, nor the forests, nor the plains, nor the cities, nor the fields. Cold and unimpassioned, he calculated the mere number of leagues which he had traveled; set up a cross and an inscription to notify the future adventurer that Coronado had been there before him, and then, turning about, carried back to Mexico a chilling account of the north, and, with one fell swoop, dashed all the golden prospects which had been excited in regard to it.

The report of Coronado dissipated entirely the hitherto imagined glories of the north and northwest; so much so, that for many years afterwards little was said or thought of the Seven Cities, or of Marata, Acus and Totonteac, or of Quivira. Nobody visited them; nobody cared for them; ages passed away; the dust of centuries gathered around the old records, and they were forgotten. It is true that, in the course of time, the Spaniards spread further and further northward, settled in the countries which reach from the Mississippi to the Bay of San Francisco, and established their *pueblos* in the same valleys which Cabeza de Vaca, Marcos de Niza, and Vasquez de Coronado had traversed; but they were not the Spaniards of the olden time. It is true that the Spanish name advanced over all these regions; but it was not until after the magnificent empire of Charles V. and Philip II. had fallen into the hands of their feeble and puerile successors, and the ancient enterprise of Spain and the Spanish people had become a thing of the past. It is true that in name the Spanish sway was extended over these vast territories; but in reality the sovereignty remained rather in the roving bands of Apaches and Comanches than passed to the descendants of the conquerors.

Since the times of the old chroniclers, in whose works lie scattered the details which we have thus far attempted to collect and connect together, little, if any, new information in regard to Cibola, and her famous Seven Cities, has been acquired. Historiographers have done nothing more than repeat the old story; and travelers, until very recently, have not considered it worth while to search into the question, what basis of truth existed for this strange episode in Spanish-American history? For three hundred years readers have commiserated the melancholy fate of Estevanico, and been amused at the credulous recitals of Marcos de Niza. The wrath of the Cibolan governor, when tendered the present of bells and feathers, has interested those who could appreciate the ludicrous and humorous; and his asseveration, that he knew the people from whom they came, can not have failed to attract the attention of those who had a taste for speculation and wonder. But here the interest on the subject seemed to stop. Full faith and credit was attributed to the report of Coronado; and when he declared there was "nothing in it," the question was supposed to be settled and at rest.

Marcos de Niza may have been something of a visionary. His stories about the sea, which he saw in the middle of the continent, and his acceptance of the unicorn fable, and the ready credence he gave to marvels he did not see, and the improbable splendors which he supposed he beheld from distant prospects in the mountains—all go to shake the dependence which might otherwise be due to his testimony. But if he was something of a Munchausen, Vasquez de Coronado was much more of a Sir Charles Coldstream. Marcos de Niza, doubtless, imagined more than he saw; but Vasquez de Coronado did not see what really existed. There are no evidences, now ascertainable, to fully sustain the marvelous accounts of Marcos, but there are many proofs within easy reach to overthrow the skeptical and incredulous narrative of Vasquez. For, notwithstanding all the exaggerations and marvels with which the name of Cibola has been connected, and notwithstanding it has for ages been regarded as a mere figment of romance, it is now well ascertained, it is indeed a fact incapable of dispute or contradiction, that a great people, considerably advanced in civilization, inhabited the countries of which these old Spanish adventurers have made their various reports.

It is particularly within the last few years—since these countries have become a part of the United States, and since they have been found to lie in the track which one at least of the great trans-continental railroads must take—that they have attracted public attention. Surveyors, engineers, paleontologists, and other scientific men, have visited and explored them, traversed, measured, and studied them. And among their discoveries the famous old Seven Cities, or what is supposed with much reason to have been the Seven Cities, and many others, which may well have flourished in the age of Marcos de Niza and Vasquez de Coronado, have come to light. The ruins found half buried in the valleys of the rivers Chaco, Zuñi, and the tributaries of the Rio Grande, give evidence of an old population far advanced beyond the Indian of the present day. There, almost entirely covered by the rubbish and *débris* of centuries, are to be seen the remains of magnificently large structures, the masonry and architecture of which indicate an unexpected combination of science and skill. Some of the buildings consisted of more than a hundred separate apartments on the ground floor alone, and some show that they were three or more stories in height. The walls were painted and pictured, and the remnants of colored pottery scattered about, indicate a degree of polish and refinement of which savages could not be susceptible. By whom these houses were erected, and these pictures and decorations designed, we can only conjecture. Whether they were reared by the same inhabitants whom Cabeza de Vaca, Marcos de Niza, and Vasquez de Coronado first made known to Europeans, or whether they were the work of earlier inhabitants, of the Aztecs, or the still earlier Toltecs, is mere matter of speculation. Whoever the people may have been, and whenever the structures may have been built, it is certain that the traveler in those regions finds much to wonder over in the strange masonry and fallen terraces which he meets.

He can there trace long lines of chambers; he can discover the places of beams, and joists, and rafters; and without much difficulty he can reconstruct in imagination, from what still remains, the habitations of a race which must once have had regular government, and laws, and policy. There, as well as in the marble wilderness of Rome, might the poet exclaim:

> "Come and see
> The cyprus, hear the owl, and plod your way
> O'er steps of broken thrones and temples; ye,
> Whose agonies are evils of a day—
> A world is at our feet, as fragile as our clay!"

THEODORE H. HITTELL.

DITMARSCH AND KLAUS GROTH.

A PLATTDEUTSCH CHAT.

"Beer is keen Win, Win is keen Beer."

There is a long strip of the German Empire (say, the northern one-third, extending from the Rhine to Russian Poland, and especially comprising the lower Rhine lands, Westphalia, Hanover, what was once Lower Saxony, Holstein—and Ditmarsch—Mecklenburg, Pommern, and Brandenburg), to the natives of which the language of Lessing is an acquired tongue. Their vernacular, the speech of the farm and the nursery, is a mass of queer crystallizations of expression with few grammatical inflections to keep it from being jumbled. It is only when the young North German goes to school, and often not then, that he finds his tongue in the quasi Greek harness of conjugation and declension which marks high German—the language of Teutonic civilization—as distinct from Low German or Plattdeutsch.

English is Plattdeutsch; Dutch is Plattdeutsch; but, inasmuch as both English and Dutch have acquired a sort of autonomy among tongues, the name, Plattdeutsch, is rather limited to the unwritten, or more correctly, non-literary language of the North German. To illustrate, in a homely way, the affinities of the two speeches, English and Plattdeutsch, let us suppose that we take a batch of fine-bolted wheaten flour; bake it, with its suitable ingredients, into a pancake; sprinkle it with loaf-sugar; smear it with currant jelly; and, may be, scatter over it a little ground cinnamon. The dish will represent the English tongue, starting with the wheaten flour as the old Saxon and Frisian basis; the sugar being the Latin addition; the currant jelly, what we have borrowed from the French and Normand; and the cinnamon, a trifle we have picked up in our piratical sea maraudings from the Orientals. But if you bake your cake from unbolted flour, and eat it with no fancy additions, that would be the Plattdeutsch of Mecklenburg and Ditmarsch, a healthful article, good for the teeth and the complexion, but all full of lumps and rough edges, homely black bread, as it were.

If you have ever hung over a grocery counter in San Francisco, you perhaps have noticed that the grocer talked with his blond apprentice in a tongue that sounded strangely familiar, but unintelligible; and you have, may be, imagined that it might be very corrupt English spoken with a strong Germanic accent. You were mistaken a little—it was German spoken with an English accent; for the accent and pronunciation of Plattdeutsch are more akin to English than are those of any other branch of the Teutonic stem. Low German consonants are not bitten so sharply as they leave the mouth; it has the Anglo Saxon *th*, which High German has not; and its vowels are not so broad or long as in its more aristocratic sister.

Put the tips of your fingers and thumb of one hand together. If you call the thumb, with its insertion far down at the wrist, Plattdeutsch, the forefinger would be, let us say, Hollandish; the middle finger, English; the third, old, Low German of Charlemagne's time, and the little finger, Middle Low German; while the other hand might be called the High or Upper German division, commencing with Luther's New High German, and ending off, say with Ulfila's Gothic of the fourth century, which, however, is by some philologists ranked as the parent stem of both upper and lower German, and by some as a purely low German. And here, let me say that *low* German does not, primarily, mean vulgar German; nor does *high* German mean aristocratic. *Hill* German and *plain* German would be better renderings of *hoch* and *platt.*

Low German has been called the Doric German; but the expression—though, as regards its rusticity, somewhat happy—philologically, is incorrect. If the classes of Greek writers had but interchanged tongues, and if Xenophon and Plato had written Doric, and Theocritus had written Attic, then the literary position of Low German would be that of Attic German, as you might say; for in the matter of interchangeability of certain of the consonants, and the closing of the lips for the vowels, Low German has the Atticism and High German the Doricism on the scale of phonetics.

Scotch has been called the Doric branch of English; as a fact, it is simply purer Saxon, and, I might almost say, a closer sib of the Plattdeutsch. It would be practical, I fancy, to take a child born in the Lowlands, and, by slow migration, translate him to Vienna in such easy stages that he would never be able to designate when or where he left his English and commenced his German; nor where he dropped Plattdeutsch and entered upon High German.

There are probably as many different dialects of Low German as there are villages. Uniformity in that regard is as impossible, in fact, as to find vernacular English unchangeable, as you go from one district in England to another. It is the result of there being no written standard. Webster's spelling book has, in America, given us a sort of metallic tuning-fork, by which a certain degree of faulty uniformity has been gained; but when there are no written records, a language is apt to vary with every wind that blows—in short, to be modified according to every special influenza that attacks the human air passages, and to be the victim of every snuffle or whine that may be in vogue. Plattdeutsch has had no written standard, to give it a tramway, for over two hundred years.

Hence Ditmarsch Plattdeutsch is other, in some regards, than Mecklenburg Plattdeutsch; and the Hanoverian has a different speech from him of Pommern.

Plattdeutsch once, however, was literary; it had chronicles, legends, poems (Reynard the Fox was originally Plattdeutsch), and a mediæval written existence. One might class certain grand poems—now growing into popularity in a Wagnerian sort of way—as Middle Plattdeutsch; and the Plattdeutsch Genius of Language, looking back to his mediæval school-days, might well say, in a proud way, to his High German brother, as Entspekter Bräsig was wont to boast to his old school friend, Hawermann: "*In dem Stil, Korl, war ich Dich doch über.*"

But the High German, Luther, one day, handed in his exercise in the shape of a translation of the Bible; and it won so much praise from the pedagogues, and the nobility and gentry, that the slow Plattdeutscher flung down his copy-book in disgust, and went back to his farm, and abused his cattle, and made love, and quarreled, in his humble tongue, and but rarely thereafter cared to see himself down in black and white. So Plattdeutsch ceased to be written from the beginning of the seventeenth century; it then became essentially a vulgar tongue—a peasant's *patois*, almost. But an occasional bookworm looked into its old chronicles, and made glossaries, and discussed it as if it were already a corpse on the philological dissecting table.

It became the triumph of a modest Ditmarsch school-teacher to show that there was a current of blood yet in the Plattdeutsch language.

KLAUS GROTH was born at Heide (Heath), a market-town of Holstein, or rather of Ditmarsch, April 24th, 1819. To appreciate our author, it is as necessary to understand his native place as it is to know the Scottish Border to read Scott, or the Hudson to grow fond of Irving. Ditmarsch is the northwest corner of Germany between the outlets of the Elbe and Eider. Heide, a borough town in the middle of the northern half, became a very flourishing place in 1450, by reason of its being the capital established by the government of the so-called "Forty-eight," who form the centre of the traditional picture of the grand days of the Ditmarsch in a political aspect.

It was near Heide—to wit: at Hemmingsted, an adjoining parish—that the battle was fought in A. D. 1500, June 17th, in defense of the freedom of Ditmarsch against King John of Denmark, the Duke of Holstein, and Schlenz, the leader of the mercenaries called "The Guard," in which fight, the boors, under Wolf Isebrand, completely routed the King's forces and slew the Junker Schlenz, who fell at the head of his band. The elements helped the boors, and especially the opening of the dykes or bulkheads, whereby the battle-field was flooded.

Heide was afterwards—June 13th, 1559—destroyed utterly, and the Ditmarschers forced to swear allegiance to their royal neighbor, but sprang quickly into a prosperity which, as the centre of a well-cultivated agricultural community, it retained.

Ditmarsch is divided physically into two very distinctive kinds of land, namely, *Marsch* and *Geest*—*Marsch* land being the moist, fertile lands watered from the downpouring brooks and springs, shut in from the ocean by dykes and earthworks, dams and gates, flat, unbroken by anything of large growth, save where on a hillock, here and there, a pair of trees hang shadily over the farmer's home. On the other hand, *Geest* (barren) is sand-dune, difficult of cultivation (like the San Francisco park), where the huntsman has moderate sport after hares and rabbits, and where few acres now and then pay for cultivation. It is in allusion to this *Marsch* and *Geest* distinction, that the possessions of the Duke of Oldenburg were likened to Pharaoh's seven fat and seven lean kine, the *Geest* representing the lean and the *Marsch* the well-fed beasts.

If Alameda County could be cut out of its present place and spread out and smoothed down on the western side of San Francisco, which should be sunk into the bay, the tract so formed would be something like Ditmarsch. It would want Sherman Island to be planted out in the ocean to represent Büsum and the so-called "Koog" land; and there must needs be frost and snow to add to the effect.

A country of hedges, of embankments, of canals, of fields cut squarely by rectangular lines of ditch, of farms in like manner divided with broader water-ways, of green fields, fat cows, sturdy oxen, thatched roofs with the stork sentinel upon them, a land of careful farming, of broad-shouldered *(strom* is the word) men, of clean, ruddy, flax-haired women —that is Ditmarsch in its best aspect. It is a *comfortable* place where the boor (in Ditmarsch, an honorable word, like squire in New England) sits in his quaint old house, hears the lowing of his fat cattle as they are driven to feed at their stalls from the juicy hay, and gossips about the parish interests, while afar off rolls up the roar of the Haff, to remind him how large a world there is beyond his little corner, which may pour in upon him and sink him and his possession as was Büsum of old.

Ditmarsch is in a good sense what one might call communistic. Its legal organization is a legacy from its older days. It consists of two provinces, North and South Ditmarsch, which in turn are divided into parishes. The province has for prefect a native Ditmarscher; each parish has for mayor *(Vagt)* a native appointed from three proposed candidates elected by the boor class, which election is for life. Out of these elected deputies, the provincial Diet is formed. Of course, the deputy *(Vullmach)* is an eminently respectable boor.

The parish mayor, with a clerk *(Schriwer)*, is the *ex-officio* notary, registrar of wills, etc.; and the mayors with the Landvogt form the provincial court. The code in use is particularly Ditmarschish, a relic of their days of independence. The boor is essentially as much a Tory as any Sir Leicester Dedlock could be. He has the doctrine of primogeniture, and, in short, every other pet faith of an English country gentleman, in his marrow. He is proud, rather despises the Geest folks, and patronizes the petty farmers and peasants struggling for life in his vicinage. He has many virtues and few vices; and has about as much appreciation of red republicanism and its excited antics as a ruminating ox would have of the feelings of a famished wolf. In old days his ancestors fought well for liberty. It would seem that he has it. His struggle with the ocean has made him vigilant. With less promise in his undertaking, his corner of land is one of the most fertile and charming in its way in all Germany. He keeps squalor and misery aloof, just as he watches the dyke and flood, by always keeping work in hand. So much for Ditmarsch, the birthplace of our poet.

Groth commenced his education at Tondern, at a seminary. He could not attend a university, either on account of his weak health, or want of funds; and accordingly received a modest appointment as teacher of a girls' school at Heide. While so engaged, he pursued his studies, and made distinguished progress in mathematics, natural science, and ancient and modern languages. It was fortunate, perhaps, that he was so cut short in the curriculum of school and university. He had the talents and perceptive powers of a great philologist; but had he followed an academic career, it is possible that, in lieu of the charming lyrics of his native land, he might have given us little beyond the dry bones of philological museums, fit to be cased up in grammars and dictionaries, but not affording the delight which his actual work has produced to his legion of admirers.

In 1847, his head was knocking against the ceiling of his girls' school, and he gave up the place, intending to enter a university; but on account of his health, abandoned the project, and settled at Femarn, where he resided for six years, and wrote most of his poems. In 1853, he betook himself to Kiel, to be near the university there.[1]

In 1852, at Hamburg, he published his charming collection of lyrics and other poems, entitled *Quickborn, Volksleben in plattdeutschen Gedichten ditmarscher Mundart.* Quickborn is the name of a spring in Ditmarsch which runs both summer and winter, never failing or freezing.

The volume has gone through many editions; its contents are household words from one end of Germany to the other; and it was owing probably to their success and popularity that Fritz Reuter was encouraged to try a similar experiment with the Mecklenburg dialect.

The *Quickborn* now before me (ed. 1873, Berlin) opens with a poem to "My Mother Tongue" *(Min Modersprak)*, which for pathos and tenderness recalls some of the sweetest verses of Burns. Indeed, it is evident, all through the book, that while the poet does not seek to copy the Scotch poets, he has studied them very closely; and in "Hans Schander" he has fairly localized "Tam O'Shanter and his Mare." "Min Annamedder" is a *very* Plattdeutsch "Airy Fairy Lillian."

Vær de Gœrn (For the Children) consists of a number of songs, verses, and prose, two of which I append, with translations, at the same time begging the critical reader not to be too hard upon my versions, as I intended them only as crutches whereby the tyro in German might travel through the original in parallel columns without too much trouble.

"De Krautfru" (The Crab Woman) is a charming bit of description of a local character with the load of poverty and basket of crabs on her back, and withal a strong fund of uncomplaining good sense in her heart. It is less refined, but more definite as a picture of character, than Chamisso's "Poor Washerwoman." *Wat sik dat Volk vertellt* is a a series of *grugely* (to borrow a German word) stories, to be told by a warm fire, with ghosts shivering outside: "How Old Büsum was Engulfed," "Master John," "Dat gruli Hus" (The Haunted House), and "Hans Iwer, the werewolf." "Ut de ole Krönk" (Out of the Old Chronicle) are ballads as to the struggles of the mediæval Ditmarschers for liberty. I append "De Slacht bi Hemmingsted," and "De letzte Feide."

"Wi gingn tosam to Feld" has a faint flavor of "John Anderson, my Jo, John," but nothing like plagiarism, even to the touchiest faultfinder. "Vullmacht sin Tweschens" is a thoroughly lovers' ditty; and shows how deeply the local life and its belongings had worked into the young poet's heart. Indeed, it is the local coloring and freshness that make the poems so captivating. In picking out a number of pieces to serve as examples, I have doubted if I have selected the most appropriate, all having a special charm in severalty.

Groth has published some prose *Vertelln* (Tellings, or Tales) of great originality; but his lyrics and ballads throw them so much in the shade, that it is likely that his earliest and youthful work will ever be the most popular.

The poet has received from the University of Bonn the academic honor of Doctor of Philosophy; and none could more richly deserve such a tribute for his services to his vernacular tongue.

In looking over popular works on language (so as to be sure that I had, in the foregoing, thrust forth no twig of philological heresy), I came upon an article by the great Oxonian professor, Max Müller, upon the language of Schleswig-Holstein. At first I was frightened lest I had been trifling with a subject which had already been fully discussed by a master and arch-priest in the temple of tongues; but I find that, to the American reader, my chat will be modestly supplemental, at least; and to such readers of THE CALIFORNIAN as have not already read "Chips from a German Workshop," I recommend the perusal of the article in question (Vol. III). Some of the selections there from Groth, I would have liked to adopt, particularly "Ole Büsum," but I have already usurped more space than was my original intention.

We would encourage all American students of German to look into the Plattdeutsch dialect, even before they have finished struggling with the High German branch. They will find in Groth and Reuter expressions that are old acquaintance; and in a literary point of view there is something healthy and hearty in the naturalism of the sketches of the north German's life, like a red-cheeked apple, which has not the mouldy-orange realism of the modern literary mob that believe in the Zola creed.

TRANSLATIONS FROM QUICKBORN.

FOR CHILDREN.—STILL, MY JOHNNY.

Still! my Johnny, list to me;
In the straw queaks mousey wee;
On the twig the birdies sleep;
Close their wings, and, dreaming, peep.

Still, my Johnny, cry no more;
Bogy waits outside the door—
The moon is passing through the skies—
"Which child is't here that cries?"

O'er the tree so still and bare,
O'er the house, through Heaven and where
Gentle children meet the eye—
Look! he smiles down jollily.

Then to Bogy doth he say,
"Let's be getting on our way."
So they go and stand together
There above the moor and heather.

Still! my Johnny, sleep away—
He'll be back with dawning day,
Shining down with yellow light
O'er the tree, from Heaven so bright.

The yellow flowers the grass among;
From apple-boughs, birds chirp a song.
Still, and close thine eyes to rest—
Hear the mousey in his nest.

THERE DWELT A MAN.

There dwelt a man in meadows green,
Who hadn't a cup or platter e'en.
To passing brook for drink he stooped,
And cherries plucked that o'er him drooped.

A jolly man! A jolly man!
He'd never a pot; he'd never a pan.
He ate the apples off the tree,
And slept in clover cosily.

The sun for him was time-piece good;
His bird-house was the shady wood;
They sang to him, nights, above his head,
And waked him up with the dawning red.

This man (oh, what a silly man!)
To be o'er nice at last began.
To be too fussy, he began—
We've lived in houses e'er since then—
Come! Let's off to the green again!

Vaer de Goern.—Still, min Hanne!

Still, min Hanne, hör mi to!
Lüttje Müſe pipt int Stroh,
Lüttje Vageln ſlapt in Bom,
Röhrt de Flünk un pipt in Drom.

Still, min Hanne, hör mi an!
Buten geit de böſe Mann,
Baben geit de ſtille Maan:
„Kind, wull hett dat Schrigen dan?"

Aewern Bom ſo ſtill un blank,
Aewert Hus an Heben lank,
Un wo he frame Kinner ſüht,
Kik mal an, wa lacht he blid!"

Denn ſeggt he to de böſe Mann,
Se wüllt en beten wider gan,
Denn gat ſe beid, denn ſtat ſe beid
Aewert Moor un aewer de Heid.

Still, min Hanne, ſlap mal rar!
Morgen is he wedder dar!
Rein ſo gel, rein ſo blank,
Aewern Bom an Himmel lank.

All int Gras de gelen Blom!
Vageln pipt in Appeldom,
Still un mak de Ogen to,
Lüttje Müſe pipt int Stroh.

Dar wahn en Mann.

Dar wahn en Mann int gröne Gras,
De harr keen Schüttel, harr keen Taſs,
De drunk dat Water, wo he't funn,
De plück de Kirſchen, wo ſe ſtunn'.

Wat weert en Mann! wat weert en Mann!
De harr ni Putt, de harr ni Pann,
De eet de Appeln von den Bom,
De harr en Bett vun luter Blom.

De Sünn dat weer ſin Taſchenuhr,
Dat Holt dat weer ſin Vagelbur,
De ſungn em Abends aewern Kopp,
De wecken em des Morgens op.

De Mann dat weer en narrſchen Mann,
De Mann de fung dat Gruweln an.
De Mann de fung dat Gruweln an:
Nu maet wi All in Hüſer wahn'. —
Kumm mit, wi wüllt int Gröne gan!

THE FIGHT AT HEMMINGSTED.

FEBRUARY 17, 1500.

> "There lay his steed, there lay his sword,
> And with them, kingly crown."
> --*Ditmarsch Folksong.*

The King unto the Duke did say: "O brother of my heart,
"How can we make this free Ditmarsch of our brave realm a part?"

Reinhold of Milan heard the speech (of tawny beard was he);
And answered straight: "Unto the Guard, for aid, send presently."

When to the Guard the message came, they mustered many a sword;
They gathered fifteen thousand men, and o'er the Heath they poured.

And when the Guard were with the King, "My liege" ('twas said in mirth),
"Where lieth then this Ditmarsch land? In Heaven or on earth?

"If 'tis not bound with chains to Heaven, and if on earth it lies"—
So, vaunting, spake the Junker Schlenz—"We'll make it soon our prize."

He bade the drummers roll their drums—his standards gaily fly,
And so, o'er road and bridge, they came, till they our land espy.

"Now ware thee, boor—the Guard—it comes;" from Meldorf was their course;
The helms and hauberks shone like gold—like silver gleamed the horse.

King John and his proud lords advance, in all the pomp of power,
While 'neath a wall at Braken, Wolf and his poor landsmen cower.

The Meldorf road, in black'ning line, full thirty thousand tread—
From Wörden came a slender troop—a maiden at their head.

"Help us, O God, who dost all things in Heaven and earth dispose—"
Wolf Isbrand dashes from his fort—two hundred followed close.

And on the chain-coats rained the blows, and knights rolled in the sand;
And from the Geest the landsmen came; and the flood poured o'er the land;

And down from Heaven came the snow; on horse and man fell blows—
Dim grows the Moor; the Geest is white; but red the passage grows.

The landsmen cry: "The horses slay; but riders, let us spare;"
And barefoot with their bills they sprang; and their foes fell everywhere;

De Slacht bi Hemmingſted.

(1500, Febr. 17.)

> Dar lag do ſin Perd, dar lag ſin Swert,
> Darto de königlike Krone.
> Ditmarſcher Volkslied.

De König to den Herzog ſprok: Och bartlev Broder min,
Wa krigt wi dat frie Ditmarſcher Land? ſegg an, wa kamt wi in?

As dat Reinold vun Mailand hör, de mit ſin gelen Bart,
Da ſeggt he, wi ſchickt de Garr en Bad, dat uns en Biſtand ward.

Sobald de Garr dat Wort man hör, rüſt' ſe ſik mächti ſehr,
Se rüſt' wul föfteinduſent Mann, un trock daer de Heiloh her.

Un as de Garr bi den König keem: „Och Herr, min lewe Herr,
Wo liggt denn nu dat Dittmarſcher Land, in Heben oder op de Eer?“

„Das nich mit Keden ann Himmel bunn', op Eer is dat to finn'.“
Do ſä de Junker Slenz mit Moth: denn wüllt wi't bald gewinn'!

He leet de Trummelſläger ſlan, de Fahnn de let he fleegn'
Se trecken ut aewer Weg un Steg, bet ſe dat Ländken ſeegn. —

„Nu wahr di, Bur, de Garr de kumt,“ von Möldorp jagt ſe her,
De Helm un Panzers ſchint as Gold, as Sülwer ſchint de Per.

König Hans un all wat Adel kumt mit groten Larm un Schall,
De Wulf de lurt mit wücke Burn bi Braken achtern Wall.

Vun Möldorp treck dat ſwart hendal, wul dörtig duſent Mann:
Vun Wörden il en lütten Tropp, en Maden gung vaeran.

„So hölp uns, Herr, Du heſt dat Rik in Himmel un op Eer!“
Wulf Iſebrand ſtörtt ut de Schanz, twe Hunnert achterher.

Un op de Panzers fulln de Släg' un Rüters in den Sand,
Un vun de Geeſt dar keemn de Burn, un de Floth keem aewert Land.

Un dal vun Heben full de Snee, up Per un Minſch de Släg',
Blank war dat Moor un witt de Geeſt, un blödi warn de Steg'.

De Buern ſchregen: ſtekt de Per un ſchont de Rüterknechts!
Un ſprungn barfot mit Kluwerſtöck un ſlegen links un rechts.

Till to the trenches driven down, all in the mire they crawled;
Along the dyke, both man and beast in hopeless struggle sprawled.

"Now ware thee, Guard—the boor—he comes;" he comes with Lord our God;
From Heaven above, the snow descends; from under, mounts the flood.

And distant hamlets send their aid; and fainter hearts grow bold—
"Now spare the horse, we'll ride them yet, but strike the riders cold."

The mud wrapt many a knightly form once swathed in silken fold;
At Swinemoor, now rests many a one whose cradle was of gold.

No name so great in Holstein all, or Danish marches proud—
There sleep they without cross or stone; there lie they without shroud.

The Guard went down with Junker Schlenz—that man so fierce to dare.
'Twas the lank bard from Wimmersted, that came and slew him there.

In direful need, King John escaped the field—a woeful man;
At Meldorf, left he beer and wine, and roast-joint in the pan.

A feast prepared! Through need and death, we, Freedom's heirs, came out,
By Isbrand's aid, "the devil's own," and the "Thousand-de'ils-redoubt."

THE FINAL OATH OF VASSALAGE.

JUNE 20, 1559.

Not a spoken word—not a voice or sound—
Like sheep in the meadow stood they;
They stood like a riven forest there
Where Heide in ruins lay.

For, far and near, the best in the land
Were crushed like the reedy brake;
And the remnant waited on bended knee
Their oath to a lord to take.

And many a heart in its breast beat high;
Through the veins the blood coursed hot;
But their eyes looked over the land through tears,
And the dry lips murmured not.

For those who were foremost in peace and war—
Their chieftains, wise and bold—
Those now on the field at Heide slept,
In the mire and ashes, cold.

Not a sound was heard save the Haff's wild roar,
As the priest their troth records,
While the people of Ditmarsch were prostrate there,
And the Eight-and-forty Lords.

Blue was the sky, and their tend'rest green
The woods and the meadows wore;
But the Ditmarschers watered the sod with tears
For the freedom they saw no more.

Un reten inne Gröben dal un ſtortten ſe in Slamm,
Bet Minſch un Veh ſik drängen un drungen all langs den ſmallen Damm.

„Nu wahr di Garr, de Bur de kumt!“ he kumt mit Gott den Herrn,
Vun Heben fallt de Snee heraf, de Floth de ſtiggt vun nerrn.

Un wit ut alle Dörpen her kumt Hölp un friſchen Moth:
„Nu ſchont de Per — de ridt wi noch — un ſlat de Rüters dot!“

In Slick un Slamm ſack menni Herr, de ſunſt op Siden leeg,
Int Swinmoor liggt nu menni Een, de harr en golden Weeg.

Keen Nam ſo grot int Holſtenland un nich in Dännemark,
Dar ligt ſe nu ahn Krüz un Steen, dar ligt ſe ahn en Sark.

De Garr de full mit Junker Slenz, ſo grot un ſtolt he weer,
De lange Reimer Wimerſted, de keem un ſteek em daer.

Mit nauer Noth, in Angſt un Sorg keem König Hans dervan:
In Möldorp leet he Beer un Win un Bradens inne Pann.

Dat gev en Feſt! na Noth un Dod, un Friheit weer dat Arf.
Dat mak de Düwels Iſebrand un de Duſentdüwelswarf!

De letzte Feide.

(1559, Juni 20.)

Nich en Wort war hört, nich en Stimm, nich en Lut,
So ſtumm as de Schap oppe Weid,
Se ſtunn as de Reſt vun en dalſlan Holt,
To Föten de Trümmer vun Heid.

So wit man ſeeg, de Beſten ut Land,
Dar weern ſe fulln as dat Reeth:
Nu ſtunn noch de Reſt un ſack oppe Knee —
Se ſwert nu en Herrn den Eed.

Dar klopp wul menni Hart inne Boſt,
Un dat Blot dat krop un ſteeg,
Doch de Ogen gungn mit Thran aewert Land,
Un de Mund weer ſtumm un ſweeg.

Denn wit umher de Beſten ut Land
In Freden un Strit vaerut,
De legen nu dot oppet Feld vun Heid
Un ſtumm ünner Aſch un Schutt.

Nich en Lut war hört as dat Haf un de Floth,
Un de Preſter leet ſe ſwern,
Oppe Knee dar leeg dat Ditmarſcher Volk
Un de Acht un veertig Herrn.

Noch ſchint de Heben der blau hendal
Un grön dat Holt un de Eer:
De Ditmarſchen fallt de Thran int Gras,
Un de Friheit ſeht ſe ni mehr!

THE DEPUTY'S TWIN DAUGHTERS.

There's a laugh from the garden there hid by quickset—
'Tis the deputy's twins—one blonde, one brunette.

The mayor and clerk just now sauntered along,
Like beer-tun with crane that o'er it is swung;

How the brown beauty laughs, as she tosses her hair,
"You'll be Madam Crookback, mind that, in a year!"

And the blonde claps her hands as she, laughing, replies:
"And you'll have old Dumpy as your wedded prize!"

I thought, as I peeped through the hedge at the pair,
Which most I would like to be—clerk or the mayor.

Vullmacht ſin Tweſchens.

Wat gluddert in Blomhof un lacht achtern Tun?
De Vullmacht ſin Tweſchens, de Witt un de Brun.

De Vagt un de Schriwer gungn eben verbi,
Weer jüs as en Beertünn mit Haenken derbi.

Wa lach do de Brune un ſchüttel de Haar:
Du kriggſt mal de Krumme, ſchaſt ſehn, noch vuntjahr!

Wa lacht do de Witte un klapp inne Hann':
Du kriggſt mal de Dicke, de Dicke ton Mann! —

Ik kik daer de Paten un heff mi bedacht:
Wat much ik denn, Schriwer wen — oder de Vagt?

T. H. REARDEN.

THE SOLID SOUTH AND THE BLOODY SHIRT.

While there can be no reasonable doubt that a refractory spirit, and a consequent lawlessness, exist in the South, a distressing lack of a general understanding of the causes is everywhere evident. The Southern press attempts to throw a glamor about the subject by condoning or disclaiming. The Northern Democratic press is apologetic, or temporizing. The Northern Republican press pushes to the bitter end an implacable hatred of Southern obstinacy, and loses no opportunity to employ the "Southern outrage" question as a lever with which to loosen the foundations of a powerful Democracy, or to keep alive the feeling of sectional enmity. From this condition of affairs, deplorable as it is, it is almost impossible to obtain, not only facts themselves, but a knowledge of the growth, development, and present condition of Southern society and Southern politics. A partial display of facts is the meanest falsehood; all statements for political ends must be regarded with suspicion. It may not be amiss, therefore, to enter into a passing analysis of the South, socially and politically, and to note the inevitable results of an unavoidable chain of circumstances, in their effects upon the South, in order to arrive at an understanding of the motives that now guide Southern policy. It is unnecessary, in this undertaking, to discuss the merits of the great opposing fundamental principles of government that, in a political sense, array the two sections against each other—whether a vague State sovereignty, or an equally vague Federal centralization, is the better form of Republican government. The theme has already, by reason of its long exposure to the winds and storms of public discussion, become as threadbare as the tattered habiliments of a scarecrow.

It is held by the North that there has been a retrogression in Southern civilization. This assumed condition of affairs is ascribed more to the operation of an obstructive policy in the South in adhering to the principles from which secession and the founding of a confederacy sprang, than to the more concrete reason of a violent revolution in internal social relations. This revolution has established the homogeneousness or inseparability of society and politics. It is a fact that there has been—not a retrogression—but a check to the advancement of the arts and sciences, to intellectual refinement, and commercial importance. The South is twenty years behind the North. A generation of crippled Southern intelligence has nearly usurped the empire of the grand intellects of 1860. This has been effected through causes natural in themselves, natural in their operation, and damaging equally to the material interests and moral equanimity of the entire section.

Late years have brought about no reciprocal modification of views between the two sections; the contrary is the fact. Independence means stubbornness. The North held to the maxim that slavery begot ignorance, and gave the lie to republican freedom both in a moral and a political sense. The South maintained that its prosperity was inseparably connected with the institution of slavery. So firm was this belief in the slave States before the war, that intelligence and profound learning set themselves to the task of proving that slavery was of divine origin; was commanded under the Mosaic dispensation and sanctioned under the Christian; was recognized as being not only consistent with the broadest philanthropy, but mandatory under its tenets. A large class even held that the negro had not been blessed with the essential attributes of a human being; that, consequently, to educate and refine him would be a flagitious interference with the ordinations of Providence; that in him virtue and honesty were not inherent qualities. It was argued—and, doubtless, believed—that, as he had not a comprehension of right and wrong, and possessed no sense of responsibility or accountability, and was, as shown by the investigations of Southern anatomists, of an order of beings not approaching human perfection, it was no greater controversion of established moral theories to enslave a negro than it was to deprive an ox or a horse of his liberty. Of course this feeling has passed away. It is brought forward only to show to what extent the South will support a grounded principle. It has given way to a more tangible position: that the social and political rights of the white man, for reasons which will herein be enumerated, are superior to, and should therefore control and direct, those of the negro. On this broad proposition mainly hangs the solidification of the South.

It is necessary to take a hasty glance at the earlier history of the South, as it will explain many things of the present. The first and most important results of slave labor in the South were wealth and commercial importance. Two causes existed: first, an absence of remuneration for labor; second, the heavy demand in the European and Northern markets for articles of Southern production, and the high prices they commanded by reason both of their intrinsic excellence and the general prosperity of the times. The slave-holder was an autocrat in the exercise of almost unlimited jurisdiction over his human property. He furnished his slaves each with three and one-half pounds of bacon and a peck of meal every week; a heavy suit of coarse woolen goods for winter and a suit of Osnabergs for summer; and two pairs of shoes, two hats, and a pair of heavy, coarse blankets every year. The slave was allotted, with his family, to a small cabin, with which was a garden, and it was his privilege to cultivate the garden at odd times for his own benefit, and to raise poultry and a few hogs. It was a general custom among the owners to purchase from the slave all that he desired to sell, and to pay the market price therefor. The slave was thus enabled to provide himself with modest luxuries, and, in some cases, to purchase his freedom with his hoardings. He was amenable to the law only for murder, or crimes of equal magnitude. This condition of things naturally created in the owner a feeling of comfort, prosperity, and power. His revenues far exceeded his expenditures. It gave birth to a proud and invincible aristocracy, which, from the time of the Missouri Compromise to the present day, has been the soul of the obstructionists, and the parent of the bloody shirt. It is true that it has undergone such modifications as to be hardly recognizable now. It was so nearly akin to the remnants of monarchical domination, handed down by the progenitors of the French and Spanish settlers who had a nucleus in the cities on the Gulf of Mexico, and who were armed with slavery antecedents, that the spirit of monarchy had been merely modified into that of oligarchy at the time the Southwest was partitioned into States of the Union. It gave birth to the doctrine that there must, of necessity, be "mudsills of society," and that the elevation of one class offers irresistible inducements for a corresponding degradation of another; that where there are wealth and luxury there must be a performance of menial service, and that the necessity for menials will be supplied by menials themselves, by reason of a compensation commensurate with the degradation. But suffrage did not extend to the negro; slavery made him a compulsory menial. The principle was the same: the menial was supplied, the demand was satisfied. The idea of class supremacy is as old as the world. In the South, slavery strengthened aristocratic sentiments more than voluntary servitude could possibly have done. The "mudsill" argument was advanced, because it was convenient, and was supported by the history of all ages. The French and Spanish descendants with their antecedents, on one hand, and the independent and domineering Virginia pioneers on the other, became amalgamated into a comprehensive aristocracy as the country advanced in importance, so that in 1860 the South was little less than an oligarchy: independent, proud, holding the dueling code in deep veneration, indulging in feuds and the vendetta, esteeming a woman's fair name or a man's honor more sacred than life, seldom forgiving a fault, ever ready to stake life on an issue of honor, kind to the wayfarer, hospitable, courteous, refined, educated.

Education was a vital consideration. The young men were sent to gain an education in the best colleges of the North, and thence to European universities. The girls were afforded the very best educational advantages. Society bore a pure and elevated tone. Contentment manifested itself not only in the homes, but in the local governments. There were imperative laws that did not appear in the pages of the codes, but were more sacred and more highly respected than many that did appear.

The South possessed nothing that would bring about social intercourse with the citizens of the Northern States. It lived alone and apart, self-satisfied, prosperous, holding itself aloof, experiencing a sense of superiority. The South was, at this time, the garden spot of the world. Seclusiveness is a concomitant of farming pursuits. There was no interchanging of ideas. Between the people of the two sections there was a marked difference in domiciliary habits, and in methods of living and transacting business; a difference in legal construction, technicality, and procedure incident on the accommodation of legal force and bearing to contrarieties of opinion as to legal intention, in the adjudication of local matters growing out of sectional peculiarities; a difference in the power of self-adaptability to adverse circumstances. They were two peoples with nothing in common except certain theories. They differed in temperament and social laws, this being traceable to climate, habits, pursuits, tendencies, traditions, extraction, and relative isolation. These almost unlimited and remarkable dissimilarities rendered the two sections powerless to understand and appreciate each other; and the war, with its attendant disastrous results, rather developed than created these differences. It brought them into prominence, and caused them to clash. Since the war they have appeared so irreconcilable as to bring the North and the South into mutual contempt. Yet before the war the two sections were not independent of each other, though there is no reason why the South could not have been self-sustaining. But it evinced no desire to become a manufacturing section. The sugar refineries and cotton mills were thousands of miles away. The Southern planter had so little appreciation of great business principles, that he cheerfully paid the freight and insurance on molasses to the North, and on cotton to England; permitted a profit in refining and manufacturing; sustained the bleeding by jobbers and commission merchants, and paid the return charges for transportation and insurance. He pursued this course when he had the most approved system of labor, which could have been educated in the skilled departments; when water-power was abundant and the supply of coal unlimited; and when his seaboard extended from Maryland to the Rio Grande. There was no incentive to energetic action or measures of economy. His income was more than sufficient. The South was amassing immense power, yet in a way that gave rise to ideas of its thriftlessness and prodigality. The truth is, that the South was prosperous in spite of itself.

The slave States looked with some alarm upon the growing sentiment of abolitionism in the North. They at first ascribed jealousy, or, perhaps, a distressing lack of knowledge, to the mutterings of the North. It was afterward that suspicion was aroused. Chief Justice Marshall had decided that there was an unwritten law higher than that based upon the Constitution of the United States. This, together with the famous epigram delivered by William Lloyd Garrison, who was in the front rank of the abolition movement, disarmed the South, which relied upon the Constitution itself. The Dred Scott case and the Fugitive Slave Law had focused popular sentiment. Abraham Lincoln was the exponent of the abolition theory. The retrospect, from a Southern standpoint, did not warrant a change in the established order of things. The South believed that, although the standard of emancipation had not been raised during Mr. Lincoln's campaign, it would, nevertheless, be brought to an issue under his administration. But there were other grave issues involved. It was, indeed, an important question whether or not the dominant party should carry out its ideas of a centralized government to the extent of instituting a property schedule in which slaves would not be included; but the South shuddered as it saw the Federal Constitution made a scape-goat for ambitious political designers. It believed that the prospective Federal policy would not be in accord with the construction that had been placed on the Constitution by Jefferson, Madison, and Webster; that the advent of Mr. Lincoln in the Presidential chair would result in a warfare upon sanctioned and sanctified usages; that absolute consolidation meant an empire; that such a form of government carried with it the right to exercise military coercion and compulsory education. In other words, the South admitted that it was socially aristocratic, but claimed that the North was politically occupying the same position, and that it was hiding the skull of an empire behind the benevolent cowl of emancipation. The thought of a possible enfranchisement of the slaves, as a result of emancipation, had not taken definite shape in the South, further than that it was a matter of secondary importance to the destruction of value of the four millions of slaves, and the consequent depreciation in the value of lands. Furthermore, the opinion was held by many leading minds of the South that, from the assurances of President Lincoln, emancipation was not an issue of the war so much as it was an abstract principle of government; for the North had termed it the war of the rebellion, and not the war of emancipation. It was not until after President Lincoln had issued the Proclamation of Emancipation that the whole South construed the hidden intentions of the abolitionists as having culminated and become manifest. It was then that the South formed the opinion that the North had started out ostensibly to suppress a treasonable conspiracy to overthrow the Government, and had ended by declaring the slaves free. It was believed that the conditional amnesty proffered by President Lincoln prior to the Proclamation of Emancipation was not attended by sufficient guarantees of protection of property. In any event, the previous action of the President annulled the effect of any intended good faith in this act, for the reason that his assertion as to the cause of war had been weakened, if not refuted, by various outcroppings of executive intent. The South believes now that the North seized the opportunity, when the South had exhibited the inefficacy of its arms, to promulgate abolitionism as a punishment for rebellion! Abolitionism had bandaged her eyes and called herself Justice.

The South found itself in a strange predicament at the close of the war. The slave property had been swept away, the negroes were demoralized, the farming lands were valueless. The grand old aristocracy was humiliated by not only defeat itself, but by being reduced, in a political sense, to the level of its former slaves. The feeling, then, was not one of resentment, but of a profound and unconquerable bitterness. The proud Southern planter, brave, courteous, and every inch a gentleman—who from his birth had been surrounded by every luxury that wealth and unlimited credit could command—who had reared his sons to be gentlemen with hands not soiled by labor—who had brought up his daughters to be women of the tenderest culture—found himself pulled from the throne of his petty aristocracy, his subjects and possessions scattered to the winds, his royal robes ruthlessly stripped from his back by violent hands, and himself whipped, naked and bleeding, around the sepulchre of the Lost Cause. He saw his misfortunes a grim source of merriment to the world, and his degradation a theme on which was exhausted the keenest satire of the Northern press. He scorned and loathed the carpet-baggers who poured into the South to educate and elevate the negro, and to direct his political aspirations into their appropriate channels. The Southerner believed them to be nothing, if they were not an indigent army of howling, Pharisaical, theorizing fool-killers and thief-takers, who came to flap their black wings like carrion-crows over the dismembered carcass of a defunct aristocracy; whose persons were arrayed in sackcloth, whose heads were covered with ashes, whose bearing was humble, insidious, insulting, and who, repairing to the wailing places against the outer wall, wrung their hands and wept for the wrongs of an oppressed race.

The old master recognized the fact that the black men possessed a faculty for strong local and personal attachments; that while he was away in the army they protected his wife and daughters and his property, and that they provided for his family; that they had not abused his absence by resorting to violence and becoming arrogant. When they recovered from their first shock of freedom, they in numberless instances besought their old master to allow them to pass the remainder of their days among the dear, familiar scenes of the old plantation. They forgot the hardships of slavery, the humiliating lash, the ruthless sundering of family ties. Their hearts swelled with honest sympathy. Still, although this feeling was reciprocated by the master in point of common humanity, he was unwilling to regard the negro as belonging to any order of civilization, and as incapable of understanding and appreciating the exalted rights of citizenship. This was the opportunity that the carpet-bagger seized. He extended a hand to the wavering negroes; his advent marked an era in their lives. He established schools and taught their children. He made political speeches and preached political sermons; he sent the warm republican blood bounding through the veins of the freedmen. He did more. He refuted reigning dogmas of class supremacy by instilling notions of social equality, and of an unwritten law of universal brotherhood. He ate with the negro, and—slept with him. He ingeniously proved that the black man is, in every essential particular of moral, intellectual, and physiological comparison, an equal of the white man; that he is possessed of faculties as discriminating, a soul as expansive, a conscience as susceptible, affections as warm, desires as numerous, a life as valuable, a vote as powerful. He did still more. He made the negro believe that revolution and progress are synonymous terms. He convinced him that so long as he admitted his inferiority, just so long would he be treated as an inferior; that to the extent of his docility would be the white man's despotic tyranny. He urged him to shake off the lethargy that had been superinduced by a life of servitude, proclaim his rights, demand them, and secure and enjoy them under the protection of an invincible phalanx of Northern bayonets. He mustered the negroes in companies, and drilled them in squads. He organized colored leagues and secret political societies. He taught them that submission was cowardice, indifference perilous, assertion a mockery, but aggressiveness a duty they owed to themselves, their deliverers, and their God. He reminded the negroes that the glittering remnants of scattered wealth were due to their labor, strength of bone and sinew, lives of toil, privations, sickness, years of heart-rending cruelty, weeks of hunger for the meanest food, months of exposure to the weather, a life-long alienation from thoughts of heaven, the stinging whip, their having been driven like sheep, herded like cattle, and brained like beeves. He convinced the negro that the white man now loathed him as he would a reptile, and crushed him under foot as he would a crawling worm.

The negro worshipped at the shrine of this new master; the terrible riots of '67 were the result. The negro was protecting his rights; the white man, his wife and daughters, his life and his property. He met armed negroes, and shot them down as he would a mad dog. He invaded the home of the skulking carpet-bagger, dragged him from his hiding-place, and cut his throat, or hanged him in graceful festoons to the nearest tree.

Such was social equality. There was little taint of politics in the affair. It was later that the bloody shirt evinced political symptoms of an alarming nature.

The Southerner saw the machinery of State government in the hands of men unacquainted with Southern manners, customs, and traditional usages. He found himself disfranchised, and his former slaves enfranchised and arrayed against him. He saw them controlled by the idea that the Republican party had gone through a bloody and expensive war solely to set them free, and that to the Republican party they accordingly owed their fealty. The Southerner had been too proud to educate them, to banish suspicion of a possible slavery in the future, to extend to them the hand of political fellowship, and seek their coöperation in local and national affairs. He saw them form their ideas from a source bitterly antagonistic to the South. It was then that pride rebelled, that anger usurped the place of humiliation, that the old Southern mastiff, who was chained to his kennel, whose fangs had been extracted, and whose claws had been clipped, began to show his teeth at the curs that yelped around him to aggravate his sorrows; and one fine day he seized one in his massive jaws, and broke his back against the ground. The blood cried out, and the bloody shirt cast its shadow athwart the pages of American history.

The underlying sentiment of social aristocracy, although it had been overshadowed for a time by pending issues of absorbing interest, exerted a strong and unconscious influence under carpet-bag rule. It brought into bold prominence the political phase of the "mud-sill theory;" it contended for the doctrine of common interests between the employer and the employee, in issues at the ballot-box. This doctrine was the right of the employer to direct or dictate the party affiliations of the employee, on the broad ground that the interest of the employer embraced the interests of the employee. It is true that this doctrine is rather ultra-Republican than Democratic; but it is aristocratic. Intimidation grew out of this sentiment, but the bloody shirt did not. They are utterly different, and proceed from widely separated causes. The former was conducted—it is now a rarity—on a basis of comity and not blood, of suasion and not coercion, of an appeal to self-interest and not a resort to arms. In these cases the negroes in the employment of large proprietors were threatened with discharge if they voted the Republican ticket.

The bloody shirt may be termed the extreme tendency of intimidation. It is the outgrowth of a peculiar and unhealthy social condition that was created by the exigency of the times, and now may occasionally be seen. It consists principally in ridding communities of obnoxious persons who have become so by persistently pursuing a course extremely distasteful to those who imagine they understand their own affairs more thoroughly than do strangers; in giving warnings to leave, which, if not heeded, will doubtless be soon afterward remembered. The element in society that controls this phase of lawlessness is not the staunch old aristocracy; it is a factor that has been recently brought into existence, as we shall later endeavor to show.

The South has always regarded the carpet-bagger as the match applied to the train already charged. He was looked upon as a mercenary wretch, who was looking solely to political preferment and official emoluments, and who was aiming to ride rough-shod over Southern rights on the back of the negro. He was supposed to have for his mission the arraying of the blacks against the whites, so that under the decree of Southern disfranchisement, and the humiliating guarantee demanded by the test oath, and under the operation of a State provisional government exercised by the

National military, the Republicans would hold the power and could control elections. The result might have been foreseen. The South never put forth an effort to placate the carpet-bagger, or wean the affections of the negro from his newly found friend. It doubtless would have been a hopeless undertaking, for it was too late—the carpet-bagger had secured a foot-hold. The rebellious spirit in the South was strengthened by the course of the carpet-bagger. The South was unwilling to admit that it had rebelled against the Union, and held that in the act of secession it simply exercised a right belonging to all the States. It was not in a condition to see that justice had from the beginning of the troubles animated the cause of the North, so much as did a desire to crush out the Southern aristocracy and break the strength of the Southern Democracy. This could be accomplished while the Republican voting power was increased. The further fact must be taken into consideration that the body-politic of the South at the close of the war was composed of men fresh from the battle-field. They were filled with resentment and humiliation. Their habits of warfare had imparted to them a taste for sanguinary deeds. They had become accustomed to the presence of death, and to the low estimation in which human life had been held. They did not perceive that they were governed by their own consent—that corner-stone of the republic. The consequence was that they looked upon the government exercised over them as unconstitutional and entitled to no respect. The ground was taken in the South, and was feebly enunciated by the Democratic wing of the Senate in 1867, that the punishments visited upon the South were *ex post facto.* This statement was made in the discussions upon the most feasible plan of admitting the Southern States into the Union on a federal basis of reconstruction. It was held that only after the organization of secession had secession been declared treason; and that there never existed, prior to secession—in the Constitution itself, or in the acts of Congress, or in the decisions of the United States Supreme Court—any express or implied provisions against secession, or anything to warrant the defining of secession as rebellion. It was further held that it had become necessary to distinguish between that which is done without law and that which is done in violation of law. The Republicans met this argument with the declaration that if the act is not in violation of existing laws, but is yet of a nature affecting the Government itself, and is not sanctioned by law nor by the wishes of the majority nor by the Constitution, Congress has the power to prescribe punishment. Though the act be lawful and yet the intent treasonable—assuming a case—the act itself may be declared a treason. The Republicans claimed that the intent of secession was subversive of republican institutions, to the end that the National Government would no longer be a republic extending suffrage equally to all classes, and holding jurisdiction over State constitutions in constitutional matters, but would pass, by the process of secession, into the hands of aristocracies or oligarchies that would undoubtedly exact voting qualifications, and institute other equally perilous measures.

We now arrive at the nature of the bloody shirt. The results of the war were demoralizing to Southern society. Wealth was lost. Proud men were reduced to the necessity of toiling for their daily bread—bitterly, wearily, with hearts that were becoming hardened; with generous impulses that were being dried up; with sensibilities that were becoming blunted. Animal propensities—an invariable characteristic of inhabitants of a warm country—asserted themselves, to the prejudice of finer susceptibilities. Army contact had impaired the refining effects of previous training. The standard of mental culture and moral discernment was lowered. Sons and daughters were debarred by adversity from prosecuting an education. Demarkations between society classes were confused.

The influences that had previously restricted social intercourse—and which influences were naturally such as accomplishments, wealth, descent—were of secondary importance to a common danger that threatened all: the negro's political importance and the carpet-bagger's influence. There was nothing refining or ennobling in this danger; it had an opposite effect. The question of State-rights was forgotten; the war was eclipsed. Emancipation had been a proposition; the enfranchised negro, under carpet-bag guidance, was the elucidation of that proposition. Society was no longer sustained by sentiment or principle, but by an emergency for measures of self-protection. The landed proprietors held no more power than did the lower classes, who had heretofore kissed the hem of the aristocratic garment. The lower classes sprang into importance as a factor in society and politics. They no longer ate the crumbs that fell from the rich man's table; the aristocrat and the clown together gnawed the bone flung from the carpet-bagger's kitchen. The poor man's importance inspired in him a species of arrogance; the rising generation patted him on the shoulder, and welcomed him as an ally or a tool. He hated the carpet-bagger, who represented the North. He detested the negro, who had been made his equal. He found a gap in society, and filled it. There were grievances that bore with equal weight upon all. The men of gentler rearing still felt the refining influences of previous training, and, despite the impoverishing of their better natures, generally refrained from a bloody indulgence of bad passions. The rougher classes experienced none of these restraints, and consequently supplied a deficiency. This has been the rule throughout the reign of the bloody shirt. Of the better class, it is upon the young men who were brought up with vitiated tastes under the influences of the disturbed condition of Southern society during and subsequent to the war, that the responsibility of the odium attached to Southern outlawry rests. By far, however, the acts of bloodshed have been committed, more generally, by men who have sprung from obscurity into comparative importance, than by those whose importance has been lessened. The reasons, further than stated, are apparently too obvious to render necessary any further analysis of this phase of Southern society. The lower classes possess no appreciation of that high sense of honor that impels the strong to refrain from oppressing the weak, and much less that higher sense of honor that leads the strong to extend active assistance to the weak.

The rich and the poor had fought side by side in battle—the rich as volunteers and the poor as conscripts; they had rendered each other mutual assistance; had occupied the same plane under military discipline; and at the cessation of hostilities bore a common feeling of enmity for the North. In an abstract sense, the South was a greater rebel at the close of the war than at the time of secession; for the remnant of the aristocracy had become strengthened by the hearty coöperation of the rabble. Every man became a politician, and was, more than ever, infatuated with the principles of Southern Democracy. There was never in the South so violent and determined an opposition to Northern political predilections as there has been since the war. The opinion was universal that at no time in the history of the republic had the evils—resulting from investing, under a republican definition of a republic, the Federal power with sovereignty, instead of assuming that sovereignty rested with and in the people through the Constitution—become so alarming. The South felt that, as sovereignty had been invested in the Federal power, the latter was necessarily merely a party sovereign, and in the exercise of sovereign prerogative could be, and was, tyrannical and unjust. In other words, the South claimed that the North had put in practice that which it had, with due premeditation, declared its mission to crush out in the South by force of Federal arms. What was the result? The South became solid as adamant. Democracy is adhered to and employed to oppose principles supposed to be vicious, and to secure, through carefully selected leaders and functionaries, the advancement of its own doctrines. Southern Democracy is purer than it ever was. When an able and earnest advocate of pure Democracy is found—especially in representatives in Congress—he is returned from term to term. The South considers official experience invaluable; and the consequence is that the power of that section was never so strongly felt as it is now.

It is useless to endeavor to conceal the fact that the South is arrayed against the North: it considers that it has just cause. The Civil Rights Bill was the drop that filled the cup of bitterness to overflowing: the amendments had been galling enough. The riots had been suppressed; the carpet-bagger had been driven out of the country; the South was again becoming prosperous and contented; the bloody shirt had been already flaunted in the face of the South from the flag-staff of the National capitol; the Northern journals were already dripping with the blood of murdered negroes, and illuminated with ghastly spectacles of carpet-bag martyrdom, when this brand—the Civil Rights Bill—was burned, hot and seething, into the forehead of the South.

A glance at the present condition of the South reveals this fact: in the cities the toleration of Northern sentiment is broad and generous. A Northern Republican is respected as highly as a Northern Democrat, if he is thought to be honest in his convictions, and does not attempt to stir up ill-feeling, or reopen wounds that are slowly and tenderly healing. Southern ideas are not obtruded upon him; he is met with consideration and respect. Away from the cities, however, there has been no change. The people in the country constitute the masses. The feeling toward the North is as bitter and relentless as ever. Time and the example of the cities may overcome it, when the residual influence of the last Confederate veteran in the more unenlightened districts will have passed away in the long procession of exploded fallacies and blasted hopes. In the meantime, the faded old rural aristocracy grimly folds its arms, swears by the Constitution, scorns to bend under the weight of accumulated insults, pities the negro, hates the North, and delights in the existence of a "Solid South."

A YOUNG SOUTHERNER.

A CLERICAL TRAMP.

I was planting some violets under the front window when he came. Esculapius had gone to Los Angeles for the mail, and Hypatia was scouring the foot-hills on horseback in search of an appetite. I knew at once that he was a minister: not that he looked in the least like any other minister I had ever known, but simply that he could not, by any possibility, be anything else. A satchel strapped across his shoulders gave him a mildly military air, and a staff of manzanita, newly-cut, told me he had walked from Los Angeles.

He brought a letter from John Ogilvie. It said:

"DEAR G——: Any kindness you may show the bearer, Reverend Hosea Jerningham, will gratify the angels in heaven and the undersigned upon earth."

That was all—except a message for Hypatia, which I did not understand; but before I had finished reading, my visitor had walked away a little, and was standing with his back toward me and his hands crossed behind him, gazing intently at the sky.

"Mr. Jerningham,"—I spoke with some hesitation, as was natural in the circumstances—"please come into the house; you must be tired after your long walk. It is delightful to meet any one who knows Mr. Ogilvie."

He turned quickly, with a frank, almost boyish, smile.

"Thank you. Mr. Ogilvie—ah, yes. A strong, imperious, tender nature. Samson's old enigma of strength and sweetness. What a tropical sky you have here—full of warm tints; one learns to value the sky in a landscape of broad, neutral spaces."

He followed me indoors, uncovering the white upper half of a forehead that went well with the rest of his delicate, unruffled face.

"Ah, you have books!" crossing the room and running over our traveling library eagerly. "That is pleasant. I was thinking as I came along how dependent we are in that way; we think we see new beauties for ourselves, but we do not—they have been pointed out to us, and we are all the time longing for the interpreter. I have been wanting an old friend all the morning, and here he is."

I murmured a little mystified regret that he had been obliged to walk—that no one had told him of the stage.

"Oh, I did know of the stage," he answered, turning the leaves of the volume in his hand, "but I had no money; perhaps Mr. Ogilvie told you I am looking for work; the doctors say I must stay here this winter. If your husband can give me employment I shall be glad. Ah! here it is:

"'And the Alps, whose snows are spread
High between the clouds and sun,
And of living things each one,
And my spirit which so long
Darkened this swift stream of song,
Interpenetrated lie,
By the glory of the sky.'

It is not strange that all nations have placed their holiest things—God and their dead—beyond the clouds. Look!"

He pointed through the window to where the sun was going behind a low, dun-colored bank of fog, whose rim glittered like the walls of the New Jerusalem.

Esculapius was driving leisurely up the avenue, looking back at the sunset.

"There is my husband," I said, irrelevantly, and with inexpressible relief.

My companion descended quickly to my level.

"I am very glad," he said, with grave simplicity; "if he can give me nothing to do, I must go on; there are several places between this and the mountains, are there not?"

"Yes, but you must stay with us a while, at least," I answered, eagerly. "We are living as near as possible like the natives, making the most of the sunlight and our short holiday, and cooking our meals when we can find nothing else to do. But you will not mind that, I hope; all Mr. Ogilvie's friends are ours; you must promise me not to go."

The man hesitated, flushing delicately to his temples.

"You are very kind; perhaps you will let me help you with the cooking; I can do that, I know. Mr. Ogilvie said you would give me work—I did not dream of coming as a guest."

There was something unspeakably touching in the break that followed each sentence. It placed me utterly at his mercy.

"Why, certainly; I shall consider myself extremely fortunate; will you excuse me now for a little while?" I was nervously anxious to get away and give Esculapius a word of warning.

On my way to the barn I thought of Hypatia. In all candor I must say that the thought was not a pleasant one. If you had known Hypatia, you would understand. Perhaps you have known other women without mental, moral, or social blemish. Hypatia was from Boston.

I never startle Esculapius when I can avoid it.

"My dear," I said, quietly, "we have a visitor; John Ogilvie sent him. He is a minister, and he wants to help me with the cooking."

My husband sat down on a bale of alfalfa hay, and regarded me with subdued hopelessness.

"In the name of Confucius," he said, plaintively, "may I be allowed to ask why Ogilvie should send us a Chinaman?"

"He is not a Chinaman!" I answered, hotly. "Wait until you have seen his face; he is like the angel Gabriel!"

Esculapius got up at once, and went about his work with alacrity.

"That alters the case," he said, cheerfully; "you should have stated it plainly at first. I am not averse to quails and manna. When did the heavenly trumpeter descend?"

"I knew you would understand, and enter into it, my love. I counted upon you from the first; but I am dreadfully worried about Hypatia—she is so inhumanly practical, you know."

"Hypatia is a good girl," said Esculapius, calmly, slipping the bridle over Pluto's nose. "If she fails to see any exalted poesy in a male cook, I think you ought to excuse her."

"But you haven't seen the man; he is simply exquisite, and everything must be managed so delicately. You know what Hypatia will do. When I try to explain it to her, she will listen attentively and say: 'Why, certainly; it is quite right that he should earn his living in that way. I have no objection to a man-servant, if he is neat and respectful. Can he broil quail properly?'"

"And Hypatia is right; the man ought to know how to broil quail. You should have attended to that before you engaged him. Poet though I am, you must permit me to agree with Hypatia about the quail, my love."

I went into the house under a rapidly increasing cloud. Mr. Jerningham met me at the kitchen door, smiling gently.

"I have kindled a fire," he said, "and if you will have the kindness to lend me an apron and direct me a little, you will see what a famous housekeeper I am."

When I returned with the apron, he tied it carefully over his threadbare coat and stood looking across the valley.

"I was disposed to find fault with the bleakness of your mountains at first," he said, "but I cannot let the sun go down upon my wrath:

> "'The colors of hope to the valley cling,
> And weak old Winter himself must shiver—
> Withdrawn to the mountains a crownless king.'

Goethe did not write that at sunset. Could anything excel the opaline tints of those further peaks?"

This man was awaiting my orders for supper, remember. He turned presently, as if divining my embarrassment.

"Shall I make some toast and a cup of tea?" he asked gravely, "or do you follow the California custom of afternoon dinners?"

I have no remembrance what I said. I could hear the ring of Malise's hoofs on the avenue; my companion went into the kitchen, and Hypatia came to the door, glowing magnificently.

"I have been riding over the 'Field of the Cloth-of-Gold,'" she said, pointing with her whip to a bed of poppies on the *mesa;* "I am dazzled with color and drunk with perfume and pathetically hungry. Where is——"

She stopped short. The flowers she was holding fell in a golden shower to the ground. Mr. Jerningham had opened the kitchen door and was standing quite still, looking at her. A painful flush had crept over his face, staining even the placid whiteness of his forehead.

"Hypatia," I began, almost imploringly, "this is Mr. Jerningham, a friend of——"

"I have met Mr. Jerningham before," she interrupted, coldly; "but it was a long time ago, and I have changed a good deal; perhaps he has forgotten me."

"No," he answered calmly, "you have changed, but I have not forgotten you."

I tried very hard to explain the matter to Hypatia that evening. She did not receive it at all as I had expected.

"I have no patience with the man," she said, walking nervously up and down in the firelight. "Society is indignant if a woman succeeds, but a man——I tell you, failure for a man is criminal!"

"But, my dear," I said, soothingly, "he chose to preach, and preaching is not very remunerative, at best; and then his health failed—you can't blame him for that. Pardon me, but I think you are very unreasonable."

My listener gave a short, enigmatical laugh.

"People have said a great many harsh things to me," she said, stopping before the fire, "but no one ever called me unreasonable before. You say I can't blame him for his poor health; but I *do* blame him. If I were a man I would remove mountains if they stood in the way of my success. Being a woman I can only rant —and I have a right to rant. Since the world insists on caging me it must be content to let me roar!"

As a very humble and insufficient representative of the world, I kept silence.

"Why, a man can accomplish anything," she went on, energetically. "After a woman has once been poor and alone, and been thrust aside to make way for men, she loses all respect for a man who yields to circumstances. He has the world at his beck and call!"

"That is very true," I answered, slowly; "think of Mr. Ogilvie."

Hypatia resumed her walk.

"I don't see why I should think of Mr. Ogilvie," she said, quietly, "he is a good, honest fellow—nothing more."

"John Ogilvie is a magnificent, noble-hearted gentleman!" I replied, with unnecessary heat; "you speak of him as if he were a hod-carrier."

"I might speak of him in that way, and yet think very highly of him," she answered, indifferently. "I trust I have not fallen so low as to estimate any one by his calling."

I had never seen Hypatia in her present mood. She puzzled me sorely.

"You used to know Mr. Jerningham," I said, after a pause, "what was he then?"

"What was he? Oh, a young man—young men are much the same. It was a long time ago." She stood quite still, gazing intently at the fire.

"Malise has lost a shoe," she said presently, "do not let me forget to tell Esculapius."

The next day I received a long letter from John Ogilvie. He wrote:

> "The specimen I sent you per steamer *Ancon* struck me as uncommonly interesting. I came upon him in the Mercantile Library, one day, where he quoted the 'Hymn to a Water-fowl' with such effect that I insisted upon a dinner of roast duck in return. To my amazement, I found him prosaically hungry. Afterward, I learned his history from an Eastern acquaintance. It seems that he was sent adrift from the church for some mild theological originality, and has since failed to find rest for the sole of his ecclesiastical foot. Later, his wife died and left him with three little girls, one of whom has been for years a helpless cripple. Heaven knows how the man has struggled along, mothering his little brood and refusing to be separated from them; breaking down under the load, as any one but a woman must, and being obliged to leave them at last. The children are in some charitable institution in the East, where I fear they are likely to remain. If your world-renowned sunlight can do anything for the poor fellow, it will be the first good luck that has befallen him for many a day. He has taken an unaccountable hold on me in spite of his tendency to drop into poetry, and if Esculapius can patch him up in any fashion, I will add my blessing to that of the three mitherless bairns."

I carried this letter to Hypatia at once.

"Now, my dear," I said, triumphantly, "see how unjust you have been to Mr. Jerningham."

Before I had finished reading, my listener got up and walked to the window.

"How very unwise!" she exclaimed, impatiently, when I stopped; "and one of them is a cripple; poor child, no doubt she has been neglected—it was very unwise!"

"Of course it was unwise," I replied, with a touch of bitterness, "all picturesque tenderness is unwise; but it is none the less lovely."

My companion did not reply.

"If I were a young woman," I announced, after a long silence, "and in love with no one else, and John Ogilvie should ask me to marry him, I would say 'yes.'"

Hypatia laughed.

"There might not be a great deal of 'picturesque tenderness' in that," she said, "but it would be none the less wise."

I asked Esculapius about our guest that evening.

"It is a case of broken china," he replied; "can possibly be mended, but will always require care. The man can't live through a New England winter, and he will die here away from his babies."

We could hear him singing on the piazza. The song was nothing—one of those old-fashioned lullabys that women sing at twilight. Hypatia moved her chair into the shadow.

"You think he could live here, then?" she asked. "I mean if they were all comfortable."

"Certainly. If he were a rich man he might get well. But then if he were a rich man he wouldn't be sick."

Mr. Jerningham came in, and Esculapius made room for him by the grate.

"I promised my little girl some ferns," he said, "are there many hereabout?"

"Yes," Hypatia answered, quickly, "there are some exquisite varieties. I will show you where they grow, to-morrow."

"Thank you," he said, with a glance of gentle surprise toward her.

At breakfast the next morning, Hypatia trifled with her muffin, as if annoyed by its excellence. Esculapius was thoroughly appreciative.

"Now, this is what I call practical piety," he said. "I begin to realize that cookery has an æsthetic side. Isn't the dining-room the thermometer of civilization, after all?"

Mr. Jerningham smiled upon the speaker radiantly.

"What heights the bee has reached!" he said, gently. "It dines always in the heart of a flower."

It was delightful to see Esculapius impaled in that way. Neither Hypatia nor I went to his rescue.

"My dear," he said, pathetically, "may I trouble you for another muffin?"

The winter went lazily on. Beds of wild-flowers bloomed and died in the valley, streaking it like a painter's palette. Spanish bayonets shot up among the chaparral, like phantom sentinels, and blood-red larkspur stained the walls of gloomy mountain caverns. Malise stood knee-deep in purple clover, while his rider looked away to the south, where the Pacific glittered like a silver bar.

Mr. Jerningham recited whole volumes of verse to us, sitting in the stillness of mossy cañons, or lounging on scented hill-tops. He was growing stronger, Esculapius said; but at night-fall there always came the same anxious, yearning gaze eastward.

"I must go home," he said, suddenly, one night, with a quick, appealing glance toward my husband; "I have stayed away too long. Surely I may go now with safety."

Esculapius hesitated.

"My dear fellow," he said, at last, "it is better to tell you the truth. You may go home for a little while, but it will only be for a very little while; if you stay here, it may be many years."

"There is no hope?"

"Absolutely none."

The next day Mr. Jerningham and Hypatia went to San Gabriel for oranges. When they returned, Hypatia called me to her room.

"Margaret," she said, quietly, "I am going to marry Mr. Jerningham."

My surprise must have made itself manifest in my face; but she went on as calmly as she had commenced.

"We were engaged years ago, and I broke the engagement. I think now that I acted wisely. I was younger then, and had a great many theories, and Mr. Jerningham opposed me a good deal. He has changed very much; I think he has improved in many respects. I have tried most of my theories since then; some of them have succeeded and others failed; but they can never be a source of discord between us again. If I had married him then, we might have been very unhappy, and there is not a possibility of that now. I have sent for the little girls, and we will live here."

I have seen Hypatia among her children since then. I have seen a little pain-worn face light up at her coming, and known that four hearts had found in hers a haven of tenderness. I say I have seen all this and forgiven her; but that was years after. I got up and left the room without speaking.

Esculapius was sitting in the fire-light.

"My dear," I said, "Hypatia is going to marry Mr. Jerningham!"

"Well?"

"Do you mean that you are not amazed?—that it is not the most unaccountable, unreasonable ——"

"Pardon me, my love, but when you came in, I thought, from your manner, you might have something startling to tell, and, naturally, I was expectant. Of course Hypatia will marry Mr. Jerningham. I supposed every one knew that. And I must say it strikes me as an uncommonly sensible match. Any other woman would have let her heart run away with her. Hypatia never does that. She is thoroughly, almost inhumanly, practical."

There are times when Esculapius has to be ignored.

"My dear," he said, humbly, after an eloquent silence, "does my memory fail me, or did I hear you remark at one time that Hypatia lacked poetry?"

"Possibly. Why?"

"Oh, nothing. I was only wondering"—he went on poking the fire thoughtfully—"I was only wondering, you know, whether your suggestion had anything to do with her promptness in supplying the lack."

"Ogilvie is a queer fellow," said Esculapius, the day after we returned to San Francisco. "I met him in the bank to-day, and told him about those books of Jerningham's. He looked at me a minute, and then walked away without answering. If he has mislaid them, why didn't he say so? A man needn't turn white over embezzling two or three volumes of Emerson."

"What else did you tell him?"

"I don't remember exactly—nothing alarming—that Jerningham was going to housekeeping and wanted the books, and something about Hypatia and the children."

"My dear," I said crushingly, "I thought every one knew that John Ogilvie was in love with Hypatia."

MARGARET COLLIER GRAHAM.

"ON WITH THE DANCE!"

I.

THE PRUDE IN LETTERS AND LIFE.

It is deserving of remark and censure that American literature is become shockingly moral. There is not a doubt of it; our writers, if accused, would make explicit confession that morality is their only fault—morality in the strict and specific sense. Far be it from me to disparage and belittle this decent tendency to ignore the largest side of human nature, and liveliest element of literary interest. It has an eminence of its own; if it is not great art, it is at least great folly—a superior sort of folly to which none of the masters of letters have attained. Not Shakspeare, nor Cervantes, nor Goethe, nor Molière, nor—no, not even Rabelais—ever achieved that shining pinnacle of propriety to which the latter-day American has aspired, by turning his back upon nature's broad and fruitful levels, and his eyes upon the passionless altitudes where, throned upon congenial ice, Miss Nancy sits to censure letters, putting the Muses into petticoats and affixing a fig-leaf upon Truth. Ours are an age and country of expurgated editions, emasculated art, and social customs that look over the top of a fan.

> Lo! prude-eyed Primdimity, mother of Gush,
> Sex-conscious, invoking the difficult blush;
> At vices that plague us and sins that beset,
> Sternly directing her private lorgnette,
> Whose lenses, self-searching instinctive for sin,
> Make image without of the fancies within.
> Itself, if examined, would show us, alas!
> A tiny transparency (French) on each glass.

Now, prudery in letters, if it would but have the goodness not to coëxist with prudery in life, might be suffered with easy fortitude, inasmuch as one needs not read what one does not like, and between the license of the dear old bucks above mentioned, and the severities of Miss Nancy Howells, and Miss Nancy James, Jr., of t'other school, there is latitude for gratification of individual taste. But it occurs that a literature rather accurately reflects all the virtues and other vices of its period and country, and its tendencies are but the matchings of thought with action. Hence, we may reasonably expect to find—and indubitably shall find—certain well-marked correspondences between the literary faults which it pleases our writers to commit and the social crimes which it pleases the Adversary to see their readers commit. Within the current lustrum the prudery which had already, for some seasons, been achieving a vinegar-visaged and corkscrew-curled certain age in letters, has invaded the ball-room, and is infesting it in quantity. Supportable, because evadable, in letters, it is here, for the opposite reason, insufferable; for one must dance and enjoy one's self whether one likes it or not. Pleasure, I take it, is a duty not to be shirked at the command of disinclination. Youth, following the bent of inherited instinct, and loyally conforming himself to the centuries, must shake a leg in the dance, and Age, from emulation and habit, and for the denial of rheumatic incapacity, must occasionally come twist his heel around though he twist it off in the performance. Dance we must, and dance we shall; that is settled; the question of magnitude is, Shall we caper jocund with the good grace of an easy conscience, or submit to shuffle half-heartedly with a sense of shame, wincing under the slow stroke of our own rebuking eye? To this momentous conundrum let us now intelligently address our minds, sacredly pledged, as becomes lovers of truth, to its determination in the manner most agreeable to our desires; and if, in pursuance of this laudable design, we have the unhappiness to bother the bunions decorating the all-pervading feet of the good people whose deprecations are voiced in *The Dance of Death* and the clamatory literature of which that blessed volume was the honored parent, upon their own corns be it; they should not have obtruded these eminences

> "when youth and pleasure meet
> To chase the glowing hours with flying feet."

What, therefore, whence, and likewise why, is dancing? From what flower of our nature, fertilized by what pollen of circumstance or necessity, is it the fruit? Let us go to the root of the matter.

II.

THE BEATING OF THE BLOOD.

Nature takes a childish delight in tireless repetition. The days repeat themselves, the tides ebb and flow, the tree sways back and forth. This world is intent upon recurrences. Not the pendulum of a clock is more persistent of iteration than are all existing things; periodicity is the ultimate law and largest explanation of the universe—to do it over again the one insatiable ambition of all that is. Everything vibrates; through vibration alone do the senses discern it. We are not provided with means of cognizance of what is absolutely at rest; impressions come in waves. Recurrence, recurrence, and again recurrence—that is the sole phenomenon. With what fealty we submit us to the law which compels the rhythm and regularity to our movement—that makes us divide up passing time into brief equal intervals, marking them off by some method of physical notation, so that our senses may apprehend them. In all we do we unconsciously mark time like a clock, the leader of an orchestra with his *bâton* only more perfectly than the smith with his hammer, or the woman with her needle, because his hand is better assisted by his ear, less embarrassed with *impedimenta*. The pedestrian impelling his legs and the idler twiddling his thumbs are endeavoring, each in his unconscious way, to beat time to some inaudible music; and the graceless lout, sitting cross-legged in a horse-car, manages the affair with his toe.

The more intently we labor the more intensely do we become absorbed in labor's dumb song, until with body and mind engaged in the ecstacy of repetition, we resent an interruption of our work as we do a false note in music, and are mightily enamored of ourselves after for the power of application which was simply inability to desist. In this rhythm of toil is to be found the charm of industry. Toil has in itself no spell to conjure with, but its recurrences of molecular action, cerebral and muscular, are as delightful as rhyme.

Such of our pleasures as require movements equally rhythmic with those entailed by labor are almost equally agreeable, with the added advantage of being useless. Dancing, which is not only rhythmic movement, pure and simple, undebased with any element of utility, but is capable of performance under conditions positively baneful, is, for these reasons, the most engaging of them all; and if it were but one-half as wicked as the prudes have endeavored by method of naughty suggestion to make it, would lack of absolute bliss nothing but the other half.

This ever active and unabatable something within us which compels us to be always marking time we may call, for want of a better name, the instinct of rhythm. It is the æsthetic principle of our nature; translated into words it has given us poetry; into sound, music; into motion, dancing. Perhaps even painting may be referred to it, space being the correlative of time, and color the correlative of tone. We are fond of arranging our minute intervals of time into groups. We find certain of these groups highly agreeable, while others are no end unpleasant. In the former there is a singular regularity to be observed, which led hard-headed old Leibnitz to the theory that our delight in music arises from an inherent affection for mathematics. Yet musicians have hitherto obtained but indifferent recognition for feats of calculation, nor have the singing and playing of renowned mathematicians been unanimously commended by good judges.

Music so intensifies and excites the instinct of rhythm that a strong volition is required to repress its physical expression. The universality of this is well illustrated by the legend, found in some shape in most countries and languages, of the boy with the fiddle who compels king, cook, peasant, clown, and all that kind of people, to follow him through the land; and in the myth of the Pied Piper of Hamelin we discern abundant reason to think the instinct of rhythm an attribute of rats. Soldiers march so much livelier with music than without that it has been found a tolerably good substitute for the hope of plunder. When the foot-falls are audible, as on the deck of a steamer, walking has an added pleasure, and even the pirate, with gentle consideration for the universal instinct, suffers his vanquished foeman to walk the plank.

Dancing is simply marking time with the body, as an accompaniment to music, though the same—without the music—is done with only the head and forefinger in a New England meeting-house at psalm time. (The peculiar dance named in honor of St. Vitus is executed with or without music, at the option of the musician.) But the body is a clumsy piece of machinery, requiring some attention and observation to keep it accurately in time to the fiddling. The smallest diversion of the thought, the briefest relaxing of the mind, is fatal to the performance. 'Tis as easy to fix attention on a sonnet of Shakspeare while working at whist as gloat upon your partner while waltzing. It can not be intelligently, appreciatively, and adequately accomplished—*crede experto*.

On the subject of poetry, Emerson says: "Metre begins with pulse-beat, and the length of lines in songs and poems is determined by the inhalation and exhalation of the lungs," and this really goes near to the root of the matter; albeit we might derive therefrom the unsupported inference that a poet "fat and scant of breath" would write in lines of a foot each, while the more able-bodied bard, with the capacious lungs of a pearl-diver, would deliver himself all across his page, with "the spacious volubility of a drumming decasyllabon."

While the heart, working with alternate contraction and dilatation, sends the blood intermittently through the brain, and the outer world apprises us of its existence only by successive impulses, it must result that our sense of things will be rhythmic. The brain being alternately stimulated and relaxed we must think—as we feel—in waves, apprehending nothing continuously, and incapable of a consciousness that is not divisible into units of perception of which we make mental record and physical sign. That is why we dance. That is why we can, may, must, will, and shall dance, and the gates of Philistia shall not prevail against us.

La valse légère, la valse légère,
The free, the bright, the debonair,
That stirs the strong, and fires the fair
With joy like wine of vintage rare—
That lends the swiftly circling pair
A short surcease of killing care,
With music in the dreaming air,
With elegance and grace to spare.
Vive! vive la valse, la valse légère!

III.

THERE ARE CORNS IN EGYPT.

Our civilization—wise child!—knows its father in the superior civilization whose colossal vestiges are found along the Nile. To those, then, who see in the dance a civilizing art, it can not be wholly unprofitable to glance at this polite accomplishment as it existed among the ancient Egyptians, and was by them transmitted—with various modifications, but preserving its essentials of identity—to other nations and other times. And here we have first to note that, as in all the nations of antiquity, the dance in Egypt was principally a religious ceremony; the pious old boys that builded the pyramids executed their jigs as an act of worship. Diodorus Siculus informs us that Osiris, in his proselyting travels among the peoples surrounding Egypt—for Osiris was what we would call a circuit preacher—was accompanied by dancers male and dancers female. From the sculptures on some of the oldest tombs of Thebes it is seen that the dances there depicted did not greatly differ from those in present favor in the same region; although it seems a fair inference from the higher culture and refinement of the elder period that they were distinguished by graces correspondingly superior. That dances having the character of religious rites were not always free from an element that we would term indelicacy, but which their performers and witnesses probably considered the commendable exuberance of zeal and devotion, is manifest from the following passage of Herodotus, in which reference is made to the festival of Bubastis:

> "Men and women come sailing all together, vast numbers in each boat, many of the women with castanets, which they strike, while some of the men pipe during the whole period of the voyage; the remainder of the voyagers, male and female, sing the while, and make a clapping with their hands. When they arrive opposite to any town on the banks of the stream they approach the shore, and while some of the women continue to play and sing, others call aloud to the females of the place and load them with abuse, a certain number dancing and others standing up, uncovering themselves. Proceeding in this way all along the river course they reach Bubastis, where they celebrate the feast with abundant sacrifice."

Of the mysteries of Isis and Osiris, in which dancing played an important part, the character of the ceremonies is matter of dim conjecture; but from the hints that have come down to us like significant shrugs and whispers from a discreet past, which could say a good deal more if it had a mind to, I hasten to infer that they were no better than they should have been.

Naturally the dances for amusement of others were regulated in movement and gesture to suit the taste of patrons: for the refined, decency and moderation; for the wicked, a *soupçon* of the other kind of excellence. In the latter case the buffoon, an invariable adjunct, committed a thousand extravagances, and was a dear, delightful, naughty ancient Egyptian. These dances were performed by both men and women; sometimes together, more frequently in separate parties. The men seem to have confined themselves mostly to exercises requiring strength of leg and arm. The figures on the tombs represent men in lively and vigorous postures, some in attitude preliminary to leaping, others in the air. This feature of agility would be a novelty in the oriental dances of to-day; the indolence of the spectator being satisfied with a slow, voluptuous movement congenial to his disposition. When, on the contrary, the performance of our prehistoric friends was governed and determined by ideas of grace, there were not infrequently from six to eight musical instruments, the harp, guitar, double-pipe, lyre, and tambourine of the period being most popular, and these commonly accompanied by a clapping of hands to mark the time.

As with the Greeks, dancers were had in at dinner to make merry; for although the upper-class Egyptian was forbidden to practice the art, either as an accomplishment or for the satisfaction of his emotional nature, it was not considered indecorous to hire professionals to perform before him and his female and young. The female dancer usually habited herself in a loose, flowing robe, falling to the ankles and bound at the waist, while about the hips was fastened a narrow, ornate girdle. This costume —in point of opacity imperfectly superior to a spanking breeze—is not always discernible in the sculptures; but it is charitably believed that the pellucid garment, being merely painted over the figures, has been ravished away by the hand of Time—the wretch!

One of the dances was a succession of pleasing attitudes, the hands and arms rendering important assistance—the body bending backward and forward and swaying laterally, the *figurante* sometimes half-kneeling, and in that position gracefully posturing, and again balanced on one foot, the arms and hands waving slowly in time to the music. In another dance the *pirouette*, and other figures dear to the bald-headed beaux of the modern play-house, were practiced in the familiar way. Four thousand years ago, the senses of the young ancient Egyptian—wild, heady lad!—were kicked into confusion by the dark-skinned belle of the ballet, while senility, with dimmed eyes "purging thick amber and plum-tree gum," rubbed its dry hands in feverish approval at the self-same feat. Dear, dear, but it was a bad world four thousand years ago!

Sometimes they danced in pairs, men and women indifferently, the latter arrangement seeming to us preferable by reason of the women's conspicuously superior grace and almost equal agility; for it is in evidence on the tombs that tumblers and acrobats were commonly of the softer sex. Some of the attitudes were similar to those which drew from Socrates the ungallant remark that women were capable of learning anything which you will that they should know. The figures in this *pas de deux* appear frequently to have terminated in what children, with their customary coarseness of speech, are pleased to call "wringing the dish-clout"—clasping the hands, throwing the arms above the head and turning rapidly, each as on a pivot, without loosing the hands of the other, and resting again in position.

Sometimes, with no other music than the percussion of hands, a man would execute a *pas seul*, which it is to be presumed he enjoyed. Again, with a riper and better sense of musical methods, the performer accompanied himself, or, as in this case it usually was, herself, on the double-pipes, the guitar or the tambourine, while the familiar hand-clapping was done by attendants. A step not unlike that of the abominable clog-dance of the "variety" stage and "music hall" of the present day consisted in striking the heel of first one foot and then the other, the hands and arms being employed to diminish the monotony of the movement. For amusement and instruction of the vulgar, buffoons in herds of ten or more infested the streets, hopping and posing to the noise of a drum.

As illustrating the versatility of the dance, its wide capacities of adaptation to human emotional needs, I may mention here the procession of women to the tomb of a friend or relative. Punishing the tambourine or *darabooka* drum, and bearing branches of palm or other symbolic vegetables, these sprightly mourners passed through the streets with songs and dances which, under the circumstances, can hardly have failed to eminently gratify the person so fortunate as to have his memory honored by so delicate and appropriate observance.

IV.

A REEF IN THE GABARDINE.

The early Jew danced ritually and socially. Some of his dances and the customs connected therewith were of his own devising; others he picked up in Egypt, the latter, no doubt, being more firmly fixed in his memory by the necessity of practicing them—albeit behind the back of Moses—while he had them still fresh in his mind; for he would naturally resort to every human and inhuman device to wile away the dragging decades consumed in tracing the labyrinthine sinuosities of his course in the Wilderness. When a man has assurance that he will not be permitted to arrive at the point for which he set out, perceiving that every step forward is a step wasted, he will pretty certainly use his feet to a better purpose than walking. Clearly, at a time when all the chosen people were Wandering Jews, they would dance all they knew how. We know that they danced in worship of the Golden Calf, and that previously "Miriam the prophetess, sister of Aaron, took a timbrel in her hand; and all the women went out after her with timbrels and with dances." And ever so many generations before, Laban complained to Jacob that Jacob had stolen away instead of letting him send him off with songs and mirth and music on the tabret and harp, a method of speeding the parting guest which would naturally include dancing, although the same is not of explicit record.

The religious ceremonies of the Jews had not at all times the restraint and delicacy which it is to be wished the Lord had exacted, for we read of King David himself dancing before the Ark in a condition so nearly nude as to greatly scandalize the daughter of Saul. By the way, this incident has been always a stock argument for the extinction and decent interment of the unhappy anti-dancer. Conceding the necessity of his extinction, I am yet indisposed to attach much weight to the Davidian precedent, for it does not appear that he was acting under divine command, directly or indirectly imparted, and whenever he followed the hest of his own sweet will, David had a notable knack at going wrong. Perhaps the best value of the incident consists in the evidence it affords that dancing was not forbidden—save possibly by divine injunction—to the higher classes of Jews: for unless we are to suppose the dancing of David to have been the mere clumsy capering of a loutish mood (a theory which our respect for royalty, even when divested of its imposing externals, forbids us to entertain), we are bound to assume previous instruction and practice in the art. We have, moreover, the later example of the daughter of Herodias, whose dancing before Herod was so admirably performed that she was suitably rewarded with a testimonial of her step-father's esteem. To these examples many more might be added, showing by cumulative evidence that among the ancient people whose religion was good enough for us to adopt and improve, dancing was a polite and proper accomplishment, although not always decorously executed on seasonable occasion.

V.

ENTER, A TROUPE OF ANCIENTS, DANCING.

The oldest authentic human records now decipherable are the cuneiform inscriptions from the archives of Assurbanipal, recently translated by the late Mr. George Smith, of the British Museum; and in them we find abundant reference to the dance, but must content ourselves with a single one:

> "The kings of Arabia who, against my agreement, sinned; whom in the midst of battle alive I had captured in hand, to make that Bitrichiti. Heavy burdens I caused them to carry, and I caused them to take...... building its brick-work......with dancing and music; ......with joy and shouting, from the foundation to its roof, I built......"

A Mesopotamian king, who had the genius to conceive the dazzling idea of communicating with the readers of this distant generation by taking impressions of carpet-tacks on cubes of unbaked clay, is surely entitled to a certain veneration; and when he associates dancing with such commendable actions as making porters of his royal captives, it is not becoming in us meaner mortals to set up a contrary opinion. Indeed, nothing can be more certain than that the art of dancing was not regarded by the ancients generally in the light of a frivolous accomplishment, or its practice a thing wherewith to wile away a tedious hour. In their minds it evidently had a certain dignity and elevation; so much so that they associated it with their ideas (tolerably correct ones, on the whole,) of art, harmony, beauty, truth, and religion. With them, dancing bore a relation to walking and the ordinary movements of the limbs, similar to that which poetry bears to prose; and as our own Emerson—himself something of an ancient—defines poetry as the piety of the intellect, so, Homer would doubtless have defined dancing as the devotion of the body, if he had had the unspeakable advantage of a training in the French school of epigram. Such a view of it is natural to the unsophisticated pagan mind, and to all minds of clean, wholesome, and simple understanding. It is only the intellect that has been subjected to the strain of overwrought religious enthusiasm of the more sombre sort that can discern a lurking devil in the dance, or anything but an exhilarating and altogether delightful outward manifestation of an inner sense of harmony, joy, and well-being. Under the stress of morbid feeling, or the overstrain of religious excitement, coarsely organized natures see or create something gross and prurient in things intrinsically sweet and pure; and it happens that when the dance has fallen to their shaping and direction, as in religious rites, then it has received its most objectionable development and perversion. But the grossness of dances devised by the secular mind for purposes of æsthetic pleasure is all in the censorial critic, who deserves the same kind of rebuke administered by Dr. Johnson to Boswell, who asked the Doctor if he considered a certain nude statue indecent. "No, sir; but your question is."

It would be an unfortunate thing, indeed, if the "prurient prudes" of the meeting-houses were permitted to make the laws by which society should be governed. The same unhappy psychological condition which makes the dance an unclean thing in their jaundiced eyes renders it impossible for them to enjoy art or literature when the subject is natural, the treatment free and joyous. The ingenuity that can discover an indelicate provocative in the waltz will have no difficulty in snouting out all manner of uncleanliness in Shakspeare, Chaucer, Boccacio—nay, even in the New Testament. It would detect an unpleasant suggestiveness in the Medicean Venus, and two in the Dancing Faun. To all such the ordinary functions of life are impure; the natural man and woman things to blush at; all the economies of nature full of shocking improprieties.

In the Primitive Church dancing was a religious rite, no less than it was under the older dispensation among the Jews. On the eve of sacred festivals, the young people were accustomed to assemble, sometimes before the church door, sometimes in the choir or nave of the church, and dance and sing hymns in honor of the saint whose festival it was. Easter Sunday, especially, was so celebrated; and rituals of a comparatively modern date contain the order in which it is appointed that the dances are to be performed, and the words of the hymns to the music of which the youthful devotees flung up their pious heels. But I digress.

In Plato's time, the Greeks held that dancing awakened and preserved in the soul—as I do not doubt that it does—the sentiment of harmony and proportion; and in accordance with this idea Simonides, with a happy knack at epigram, defined dances as “poems in dumb-show.”

In his *Republic*, Plato classifies the Grecian dances as, domestic, designed for relaxation and amusement; military, to promote strength and activity in battle; and religious, to accompany the sacred songs at pious festivals. To the last class belongs the dance which Theseus is said to have instituted on his return from Crete, after having abated the Minotaur nuisance. At the head of a noble band of youth, this public-spirited reformer of abuses himself executed this dance. Theseus as a dancing-master does not much fire the imagination, it is true; but the incident has its value and purpose in this dissertation all the same. Theseus called his dance *Geranos*, or the “Crane,” because its figures resembled those described by that fowl aflight; and Plutarch fancied he discovered in it a meaning which one does not so readily discover in Plutarch's explanation.

It is certain that, in the time of Anacreon,* the Greeks loved the dance. That poet, with frequent repetition, felicitates himself that age has not deprived him of his skill in it. In Ode LIII., he declares that in the dance he renews his youth:

> "When I behold the festive train
> Of dancing youth, I'm young again.
> * * * * * *
> And let me, while the wild and young
> Trip the mazy dance along,
> Fling my heap of years away,
> And be as wild, as young, as they."
> —*Moore.*

And so in Ode LIX., which seems to be a vintage hymn:

> "When he whose verging years decline
> As deep into the vale as mine,
> When he inhales the vintage cup,
> His feet, new-winged, from earth spring up,
> And, as he dances, the fresh air
> Plays, whispering, through his silvery hair."
> —*Id.*

In Ode XLVII., he boasts that age has not impaired his relish for, nor his power of indulgence in, the feast and dance:

> "'Tis true my fading years decline,
> Yet I can quaff the brimming wine
> As deep as any stripling fair
> Whose cheeks the flush of morning wear;
> And if amidst the wanton crew
> I'm called to wind the dance's clew,

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* It may be noted here that the popular conception of this poet as a frivolous sensualist is unsustained by evidence and repudiated by all having knowledge of the matter. Although love and wine were his constant themes, there is good ground for the belief that he wrote of them with greater *abandon* than he indulged in them—a not uncommon practice of the poet-folk, by the way, and one to which those who sing of deeds of arms are perhaps especially addicted. The great age which Anacreon attained points to a temperate life; and he more than once denounces intoxication with as great zeal as a modern reformer who has eschewed the flagon for the trencher. According to Anacreon, drunkenness is “the vice of barbarians;” though, for the matter of that, it is difficult to say what achievable vice is not. In Ode LXII., he sings:

> “Fill me, boy, as deep a draught
> As e'er was filled, as e'er was quaffed;
> But let the water amply flow
> To cool the grape's intemperate glow.
> * * * * *
> For though the bowl's the grave of sadness,
> Ne'er let it be the birth of madness;
> No! banish from our board to-night
> The revelries of rude delight;
> To Scythians leave these wild excesses,
> Ours be the joy that soothes and blesses!
> And, while the temperate bowl we wreathe,
> In concert let our voices breathe,
> Beguiling every hour along
> With harmony of soul and song.”

Maximus of Tyre, speaking of Polycrates the Tyrant (tyrant, be it remembered, meant only usurper, not oppressor), considered the happiness of that potentate secure because he had a powerful navy and such a friend as Anacreon—the word navy naturally suggesting cold water, and cold water, Anacreon. In short, the position of Anacreon, with reference to drink, seems to have been of the same commendable sort as that of the man who, having just swallowed a goblet of brandy, was accosted by an astonished friend with “Why, I thought you were a total abstainer!” “So I am,” was the thoughtful reply; “so I am—but not a bigoted one.”

Then shalt thou see this vigorous hand
Not faltering on the Bacchant's wand.

* * * * * *

For, though my fading years decay—
Though manhood's prime hath passed away,
Like old Silenus, sire divine,
With blushes borrowed from the wine
I'll wanton 'mid the dancing train,
And live my follies o'er again."—*Id.*

Cornelius Nepos, I think, mentions among the admirable qualities of the great Epaminondas that he had an extraordinary talent for music and dancing. Epaminondas accomplishing his jig must be accepted as a pleasing and instructive figure in the history of the dance.

Lucian says that a dancer must have some skill as an actor, and some acquaintance with mythology—the reason being that the dances at the festivals of the gods partook of the character of pantomime, and represented the most picturesque events and passages in the popular religion. Religious knowledge is happily no longer regarded as a necessary qualification for the dance; and, in point of fact, nothing is commonly more foreign to the minds of those who excel in it.

It is related of Aristides the Just that he danced at an entertainment given by Dionysius the Tyrant, and Plato, who was also a guest, probably confronted him in the set.

The "dance of the wine-press," described by Longinus, was originally modest and proper, but seems to have become in the process of time—and probably by the stealthy participation of disguised prudes—a kind of *can-can.*

In the high-noon of human civilization—in the time of Pericles at Athens—dancing seems to have been regarded as a civilizing and refining amusement, in which the gravest dignitaries and most renowned worthies joined with indubitable alacrity, if problematic advantage. Socrates himself—at an advanced age, too—was persuaded by the virtuous Aspasia to cut his caper with the rest of them.

Horace (Ode IX., Book I.,) exhorts the youth not to despise the dance:

"Nec dulcis amores
Sperne puer, neque tu choreas."

Which may be freely translated thus:

Boy, in Love's game don't miss a trick,
Nor be in the dance a walking stick.

In Ode IV., Book I., he says:

"Jam Cytherea choros ducit Venus, inminente Lunâ,
Junctæque Nymphis Gratiæ decentes
Alterno terram quatiunt pede;" etc.

At moonrise, Venus and her joyous band
Of Nymphs and Graces leg it o'er the land.

In Ode XXXVI., Book I. (supposed to have been written when Numida returned from the war in Spain, with Augustus, and referring to which an old commentator says: "We may judge with how much tenderness Horace loved his friends, when he celebrates their return with sacrifices, songs, and dances"), he writes:

"Cressâ ne careat pulchra dies notâ;
Neu promtæ modus amphoræ,
Neu morem in Salium sit requies pedum;" etc.

Let not the day forego its mark,
Nor lack the wine-jug's honest bark;
Like Salian priests we'll toss our toes—
Choose partners for the dance—here goes!

It has been hastily inferred that, in the time of Cicero, dancing was not held in good repute among the Romans; but I prefer to consider his ungracious dictum (in *De Amicitia*, I think) "*Nemo sobrius saltat*"—no sober man dances—as merely the spiteful and envious fling of a man who could not himself dance, and am disposed to congratulate the golden youth of the Eternal City on the absence of the solemn, consequential, and egotistic orator from their festivals and merry-makings, where his shining talents would have been so many several justifications for his forcible extrusion. No doubt his eminence secured him many invitations to the balls of the period, and some of these he probably felt constrained to accept; but it is highly unlikely that he was often solicited to dance; and probably wiled away the tedious hours of inaction by instructing the fibrous virgins and gouty bucks in the principles of jurisprudence. Cicero as a wall-flower is an interesting object, and, turning to another branch of our subject, in this picturesque attitude we leave him Left talking.

BASHI BAZOUK.

IN THE LAVA BEDS.

The Modoc war was practically ended in May, 1873, soon after General Jefferson C. Davis, then commanding the Department of the Columbia, assumed personal direction of the troops in the field. From the seventh to the twentieth of May, gallant Major Harry Hasbrouck, of the Fourth Artillery, was engaged in a scouting expedition through the Lava Beds. His force consisted of Battery B (the light battery), Fourth Artillery, Companies B and G of the First Cavalry, and the Warm Spring Indian allies—two hundred and ten men in all. Officers and soldiers suffered terrible hardships—lack of food and water, loss of sleep, and other physical discomforts. But the reward for these troubles was wholly adequate. At Dry Lake, a waterless basin in the centre of the beds, the men were hurried from their blankets in the gray of morning by a rattling volley from Modoc rifles and deafening yells of exultation. The redoubtable Captain Jack led the Indians. With a zeal born of blind confidence the warriors leaped nimbly from crag to crag at his behest. He may have relied upon a sense of justice for some of his strength. He certainly was strong in the prestige of a victor who had yet to learn the weakening influences of defeat. Hasbrouck had taken every possible precaution against a surprise. The temporary camp had been selected as affording the best facilities for repelling assailants, and the picket posts met every prudential requirement. Had the sentinels been gifted with the sensitive scent of the deer, or the eyesight of the owl, the onslaught of the enemy might have been anticipated by a few moments. The first intimation of the close proximity of the Indians were the shots and shouts. Hasbrouck swiftly placed his men in skirmish line and began aggressive work. In previous fights the Modocs had picked off the soldiers and demoralized the ranks by the devices peculiar to savage warfare. The Indians only exposed themselves to view when they felt sure of a victory. Hasbrouck gave them little time to select their living targets. He made an irregular charge which was fatal to several of the shrieking fiends, and sent the entire outfit—bucks, squaws, and pappooses—flying for their lives. This was the decisive contest of the war. Our casualties were seven killed and nine wounded. The damage was done by the first volley from the hostiles. The Modoc tribe embraced three factions: the Lost Rivers, among whom Captain Jack belonged; the Combatwoshes, or Rock Indians, who dwelt in the Lava Beds, and the Cottonwoods, whose wigwams were by the creek of that name on Fairchild's Ranch, a locality twenty-three miles southwest of the beds. The Cottonwoods suffered most severely in the Dry Lake fight. Their leading warrior, bearing the prosaic title of Ellen's Man, succumbed to the unerring accuracy of a Warm Spring scout. The loss was doubly disastrous to the hostiles, from the fact that Jack had assured his followers, previous to the fight, that no Modoc could be injured by a white man's bullet. He had consulted the tribal oracle, with this Delphian result. The Indians, as it afterward transpired, held a hasty council of war upon the occasion of the first halt. The Cottonwoods denounced Jack as a false prophet, and advocated a measure approximating to the want of confidence vote in English legislation. Jack refused to resign, and could not be deposed. The wrangle resulted in a division of the tribe. The chieftain and his Lost Rivers and Cumbatwoshes started off in the direction of Oregon. The Cottonwoods fled to the south. Hasbrouck struck the trail of the Cottonwoods in a few hours, and dropped several stragglers. Before the fight the command had scouted afoot. Horses were now brought to the edge of the beds, under escort, and placed at the disposal of the wearied men. The facility with which the artillerymen fought as infantry and cavalry was highly complimentary to the artillery branch of the service. The Cottonwoods passed out of the beds and into a chain of ragged mountains many miles to the south. They were followed until the horses refused to travel further. Hasbrouck reported at Fairchild's on the twentieth of May, with an exhausted command. Both men and horses had been worked out. The jaded steeds were bloody about the feet, nearly shoeless, and suffered sorely from strains and sprains. Such was the first scout under the orders of General Davis. He was proud of its success, and the words of commendation he bestowed upon Major Hasbrouck brought blushes to the cheeks of that dashing officer.

A couple of days elapsed, and the Hasbrouck scout bore fresh fruits. The Cottonwoods had been so hardly pressed in the chase that they were reduced to the verge of starvation. With the aid of a friendly squaw, living at the ranch, they got word to General Davis that they were willing to cease fighting if the Boston warriors were of the same mind. The peace negotiations with this faction were soon concluded. The basis was unconditional surrender. At six o'clock on the afternoon of May 20th, the Cottonwoods wound around a hill near the camp in motley procession, and came at funeral pace to a bench of greensward in front of headquarters. They were filthy, ragged, and generally repulsive. The female faces were coated with tar, which, with the northern tribes, is the emblem of deepest mourning. The prisoners numbered sixty-three—twelve bucks, twenty squaws, and thirty-one children. Each buck wore the uniform of a private soldier, and carried a Springfield rifle. The squaws wore tattered and torn calico gowns, or the remnants of army blankets. The children had to depend mainly upon their robust constitutions for protection from the extremes of heat and cold. The bucks were generally small of stature, but wiry and muscular. The young squaws inclined to *embonpoint*, and those past the meridian of life to bones. The children were comely and bright, but precociously combative. Even the toddling child would grab a handful of sand, stones, or sticks, and make a vicious fling at the pale-face who sought to force a close acquaintance. Indian ponies formed a sorry feature in the group. These luckless brutes, about the size of Shetlands, were principally mane, tail, foretop, and fetlock. Rough usage and rougher fare had reduced them to mere skeletons. I had hardly finished a hasty inspection of the Cottonwoods when General Davis appeared on the scene. Each buck advanced, laid his rifle on the ground, gave his name, shook hands with the General, and calmly awaited instructions. The squaws and children huddled together and remained perfectly passive. At a respectful distance stood officers, soldiers, and war correspondents, who viewed with curiosity the singular scene. General Davis terminated the ceremonies with these remarks: "I will give you a camp where you may remain to-night. If you try to run or escape, you will be shot." The order was explained and obedience promised. The list of prisoners included names of note in the tribe. First in the order of ferocious reputation were Huka Jim, Shacknasty Jim, Steamboat Frank, and Bogus Charley. Huka enjoyed special distinction as a murderer, trailer, and marksman. He had the characteristic popularly ascribed to the singed cat, in that he was smarter than his appearance indicated. Shacknasty was slight of build and barely five feet high. Steamboat was the heaviest of the four, and about the height of Bogus, who stood five feet ten inches in his moccasins. Huka and Shacknasty were stoical of countenance. Bogus had a hypocritical grin which comported with his reputation. Steamboat smiled with the whites of his eyes. It always made my flesh crawl to look at Steamboat. Bogus was of the willowy type, and agile as a cat. A striking feature of the Modocs was an obliquity of the eye, which, to my mind, suggests a Tartar exodus to the northern coast in some remote period of the past. The two Jims and Steamboat and Bogus were entitled to halters, by reason of murders and other deviltries committed among the white settlers. They were on the Government black list for active participation in the Peace Commission massacre, when General Canby and Rev. Dr. Thomas were foully slain, and Colonel A. B. Meacham was wounded and partially scalped.

The surrender of these outcasts put the camp in the best of humor. The men were merry as boys, and the officers enjoyed, in anticipation, the pleasure of reunions with near and dear ones. By ten o'clock the last Modoc had gorged himself to repletion; the Indian camp and our own tented village were wrapped in slumber, and the measured tread of the sentinels and the occasional howl of a cur were the only sounds heard. The night passed away without incident save one of a domestic character among the Indians. It was a boy.

At an early hour in the morning, General Davis, Fairchild—rancher, guide, and scout—Bogus and Steamboat, and the two Modoc Jims, held a private conference. The four savages stated, in substance, that they had experienced a change of heart, and were now friends of the Boston (Indian term for white) men. They yearned to show the General that the alteration in their feelings was a tangible reality—that their regard for him was of the most enduring nature. They would assist him to ferret out the bad men whom the soldiers had been unable to catch. They were willing, after the manner of the lamented A. Ward, to sacrifice any relative in his interest. The proposition first discussed was made by Shacknasty. It was to the effect that the quartette would act as spies, and aid in the destruction of Jack's band. It was explained to the traitors that the services they might render were to be considered in mitigation of punishment for past offenses. The General positively declined to make any other promises.

About noon the camp was startled by a genuine sensation. General Davis, Mr. Fairchild, five soldiers of the Fourth Artillery, a special correspondent, and the four red-handed Modocs suddenly rode away together in the direction of the Lava Beds. Each member of the party was armed, and some of them may have been eager for a fray. I can safely acquit one member of any such eagerness. The General carried two self-cocking revolvers; Fairchild, the soldiers, and the special were armed with carbines; and the Indians were provided with Springfield rifles and a prodigal supply of cartridges. The Indians preferred the rifles because of their superiority to the carbines. The day was pleasant, the road, barring fugitive blocks of lava which now and then caused the animals to stumble, was fairly adapted for horseback traveling, and the ride, under most circumstances, would have been highly enjoyable. But the proverbial thorn was there. It was difficult for me to realize that the four savages, who rode just in the advance, had been divested of their hostile intent, and transformed into peaceful, plodding scouts in the space of twenty-four hours. The regeneration was too miraculous for belief. I was prepared to see these aborigines whirl around in their saddles and pay us a few leaden compliments. I even considered the relative speed of the horses we rode. I thought of the dispatch I could show in case trouble occurred and it became necessary for me to ride away for succor. It afforded me a sort of melancholy satisfaction to think that it might be my first duty to ride off in case firing began. My view of the situation was not rendered more agreeable when it became necessary to send two of our soldier escort on a special mission to Hasbrouck, then encamped on Lost River, distant sixty miles. General Davis announced that the party, as now constituted, would halt on the western border of the Lava Beds, and, next morning, proceed directly through the beds to Boyle's Camp. This camp was a permanent depot for stores. It was situated on a peninsula jutting out from the eastern side of Rhett Lake. Most of the Modocs were supposed to have left the beds, and the soldiers were being concentrated at Boyle's to recruit for outside scouting operations. We reached the border of the beds in about four hours, our ride having been entirely peaceful. We found that the evacuation was all but completed. The last of the troops, under Colonel Mendenhall and Captains Field, Bancroft, Throckmorton, and other officers of the Fourth Artillery, were encamped on the brow of the bluff overlooking the beds from the west, and had arranged to depart next day for the Boyle Camp, by way of Lost River. This was a circuitous route, but the only one available for the infantry. We were the guests of Colonel Mendenhall for the night.

After supper, I strolled along the edge of the bluff for my last view of the Modocs' rocky abode. The Lava Beds are of historical interest. As the scenes of Modoc triumphs they will ever claim the attention of the civilized world. Seventy warriors, encumbered with women and children to the number of two hundred, had defied the United States Government for months and months, killed and wounded soldiers equal to three times the number of their own fighting force, and again and again repulsed attacking parties consisting of several hundred regular soldiers. I recall to mind no instance in modern or ancient warfare surpassing in rude heroism the desperate defense made by the Modocs. Their success, of course, was largely due to the fact that the soldiers were not familiar with the ramifications and sinuosities of the beds. The Modoc Lava Beds (there are other lava beds in Oregon, Idaho, and Arizona) are situated northeast from Yreka, Siskiyou County, California, about fifty-three miles in an air line. This distance is over eighty miles by road. The beds proper have a width of ten miles north and south, and run east and west fifteen miles. They are bounded on the north by Rhett Lake, half of which sheet of water is in Oregon. The old emigrant road, familiar to many who crossed the plains in early days, skirts the eastern side of the beds. To the south is a nameless range of mountains. The western boundary is a bluff which continues north along the western shore of the lake. It is a rocky bluff, its face nearly a sheer precipice, and from the level of the beds to its summit the distance is five hundred and eighty-six feet. The bluff is the coign of vantage in viewing the beds. The entire lava country is compassed in a sweeping glance. Looking over the beds with the naked eyes, they appear to consist of an undulating plain. The sight is uninviting because of the general suggestion of desolation. A forsaken region is the impression left upon the mind. No trees are seen in the immediate foreground, and those in the distance are dwarfed into bushes. The counterpart of this apparent plain may be seen along the ocean shore of New England. Let grounded sea-weed represent the dark lines twisting through the bed, and the picture is complete. The gentle undulations, as they appear from a distance, the waving grass and bushes, the lights and shadows cast on the surface by passing clouds, are in strict keeping with a beach landscape. The white, pumice-strewn shore of Tule Lake makes the resemblance most complete. I know the beds of old. To me the dark lines are something more formidable than sea-weed. Every one of them recalls to memory adventures more or less disagreeable. Away in the east, distant three miles as the crow flies, is a long, dark, ragged line—Jack's famous stronghold.

It is assumed that the beds were once occupied by an active volcano. Through a freak of nature the volcano sunk into the earth during an eruption, and left upon the surface a sea of seething lava. The lava fused the rock with which it came in contact, and, as a rule, caused a complete metamorphosis. The primary rocks were stratified in new and curious forms. The formations exposed are of trachyte and basalt. Every ledge, so far as I observed, was mineralized with iron. Rock from the ledges is heavy and very tenacious. The rim of the beds is from fifty to one hundred yards in width, and consists of chunks of lava and lava dust. The lava in the rim is of a light brown color, occasionally bordering on white, and weighs little more than pumice stone. The tough lava of which the beds are mainly composed is black, or has a bluish shade, according to locality. The loose pieces of lava on the outskirts of the beds indicate that the coating, as before suggested, was once in a liquid state. The fragments are porous and curved. Each had its place in the huge bubbles of the lava sea. There are immense numbers of funnel-like outlets, in which steam has been generated below and gas exploded, the openings being small at the bottom and large at the top, with crevices around. Where the steam has not exploded strongly enough to blow the rocks entirely clear, and has left these funnels, it has upheaved the rocks and allowed them to fall back loosely so as to form immense heaps.

The true character of the Lava Beds cannot be learned by inspection from afar. Nothing but close acquaintance will inform the visitor. Pass inside of the rim and you fail to find a level spot. Every rock stands on end and exposes angular points. When the war began the Indians were scattered along the western border. After several battles they suddenly vanished as by magic. It was supposed that they had fled to a distant locality. A reconnoissance developed them in what was aptly termed the back-bone of the beds, or Captain Jack's stronghold. This bone consists of a nob of giant ledges in the northeastern portion of the lava section. These ledges crop out boldly and have no special course. The best defined ledge generally trends north and south. The lesser ledges run nearly parallel at times, and again cut in at right angles. The mean level of the beds is below that of the lake. As you draw near the stronghold it becomes necessary to descend into irregular chasms. Before you have time to study the topography of the place, ledges loom up fifty and sixty feet high, directly in front, and all but compel a halt. The savages, pressed by the troops, retired from ledge to ledge, and each retreat carried them to higher ground and gave them additional advantages. The stronghold proper is about the summit of several of the boldest ledges. They radiate from a common centre and are difficult of access. Along the top of each ledge is a natural channel three or four feet in depth, wherein the cunning savage can skulk and shoot and still remain unseen. The channels are complicated and labyrinthian. Modocs had dwelt here for ages, so said tradition, and yet the followers of Jack would not trust to memory as they moved about. They failed to feel securely familiar with this pile of rocks two hundred yards square, and had the different channels marked by bits of wood! The rocks are not adapted to cave formations. The caves mentioned in war telegrams are spacious basins occurring in the solid rock. Those in the stronghold are one hundred or more feet in circumference, and have a depth of fifty feet. Overhanging rocks furnish a few of these caves with what might be termed incomplete roofing. Jack's band made a stand in the stronghold, and played sad havoc with assailing parties. One night the water in the stronghold gave out. The only convenient source of supply was the lake, distant one mile. Between the stronghold and the lake was a line of soldiers. Before morning the Modocs fled from this rocky fastness to the southern end of the beds, where Hasbrouck finally gave them so much trouble.

Five miles south of Rhett Lake, and in the southeastern portion of the lava deposit, are two bold buttes, united by a narrow tongue of black lava, which are of pure scoria. Each of these buttes has a crater at its crest. Close at hand are a number of lava buttes, with craters. All of these buttes combined could not have made the overflow constituting the beds, albeit the lips of the craters have been cut by streams of lava which cooled in the shadowy past. The marvelous power of nature, as exemplified in the configuration of the rocks about these buttes, and the lines of demarkation between fusion complete and arrested, make a lasting impression upon the most superficial beholder. There is an appalling sublimity in the sight which one can not shake off. The surface of the earth is in ruins here. Tree, plant, and grass are absent. The lava is a sombre black. There are bottomless fissures from one to two feet in width and miles in length. There are broad chasms over one hundred feet deep. There are perfect arches—keystone and all—suggesting remnants of a Roman temple. There are odd forms and profiles which would do credit to a gifted sculptor. The ledges often lie parallel, like so many dark, forbidding waves, each ledge dotted with circular, sharp-edged hollows.

The striking characteristics of this wonderful home of the Modocs were outlined in my mind as I stood on the bluff that night. But darkness wrapped the beds in a pall, and I retired to a welcome couch on Mother Earth.

At daylight, we bade farewell to Colonel Mendenhall's command, and rode down a steep trail to the beds. The Colonel and other officers had tried to dissuade General Davis from making the journey, but without success. He said six white men ought to be a match for four Modocs; he did not fear the Modocs; and he had a purpose to serve in passing through the beds with his small party. We advanced into the beds in open order; but every hundred feet or so the intruding ledges forced us into single file. The Modocs kept well in front, and did the scouting. And such scouting! After studying the movements of the savages—and I confess to having watched closely—it was easy to see that Cooper had a clear title to many of the fascinating details in his novels. If one scout halted for a moment, his companions followed suit. The passing of signals was unnecessary. These sons of nature knew each other as they knew nature itself. Near the scene of the Peace Commission massacre, and hardly a mile from the bluff, Huka Jim dropped from his horse and left the animal nibbling at a bush. The other savages adopted the same course. In the twinkling of an eye, there were four riderless horses in sight, but no Indians. Our party halted in obedience to a signal from Fairchild. With the aid of a field-glass we saw a man wiggling through a groove in one of the ledges. In a few moments another man was detected crawling toward No. 1. Finally we made out four men in a group, all lying upon the ground, and apparently holding a consultation. The group was broken as quietly as it was formed, and, inside of five minutes, our scouts were again in the saddle and going forward. We took the hint and also resumed our journey. Huka sent Bogus to us with the message that Indian signs had been found—the remains of a fire. But we need not look very sharp, as the fire was two suns old. I am unable to state how Huka reached this conclusion; but I do know, from facts I learned later in the season, that Huka's report was literally correct. The next halt was caused by a quick motion of the hand by this same Huka. He was prostrate on the ground and listening ere we had complied with his gesture. Back came the word that there were animals in motion just beyond a ridge which we were approaching. We were to dismount and await the results of an investigation. The suspense was soon dissipated. The animals were stray cattle.

The trail led us across the northern corner of Jack's stronghold. Here we were often obliged to walk and lead horses. It was hard, tiring work, and I rejoiced when the last barrier of the stronghold was cleared. I now felicitated myself on the fact that the gloomiest portion of the route would soon be passed. A couple more miles and we would be out of the beds and upon a level road following the eastern shore of the lake. But a bitter disappointment was close at hand. Fairchild and the scouts had rounded a rocky point one hundred yards in advance of the other members of the party, and were out of our sight. We in the rear were riding in single file—first a soldier, then the General, then the correspondent, and lastly two soldiers. There was a shot, followed by a savage cry, just beyond the point, and then there were more shots, fired in quick succession, and a series of ear-splitting yells. There was no mistaking the character of the latter. Such emotional yells could come from none but savages. Yelling and dancing are the mediums through which a savage expresses his feelings. We got down from our horses at once. The General was cool and perfectly calm. As the firing increased, his face was illumed with smiles, and his action betokened supreme delight. As we hurried forward he made observations which satisfied me that he looked on the fight, whatever the result might be, as a pleasant feature introduced into the programme for his special delectation. There is no rear for non-combatants in Indian fights. The firing developed in front may prove to be only a feint, and the severest attack generally begins from behind when the troops are advancing upon the enemy. With weapons ready for immediate use we turned the rocky point—to find that our scouts were shooting at the ducks on the lake, and had already bagged a goodly number. The heartiness with which some of us laughed at the humorous features of the affair was quite suggestive.

Thenceforward the ride to Boyle's Camp, which we reached in the gloaming, was devoid of noteworthy incidents. The purposes of our peculiar ride were afterwards told me by General Davis. I hold that they reflect the highest credit upon that noble soldier and true friend. The troops, he said, had necessarily been demoralized by the original successes of the Modocs, and needed some sort of encouragement. He wanted every man in the command to fully realize that he meant business. He also aimed to convince the Modoc scouts that he reposed confidence in them and had not the slightest fear of treachery. The General's plan was a complete success. The four Modoc scouts, without doubt the worst scoundrels in the whole tribe, were ceaseless in their efforts to ferret out Captain Jack and the remnants of his band. The scouts came to regard General Davis with mingled awe and admiration. They recognized in his character those qualities which gained for him the esteem and respect of the entire expeditionary force in the field. General Davis's services in the Modoc war constitute one of the most prominent features of his brilliant record. The operations against the Indians anterior to his appearance on the scene were terribly disastrous to the whites, and the soldiers were pretty thoroughly disheartened. In six weeks after he first arrived at the Lava Beds, the Modoc revolt was a thing of the past. He checked the demoralization resulting from repeated reverses, instituted aggressive movements, roused the soldiers with his personal magnetism, and achieved a full measure of success. A few weeks ago the nation was called upon to mourn the loss of this faithful soldier. But among the tributes so richly deserved and so freely bestowed I failed to notice any reference to the General's reward for subduing the Modocs, which was, "the privilege of signing his brevet title of Major-General to official orders." And such is the gratitude of a republic!

W. M. BUNKER.

ISOLATED POETS—PERCIVAL AND NEAL.

"God pity the man who does not love the poetry of Percival. He is a genius of Nature's making—that singular and high-minded poet. ...... His aim has always been lofty; and if he has failed at all, he has failed in warring with the thunder-cloud, and crossing the path of the live lightning."

We are prepared to adopt this sentiment of Whittier. If the reader is not, he must, at least, assent to the calmer words of Bryant:

"Those who look over these volumes"—Percival's verse—"will, we think, wonder that poems which gave so much delight when they first appeared have been so much neglected since, and will be glad of the opportunity of renewing their acquaintance with an author who, while he was one of the most learned of poets, was also one of the most spontaneous in the manifestation of genius."

When men and poems pass for what they are rather than for what they were, such poets as Percival will, without help, step up to a deservedly high position. It is only this perverse clinging to the pantaloons of poetry without a grasp at its real self that still holds them back and down. When, one day, it shall strike the world that, after all, perhaps genius knows its own business, master critics will cease to wish that they might only shape and utter the thoughts of some high thinker, and so make him a poet. If talent is true to itself, neither Percival nor another is to be charged with inadequate or even inappropriate expression.

Expression is the prime gift of genius. If the utterances be weak, it is not because the thought is misrepresented, but because there is no thought. A voice is born with every *perfect* idea; and if no voice be heard, let it be believed, no rounded and complete idea lies dumb behind. Plenty of shapeless poetry floats silently in the minds of men—exalted feeling which stirs but does not speak. When, however, in the few instances, this feeling perfects and embodies itself—becomes a thought—then the power of articulation is proportionately developed, and there exists that rare being called the poet. This we conceive to be the general law, susceptible, in particular cases, of modification.

When, therefore, we find the critic saying "Percival loses himself in verbiage," we infer that either the poet is unusually rich and profuse in thought, or that he is destitute of ideas and a mere juggler of words. What does he say for himself?—"I have of late fallen into an unconquerable habit of dreaming with my eyes wide open. My whole life has been a round of reveries. I have lived in a world of my own imagining; and such has been the vividness of my conceptions, that I can, at any moment when I have an inclination, summon them to my mental presence with the ease of a magician of old, when he evoked with his charmed rod the shades of the departed."

The reader will be reminded of a similar confession by Tennyson. It is not the revelation of a surface-writer—a trickster; and we hesitate before admitting the charge of over-expression. In his charming lines, "The Prevalence of Poetry," Percival declares decidedly to the contrary. Speaking of the charms of nature over his youth, he uses this language:

"These I saw
And felt to madness; but my full heart gave
No utterance to the ineffable within.
Words were too weak—they were unknown; but still
The feeling was most poignant: it has gone;
And all the deepest flow of sounds that e'er
Pour'd in a torrent-fullness from the tongue
Rich with the wealth of ancient bards, and stored
With all the patriarchs of British song,
Hallow'd and rendered glorious, can not tell
Those feelings which have died to live no more."

If any of our poets are to go free of the implication of sentimentalism, vapidity, and trinket-music, we think the one under consideration should be among the first. The exuberance of his imagination and the fineness of his feeling, which amounted at times to frenzy, set forth in marvelously skilled though often intricate language, has been the means of so much misunderstanding of poor Percival. A writer for whom we have respect treats him merely as the champion of fancy: "His imagination, considered as a shaping faculty, is not so great as Dana's, Longfellow's, and perhaps Bryant's; but in *fancy* he excels them all."

"Centre of light and energy! Thy way
Is through the unknown void: thou hast thy throne
Morning and evening and at noon of day,
Far in the blue, untended and alone:
Ere the first wakened airs of earth had blown,
Or thou didst march, triumphant in thy light;
Then thou didst send thy glance, which still hath flown
Wide through the never-ending worlds of night.
And yet thy full orb burns with flash as keen and bright."

Who remembers this characteristic poem will think last of such a little word as *fancy*.

Percival is not the poet of the many; he wrote as he lived, aloof from the things that men know best. Poetry was a world in itself to him, and he traveled it with the free tread of the philosopher. We can not do better than to quote from his preface to "Clio":

"Poetry should be a sacred thing, not to be thrown away on the dull and low realities of life. It should live only with those feelings and imaginations which are above this world, and are the anticipation of a brighter and better being. It should be the creator of a sublimity undebased by anything earthly, and the embodier of a beauty that mocks at all defilement and decay. It should be, in fine, the historian of human nature in its fullest possible perfection, and the painter of all those lines and touches in earth and heaven which nothing but taste can see and feel. There can be but one extravagance in poetry: it is to clothe feeble conceptions in mighty language."

Then follows a sentence that epitomizes our own ideas upon this point:

"But if the mind can keep pace with the pen, if the fancy can fill and dilate the words it summons to array its images, *no matter how high its flights, how seemingly wild it reaches*, the soul that can rise will follow with pleasure, and find in the harmony of its own emotions with the high creations around it the surest evidence that such things are not distempered ravings, and that in the society of beings so pure and exalted it is good to be present."

We are well aware that Percival revised too little, but no more assured of it than he was himself:

"It is altogether impossible for me to gain anything from my poems, nor is it my wish to do so; for I really do not wish things that were thrown off so hastily to be republished, however much of unformed and unfashioned genius they may contain. In all the mass of poetry that I have printed, there is not a single article that was not written hastily and published without anything like a careful revision—some of them almost exactly word for word as they were first conceived."

Nevertheless, as we read his poems, we often recall the writer's answer, at another time, concerning his lack of care: "Minerva sprang from the brain of Jupiter a finished goddess at her birth."

We apprehend that the grand difficulty with Percival, after all, is, that he sees too much poetry. The dullest reality turns a shining side to his ever-open eyes: and where the object lacks in beauty, he throws over it the splendid coloring of his imagination. His very gaze is a creation; and the longer he holds his dreamy eye upon the place, the wider and more magnificent the vision becomes, until language exhausts itself in the attempt to follow. Sentences find no end, and the reader is lost in a blazing whirl of words. But he would have been equally confused had he seen the vision himself; the difficulty lies not in the portrayal. The poet gives you the key to his mystery:

"The world is full of poetry—the air
Is living with its spirit; and the waves
Dance to the music of its melodies,
And sparkle in its brightness.
Earth is veiled,
And mantled with its beauty; and the walls
That close the universe with crystal in

Are eloquent with voices that proclaim
The unseen glories of immensity,
In harmonies too perfect and too high
For aught but beings of celestial mould.
And speak to man in one eternal hymn,
Unfading beauty and unyielding power."

Who knows what poetry is, knows as well what it is not; and, in our opinion, no poet among us has drawn the distinction with a nicer hand:

"'Tis not the chime and flow of words that move,
In measured file and metrical array;
'Tis not the union of returning sounds,
Nor all the pleasing artifice of rhyme,
And quantity, and accent, that can give
This all-pervading spirit to the ear,
Or blend it with the movings of the soul.
'Tis a mysterious feeling which combines
Man with the world around him, in a chain
Woven of flowers and dipp'd in sweetness, till
He taste the high communion of his thoughts,
With all existence, in earth and heaven,
That meet him in the charm of grace and power.
'Tis not the noisy babbler who displays
In studied phrase and ornate epithet,
And rounded period, poor and rapid thoughts
Which peep out from the cumbrous ornaments
That overload their littleness. Its words
Are few, but deep and solemn; and they break
Fresh from the fount of feeling, and are full
Of all that passion which, on Carmel, fired
The holy prophet, when his lips were coals,
His language wing'd with terror, as when bolts
Leap from the brooding tempest, armed with wrath,
Commissioned to affright us, and destroy."

Percival was not only a poet, but a philosopher; a thorough, as well as accomplished, student; being an extensive inquirer into the physical sciences, and versed in several languages. The words that flow from his pen, though they come with startling rapidity, are not children of chance, but the instantaneous choice of a trained brain; and grave doubts may well exist as to whether after-polish would, as a whole, have added to their power. We discover many a strange, irregular shape, but all at white heat, fresh from the fires of inspiration. Percival is simple in his diction when the theme demands it. What could be more easy and direct than his "Morning among the Hills"?

"A night had pass'd away among the hills,
And now the first faint tokens of the dawn
Show'd in the east. The bright and dewy star
Whose mission is to usher in the morn,
Look'd through the cool air, like a blessed thing
In a far purer world. Below there lay,
Wrapp'd round in a woody mountain tranquilly,
A misty cloud. Its edges caught the light
That now came up from out the unseen depth
Of the full fount of day; and they were laced
With colors ever-brightening."

Few men have possessed as delicate and sensitive a nature as was Percival's, and, at the same time, triumphed over severest toil. He was as great a student as he was a sufferer; and back of it all was his still more wonderful character. A paragraph from his biography gives some idea of his isolated, timid spirit:

"Percival once told a friend that he knew but two females before he entered college: one was a domestic in his father's family, the other was his mother. At Yale, though so modest and retiring, one or two beautiful faces attracted him, and he found in the home of his village pastor those who appreciated his poetical feelings; but now he was in a most trying position for a sensitive mind. While teaching his pupil, he had nourished a silent affection for her, and, with his shrinking delicacy of feeling, he could not tell his love. He was engaged in his customary instructions, one day, when he accidentally touched her hand. This so overcame him that he blushed deeply, became confused, could not say a word, and finally left the room suddenly—never to return."

It takes no prophet to foretell suffering for such a soul; and we find him at twenty-eight writing to a friend as follows:

"I shall write you a letter on coarse paper, because I have no better, and have nothing wherewith to buy any better. I am absolutely without a cent in the world; and what is worse, without a single friend who has the power or inclination to aid me.....The public has really refused to employ me in any profession, because I have assumed the character of a poet. They have determined, because I have chosen moonshine, that I shall live by moonshine. This is my brief history.........I have within me an indescribable longing for a home. I have never known one from my childhood...."

Such was the torment of this gifted and erudite man, of this pure-souled poet. It is our privilege to cast but a hasty look into his sacredness and solitude. Confident that the reader familiar with his genius will be glad of the reminder, and that the one that knows him not will seek him out, we dismiss him with the quotation of two pertinent stanzas, the one from his "Genius Slumbering," the other from "Genius Wakening:"

"He sleeps forgetful of his once bright fame;
He has no feeling of the glory gone;
He has no eye to catch the mounting flame,
That once in transport drew his spirit on;
He lies in dull, oblivious dreams, nor cares
Who the wreathed laurel bears.

"Hark! his rustling plumage gathers
Closer to his side;
Close as when the storm-bird weathers

Ocean's hurrying tide.
Now his nodding beak is steady—
Wide his burning eye—
Now his open wings are ready,
And his aim—how high!"

Our early authors were, as a rule, rapid writers; but no more of others when we come to John Neal. To the end of his long life burned the fierce fire for which, in his youth, he was read out of the Quaker brotherhood. When a man smoked in his face on the horse-car, he knocked him down as promptly at the advanced age of eighty as when in his prime. A terrible specimen of vigor was this shop-keeper, dry-goods dealer, writing, boxing, and fencing-master, lawyer, reviewer, poet, and novelist. We know not where to look for a second man with heads and hands enough to practice law, write poetry, novels, reviews, and history at one and the same time, and do the fair thing by each of the five. It is a unique sight to see a youngster leap over the shop-counter into such a maelstrom of professional waters. The preparation is astonishingly inadequate; but our author is not troubled over it:

"I do not pretend to write English," he says, "that is I do not pretend to write what the English themselves call English. I do not, and I hope to God—I say this reverently, although one of their reviewers may be again puzzled to determine whether I am 'swearing or praying' when I say so—that I never shall write what is now worshipped under the name of *classical* English. It is no natural language; it never was, it never will be, spoken alive on this earth, and therefore ought never to be written."

Has America any better specimen of independence? If he did not write English, young Neal wrote a language that was understood and appreciated by readers of *Blackwood* for a space of three years. Perhaps it were more accurate to say that he stormed forth rather than wrote a language, such as it was; for his words followed one another with the swing and dash of the tempest. During the three years immediately preceding his departure for England, he penned *Randolph*, a novel, four English volumes, written in *thirty-six days; Errata*, a novel, four English volumes, in less than thirty-nine days; *Seventy-Six*, a novel, three English volumes, in twenty-seven days. And this by a lawyer in active practice! To sum up, it has been calculated that the publications of this lightning *littérateur*, within the space of twelve years, amounted to something more than *fifty volumes English duodecimo*.

With Mr. Neal's prose we have nothing to do at present; but it may be remarked that the reader will find in it page after page of marvelous vigor and dramatic power. He will say that he has read better and worse, but never any like it. There is much less of Mr. Neal's poetry; but what he has left us in verse was written at the same wild pace. No more appropriate name could have been given him than that bestowed by the Delphian Club, of Baltimore. He acknowledged its fitness, and declared his book of poems to be the work of "Jehu O'Cataract." Mr. Griswold tells the following anecdote: "When Neal lived in Baltimore, he went, one morning, to the rooms of Pierpont, and read him a poem which he had just completed. The author of "The Airs of Palestine" was always a nice critic, and he frankly pointed out the faults of the performance. Neal promised to revise it, and submit it again on the following morning. At the appointed time he repaired to the apartments of his friend, and read to him a new poem of three or four hundred lines. He had tried to improve his first attempt, but failing to do so, had chosen a new subject, a new measure, and produced an entirely new work before he retired to sleep." Then follows a remark of this authority, with which we can not accord—"True poetry is never so written." If he had used the word "generally" in the place of "never," the statement would not be exceptionable; but, as it stands, it is equivalent to saying that Neal wrote no true poetry. We think the reader will see to the contrary. It was as difficult for him to write slowly as for most poets to write rapidly. He never wrote in any but this turbulent mood; and he certainly did write some true poetry. It was as much a part of his life as it is that of the sea-bird to ride upon the wings of the storm.

"When fairly absorbed in the contemplation of a subject," he writes, "my whole soul is in a tumult. I feel myself shut out from the world; a strange kindling comes over me, a kind of mental exhilaration, a 'drunkenness of heart' that I can not describe, scarcely wish to experience again; but hope I shall never lose the memory of."

The true poet enters into and loses himself in what he seeks to portray. Whether he creep or leap into the soul of his subject, it is all one. It seems to us a matter of no small arrogation to dictate to a poet his pace. We have no right to go behind the work; the method of performance is no business of ours. What of Mr. Neal's poems as they lie before us? He himself forewarns us that they "abound throughout in absurdity, intemperance, affectation, and extravagance." This is frank, and close to the truth; but, if we do not sadly mistake, a native, *masculine* power is continually leaping up to us from these pages—a deep-seated, seizing energy that is commanded by the poet alone.

The author asks for no model or metre; he approaches his subject with the untamed force of a hurricane, and handles it by means of his own rude strength, so that there can be no doubt as to who is master. Description best befits him, though he seems not to be wanting in introspective qualities. No eagle ever looked more like herself than does the following picture:

"There's a fierce gray bird with a sharpened beak,
With an angry eye, and a startling shriek;
That nurses her brood where the cliff-flowers blow
On the precipice-top, in perpetual snow—
Where the fountains are mute, or in secrecy flow;
That sits where the air is shrill and bleak,
On the splinter'd point of a shiver'd peak,
Where the weeds lie close, and the grass sings sharp
To a comfortless tune, like a wintry harp.
Bald-headed and stripp'd! like a vulture torn
In wind and strife, with her feathers worn
And ruffled and stain'd—while scattering, bright,
Round her serpent-neck that is writhing, bare,
Is a crimson collar of gleaming hair!
Like the crest of a warrior thinn'd in the fight,
And shorn, and bristling—see her! where
She sits in the glow of the sun-bright air!"

Fiercely vivid! So, too, are the closing lines of the poem:

"That monarch bird!—that slumbers in the night
Upon the lofty air-peak's utmost height;
Or sleeps upon the wing, amid the ray
Of steady, cloudless, everlasting day!
Rides with the Thunderer in his blazing march,
And bears his lightnings o'er yon boundless arch;
Soars wheeling through the storm, and screams away
Where the young pinions of the morning play."

Here is an intensity that overpowers all criticism. Say what we may of rule, conformity, precedent, it is feeble talk in such a sinewy presence. 'Tis like presenting kid-gloves to the red-man.

Again, let us make a selection from one of Mr. Neal's more ambitious poems, "The Battle of Niagara":

"'Tis dark abroad. The majesty of Night
Bows down superbly from her utmost height;
Stretches her starless plumes across the world,
And all the banners of the wind are furled.
How heavily we breathe amid such gloom,
As if we slumbered in creation's tomb.
It is the noon of that tremendous hour
When life is helpless, and the dead have power;
When solitudes are peopled; when the sky
Is swept by shady wings, that, sailing by,
Proclaim their watch is set; when hidden rills
Are chirping on their course, and all the hills
Are bright with armor; when the starry rests
And glittering plumes, and fiery twinkling crests
Of moonlight sentinels, are sparkling round,
And all the air is one rich, floating sound:
When countless voices, in the day unheard,
Are piping from their haunts; and every bird
That loves the leafy wood and blooming bower
And echoing cave, is singing to her flower."

And then the contrast—the sunrise:

......"the heave, the wave and bend
Of everlasting trees whose busy leaves
Rustle their song of praise, while ruin weaves
A robe of verdure for their yielding bark;
While mossy garlands, rich, and full, and dark,
Creep slowly round them. Monarchs of the wood,
Whose mighty spectres sway the mountain brood;
Whose aged bosoms, in their last decay,
Sheltered the wing'd idolators of day;
Who, 'mid the desert wild, sublimely stand
And grapple with the Storm-god, hand to hand,
Then drop like weary pyramids away——
Stupendous monuments of calm decay!"

This singer did not escape the Byronic influence almost universally exerted upon our early poets, but we can in no wise convict him of imitation. It is easy enough to see why Byron should have taken strong hold upon a spirit as kindred as his. Swiftness, and the propensity toward the terrific, were of themselves a sufficient bond of union. The spell of the departed bard was over him when he sang of

"His rest for aye in the warrior-grave—
His heart in the tomb of the Grecian brave;
His marble head
Enthroned on high, to be,
Like the best of her ancient dead,
A sculptured thought of liberty,
A boding forth of Poesy
To wake the youthful ages hence—
The gifted of Omnipotence."

We shall take leave of this isolated among American authors with the quotation of what is, to us, his most perfect poem—one that would grace any collection of verse in our or another language—"The Birth of a Poet":

"On a blue summer night,
While the stars were asleep,
Like gems of the deep,
In their own drowsy light;
While the newly-mown hay
On the green earth lay,
And all that came near it went scented away;
From a lone woody place
There looked out a face
With large blue eyes,
Like the wet, warm skies,
Brimful of water and light;
A profusion of hair
Flashing out on the air,
And a forehead alarmingly bright.
'Twas the head of a poet! He grew

As the sweet, strange flowers of the wilderness grow,
In the dropping of natural dew,
Unheeded, alone,
Till his heart had blown
As the sweet, strange flowers of the wilderness blow;
Till every thought wore a changeable stain
Like flower-leaves wet with the sunset rain.
A proud and passionate boy was he,
Like all the children of Poesy;
With a haughty look and a haughty tread,
And something awful about his head;
With wonderful eyes
Full of woe and surprise,
Like eyes of them that see the dead.
Looking about,
For a moment or two, he stood
On the shore of the mighty wood;
Then ventured out
With a bounding step and a joyful shout.
The brave sky bending o'er him,
The broad sea all before him!

John Vance Cheney.

HOODLUMS ON A HOP-RANCH.

There is nothing prettier than a hop-field in the autumn. The regular ranks of tall, graceful vines clinging to the poles driven into the ground, sometimes permitted to attain a height of twelve or fourteen feet, though not commonly, owing to the inconvenience of picking the blossoms under such conditions; sometimes festooning the paths or open spaces which run between the rows with bowery arches of green—a light, delicate green contrasting harmoniously with the pale yellow hue of the blossoms—these are the features which make a hop-field beautiful. Germany, England, some of the Eastern States of the Union, and of late years California, chiefly supply the world with hops. California hops are shipped to Germany to mix with the German product; while the latter is shipped here to mix with ours; each possessing qualities foreign to the other, known only to the nice discrimination and delicate palates of brewers.

About September, the conical, tapering blossom of the hop changes from a pale, delicate green to a yellowish brown; the leaves which compose it expand, and before it withers completely and sheds its leaves upon the ground, an army of pickers invades its dominion and gathers the precious harvest. The labor is a light one, and merely consists in picking the blossoms from the vines nimbly and dexterously, and throwing them into a large, round, wicker basket, such as is used for picking grapes, and, when the basket is full, emptying its contents into a sack. It is an industry peculiarly fitted for girls, boys, or, in this country, Chinamen, since it requires simply quickness and dexterity, and will not warrant the expense of employing men; firstly, because the full wages of a laboring man would, in this business, ruin the grower; and secondly, because the individual who can shovel two dollars' worth of sand *per diem*—with a pipe in his mouth—could not pick two bits' worth of hops in the same time.

To the Kentish hop-fields of England, in the autumn, troop bevies of the city girls of London: shop-girls, milliners, seamstresses, and all others who ply the manifold and untold vocations of a great city. Thither they troop, laughing and singing, to spend the delightful autumn days in the country they so rarely see, and are glad to escape the din, and dust, and monotony of the city. That they are not ladies may be easily inferred from the prelude; but that, in consequence of this very fact, they enjoy themselves freely, merrily, and without constraint, simply shows that freedom, and her sister jollity, are frequently the handmaidens of the poor, while conventionality and fashion are more frequently the task-mistresses of the rich. The hop-pickers of England fill Kent with mirth and laughter during the picking season; and woe to the intruder of the masculine persuasion who ventures within those precincts which the nymphs control. Verily, he goeth not forth till he hath paid the uttermost farthing—that is, a fitting donation, *douceur*, or "treat" to the maidens who rule the ground; and if he thinks otherwise, let him try it, and he will be convinced. But as California has not, as yet, reached that stage of civilization, or degradation—call it which you please—which employs women in profitable and suitable outdoor labor, you will not see either Kent or Germany reproduced on a California hop-ranch. California has its own ideas and its own ways of doing things; also its own necessities; and it is by no means a servile follower in the wake of custom. Therefore, let us not be surprised that the *ménage* upon California hop-ranches should partake of California peculiarity.

In the fall of two years ago there appeared an advertisement in the daily papers of this city for three hundred boys to work on a hop-ranch in the country. The hop-ranch referred to was under the administration of the Odd Fellows' Bank; and the object of employing city boys to do the work was a philanthropic one—meant to test, by experiment, the feasibility of this class of labor. The boys were notified by the advertisement to apply at the "Youths' Directory"—a philanthropic institution then on Howard Street—where they would be furnished with tickets for their place of destination. They were there told to provide themselves severally with tin plate and cup; knife, fork, and spoon; to bring blankets; and to be at the Jackson Street wharf at ten o'clock of a certain day; whence they would be taken by steamer to Alviso, the port of San Jose.

Now it happened that, having nothing particular to do at the time, I took it into my head to see the outs and ins of a hop-ranch; and so, two days before that appointed for the shipment of the boys, I took passage for San José. About two miles to the east of that beautiful town lies the hop-ranch referred to above; and thither, in the forenoon of a lovely September morning, I wended my way along the car-track, running through the numerous and well-stocked orchards which adorn the suburbs, to the hop-ranch managed by the Odd Fellows' Bank. Under an overarching canopy of hop-vines, I came upon a man clad in a linen duster, whom I judged to be connected with the ranch. While conversing with this man on hops, etc., and inquiring what chance there was of getting anything to do, a car came along the track, and half a dozen boys, of an average age of sixteen, alighted. They were cordially welcomed by the man in the duster, who had evidently been expecting them, and the whole party, including myself, went up through the hop-vines toward the house, an ordinary country farm-house of moderate size. Having helped themselves to apples and pears from baskets in the orchard, which lay in front of the house, the party proceeded, under the guidance of the man in the duster, to an immense frame structure, about a hundred yards off, near the corner of the hop-field.

This building was about one hundred and fifty feet long by thirty in width, and the same in height—having three tiers of commodious bunks, capable of holding two persons, along each side, and furnished with two sets of long deal tables and benches, running from end to end of the building. The carpenters were still engaged in tacking sacking over the straw which filled the bottom of the bunks; and beside the carpenters there was no one in the building, at the entrance of the party, but an enormously fat and unwieldy German cook, who, in a kitchen at one end of the building, was engaged in culinary offices. This kitchen was supplied with two immense iron stoves and about twelve feet of brick range, with three ovens and furnaces. The furnaces were constructed of such size as to burn whole railroad ties, twenty or thirty cords of which were piled in front of the kitchen door. Shelves were around the kitchen, holding tin plates and dishes innumerable, of every size and pattern. Dinner was ordered by the man in the duster; and, seeing that the cook needed assistance, I proceeded to help set the table and dish up the viands in a way which argued a prior acquaintance with the business. The man in the duster then asked me if I knew anything about cooking, and being answered in the affirmative—for I had cooked for numerous camping-parties—I was formally introduced to the unwieldy German *maître d'hôtel*, and having satisfied that functionary as to my capabilities, I was duly installed as second-cook. In this capacity I was entitled to wear a white apron, and, if I pleased, a paper hat; also, I was assigned an apartment in an outhouse, containing, beside a room sacred to the *maître*, another, furnished with four bunks. I had secured a situation. So far, so good.

We spent the day in making momentous preparations for the morrow; scrubbing out enormous oblong, square, and cylindrical metal cauldrons, with a capacity of from thirty to forty gallons each, for boiling water, vegetables, stews, coffee, etc. Cold water was obtained from a pump hard by, from which it was conveyed in buckets to barrels in the kitchen, or to the cauldrons, after they were placed on top of the furnaces. I was confidentially informed by the cook that the man in the duster was Mr. Block, at that time President of the Odd Fellows' Bank, who had come down to superintend the hop-picking in the interest of that concern. The boys who had arrived in the car had been taken from the Industrial School by Mr. Block, to be allowed a chance to earn a little money to give them a start. These boys were installed in the commissary department as waiters and as kitchen help.

On the following day, at 4 P. M., the boys from the city were to arrive in teams provided to convey them from Alviso—at the bottom of the bay, and eight miles from San José—to the ranch. The teams, however, were not sufficient to convey the boys, and many of them walked by preference. About four o'clock, sounds were heard of an approaching multitude, and the building was presently invaded by a motley crowd, which, amid a discordant babble of voices, climbed over tables, clambered up bunks, scrambled for several piles of tin plates and numerous baskets of fruit which had been incautiously left in the building, and conducted themselves generally in the manner peculiar to the "hoodlum" element of large cities.

"You git out o' that now, d'ye hear me?"

"Bite off his ear."

"Ah, give us a rest!"

"Soc it to him, Jim!"

"I'll knock the stuffin' out o' yez."

"Swim out, now."

These are merely mild representations of the class of expressions used, and but feebly portray the delicate turns of the "hoodlum" vernacular. There were boys ranging all the way from ten to twenty, with a sprinkling of grown-up men.

The cooks had prepared a plentiful dinner of roast and boiled meats, vegetables, potatoes, apple-sauce, etc., and these viands were scarcely set upon the tables by the waiters before they were seized by numerous hands, and scrambled for in a manner that could not have been equaled at Sharon's banquet to Grant, or any "swell spread" of the San Francisco plutocracy. Finally, however, their appetites were satiated, and Mr. Block, appearing on the scene, got upon a table, and made a practical, common-sense speech, intimating that he proposed to run the institution; that it would have been far more profitable to the company to hire Chinamen; that this was an experiment; and that any offenders against decency and good order would be promptly discharged and delivered over to the stern hand of the law.

Your California "hoodlum" is not without a certain amount of practical good sense. He had sense to see that the man in the duster meant business, and wouldn't stand trifling; and beyond a raid into San José, an incursion on neighboring orchards and vineyards, and an attempt to set the building on fire, nothing of any consequence occurred the first night. About half of the boys were up all night; but morning found them sleeping peacefully in their bunks, with no intention of being dispossessed of them, acting practically on the principle of Longfellow's felicitous verse:

"That the night might be filled with music,
  And the cares that infest the day
Might fold their tents like the Arabs,
  And as silently steal away."

Breakfast was got upon the table by half-past five—about daylight—and some fifty or sixty of the men and older boys, whose appetite for food exceeded their appetite for sleep, got up and attacked the grub. Mr. Block shortly afterward appeared, got upon the table, commanded silence, and said that all who were not in the hop-field by half-past six o'clock would be discharged. This threat had the effect of arousing another fifty or sixty; and hereupon the "steward" (of whom more anon)—a thorough Irish bull-dog—began to climb up the bunks *seriatim*, and unceremoniously kick, throw, hustle, and pitch out, neck and crop, the remainder of the gang. The argument of force was one which they understood and respected, and by six o'clock the building was cleared and the boys in the field.

At an interval of the period between six o'clock and noon, during which the two cooks and the "steward"—that is to say, the *maître*, Jim Thompson, and myself—sat down, as is the custom of cooks and stewards in all ages of the world's history, to hold a friendly gossip, and take a "snack" composed of the tidbits of the *menu*, the steward related his experiences of the voyage from San Francisco to Alviso. Jim Thompson was a New York Irishman, about forty years old, small in stature, but as tough and wiry as a mule. Jim had been steward in one of the largest and most fashionable boarding-houses in San Francisco, but, having an unfortunate predilection for strong waters, had resigned his position, and, having nothing to do, had concluded to tempt the fortunes of a "hoodlum" hop-picking establishment. Jim, in this capacity, turned out a most useful—nay, invaluable—adjunct, and was essentially "the right man in the right place."

"I niver," said Jim, addressing the *maître* and myself, "saw such an outfit as that was yisterday. You would have thought thim divils would take the ship and throw the captain overbourd. There was five big hampers of bread an' cold corned bafe, put up for us to give thim a lunch on the way; an' the Cap'n, sez he, 'Mr. Thompson,' sez he—fur, don't ye see, he knew me—'you just take charge o' that grub, and feed thim young rascals, an' kape thim in order;' an' he hands me a big carvin' knife, about two foot long, to cut up the corn-bafe wid. Well, what d'ye think, cooks? I shcarcely had got the knife wunst well down into the bafe, afore about two duzhen hands was on that bafe right in front of me knife, an' each wantin' to get the first shlice. Well, gintlemen, what could I do? If I cut down any furder wid the knife, I'd a cut the fingers clane off o' thim. So I draws the knife, and sez I, 'Ye d——d rascals!' sez I, 'if yez can't ate yer bafe like min, ate it like hogs;' an' I lands that bafe a kick that sent it forward near the gangway, with all thim hoods yellin' like a pack o' hounds behind it; an' the Cap'n was jist comin' up the shtairs, and the bafe got between his legs, and they both rolled down, the bafe an' him, clane to the bottom of the gangway; an' he gits up, shwairin' like mad, and takes up the bafe, an' *haives* it into the bay, an', sez he, 'If I iver take any more hoodlums on this veshel while I'm mashter may the divil damn me,' an' thin, seein' it was no use, I lit the hoodlums scramble fur the bread."

When the crowd came in from the field at noon, the home authorities were too wary to let them get into the building as they pleased. There were three doors, two in the side and one in the end. As soon as the table was properly spread—and it took the steward and his six waiters a full half-hour to put the things on the table—the doors were simultaneously opened by undoing the hasps on the inside. The hungry boys, who were waiting on the outside, rushed in pell-mell—upsetting one another in their efforts to cram themselves in at the three entrances, and, as soon as they succeeded in getting in, clambering with all speed up to their respective bunks to get their plates, cups, etc.—for each boy kept his own things in his bunk, taking them down upon admittance to the building, and putting them back after eating. After a day or two, things settled down to a steadier *régime*, but the rush for entry at meal-times was nevergot over. The same eagerness—the same scurry to secure seats—for it was a "go-as-you-please" table, though there was plenty of room for all—lasted till the end of the season.

The table was as bountifully supplied as any mechanics' boarding-house in the city; and much better, it may be safely asserted, than most of the youngsters had been accustomed to at home. For breakfast, there was placed on the table, before each boy's place, half a loaf of bread, which a San José baker brought around fresh every day; and the waiters supplied extra bread in baskets *ad libitum* to those who called for it. Large tin dishes, containing steaks, chops, and stewed meat, formed the *pièces de résistance;* there were also potatoes, butter, and stewed fruit in abundance. The business of the waiters was to take the dishes when empty to the kitchen, where they were replenished by the cooks. The boy-waiters also constantly handed around coffee in the morning and at noon, tea at night, in immense coffee-pots holding two gallons each, of which sixteen were in use, four on each table, and were replenished when empty. The proprietors of the ranch were determined that there should be no cause for complaint or grumbling in the matter of either quantity or quality of food, nor in the matter of cooking it. The fact that during my stay there I never heard a single complaint on this subject—from a class, of all others, prone to resent any imagined slight, and to complain of insufficiency of food or bad cookery—speaks volumes for the management and supervision. No expense was spared in this respect. There was no such thing as re-hashing in the culinary department. Stews were made fresh each morning, of fresh meat. The chief cook was a man of experience, and, after a day or two, could gauge the quantity of meat it was necessary to roast, boil, stew, or fry; the quantity of vegetables, puddings, fruit, tea, or coffee it was necessary to prepare.

There were, as previously stated, among the boys a fair sprinkling of men—some twenty or thirty—who served as a sort of moral ballast to the community. At night, after supper was over, and the table cleared by the steward and his coadjutors, various amusements were in order to pass away the evening. Candles were liberally supplied, and, stuck in bottles, shed sufficient light to play cards or checkers—for who ever saw city boys without packs of cards? The older portion lay in their bunks, talking, smoking, or reading papers; or, congregating round the doors, told yarns of low life to attentive auditors. The boys at length began to fall into this new habit of life, and things went on moderately, decorously, and quietly to the end.

It must not be supposed that *all* this harvest throng were "hoodlums." There was a fair proportion of good boys, and some very quiet, reputable men. There was, likewise, a small minority of as rough characters as any to be found on Pacific Street, or the purlieus of the Barbary Coast, the Valley, or Tar Flat. The first Sunday of the season was not permitted to pass without an incident demonstrative of this. As no work was done, the adage that

> "Satan finds some mischief still,
> For idle hands to do"

proved that its author, Dr. Watt, was not ignorant of human nature as exemplified in the "hoodlum" element. The chief cook, who had taken a stroll along the side of the building, suddenly entered the kitchen puffing and blowing with indignation, his fat chops swelling up like an enraged turkey. Upon being questioned, it transpired that he had been taking a little airing along the side of the building, to escape for a few moments the heat of the kitchen, when some cowardly "hoodlum," taking advantage of his fat and unwieldy proportions, concluded that he was a fair and legitimate target for his currish spleen, and struck him a smart blow in the face, at the same time addressing to him the most insulting of epithets.

This was clearly not to be endured. The

"kitchen" had been insulted in the person of its chief dignitary. If this insult was permitted to pass without notice and unavenged, it would certainly culminate in the "taking" of the whole culinary department by the hoodlums, as Rome was taken by the Goths, the Vandals, and the Huns. Prompt measures had to be inaugurated. The "hood" who had perpetrated the outrage—a young man of twenty—was pointed out, and the steward went forth, like another David against the Philistines, to reconnoitre, and, if needful, give him battle. The "hoodlum" was leaning up against the side of the building, with a supercilious smile upon his countenance, in the manner of "Coriolanus" as personated by John McCullough. The steward passed him a few feet, turned, and, as he repassed him on his way back to the kitchen, shoved him with his shoulder in a very impressive fashion. The "hoodlum," astonished, began to "elevate his props," but at the first move the steward was on him like an Irish bull-dog as he was. And at it they went, hitting, wrestling, and kicking in true rough-and-tumble style,and, blindly struggling, tripped up against the wood-pile,

> "The Gael above, Fitz-James below,"

Fitz-James representing the steward, and the Gael the hoodlum. Ill would it then have fared for the plucky little steward, who, but for this untimely accident, would have "got away" with his man, whom he had already well pummelled, but he was now at his mercy, had not I, casting scruples to the winds, and sacrificing nice punctilios to expediency, "launched myself," as the French say, against the second-time victorious "hoodlum," and "fired" him across a bank of fire-wood, where he lay for a moment stunned and discomfited. Presently he got up, muttering vengeance, and went to his bunk, whence he took a "No. 2" navy revolver, exclaiming, "I'll settle that fellow that interfered;" and, passing behind the wood-pile, as he fronted the kitchen-door, he drew a bead upon me as, unconscious of danger, I stood within, looking sideways at the time. Twice the hammer came down, missing fire each time; upon which the "hood" passed behind the house, disappeared among some brush, and the place knew him no more. The honor of the "kitchen" had been vindicated, and the quick appreciation of the "hoodlums" recognized the fact that the boys in the "kitchen" "stood in" together, and that if they fought one they had got to fight all. The sentiment of Addison's "Cato" was reversed—respect was commanded if not deserved.

The *modus operandi* of hop-picking, as practiced on this ranch, demands some notice. The organization was good. The boys were divided into a dozen gangs of about twenty each, headed by "bosses" in the persons of such men as seemed reliable. These gangs, after breakfast, went to different parts of the field, wherever the hops happened to be sufficiently matured to pick. Here, "partners" were selected, and each couple took a row, their duty being to pick all the hops off every vine upon this row; one working on one side, and the other on the other side of this vine. Each boy was provided with a basket and a sack. The fragile blossom was nimbly picked from the vine, falling easily into the basket, which was set on the ground at the picker's feet. When this basket was full, it was in its turn emptied into the sack with which each picker was provided, so as to bring the basket into use again. As the vines were picked the pickers moved on along the rows—the couples keeping pretty nearly abreast. Of course talking, singing, laughing, and chaffing enlivened the tedium and monotony of the occupation. The chief business of the "bosses" was to see that the vines were picked clean; that no blossoms were left on the ground; and that none of the pickers "threw off" upon their work.

There was nothing like slave-driving; as long as the hands were kept apparently busy it was all that was required on the ground. But let it not be supposed that a watchful eye was not centred on the matter. At noon and evening, the time was called, the baskets were left upon the ground, and each boy, shouldering his bag, marched off to the "drying house." This was a building where the hops were put through a process of drying by hot air. Two staircases led up to the door of a loft; up one of which went the pickers in single file, and each, after depositing the contents of his bag upon the floor of this loft, made his exit, and marched down the opposite stair. At the top of the stair stood the "boss," Mr. Block—the man in the duster—book in hand, and as each picker passed, he gave his name, and was consequently tallied off as having worked that half day. But if the practiced and eagle eye of the "boss" detected a more than reasonably small bag, he would send the picker back to the bottom of the stair, where stood a man with a steelyard, who would report on the weight of the bag. If the bag weighed less than thirty pounds, the picker was considered in the light of an unprofitable servant, and, unless clemency was exercised, discharged. A very good picker can pick one hundred pounds of hops in a day; an average picker about seventy-five. Cases of discharge for inefficiency were not frequent;

and there was an evident determination on the part of the authorities to test the matter of employing boys in this business fairly and thoroughly. As a whole, the boys worked, when they got into the "hang" of it, pretty fairly. Premiums were given for bags of extraordinary weight, and instances were not infrequent where ambitious pickers would work at night, by moonlight, for the sake of getting the monetary prize. The boys seemed to understand that everything was done to make them contented and comfortable, and by the close of the season—which lasted about a month—the menagerie of unassorted hoodlums who had come down wild, as it were, from their native woods, had assimilated and developed into something like a happy family. As an instance of what the management contrived for their pleasure, one evening there was given a species of "blow-out." Boxes of grapes were brought in and distributed. Barrels of beer were tapped in the kitchen, and the liquid dispensed in the coffee-pots amongst the thirsty multitude; while the band of the Industrial School, which had been brought down from San Francisco for the occasion, discoursed sweet music to the entranced auditors, and gave earnest of what they, too, might become, if they were so lucky as to attend the music classes at that popular institution.

Taking everything into consideration—the difficulties which beset an untried experiment, and the rude and ungovernable character of the composing elements—it is only fair to say that the behavior of the boys, taken as a whole, did not do shame to the philanthropy which convoked them; and, as a mark of their appreciation, at the close of the season—when they received their pay, and were carted off in innumerable teams for Alviso—they gave rousing cheers for the gentlemen who composed the management. As regards these gentlemen, on the other hand, whether the experiment was a pecuniary success, or whether it was, on other considerations, worth trying again, I have no means of knowing.

ROBERT DUNCAN MILNE.

ART'S IDEALS.

O Science, whose footsteps wander,
  Audacious and unafraid,
Where the mysteries that men ponder
  Lie folded in awful shade,
Though you bring us, with calm defiance,
  Dear gifts from the bournes you wing,
There is yet, O undaunted Science,
  One gift that you do not bring!

Shall you conquer the last restriction
  That conceals it from you now,
And come back with its benediction
  Like an aureole on your brow?
Shall you fly to us, daring seeker,
  Past barriers of time and space,
And, returning, cry forth "Eureka,"
  With the light of God on your face?

We know not, but still can treasure,
  In the yearnings of our suspense,
Consolation we may not measure
  By the certitudes of sense.
For life, as we long and question,
  Seems to hear, while it hurries by,
Through the undertones of suggestion
  Immortality's deep reply!

To ears that await its token
  Perpetually it strays,
Indeterminate, fitful, broken
  By the discords of our days!
It pierces the grim disasters
  Of turbulent human hate,
And its influence overmasters
  All the ironies of fate!

The icy laugh of the scorner
  Can not strike its echoes mute;
It cleaves the moan of the mourner
  Like a clear Æolian lute.
At its tone, less keen and savage
  Grows the anguish of farewell tears,
And its melody haunts the ravage
  Of the desecrating years!

Philosophy builds and spares not
  Her firm, laborious power,
But her lordly edifice wears not
  Its last aerial tower.
For the quarries of reason fail her
  Ere the structure's perfect scope,
And the stone that would now avail her
  Must be hewn from heights of hope!

But Art, at her noblest glory,
  Can seem, to her lovers fond,
As divinely admonitory
  Of infinitudes beyond.
She can beam upon earth's abasement
  Like a splendor flung down sublime,
Through some vague yet exalted casement
  From eternity into time!

On the canvas of some great painter
  We may trace, in its varied flame,
Now leaping aloft, now fainter,
  As the mood uplifts the aim,
That impulse by whose rare presence
  His venturing brush has drawn
Its hues from the efflorescence
  Of a far Elysian dawn!

An impassioned watcher gazes
  Where the faultless curves combine,
That sculpture's mightier phases
  Imperially enshrine;
And he feels that by strange election
  The artificer's genius wrought
From the marble a pale perfection
  That is paramount over thought!

So in music entranced we wonder,
  If its charm the spirit seeks,
When with mellow, voluminous thunder
  A sovereign maëstro speaks;

Till it seems that by ghostly aidance
  Upraised above lesser throngs,
He has caught from the stars their cadence,
  And woven the wind into songs!

More than all, if the stately brilliance
  Of a poet's rapture rise,
Like a fountain whose full resilience
  Is lovely against clear skies,
Are we thrilled with a dream unbounded,
  Of deeps by no vision scanned,
That conjecture has never sounded
  And conception has never spanned!

So, the harvest that knowledge misses
  Intuition seems to reap;
One pauses before the abysses
  That one will delight to leap.
One balks the ruminant sages
  And one bids the world aspire,
While slow processional ages
  Irreversibly retire!

EDGAR FAWCETT.

TWO CALIFORNIA BOOKS.

THE ESSAYS OF W. C. BARTLETT.*

Among the best qualities of a thoroughly good modern prose style are its naturalness and ease. There is not only ease to the reader in the apprehension of the ideas; for it goes without saying that this quality belongs to any style that at all approaches goodness. But there must also be ease on the writer's part, in the limpid flow of expression; otherwise it is impossible that the finest and subtlest flashes of the intellect, evanescent as heat-lightning, should ever reach expression at all. While one pauses to elaborate a sentence, or to ransack the memory for a phrase, before the pen dries the delicate Ariel is off and away. As a rule, therefore, it is only the trained writer, after long years of practice, that can keep unbroken that voltaic flow between mind and paper which makes an essay delightful to write and delightful to be read.

The neglect of this psychological truth was the bane of the eighteenth-century polite literature in the hands of its second-rate exponents. While the few writers of the first rank—such as Pope—succeeded in attaining this ease of style by persistent labor, even with a wrong theory, and through very perfection of art, came round to nature again, so far as expression was concerned, it remains true that the elaborate polish of the inferior eighteenth-century writers lies untouched on our shelves, the most frigid and dreary product of all literature. When the reaction in favor of spontaneity came in with our own century, the men of genius broke away completely from the notion of stiff and mechanical writing.

Having to begin with something to say (being men of genius), and having taken the trouble to learn to write, they wrote simply and naturally, and gave the world some of its best literature. But the inferior writers of this century, also, have run to a mistaken extreme. Under the momentum of the reaction from art, and the enthusiasm for those great authors who seemed to accomplish everything by pure nature, they have despised literary training and the attainment of the skill that comes from self-criticism and the patient wooing of perfection.

It is rare, therefore, to find real affluence united with ease in our literature. Our ambitious young writers forget the years of patient literary work which has gone to the perfecting of the style of the greatest writers. They seem to hope by spasms to counterfeit muscular strength. They must, at all hazards, be intense and striking. Accordingly, probably with much gnawing of penholders, they succeed in elaborating a strained, insincere style, difficult and vexing to read, as it was doubtless difficult and vexatious to write.

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*A Breeze from the Woods. By W. C. Bartlett. Author's private edition. 1880.

Particularly is this fault apt to appear in any locality where, from its newness, the literature is somewhat crude and without excellent home models of style. There have been—if, indeed, they have wholly passed away—the symptoms of this crudeness in our California literature. We have had a few writers of real native genius. They have, naturally, written to some extent of what they saw about them, and their writings have had a certain flavor of local individuality. The old Spanish Missions, the *vaquero* horsemanship, the red shirt of the miner, the attenuated feet and impossible morals of the gambler—all these and such other mere accessories of our successful literature have struck the imagination of our younger aspirants for fame. Now, the truth is, that this sort of thing is not only trite, but it is at present an anachronism. We have passed the stage when these things were characteristic of our life on this coast. The writer who would really give expression to our individuality must have a deeper insight, and must recognize that no literary birds can hope to build successfully in last year's nests. Moreover, the danger is, that in this straining after local flavor our writers will not only fail of genuine ease—and force, even—in these external things, but that they will lose sight of this prime truth: that, after all, it is only where literature reaches the universal that it becomes of a high order. Turgenieff, for example, has many touches, here and there, of local coloring in his stories of Russian life; but it is not because of these that he is a great novelist. It is because they are stories of human life, in which he expresses the universal human experience, that he becomes great. If Turgenieff were to make it his chief aim to give us local flavor, we should have the *versts* and the *samovars* all the same; but we should have no more of those great pathetic stories of love and fate. It is only the local flavor that comes by the way and in spite of itself that is interesting. All else only gives an impression of intellectual poverty and provincialism.

We can give frank utterance to these hints with a good grace at present, since we have here before us a new production from a California writer that is, in these respects, blameless. These essays of Mr. Bartlett have throughout that unaffected ease and naturalness which mark all good writing. The reader feels at once: Here is a writer who uses words because he has something to say; and who knows so well how to use them that they do not particularly occupy his attention. He does not appear to have set himself to startle us or captivate us; but a genial mind runs on lightly—now reflective, now humorous, always entertaining—and we follow it with constant pleasure.

The essay entitled "The House on the Hill" well illustrates the quality of the author's style. It begins in this wise:

"A country without grandmothers and old houses needs a great many balancing compensations. Everywhere one is confronted with staring new houses, which require an external ripening in the wind and sun for half a century. If the motherly wisdom of seventy-five years is lodged therein, it is something of recent importation. I have walked two miles to see an old lady, who not only bears this transplanting well, but is as fresh and winsome in thought as a girl of sixteen. If only there had been an old house, a stone fire-place—wide at the jambs—and a low, receding roof in the rear, with a bulging second story and oaken beams, nothing more would have been wanting.

"When, therefore, it was whispered, one day, that there was an old house in the middle of a large lot on a hill, overlooking the Golden Gate, there was a strong and unaccountable desire to take possession of it immediately. But when the fact was stated that the house was ten years old—that there was moss upon the shingles, low ceilings within, and a low roof without—the destiny of that house was well-nigh settled. It followed that one evening there was a dreamy consciousness that we were the owner of a small, rusty-looking cottage, set down in the middle of an acre-lot, defined by dilapidated fences, and further ornamented by such stumps of trees as had been left after all the stray cattle of the neighborhood had browsed them at will. As incidents of the transfer, there was the Golden Gate, with the sun dropping into the ocean beyond; the purple hills; the sweep of the bay for fifteen miles, on which a white sail could be seen here and there; and, later, the long rows of flickering street lamps, revealing the cleft avenues of the great city dipping toward the water on the opposite side of the bay.

"No man will build a house to suit his inmost necessities, unless he proceeds independently of all modern rules of construction. Some of these are good enough, but they nearly all culminate in an ambitious externalism. The better class of dwellings erected seventy-five years ago, contained broad stair-cases, spacious sleeping-rooms, and a living-room, where the whole family, and the guests withal, might gather at the fire-side. The house was an expression of hospitality. The host had room for friendships in his heart, and room at his hearthstone. The modern house, with its stiff angularities, narrow halls, and smart reception rooms, expresses no idea of hospitality. It warns the stranger to deliver his message quickly, and be off. It is well adapted to small conventional hypocrisies, but you will never count the stars there by looking up the chimney.

"One may search long to find the man who has not missed his aim in the matter of house-building. It is generally needful that two houses should be built as a sacrifice to sentiment, and then the third experiment may be reasonably successful. The owner will probably wander through the first two, seeking rest and finding none. His ideal dwelling is more remote than ever.

There may be a wealth of gilt and stucco, and an excess of marble, which ought to be piled up in the cemetery for future use. But the house that receives one as into the very heaven—which is, from the beginning, invested with the ministries of rest, of hospitality, of peace—of that indefinable comfort which seems to converge all the goodness of the life that now is with the converging sunbeams—such a dwelling does not grow out of the first crude experiment. It will never be secured until one knows better what he really wants than an architect or a carpenter can tell him.

"It was a good omen, that the chimneys of the house on the hill had not been topped-out more than a week, before two white doves alighted on them, glancing curiously down into the flues, and then toward the heavens. Nothing but the peace which they brought could have insured the serenity of that house against an untoward event which occurred a week afterward. Late one evening, the expressman delivered a sack at the rear door, with a note from a friend in the city, stating that the writer, well knowing our liking for thorough-bred stock, had sent over one of the choicest game-chickens in San Francisco. The qualities of that bird were not overstated. Such a clean and delicately shaped head! The long feathers on his neck shaded from black to green and gold. His spurs were as slender and sharp as lances; and his carriage was that of a prince, treading daintily the earth, as if it were not quite good enough for him. There was a world of poetry about that chicken, and he could also be made to serve some important uses. It is essential that every one dwelling on a hill, in the suburbs, should be notified of the dawn of a new day. Three Government fortifications in the bay let off as many heavy guns at day-break; and, as the sound comes rolling in from seaward, the window casements rattle responsively. But these guns do not explode concurrently; frequently more than ten minutes intervene from the first report to the last one. There is ever a lingering uncertainty as to which is making a truthful report, or whether they are not all shooting wide of the mark. With so many announcements, and none of them concurrent, there would still remain a painful uncertainty as to whether the day had dawned; but when that game-bird lifted up his voice, and sounded his clarion notes high over the hill, above the guns of Alcatraz and the roll of the drums over the way, there could be no doubt that the day was at the dawn.

"For a week did this mettlesome bird lift up his voice above all the meaner roosters on the hill; but one morning there was an ominous silence about the precincts where he was quartered. The Alcatraz gun had been let off; but the more certain assurance of the new day had failed. Something had surely happened, for a neighbor was seen hurrying up the walk in the gray of the morning, red, puffy, and short of wind, at that unseasonable hour.

"'Come with me, and take a look in my yard. * * * There, is that your blasted game chicken?'

"'Why, yes—no—he was sent over as a present from a friend.'

"Just then, the whole mischief was apparent: a great Cochin rooster was sneaking off toward the hedge, bloody and blind; two Houdons lay on their backs, jerking their feet convulsively—in short, that hen-yard had been swept as with the besom of destruction.

"'Do you call that a poetical or sentimental bird, such as a Christian man ought to worship?'

"'No, not exactly.'

"Just then that game chicken arched his beautiful neck, and sent his clear notes high over the hill and into the very heavens. We hinted, in a mollifying way, that he had escaped over a fence ten feet high; but that blood would tell.

"'Yes, I think it has told this morning. Never mind the damages; but I think you had better cut his wings,' said our neighbor, already placated."

There was likewise a "Garden on the Hill," in whose fortunes we are drawn on to take a lively interest:

"The garden is the place to test a great many pretty theories. And what if some of them fail? Is not the sum of our knowledge derived from failures, greater than all we have ever gained by successes? A feminine oracle, not content with her honeysuckle theory, had said: "You must not pull up a plant nor a vine that springs up spontaneously. Let it grow. There is luck in it." When, therefore, a melon-vine made its appearance quite in the wrong place, it was spared through the wisdom of that oracle. It went sprawling over the ground, choking more delicate plants, and rioting day by day in the warm sun and the rich loam underneath. Nearly all its blossoms fell off without fruitage. One melon took up all the life of the vine, and grew wonderfully. There had been tape-line measurements without number. When it gave out a satisfactory sound by snapping it with thumb and finger, and the nearest tendril had dried up, it was held to be fully ripe. It was *very* ripe. A gopher had mined under that melon, and, not content with eating out the entire pulp, had, in very wantonness of his deviltry, tamped the shell full of dirt! Where was the luck in this spontaneous growth?

"It is well to reserve a nook for little experiments in horticulture or floriculture which one wishes to make. A great many theories may be brought home and decently buried, or be made to sprout in such a corner. The larger the spaces, the more one will be tempted to use the spade at odd hours; and none of us has yet found out all the remedial qualities of dry earth freshly turned over, day after day. A hard day's work, taxing brain more than hands, brings on a degree of nervous irritability. There is a dry electrical atmosphere; the attrition of trade winds and sand half the year; and the rushing to and fro of busy and excited men, charged as full of electricity as they can hold, and bent upon charging everybody else, so that at night-fall the sparks will snap at the finger-ends, and the air will crackle like a brush heap just set on fire. Now, the earth is a very good conductor. It is better to let this surplus electricity run down the fingers on to the spade, and along its shining steel blade into the ground, than to blow up your best friend. An hour of honest battle with the weeds is better than any domestic thunder-storm. By that time the sun will have dropped down into the ocean, just beyond the Golden Gate, glorifying garden and hill-top, and setting, for a moment, its lamp of flame in the western window. Every plant and shrub will have some part in a subtle and soothing ministry; and then, if ever, it will occur to you that this is a mellow old world, after all."

"A Week in Mendocino" gives us a lively account of certain unique experiences of a vacation excursionist in pursuit of recreation among the mountains:

"This Arcadia is a wondrously human place, after all. Borrowing a pony to ride up the valley three or four miles, night and the hospitality of a neighbor overtook us. A mist settled down over the valley, and under the great overhanging trees not a trace of the road could be seen. 'Only give him the rein,' said the settler, 'and the horse will go straight home.' We gave him the rein. An hour, by guess, had gone by, and still that pony was ambling along, snorting occasionally as the dry sticks broke suspiciously in the edge of the woods. Another hour had gone by. Pray, how long does it take a pony to amble over three miles in a pitch-dark night? Half an hour later, he turned off to the left, crossed the valley, and brought up at a fence. 'Give him the rein,' was the injunction. He had that, and a vigorous dig besides. In half an hour more he was on the other side of the valley, drawn up at another fence. It was too dark to discover any house. The true destination was a small white tavern by the road-side, and the light of the wood fire in the great fire-place would certainly shine through the window. The vagabond pony took the spur viciously, and went off under the trees. We were lost—that was certain. It was getting toward midnight. It was clear that this equine rascal was not going home........A night in a wilderness, enveloped in a chilling fog, the moisture of which was now dripping from the trees, with the darkness too great to discover when the horse laid his ears back as a sign of danger, was the best thing in prospect. Some time afterward, he had evidently turned into a field, and a few minutes later, was in front of a settler's house. ....The window went up slowly, in answer to a strong midnight salutation; and to this day it is not quite clear whether a rifle-barrel, a pitchfork, or a hoe-handle was protruded from that window, or whether all this was an illusion, born of the darkness of the night.

"'Well, stranger, how did you get in here, and what do you want?' asked the keeper of this rural castle.

"'I am lost; you must either let me in, or come out and show me the way.'

"'Likely story you're lost? Reckon that don't go down in this settlement. You ain't lost if you're here, are you?'

"'Look here; I borrowed Jimson's pony to go up to Dolman's, and started back after night-fall. Dolman said, "Give him the rein, and he would go straight back to the tavern." I gave him the rein, and he has been going for the last four or five hours, except when he stopped two or three times at fences, until he brought up here.'

"I think the hoe-handle, or whatever it might have been, was slowly drawn in. A match was touched off on the casement, making about as much light as a fire-fly. The settler, shading his eyes, threw a glimmer of light on to the neck of the iron-gray pony:

"'Yes; that's Jimson's pony—that are a fact.'

"A moment after, a tall figure glided out, as from a hole in the wall, and stood by the horse.

"'Now tell me, my good friend, where I am, what is the hour, and how to get back to the tavern.'

"'Well, it mought be nigh onto twelve o'clock, and you're not more'n two miles from Jimson's.'

"'I left at seven o'clock to go down to Jimson's, about three miles. Where have I been all this time? If I have been nearly five hours going half of three miles, how shall I ever get back to the tavern?'

"'Stranger, you don't understand all the ways of this settlement. You see that's the pony that the Jimson boys take when they go round courting the gals in this valley. He thought you wanted to go round kind o' on a lark; and that pony, for mere devilment, had just as lief go a-courting as not. Stopped out yonder at a fence, did he, and then went across the valley, and then over to the foot-hills? Well, he went up to Tanwood's first, and being as that didn't suit, expect he went across to Weatherman's—he's got a fine gal—then he came on down to Jennings's—mighty fine gal there. He's been there with the boys lots o' times.'

"'Well, why did the pony come over here?'

"'You see, stranger, I've got a darter, too.'

"'How far has that wandering rascal carried me since seven o'clock?'

"'Nigh upon fifteen miles—maybe twenty; and he'd a gone all night, if you'd let him. He ain't half done the settlement yet.'

"'Then I, a middle-aged man of family, have been carried round this settlement in this fog, which goes to the marrow-bones, and under trees, to get a broken head, and on blind cross-trails, for twenty miles or so; and have got just half-way back; and all because this pony is used by the boys for larking?'

"'I reckon you've struck it, stranger. Mus'n't blame that hoss too much. He thought you was on it. Now it's a straight road down to Jimson's. But don't let him turn to the left below. Runnel lives down there, and he's got a darter, too.'

"It was past midnight when that larking pony came steaming up to the little white tavern. The smouldering wood fire threw a flickering light into the porch, enough to see that the ears of the gamey little horse were set forward in a frolicking way, saying clearly enough: 'If you had only given me the rein, as advised, we would have made a night of it.'"

The volume is rich in sound advice for those sinners of the city who neglect the duty of vacation trips to the woods or the sea; not so much in the way of didactic preachments as of alluring bits of description drawn, Thoreau-like, from nature:

"There is that spring yonder under the shelving rock, having a trace of sulphur and iron, and possibly some other qualities for physical regeneration. For two hours at mid-day there has been a succession of birds and beasts to its waters. Curiously enough, there has been no collision; but every kind in its own order. The roe, with a half-grown fawn, comes down early in the morning; and as the heat of mid-day increases, coveys of quails, led by the parent-birds, emerge from the thickets, and trail along to the spring. Later still, orioles, thrushes, robins, linnets, and a wild mocking-bird without any name, go down not only to drink, but to lave in the waters. You may watch for days and months, but you will never see the hawk or the crow, or any unclean bird do this thing. But birds of song, which have neither hooked beaks nor talons, sprinkle themselves with purifying waters, and are innocent of all violence and blood. The spring is not only a tonic, but it serves to take the conceit out of a ponderous man who has been putting on the airs of wisdom in the woods. He, too, went down on 'all-fours' to drink; and such an ungraceful figure did this counting-house prince make, and blew so like a hippopotamus backing out of the ooze and mire, that all the woods rang with wildest mirth. But a lad, bending the visor of his cap, lifted the water to his mouth, and drank erect like one to the manor born.

"It is a good thing to pitch the tent hard by the seashore once in a while. Salt is preservative; and there is a tonic in the smell of sea-weed. Your best preserved men and women have been duly salted. The deer sometimes come down to get a sip of saline water, and are partial to mineral springs, which one can find every few miles along the mountain slopes. The sea-weeds, or mosses, are in their glory. Such hues of carnation and purple, and such delicate tracery as you shall never see in any royal garden. A hook was thrown in for the fish, perchance, with the dyes of Tyrian purple. But there came out a great, wide-mouthed, slimy eel, which was kicked down the beach into the water, with a hint never to reveal so much ugliness again on any shore of the round world. Your sea-lion has no beauty to speak of; but he is an expert fisher, and knows how to dry himself upon the rocks. When a hundred of them take to the water, with their black heads bobbing about, they might be taken for so many shipwrecked contrabands. How many ages were required for the ocean to quarry these grains of sand, which under a glass become cubes and pentagons as goodly as the stones of Venice?"

The essay on "Literature and Art" contains an interesting sketch of the literary history of California. The author says:

"The exacting conditions of pioneer life are not favorable to authorship. If, during this quarter of a century, not a book had been written in California, we might plead, in mitigation, the overshadowing materialism which, while coarsely wrestling for the gains of a day, finds no place for that repose which favors culture and is fruitful of books. But over the arid plains, in the heat and dust of the long summer, one may trace the belt of green which the mountain-stream carries sheer down to the sea. So there have been many thoughtful men and women who have freshened and somewhat redeemed these intellectual wastes. They have written more books in this quarter of a century than have been written in all the other States west of the Mississippi River. The publication of some of these books has cost nearly their weight in gold. During the period of twenty-five years, more than ninety volumes have been written by persons living at the time in this State.

"No one has sought to live here exclusively by authorship. It has only been the incidental occupation of those persons who have written out of the fullness of their own lives. If they heard no mysterious voice saying unto them, 'Write!'—the great mountains encamped about like sleeping dromedaries, the valleys filled with the aroma of a royal fruitage, the serene sky, and the rhythm of the great sea—all make audible signs to write. They have written out of a fresh, new life.

"It is this large acquaintance with Nature—this lying down with the mountains until one is taken into their confidence—that may give a new vitality and enlarge the horizon of intellectual life. Whence comes this man with his new poetry, which confounds the critics? And that man with his subtle wit borrowed from no school? I pray you note that for many a day his carpet hath been the *spicula* of pine, and his atmosphere hath been perfumed by the fir-tree. He has seen the mountain clad in beatific raiment of white, and their 'sacristy set round with stars.' He will never go so far that he will not come back to sing and talk of these his earliest and divinest loves. So Harte comes back again to his miner's camp and to the larger liberty of the mountains. And there fell on Starr King a grander inspiration after he had seen the white banners of the snow-storm floating from the battlements of Yosemite."

We are the more pleased to welcome this new volume to our literature, for the reason that there is less of good essay-writing among us than of any other sort. The truth is, that essay-writing is the easiest of all writing to do, and the hardest to do well. Just as walking is so easy that every one can do it; yet there are scores who can do a difficult gymnastic feat deftly for one who can walk with either dignity or grace. So it is of blank-verse composition, as compared with other rhythms in poetry. Anybody can write blank verse; but there are only two or three poets in a generation who can do it well.

There is this to be said about essays: when they are well done, they are among the most delightful forms of literature. It is the play of the mind. It is not argument nor eloquence; but a sort of genial, unconscious pen-talk, flowing on like a brook in alternate light and shade, and always limpid and pure.

On the whole, Mr. Bartlett's essays impress us as being the ripest production we have yet seen from a California press.

EDWARD R. SILL.

PROGRESS AND POVERTY.*

Sydney Smith's contemptuous question, "Who reads an American book?" has long since been satisfactorily answered in many branches of literature; but in that great field known as political economy we have, up to this time, produced nothing which has made a distinctive mark in the intellectual world. This is not to say that political economy has not been cultivated among us, or that many excellent books have not been written; but they have followed more or less closely European authorities, and been based upon European models, and there have been among them none that have taken rank with those original works that open controversies and lead thought. To say this, however, is to say nothing disparaging to American literature; for since we began to have a literature of our own, political economy has received no substantial change or improvement. Smith, Malthus, and Ricardo are the founders of political economy; and since the beginning of the century, all subsequent writers—though many of them have been men of great breadth and power—have but followed on their lines, though modifying somewhat here and elaborating somewhat there. And though, on the Continent, the old mercantile theory has been revamped, and Socialism reduced to something like a system, yet the divisions of opinion and schools of thought are essentially what they were when the nineteenth century was in its teens.

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* PROGRESS AND POVERTY: An Inquiry into the Cause of Industrial Depressions, and of Increase of Want with Increase of Wealth. The Remedy. By Henry George. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

But here, if we mistake not, is one of those original works which open fresh discussions and draw new lines. And it is not merely an American book, but a California book. We do not merely mean that it is a book written in California by a Californian, but that it is distinctively and peculiarly Californian; for not only are its illustrations largely drawn from this coast, but the freshness of its views bespeak the study of social problems under the novel and suggestive circumstances that have been presented in California.

Yet, although this is a California book, it is one which, we think, will attract wide attention; for not merely are its attacks upon current doctrines too serious to be ignored, but it has in it elements which are likly to compel attention; and the times are propitious for it. There is among thoughtful men, and especially in England, a growing feeling that there is something wrong with the current political economy, though precisely what has not yet been made clear; and there is in all countries an increasing number of active and more or less educated men who are bitterly restive under the existing social organization. Now, here comes a book which appeals to the first class, not only by pointing out certain fundamental errors which have vitiated economic reasoning, but by building up a theory that has all the charm of novelty, simplicity, and comprehensiveness; and which appeals to the second class by its fire and earnestness, by its thorough sympathy with their feelings and aspirations, and by the clearness and confidence with which it assumes to point out what hurts and what will help them. Numbers of volumes have been written by men of ability upon social grievances, the relations of labor and capital, etc.; but they have all insisted either that the working classes had no wrongs to right, or have prescribed for the amelioration of their condition what the working classes themselves consider as "goody-goody" remedies. But here is a work of ability enough to command scientific respect, if not, indeed, to win a place in the front rank, and which is, at the same time, ablaze with the very fire of radicalism. Whether the theories which it lays down are right or wrong, they can not be treated with contempt. Political economists can not ignore a book which, even if it be erroneous, presents error in such a form that it is likely to become a new gospel in every radical club, and to find apostles in every knot of dissatisfied workingmen.

For our part, we do not propose in this article to pass judgment. For, while this is a book too coherent and consistent to admit a half-way opinion, it is, on the one hand, too able and plausible to be rashly condemned; on the other, too revolutionary to be rashly indorsed. Nor yet is it an easy matter to give anything like a fair account of a work which covers so wide a scope; discusses so many controverted questions; advances so many novel theories; and which is so compact in style and close in argument. This is emphatically a book which must be read to be understood, and which can not be read without interest and profit, even to those who most widely differ from its conclusions, for it is throughout suggestive in the extreme.

In the introductory chapter, entitled "The Problem," the failure of modern progress to eradicate poverty, the recurrence of industrial depressions, and the growing uneasiness with social conditions are vividly set forth, and the inquiry is thus proposed:

> "I propose in the following pages to attempt to solve by the methods of political economy the great problem I have outlined. I propose to seek the law which associates poverty with progress, and increases want with advancing wealth; and I believe that in the explanation of this paradox we shall find the explanation of those recurring seasons of industrial and commercial paralysis which, viewed independent of their relations to more general phenomena, seem so inexplicable. Properly commenced and carefully pursued, such an investigation must yield a conclusion that will stand every test, and, as truth, will correlate with all other truth; for in the sequence of phenomena there is no accident. Every effect has a cause, and every fact implies a preceding fact.
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> "That political economy, as at present taught, does not explain the persistence of poverty amid advancing wealth in a manner which accords with the deep-seated perceptions of men; that the unquestionable truths which it does teach are unrelated and disjointed; that it has failed to make the progress in popular thought that truth, even when unpleasant, must make; that, on the contrary, after a century of cultivation, during which it has engrossed the attention of some of the most subtile and powerful intellects, it should be spurned by the statesman, scouted by the masses, and relegated, in the opinion of many educated and thinking men, to the rank of a pseudo-science in which nothing is fixed or can be fixed—must, it seems to me, be due, not to any inability of the science, when properly pursued, but to some false step in its premises or overlooked factor in its estimates. And, as such mistakes are generally concealed by the respect paid to authority, I propose in this inquiry to take

> nothing for granted, but to bring even accepted theories to the test of first principles; and should they not stand the test, to freshly interrogate facts in the endeavor to discover their law.
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> "I propose to beg no question, to shrink from no conclusion; but to follow truth wherever it may lead. Upon us is the responsibility of seeking the law; for in the very heart of our civilization to-day women faint and little children moan. But what that law may prove to be is not our affair. If the conclusions that we reach run counter to our prejudices, let us not flinch; if they challenge institutions that have long been deemed wise and natural, let us not turn back."

Following the introduction come ten books, each subdivided into chapters, which constitute the body of the work, and which are succeeded by a concluding chapter. With the first of these books begins the inquiry proper. The problem to be solved is reduced to this question: "Why, in spite of increase of productive power, do wages tend to a minimum which will give but a bare living?" and the answer of the current political economy, that it is because the increase in the number of laborers tends naturally to overtake the increase of the capital from which wages are paid, is taken up. To the examination of that part of this answer which involves the genesis of wages the first book, entitled "Wages and Capital," is devoted. Attention is first called to the fact that wages and interest do not rise and fall inversely, as this theory requires, but that, as we have seen in California, wages and interest rise together and fall together. The theory thus shaken, it is denied that wages are drawn from capital at all. The reasoning by which this assertion is maintained is a specimen of keen analysis, involving as it does the fixing with precision of the meaning of such terms as "wages," "capital," and "wealth," which, as is shown by a comparison of their definitions, have hitherto been used by political economists in the most loose and contradictory way. Tracing the operations of production from their simplest to their most complex forms—from the gathering of shell-fish by a naked savage, to the building of a *Great Eastern*, or the cutting of a Sutro Tunnel—our author shows that as productive labor always gives an immediate and valuable result, while wages are not paid until after the rendering of labor, the real advance of capital is not from employer to employed, but from employed to employer, and that the true functions of capital are not to advance wages, or subsist laborers, but to furnish tools, seeds, etc., and to provide the wealth necessary to carry on exchanges, while wages come directly from the product of the labor. We have not space to follow the linked reasoning by which this conclusion is reached. The objections which naturally arise are one after the other met and disposed of; and paradoxical as the assertion that capital neither advances wages nor subsists laborers may sound, the reader is led to it by successive steps which seem like the simple presentation of obvious and indisputable truths. Though the doctrine has still in its favor the weight of authority, there has been of late a growing disposition among economists to question the existence of a definite wage fund, and Prof. F. A. Walker has even gone so far as to deny that in certain cases wages are drawn from capital; but no economist that we know of has hitherto dreamed of denying that capital is ever drawn on for wages, still less that it does not subsist laborers. Yet that Mr. George has conclusively proved these positions, and has, moreover, clearly traced the confusion of thought and language which has led to the adoption of theories which have maintained themselves from the time of Adam Smith to the present day, we think no careful reader of these five chapters will be likely to deny. In fact, so easy and clear is the argument, so naturally does one step seem to succeed the other, that the reader who is unacquainted with political economy, and does not realize that the very foundations of far-reaching theories are being undermined, is apt to think there is a needless elaboration of self-evident truth.

But the practical importance of the conclusion is at once obvious, for if wages are the direct product of labor, it follows that the mere increase of laborers cannot tend to their diminution, but that, on the contrary, as the efficiency of labor manifestly increases with the number of laborers, the more laborers, other things being equal, the higher should wages be.

This proviso "other things being equal" brings on, in the second book, the discussion of the famous Malthusian doctrine—the doctrine that population tends constantly to press against subsistence—a doctrine that is not merely one of the great corner-stones of current political economy, but which has powerfully influenced modern thought in all directions. We have not space even for a meagre outline of this highly interesting discussion, and can only say that the doctrine itself is first stated with fairness and force; then the facts which seem to prove it are explained away; the analogies which support it are subjected to a like analysis, and finally the doctrine is reduced to the assertion that productive power lessens with increase of population, and appeal is made to the fact that in all progressive countries wealth, or at least the power of producing wealth, always increases even faster than population.

But if the Malthusian theory be thus overthrown, the perplexities of the problem have been only increased. This is fully recognized by Mr. George, who says: "We have, in short, proved that wages ought to be highest when in point of fact they are lowest. Nevertheless, we have at least narrowed the field of inquiry, and shown that for the solution we seek we must look to the laws of distribution." In the third book this subject is taken up. . It is shown that the laws of rent, wages, and interest must necessarily correlate with each other, which, as taught by the current political economy, they fail to do, and the confusion in the use of terms by which this issue has hitherto been avoided is pointed out. Many a man who has vainly puzzled his brain over the text-books, will see in this lucid examination that the fault has been, not in his own stupidity, but in the great economists themselves. After thus showing again that at least two of the three laws of distribution have hitherto been wrongly apprehended, our author proceeds to seek, independently, the true laws. As to rent, the law of Ricardo is accepted and explained; and it is pointed out, what preceding economists seem strangely enough to have overlooked, that this law necessarily involves the laws of wages and interest as its corrollaries—that is to say, that the proportion of the produce taken by rent must necessarily determine the proportion left for wages and interest. But without resting on this deduction, the laws of interest and wages are separately sought from independent starting points. We have not space to follow, even in briefest outline, these interesting reasonings, which shed a clear light upon many of the perplexing problems which political economy has up to this time left in an unsatisfactory state, such as the real cause and justification of interest, the apparent conflict between capital and labor, the relation of wages in different forms and occupations, etc. But suffice it to say that they bring the laws of wages and interest to a common point, the margin of cultivation or production, where they correlate with the law of rent. Thus it is shown, as we have seen in California, that high rates of interest and high rates of wages accompany each other, and wages and interest fall together, and that, as the value of land increases, rent must take a greater and greater proportion of the produce, and interest and wages a smaller share.

Thus a theory has been set up which accounts, by the increase of rent or land values, for the persistence of poverty, and the tendency of wages to a minimum in advancing countries. But a question yet remains, "Why is it that material progress everywhere tends to the increase of rent?"

This is examined in the fourth book. Material progress is decomposed into increase in population, and improvements in production. It is first shown that the effect of increase in population, the productive arts remaining stationary, must always be to increase rent, not merely from the cause heretofore pointed out by Ricardo and others, the forcing of production to lower levels, but still more powerfully from a cause upon which political economists have hitherto but lightly dwelt, the localizing of the increased power which comes from increased economies and division of labor. It is then shown that even if population remained stationary, the effect of labor-saving machinery and other improvements in production, of whatever kind, must likewise be to increase rent. And in the third place, it is pointed out that, from this tendency of material progress to increase rent, there must arise in every progressive country a confident expectation of future increase in land values, which, by causing speculation in land, drives up rent even faster than it would otherwise increase.

In the fifth book, entitled "The Problem Solved," these conclusions are applied. From the speculative advance in land-values, engendered by material progress, the phenomena of recurring commercial crises and industrial depressions are successively deduced, and then, reversing the process, the phenomena are traced up to this cause; while the necessary effect of material progress, where land has been appropriated, is used to account for low wages, poverty, and pauperism.

This closes what is really the first great division of the work. That it is a most important contribution to politico-economic literature no reader can fail to perceive. And it is this, not merely from the force, lucidity, and coherency of the argument, and the ease and grace of a style which carries the reader, without effort, into the heart of the most abstruse discussions, and proves that, even in its knottiest departments, political economy is not necessarily dry and tedious, but that there is completeness as well as strength. Theories heretofore sanctioned by the highest authority are not merely undermined, if not actually toppled over; but a theory is substituted upon which may be explained, not only all they explain, but a good deal more.

Had Mr. George stopped here, his work must have ultimately attracted wide attention among close thinkers. But not satisfied to treat the "burning questions" of political economy, he proceeds, in the sixth book, into the heart of what are fast becoming the "burning questions" of politics and common discussion.

Passing to the question of a remedy, it is contended that neither in education nor coöperation, neither in the projects of philanthropists, the combination of workingmen, nor the dreams of Socialists, is there any hope, as long as the tenure of land is untouched; and then, taking up projects for the restriction of ownership in land, it is contended that they also are impracticable and futile. There is no alternative, is the conclusion, but to utterly abolish private property in land.

In the seventh book the question of justice is broached, and it is argued that there can be no rightful individual title to land; that private property in land necessarily results in the enslavement of laborers; and that society may with justice assert the common right to land without compensating present holders. The growth of the idea of private property in land and of land tenures in the United States are also treated at length.

Having thus concluded that land *ought* to be made common property, the question of *how* is taken up in the eighth book, and it is proposed to accomplish this without violence or sudden change, by simply abolishing all taxes save upon land values, and with this single tax, confiscating rent, leaving every one free to get or hold what land he pleases. In this connection the whole subject of taxation is discussed, in a very clear and interesting chapter.

In the ninth book the effect of this remedy is considered in much detail, and a state of society is pictured in which there should be abundance and opportunity for all, and from which not merely poverty and ignorance, but greed and corruption, would disappear.

The inquiry at first proposed might here seem fairly to end. But in the tenth and last book a still wider field is opened with the question, "What is the law of human progress?" and doctrines which are now backed by almost the whole weight of the scientific world, are attacked with the same force and audacity displayed in attacking, in previous books, the current teachings of political economists. The doctrine that the progress of mankind is by a gradual improvement in race character is impugned, on the ground that it will not explain historical facts — that the line of greatest improvement has never coincided, for any length of time, with any line of heredity, and that retrogression has heretofore always followed advance. It is further contended that differences in civilization nowhere show innate differences, but are solely due to differences of social environment. Then an effort is made to work out the law of human progress, on the theory that society will advance according to the mental power devoted to improvements, and that this will be greater or less, according to the mental power required for purposes of maintenance and conflict. Thus association is the first condition of human progress, and equality the second. And in the constant tendency to inequality, which arises in human association, we find the cause which has brought all previous civilizations to halt and retrogression. On this theory is explained, with an elaboration and ingenuity of which we can give no idea, why in some places civilization has advanced so far, and in others so little; the rise, character, and decline of ancient civilizations; the character, and course of the Greco-Roman civilization; and the rise and splendor of modern civilization.

And now the connection between all this speculation and the main purpose of the book begins to appear. The tendencies to the concentration of wealth and power which are so strongly manifesting themselves at the present day are, it is contended, the same tendencies to which the overthrow of all previous civilizations are traced, and, if permitted to run their course, must inevitably carry the modern world through anarchy back to barbarism. The chapter entitled, "How Modern Civilization may Decline," is one of the most impressive of an impressive book. It is contended that in the United States mere political equality is rapidly tending toward despotism and anarchy, and that, while on the surface everything seems to indicate further progress, there are many intimations that the deeper currents have already begun to set toward retrogression, and that the nineteenth century may to the future mark the climax of modern civilization. "The civilized world is trembling on the verge of a great movement. Either it must be a leap upward, which will open the way to advances yet undreamed of, or it must be a plunge downward, which will carry us back toward barbarism."

And out of this idea of a struggle yet undecided, rises naturally the concluding chapter, which asserts the immortality of the human soul as the sequence of the social laws previously laid down, and the only explanation of the phenomena of human life.

This book, of which we have given a most unsatisfactory account—for it contains too much to be summarized, and is too unique to be characterized—is distinguished no less by the ease and elegance of its style than by the closeness and vigor of its reasoning. The argument, copiously illustrated as it is, is yet so well connected in all its parts, that the conclusion seems to follow as a matter of course. And in these days of muddy political economy, when the leaders of thought in this field are so widely at variance as to the economic cause or causes of the social evils that afflict us, and are likewise so variant as to the meaning of the terms which they habitually use, it is refreshing beyond measure to find not only an original economic thinker, but one, as well, who knows clearly and thoroughly what he pretends to know, and knows, besides, how to give clear and precise expression to his knowledge. In this respect the book before us deserves the highest consideration, and even if every proposition of the writer were to be refuted, the book would still possess great value for its exact expression of the terms with which political economy has to deal.

But there is something in the work which seems to us to breathe the air of truth—of a vitality which will seize upon the future. The writer himself, it is evident, is a man who loves the truth for the truth's sake, and who hesitates not to follow whithersoever she may lead. He is imbued with profound convictions—convictions which have come to him, as is manifest on every page, from the most laborious investigation and the most earnest seeking. While he has manifestly read much, he has digested and assimilated it all, and has never permitted himself to be overawed by a great name. At every step he doubts; he asks himself: Can this be so? and never pushes on until he has satisfied himself whether it be so or not. And never does he, apparently, dismiss a subject until he has examined it on all sides and tested all its relations.

But with all the excellences which we have pointed out, there is one which is better far than all, and that is, the human sympathy which runs as a stream through the book from beginning to end—the deep feeling for those who suffer; the desire to lift them up, and to see dissipated and destroyed the dreadful poverty and distress that enshrouds society as a pall. And in the concluding chapter, which nobly crowns a noble work, we have the hope of a life beyond, expressed in such eloquent and sympathetic phrase, that one's pulse beats faster as one reads, and one feels that, after all, life is worth all it costs—that life is, indeed, worth living.

E. R. TAYLOR.

OUTCROPPINGS.

A REPORT OF PROGRESS.

It may afford the patrons and well-wishers of THE CALIFORNIAN a pleasurable degree of satisfaction to know that the welcome of the new periodical has been a warm and a generous one—free, hearty, spontaneous, genuine. From city, town, village, and mining camp, the length and breadth of this whole coast, the "glad to see you" air comes freighted with compliments, and words of encouragement, and unmistakable pats of approval. Our editorial friends have been particularly kind and considerate in their reception and treatment of the stranger. Some of them, in the enthusiasm of their friendship, and glorying in the pride of Western accomplishment, have been rather extravagant in their terms of praise, designating THE CALIFORNIAN as "the peer of *The Atlantic*, "the bright, particular star among magazines," and other pretty fancies, far and away above the magazine's pretensions, ambitions, or merits; while others, appreciating the real standpoint of the publication, have more calmly discussed its chances of success, and promised, in the fullest possible measure, their assistance and support. The press of the East, writing impartially and somewhat critically of the venture, have said many encouraging things. The *New York Evening Post*—a literary authority—among other complimentary things, says: "In its editorial account of its aspirations and intentions the magazine declares it to be its function to represent the thought and literary activity of the Pacific States; but it takes the manly ground that it deserves no sort of coddling consideration upon this ground: that it is entitled to no support or favor except that which it shall win and compel. Working in this spirit there is no reason why THE CALIFORNIAN should not succeed abundantly. It has thus set aside the weak pauper plea which has failed to save other magazines designed to represent a particular quarter of the country, and has rested its title to existence upon solid business considerations." The *Nation* says: "It promises well enough for us to wish it a more permanent success than its predecessor." And this from *Progress:* "THE CALIFORNIAN is a handsome magazine, and opens well. It breathes the spirit breathed by *The Overland* in its best days. It seems to have chances not possible for other magazines. Its sketches and stories of western life ought to carry it very largely into Eastern and European homes. There is a charm about such literature which makes it welcome everywhere." The Springfield *Republican* says: "The long vacant place of *The Overland* seems in a fair way to be well-filled by THE CALIFORNIAN. We hope it *can* live." The Hartford *Courant* sees "no reason why it should not be a splendid success." These are but a few of the many indorsements. But best of all the happenings of the first issue were the support and approval of the people at large, who, stepping to the news-stands—in numbers seemingly too great to be believed—extended that *substantial* encouragement that makes a deeper impression than all the complimentary notices that can be penned. It is a compliment to the appreciation of this city to say that the principal news-dealers sold more copies of the first issue of THE CALIFORNIAN than all the other magazines combined, and that they predict a largely increased demand for this second issue. These are encouraging indications. There is inspiration in what appears to be immediate success, and hoping and trusting that it will be permanent, THE CALIFORNIAN now buckles down to its best endeavors to be deserving of it.

A SALUTATION.

Only a few days after spreading our sails to catch somewhat of the popular breeze to keep us on our course to the future, there set sail, from a new port of civilization across the bay, another venture, stately in appearance, neat of trim, well manned and accoutred. Its sails were wide spread, but it kept on a little different course from ours, and while depending upon the breath of the people's favor for support, it may be said that it scarcely expected to be favored with a "popular breeze." The cargo we carried, and intend on every voyage to set out with, was assorted, and we expected, and hope, that our burdens will be esteemed by men of many minds, consigned as they are to whom they may concern. The other, under the name of *The Berkeley Quarterly*, a journal of social science, sails upon special service, with cargo of special character, suited only to special minds. We shall not boast because our range is somewhat wider and our purpose to meet every taste. It may be that our pages may someti[illegible]ntain matter suited also to the range of our c[illegible]ary. If the offering is good, we shall be glad there [illegible]ore of that special literature than can be included within the space of the new quarterly, and shall be pleased to advance social science as well as every other branch of good learning. Although what is called social science is special and particular, yet its scope is wide enough for the best thinking of the statesman and the moral philosopher. And the best of what can be considered as contributions to that science must come from minds of liberal views, that have given acute observation to broad experiences, and have come humanly to deductions that shall tend to benefit the whole range of human society. The best social scientist is the best civilizer. We welcome the venture of the new *Berkeley Quarterly*. No aim could be higher. If it attains its object, we shall all gain by it. We trust that a special avenue for the egress of that form of thinking being open, we shall find the best thinkers, and many of them, crowding the way. Our skies may well shine upon the social philosopher, and we hail the spirit and enterprise of this new undertaking, that may bring us the results of all good thinking, from the novitiate in morals and philosophy up to Herbert Spencer himself, who is, to social science, the modern "guide, philosopher, and friend."

CALIFORNIA MINING LIFE.

A few months since, one of the most respectable of American illustrated weeklies published a cartoon representing a scene in the streets of one of our oldest and largest mining towns, and which is also a railroad depot. This sketch, to a Californian, was decidedly comic. A street was represented as full of men with ferocious countenances, dressed in dark shirts and pants—pants thrust inside heavy boots, and each wearing, instead of coat or vest, a brace of huge revolvers and a large bowie-knife strapped round their waists! A coal-miner's hat and hat-lamp completed this unintentional caricature. Such was the artist's ideal of a California mining-town, and such is, doubtless, the ideal of nine-tenths of our Eastern friends who have any ideal at all.

Such false conceptions, however unjust, do not exist without cause. The vivid word-painting of Bret Harte and others of earlier times, and the romance of the Argonaut, have stamped California with a reputation that, while ceasing to be correct, still stands for it to-day. Thus the reputation of communities as well as of individuals still clings to them long after they have reformed and cease to deserve it. The burning impressions left on the minds of our cotemporaries is too potent to be removed, and hence, while early California has become transformed, the *ideal* California of romance still holds its place and refuses to recognize the change.

For this there is some excuse. California is still the land of "sensations"—of startling changes, of sudden discoveries, of natural and political earthquakes, of wonderful diversity of climate and resources, of fabulous changes of fortune, and of almost miraculous transformations of moral character!

All these peculiarities serve to keep alive the romance of early California, just as the Moorish wars kept alive the fire of ancient chivalry.

I repeat, this romantic ideal does special injustice to the rural regions and mining towns. Taken as a whole, it may be truly said of California that none of our States have made greater progress than she in culture and intelligence. No similar population in the world reads more or thinks so freely and manly. Nowhere else does Mrs. Grundy exercise so little tyranny over her victims, and nowhere are the popular ideas of justice and equality more generally correct. There is more difference between the manners and deportment of a New York suburban village and that of New York City, than between those of a California mining-camp and San Francisco. The coarseness and violence reputed to prevail in early times has passed away. Of "Red Dog" and "Coyoteville" less remain to-day than Sidon or Tyre. They were the symbols of certain phases of early times, and now both symbols and things symbolized have passed away forever. Even the harmonious Fiddletown has become so regenerate as to legally demand baptism into a new life and name. Gambling and drunkenness are far less common in the mining towns than in New York, or any other of our large cities. The omnipresent school-house disseminates education to the remotest cañons, and has better opportunities than ever before. Sectarianism is not popular; but the ethical precepts of religion are perhaps as highly regarded as in the "City of Churches" itself. It is no exaggeration to say that the change from the "rocker" and "long tom" to the hydraulic monitor and the steam-pump, are but fairly analogous to the social changes that have taken place during the same period.

The early placer miner developed, from the nature of his environments, excessive individuality. Self-reliant and isolated, his motto was: "Every man for himself." He lived alone in his cabin, and was generally his own counselor and helpmate. Subsequently he was drawn into companies and corporations, where individuality became toned down for the common benefit of all, and finally the establishment of the home restored him to domestic habits. The discipline involved in this career was invaluable in the formation of manly character, and forever destroyed that servile veneration for traditional opinions that cramps the human mind in older communities. Through all, the sense of justice never failed. Even the lynch-law which he instituted was more just than many of those on our modern statute-books; and it is doubtful if, proportionately, as many innocent persons were punished by Judge Lynch as by imbecile judges and befogged juries every year in our own day. But all this, too, has become exceedingly rare. So-called "backwoods life" in California is unknown. The social aspect of the rural village or mining-camp differs in no kind from that of our large cities. New mining camps, like Bodie or Leadville, of course, must inevitably pass through a pioneer period. In our time, such transition from pioneer to modern life is short. A year or two changes all. The rude mining camp becomes a town or city, and speedily adapts itself to the habits and customs of all towns and cities presided over by Anglo-Saxon civilization. A. B.

SOME RESOLUTIONS.

(RESPECTFULLY RECOMMENDED TO THE YOUNG GENTLEMEN AT BERKELEY.)

Tempus fugit
  Very fast,
Vetus annus
  Went at last.

Novus annus
  Borne on wings,
Triumphos et
  Pleasure brings.

Bona vota
  Let us make
Ut gallinas
  We'll not take.

Ediscenda
  Let us learn;
Parvos equos
  Will we shun.

Nostra stigma
  Let's efface.
Multa acta
  We'll retrace.

Citos equos
  We'll not drive.
Sanæ mentes
  Then will thrive.

Professores
  We wont shun.
Ad virgines
  We'll not run.

Malum vinum
  We'll not taste
Nullus opes
  Will we waste.

Multa bona
  Deeds we'll do
Mala acta
  Very few.

Ad egenos
  Folks we'll go;
Bonitatem
  We will show.

Sacras preces
  We'll attend.
Praves mores
  We will mend.

Probi veri
  Let us be—
Nullum scelus
  Will we see.

Illa vota
  Having made
Recordemur
  What we've said.

Vale! Vale!
  May this be
Felix annus
  Now to thee.

O. G.

ARE YOU SUPERSTITIOUS?

What is your pet superstition? You have none? You are an enlightened rational being—have common sense, a reasonable share of education, and are *not* superstitious. I knew all that before you told me; but I insist that in your heart you believe in just one sign which you *know* will not fail. I have known people to shake their heads with a pitying smile when alluding to any "sign" that I believed in; and have generally found that these same people were tenderly nursing a little pet superstition of their own which they could not be persuaded to abandon. I was once stopping at the house of a lady friend whom I class among the most intelligent women I have ever met with, and whose education and training had been most liberal and thorough. Often when ridiculing any absurd little "sign" that I persistently believed in, I had prophesied that I should some day discover her particular superstition; but she boldly declared herself free from any such nonsense. She was the mother of a boy baby about a year old—a splendid little fellow; and one day, as I was writing home to her mother, it struck me that as this lady had never seen her little grandson, I would measure his exact length with a piece of tape and send it in the letter, as we all thought him a remarkably large, fine child. With this purpose in view I entered, tape in hand, the room where she sat sewing by the window, while the child lay on the bed playing. Going directly up to to the bed, I informed her of my purpose, when—such a scream as she uttered! Any one would have supposed I had a butcher-knife in my hand instead of a harmless bit of string.

"Stop—stop! For gracious sake!" cried this unsuperstitious woman. "Don't you know that that is a sign the child will die! It is 'taking the child's measure for his coffin'—for God's sake don't do that!"

"But you don't believe in 'signs," I ventured to remind her.

"Oh—well; but this is my child, you know, and I know that this sign always comes true."

A young lady—a girl not more than fifteen, in fact, and the most skeptical, irreverent little thing I ever knew—was passing through the street with me some time ago. My numerous "signs" had been a source of never-ending merriment with her, and I was surprised to see her close her mouth determinedly for full three minutes, without answering to my questions, after we had crossed the street from one corner to the other. At last she opened her mouth and said:

"Didn't you see that we were separated by some people coming between us, as we were crossing the street?"

"Yes."

"Well," she continued, "at such times you must make a wish before speaking, and it is sure to come true."

"But you don't believe in such humbug?" I urged.

She insisted, however, that this "sign" never failed.

Both of these were Americans; but nationality makes no difference in this case.

A German—a lady well educated and highly cultivated—started from her home for a walk with me, one day. Just after leaving the house, she discovered that she had forgotten her purse, her handkerchief, and some other small package, on the sitting-room table. I had always considered her very clear-headed, and she had seriously tried to cure me of my absurd beliefs. I was very much astonished, therefore, to hear her declare that neither she nor I should turn back for the things, as it was "bad luck;" and furthermore, she most unblushingly reiterated that she was not superstitious, but that this "sign" was as old as the universe, and as true.

But not women alone are given to cherishing pet superstitions. Years ago I knew a gentleman who was so decided in his ways and views that it made him positively angry to learn that I had "so much of the heathen clinging to me." Superstitious—he? No, indeed—not in any shape, way, or manner, he said. He had heard of a wedding where it became evident to the bride that no glass was to be accidentally broken; so what had the goose to do, he sneered, but complain to one of the ladies present that this omission was an unlucky omen, when, presto! a glass was broken a minute or two later, by the most accidental kind of an accident. It so happened that this gentleman won a philopena from me, and I presented the forfeit in the shape of a pair of gloves. But he would not take them.

"Don't you know," he said, "it is a sign that they will part as strangers, if friends accept a pair of gloves, one from the other?"

It was a new "sign" to me; but I told him I would treasure it up among the rest of my "signs"—which he did not believe in. He repeated the same old story—not superstitious, but this "sign" never failed. Another gentleman, the most matter-of-fact person in the world, with the same claim, discovered himself one day in his refusal to accept a knife. A brother of mine, who was forever making fun of my superstitions, particularly of my aversion to cutting finger-nails on Friday, was for years tormented with distracting fits of the toothache. After a long separation we met again, and I asked him about his old enemy, the toothache.

"Cured of it entirely," he said, "by a remedy I got from an old man traveling on the boat."

"And what is it?" I asked.

"Oh, you must cut your finger-nails on Monday mornings before breakfast."

And he was in earnest about it, too.

A lady of the Hebrew persuasion, to whom I made my usual assertion in regard to the pet superstition, said the Jews were absolutely free from it, to her positive knowledge. Shortly after this solemn announcement, the lady, returning from a shopping expedition, threw her purchases on a bed in the room, while she stood by the window drawing off her gloves. With the freedom of an old acquaintance, I criticised her bargains, and picked up her parasol to raise it and see what size it was. But, nimble as a squirrel, the lady vaulted clear over the bed, in her haste to tear the parasol from my hands. "God of my fathers!" she screamed, "Do you want to bring trouble on all of us? Don't you know it is the worst sign in the world to open a parasol in the house?"

"But the Jews don't believe in signs," I urged; but to no avail—her grandmother had told her about this, and she knew it was true.

I knew one man who swore at his bad luck if he met a woman the first thing in the morning; another who dreaded nothing so much as to dream of women. One person who could not be induced to brush down a spider's web; another who would wear a garment wrong side out all day long, if it had been put on so by mistake in the morning. Indeed, I could fill pages with instances that have come under my own observation, of people who proclaimed themselves free from superstition, but had their Achilles-heel, so to speak, hidden under the toga of enlightenment and common sense in which they wrapped themselves.

Whether it is a common American superstition, or one that specially pertains to Missouri—that a wild bird flying into the room denotes the speedy death of the occupant—I cannot say. It is certainly not one of the numerous German *Abeiglauben*, for I have them all at my fingers' ends, and this belief is not among them. Indeed, I never knew of this unfailing sign to fail, till one sullen, cloudy March day in 1862. My husband, in command of Federal troops stationed in Troy, Missouri, sent me word that I was to join him there, and was to call at once on three married ladies from the place just mentioned, who were then stopping at Barnum's Hotel, in our city (St. Louis). All three of these ladies were compelled to return to the city of Troy alone—two of the male Trojans having been banished from their native place by the rebels, and fearing to return, in spite of the protection our troops could offer; the third, the principal merchant of the town, having been left at home while his young wife had come to St. Louis alone. Truth to tell, I suspected her of being a thorough rebel the first time I saw her; but she was such a charming little rogue that I could not help falling in love with her at once. Of the other two females, one was quite elderly, the other a tall, gaunt, prosaic being. These were to be my guardian angels on the way. On the day set for our departure, the two husbands, Withrow and Martin, saw us down to the steamer, and had us comfortably provided for; each gave his wife her instructions for running his farm during his enforced absence, then kissed her in my presence and that of the little rebel—who said *her* husband was waiting at *home* to kiss her. I don't know how the road runs to Troy in time of peace; but on this occasion the first stage of the journey thither was accomplished when we had reached Capan-Gris, on the Mississippi, at about ten o'clock at night. The hotel at which we stopped had a porch on the second story, running the entire length of the house, and on this opened all the doors and windows of the guest rooms.

Not being an early riser, Mesdames Withrow and Martin came to call me for breakfast before I had quite finished my toilet; but my window was open to admit the air, and when the ladies entered they left the door open behind them. All at once—whether through the door or window—a little brown-plumaged bird fluttered in, perched himself on the top of the glass before which I stood, and looked gravely into my face. The two women uttered—yells (screams would be too romantic for the hideous cries they gave vent to), and made frantic efforts to "shoo" the little fellow out of the room; while I, never dreaming that there was anything sinister about my feathered visitor, made efforts just as strenuous to catch him and keep him for a pet. "Let him go!" the tall one screamed; "Don't shut that door!" "Drive him out—what d'ye want to keep him for, you goose, you!" added the elder, in tones of the highest exasperation, when I had made them understand my "captivating" intentions. But they succeeded in driving the intruder out; and then from their "Oh, my gracious!" and "Did you ever!" I comprehended that their minds were very much disturbed, and I could only conclude that country people thought it very cruel in city folks to try and cage up little wild forest birds. At the breakfast table the whole horror was related to the little rebel, who visibly turned pale, to my utmost astonishment. After breakfast came the question of proceeding on our journey, which from this place out had to be accomplished by private conveyance, at our own risk, as stages had stopped running months ago. Our little rebel seemed better acquainted here than the other ladies, and it was she who, with the landlord's assistance, found a springless farm-wagon, drawn by two little spavined mules, for a conveyance. And now, for the first time, I noticed the uneasy glances of the two elder ladies; they seemed all at once to grow suspicious of their little friend, and whispered to me that the landlord had the name of being an "awful rebel." It was quite a pleasant situation for me, I thought; here I was to start out into the dense Missouri timber, where bushwhackers were not altogether unknown, and guerillas had occasionally been heard of —a Federal officer's wife, my only escort three women, and a teamster whom a rebel landlord chose to send with us. To the consideration of these circumstances I attributed the troubled looks with which I was regarded—totally and happily ignorant of any other fear or dread I had caused. As for myself, I know only the fear which a dark room or a real ghost inspires; and I mounted the wagon and sat humbly in the straw-piled bed in advance of the other three women, who were consulting among themselves, and seemed wonderfully tardy and fidgety, even for women.

At last we were fairly on the way; and had we not been splashed by the muddy water from the aggravated sloughs through which we had to pass, and gotten our feet wet in the mud when we had to jump out of the wagon, in places where the mules could not pull us, I really think I should have enjoyed the trip. But the day's journey was a short one, and we had to stop a couple of miles before reaching the Quiver, a little river we had expected to ford the same day. Our driver said that, to judge from appearances, the Quiver must be booming, what with the heavy rains and the melted snow; and that he meant to throw up his contract anyhow, and would take us no further than Judge Lovell's; he knew the Judge would keep us over night. "But the Judge is a rebel," the elder of the ladies said, "and would not keep me under his roof; might send word to Quantrell's men, or Price's, and they'd get us all." I quieted them by saying that I was willing to risk being captured at Judge Lovell's house, and I think they all were, when they saw the Judge's frank, kindly face. A long white beard framed it around, and altogether he was one of the most venerable looking men I have ever seen. His wife and daughters entertained us in the most hospitable manner; and early in the morning the Judge and one of his favorite negroes (they were still slaves at that time) went down to the Quiver to reconnoitre. At nine o'clock he returned, and stated frankly that the river was terrible, and that he had seen, away off on the other side, a body of men who might be friendly to us and—who might not.

What should we do? We could not stay there, and I would not return. I felt sure that the men were the Captain's, and the little rebel said: "Who's afraid, anyhow?"

So the Judge, with a number of negroes and the necessary tools, went down to the river again to construct a raft, and sent for us about noon. The sun had not made its appearance that day; the sky was leaden, and the wind was bleak. The whole family went with us to the river-side—that is, to the top of the bank. Looking down the steep, clayey sides, which we should have to descend, we saw that a rope had been stretched for us to hold by, otherwise we could never have gotten through the red mud and down the abrupt incline. At the bottom seethed and foamed and roared the mad waters; and on the raft, made of two stout logs, stood the Judge, his long white beard tossed by the wind, his kind old face turned upward pityingly to where we stood, huddled together and thoroughly frightened. On the other end of the raft stood Mark, the gigantic negro, to assist in steering our precarious craft. We derived some comfort from the fact that both master and man were athletic and powerful, and one as true as the other. But now came the most puzzling delay. The Judge sent up word by one of the negroes that we were to hurry and come down, two of us at a time, to be ferried across in that number. We saw what trouble it was to both men to keep the raft in place for us to embark, with the wind blowing a gale, and the wicked little waves tugging and tearing at the frail craft; and I was ready to descend, but neither of the women would come with me.

The Lovell ladies had evidently been let into the secret, and I could see how they urged Mrs. Withrow, the elder lady, to go with me. She drew back, however, and then Mrs. Martin turned away and did not hear me call, till I wondered why I had come to be tabooed all at once. But the Judge shouted impatiently for one of the other women to come along, when I alone started, with the aid of a stalwart negro; and then, with sudden determination, the little rebel tore herself away from the rest and followed in my wake.

It was anything but jolly, that crossing, and I don't know which of us was the whitest in the face, those left on the bank, or we on the raft. The fact of the matter is, that the negroes alone did not change color. Not a word was uttered during the passage, save a hoarse command by the old Judge, now and then, and the deep-toned response of the negro, Mark. At last we were safely over, and a shout arose from both banks. The landing here was not so difficult, as the shore was less steep; and the second trip which the Judge made with his improvised vessel seemed of less duration, and, altogether, not so dangerous—to me.

The men whom the Judge had seen "away off," that morning, were coming toward us on a gallop, with what proved to be a very comfortable ambulance, at the heels of the mounted men; and before Judge Lovell returned to his waiting family, the Captain had heartily pressed his hand, and thanked him for his care and kindness. The Captain, it seems, had grown uneasy at his quarters in Troy; somehow, everybody suspected my little rebel of holding intercourse with her friends, the bushwhackers, and when her husband informed mine at what time we were all to leave St. Louis, and by what route, he had placed himself at the head of a detail of his men, and had been patrolling up and down the banks of the Quiver, since the day before, unable to make a crossing anywhere, as the sudden rise had swept away landmarks, bridge, and canoes. In the ambulance was ample material for a camp or picnic; and it was not till we were seated on the cushions of the ambulance, around a crackling fire built in the shelter of some huge, bare hickory-trees, solacing ourselves with a cheerful cup of hot coffee, that I was informed of the terrible fate that had hung over me since the day before. You may imagine with what an enormous degree of faith and intense feeling of relief I now learned, for the first time, that to have a wild bird fly into your room is the unfailing sign of speedy and inevitable death—as in this case it had incontestably proved to be. C.

FORTUNE'S PIPE.

"A mere pipe for Fortune to play tunes upon."

Such careless finger as she lays
  Upon my stops can only bring
Rude discord mixed with melody;
And if my chanted moods and days
  To tremulous notes of treble cling,
Am I to blame, or Fortune, pray?

She is my mistress;—unto death
She holds me in a careless hand,
Laughing to think how her caress
Of puckered lip and perfumed breath
Can call a joyous saraband
Out of grief-notes, or—silentness.

And if I know that here and there
Are wind-holes choked with dusty web,
What does my shallow wisdom bring?
I hold no power to cleanse them fair,
Or guess therein what swell and ebb
Of songtide waits its loosening.

"For Fortune to play tunes upon"—
How foolish then to sob and strain,
When, with a fickle kiss, she can
Silence my song before 'tis done,
Or fling me idly by, to drain
Some silver-throated pipe of Pan.

Whether I lie with bated breath,
Or whistle shrilly through the years
May's madrigals and songs of June,
I am not *mine* for life or death,
I am, through Pentecost and tears,
Merely a pipe for Fortune's tune.

Q. T.

IS HAPPINESS A MYTH?

It was a winter evening at Riverside Farm, a pleasant place on the bank of the St. Lawrence, about a hundred miles from Montreal. It had been one of those clear, crisp, biting days when the absence of wind deceives one as to the actual severity of the weather, when the snow creaks under foot and runner, and horses seem gifted with a nerve life which cracks and snaps angry protests against such unnatural cold.

The occasion is the meeting of four old friends to celebrate the return of one of their number who has been wandering about the world at the imperious bidding of those relentless taskmasters, board and clothes. They are a queer lot, these four, as perhaps are any four men who polish up each other's oddities by the attrition of years of intimacy. All are under forty, and owe their friendship to the very fact of their representing four different temperaments—phlegmatic, sanguine, bilious, and sardonic. They are grouped in the library, lazily taking their after-dinner coffee and filling their pipes, while the big log in the vast fireplace blazes and glows, casting flickering shadows in the dusky twilight of the room. It is a luxurious room, with Turkish rugs scattered about the inlaid floor, bronzes, books, and odd *bric-a-brac* lying loosely about, and the pictures suspended over the low bookcases show rare taste in their selection; but the gun leaning against the mantel, the pipes, the guitar and flute on the floor, the snow-shoes and moccasins in the corner, the two dogs lying sleepily by the fire, and above all, the presence of none but lounging and easy chairs, betray the bachelor host.

As the old housekeeper totters away with the coffee outfit, the four pipes are lighted, and the host walks through the hall and looks out of the door.

"Well, Joe, what kind of a night is it, and how is the thermometer?"

"Twenty-eight degrees below and falling, and the night is superb—bright starlight, clear as a bell, and not a breath of wind."

"I say, old fellow, you ought to be a happy man; not a care in the world, with this gem of a house, the farm, and your dogs, guns, and horses, and nothing to do but enjoy yourself."

"So you think, Jack; but I would give it all to be able to wander about the world as you do. I merely exist, while you live. Why, the very pleasure of coming back to see your old friends is worth ten such years as I pass. While I am tied up here to vegetate by force of circumstance, you enjoy the very essence of life by mixing with the world—yes, and the flesh, and the devil, too, I suppose. What do you think, Van?"

"Well, I envy both of you—but you, especially. Here I am, educated to a profession that I dislike cordially, and unfitted by it from doing anything else, shelved for the balance of my life with an income just sufficient to make me a genteel pauper. My idea of happiness is to be an English country gentleman, with a handsome income and moderate estate."

"Well, we all know that happiness is only relative; it is an unknown quantity, in seeking to define which we——"

"Oh, happiness be hanged! We haven't had a game of whist together for five years. 'Call no man happy till he's dead,' say the sages."

"Shut up, Frank. We all know your idea of happiness. Console yourself with the knowledge that you would make a very poor coachman. Bring that legal mind of yours to bear on chemistry, and mix us a hot whisky to lubricate the wheels of our brains. Oliver will be over presently to pay his respects to Jack, and I told him to bring his banjo. You haven't forgotten his ancient melodies, have you, Jack?"

"Oh, no; nor the marvelous way that he fingers the strings. I haven't heard 'Angelina Baker,' or, 'Stop dat Knocking' since I went away from here."

Here the conversation flags, while Joe whistles weirdly with his tongue doubled between his teeth, Van lazily teases the dogs with the handle of a guitar, and Jack lies contentedly back in his chair and smokes, curiously watching Frank as he deftly concocts the seductive beverage.

"There, you fellows, Take that and dispose of it in the usual way. I fervently hope it may materially benefit that which you are pleased to call your brains. But, Van, talking of happiness, did you ever see a really happy man?"

"Yes, once, I believe. When I was in the South American squadron, my ship put in at Honolulu, where we lay for a month. Our most constant visitor was a member of the royal family of the islands, familiarly known as 'Prince Bill.' His usual costume was a breech-clout and a cigar, and he came aboard daily, only to get drunker than a lord—drunk as a prince, in fact—in which glorious state he would depart in search of the 'seclusion which the cabin grants.'"

"See here, Van, this is the celebration of the return of the fatted calf, and we are supposed to sink all personal animosity; but, by the piper that played before Moses, I'll brain the next man that quotes Pinafore. That's my idea of happiness. Go on, Joe."

"Frank, you are my idea of a happy man. You don't care a continental blank for your briefless state. If a client should be crazy enough to retain you, you'd probably borrow some tobacco of him, and advise him to compromise the case, and you esteem yourself wealthy as long as your friends have a dollar."

"There, Jack, you see to what a beatific state of meekness an attorney attains; instead of cutting his acquaintance, I mean to stay here a week. If he says anything more, I will send him a bill for the money I have borrowed of him. Now tell us if ever, in the course of your wanderings, you have seen a man who esteemed himself happy."

"Well, Frank, I don't know that I have; but pass me the tobacco, and fill my glass, and I'll tell you about the only man I ever saw whom I thought perfectly happy.

"In the spring of 187– I was traveling in the central part of California, north of Sacramento. I stayed one night in Princeton, a little town in Colusa County, and left the next morning by stage for Chico. I found, among my fellow passengers, a man whose face was strangely familiar to me; he was of medium height, broad-shouldered and muscular; with brown, curly hair, closely cropped; black eyes; a short, wiry, dark brown beard, and white, even teeth. He appeared rather reticent, and almost repellant in manner, yet in conversation his face lighted up in a charming way. His complexion, though, was very singular; it was neither sallow nor ruddy, but a sort of grayish tone between the two—something the color of a Jersey cow, Joe, to use a simile that your bucolic mind can grasp. We occupied the back seat of the stage together, and carried on a desultory conversation between the jolts of that wretched vehicle. At noon we arrived at Jacinto, where the stage put up for dinner. The town consisted of about three houses, a store, and a hotel, all immediately upon the right bank of the Sacramento, the road only intervening. As neither of us cared to tempt fate by dining at that hotel—experience having taught me, at least, to beware of those temples consecrated to the noble art of frying all eatables—by common consent, we walked across the road and threw ourselves down under a tree which grew out of the side of the steep river bank, near the primitive rope-ferry. It was a hot day, and the roads were terribly dusty, and we exchanged pocket-flasks in a courteous effort to moisten the superabundant clay which seemed determined to assimilate with our throat tissues. As he handed me his cigar-case, I said to him:

"'What strange fortune is it, sir, which throws you and I together?'

"'No very strange fortune, is it?' he replied; 'we meet thousands of agreeable people in traveling.'

"'Yes, I know,' said I; 'but it is only occasionally that we find a person whom we encounter wherever we go. I meet you here to-day; I saw you in Philadelphia in 1876; we rode around the Exhibition grounds in the same car. In 1873 I saw you again in Washington, and in '71 at Niagara Falls. That same year we passed each other on the Mattawan, one of the far northern tributaries to the Ottawa; I was on my way to Bronson's shanties, while from the guides who were with you I judged you had crossed over from Georgian Bay, and was on your way down to Portage du Fort to take the steamer. In 1867 I saw you at the Paris Exhibition, and a year before I had seen you in China, on one of Russell & Co.'s river steamers. I saw you pass through New York with your regiment at the breaking out of the war, and in '53 I met you on a Mississippi steamer, as I was going from St. Louis to New Orleans. I was quite a youngster then, but I have a very accurate memory for faces, and once a face makes an impression on my mind, I can never forget it. You had an altercation with a gambler who insulted a woman, the first time I saw you, and you shot him dead, which was quite an episode in my boyish experience. So, you see, there is some fatality in our meeting. What seems to me singular, though, is that you don't look a day older than you did in 1853, nor, saving the changes in dress, have you altered perceptibly in appearance since that time.'

"'I am surprised at your remembering me,' said he; 'but I certainly was in all those places at the times you mention. My life is a strange one. I rarely talk about myself; but pledging you to secresy regarding my identity, I don't mind telling you something of my history. Please reserve your comments till I have finished.

"'I was born in New York in 1760. My father was a merchant, and made a large fortune in trade. We were consistent Royalists, and on the breaking out of the revolt of the colonies, the family—consisting of my father, mother, one daughter, and myself—went to England and settled in Devonshire, where my sister died in 1781. I was educated at Harrow and at Brazennose College, Oxford, and, after graduating, led the usual life of an English gentleman. I gradually matured physically until I was thirty-five years old, when I became what you see me now, without having had a day's illness in my life. My complexion had always been a source of annoyance to me; but, being somewhat sensitive about it, I had always refused to consult a physician regarding it—attributing it, somehow, to the climate of the country where I was born. When I was fifty years old, I was slightly injured by being thrown from my horse in Hyde Park, and was attended by a celebrated London physician of the day. After dressing my wounds, which were of no importance, he said, in a gruff way peculiar to him: "What's the trouble with your complexion?" I replied: "I don't know, sir. I suppose it is owing to the climate of New York, where I was born." "No other native of New York ever had that complexion. Stand up, sir." I complied, and he subjected me to a most rigid and searching examination, at the close of which he threw himself back in a chair, with a puzzled look on his face, and closed his eyes, apparently buried in intense thought. After remaining in that position about twenty minutes, he jumped to his feet and commenced walking the floor, saying to me: "This is the most singular and interesting case that I have ever heard of. Do you know, sir, you are the only person in the whole history of the world who was born without any liver? All of your other organs are in robust health, although abnormally large; but the liver is absolutely missing—the space usually occupied by it being filled by the various surrounding organs. The bile, instead of being secreted by the liver, is apparently eliminated from the blood through the tissues of the veins, and carried off by the perspiration through the pores of the skin. The absence of any offensive odor I attribute to the fact that the secretion is very slight, and is at once evaporated by contact with the air. It is well known that a disordered liver is the primal cause of nine-tenths of human diseases; and there is no reason, sir, why, barring accidents, you should not live forever. It will afford me deep satisfaction to bring the case to the notice of my professional colleagues."

"'A somewhat sensitive disposition had always led me to avoid any notoriety, and I at once refused to listen to any such proposition, and I finally secured a reluctant promise of absolute secresy from him. As soon as was practicable, I disposed of all my landed property (my parents being dead, and I having no surviving relatives), and invested my fortune in securities, which afford me an income ample for my needs. Since that time I have passed my life in traveling about the world—forming no permanent ties and simply seeking pleasure in its various forms. But pleasure to me is the cup of Tantalus. I came to California in 1850, and remained in the United States till the breaking out of the Rebellion. By that time the horror of my situation had become fully apparent to me—doomed, like the Wandering Jew, to "move on" for years, centuries, cycles, perhaps for eternity, but without his satisfaction of knowing that I suffered a just punishment for sins committed. How infinitely preferable is remorse to regret. I enlisted in a New York regiment, and was commissioned major. We saw hard service for four years, and I did what I could to get my *quietus* at the hands of somebody else, but it was useless. I came out without a scratch. Suicide I despise; so I have resigned myself to fate.

"'Now, sir, you have considered me a supremely happy man. I tell you, there is no more miserable being in existence than I am. You will concede that it is not the dead who are to be commiserated; there is no trouble in the dreamless sleep of the grave. The sorrow is for those who live to mourn the loss of their friends. In my life of over a hundred years I have had many friends, and death has taken them, one by one, leaving me only the dreary, desolate prospect of a possible eternity of partings. Life to me without friendship would be blank, indeed; but a memory filled with mental cenotaphs is not a pleasant companion. I have never married—you can readily see why. I dare not incur the possibility of entailing my curse upon another being.'

"We parted that afternoon at Chico, and I have never seen him since. There, fellows, that man's story goes a long way toward proving happiness to be a myth."

"Be still, Fangs! Down, Gyp! Stop your devilish noise. Who is there? Oh, is it you, Oliver? Come in."

T. F. R.

PROFESSOR STÜCKENHOLTZ.

"My friend," said the Professor, "know that our theories of life are undergoing constant change. Day by day the naturalist, chemist, and biologist are wrestling with Nature, and compelling her to lay bare, one by one, her most precious secrets. We no longer attempt to conceal our ignorance beneath the stupid cloak of 'vital principle,' with which we were wont to account for actions we did not understand. It was one of those days which, scorning the natural divisions of time, mark the world's history into great and complete epochs, when a mysterious protein compound was first produced in the laboratory of the chemist. I tell you, sir, that the day is fast approaching when biologists will *create living and moving beings.* Man's wonderful imitations of Nature will then have attained the only element they now lack—existence independent of their maker."

We were sitting, Professor Stückenholtz and I, in a private laboratory connected with his dwelling. This was in the heart of one of the German university cities, where the very air seems impregnated with the odor of musty books and parchments. I had wandered here in quest of special instruction, after having taken my degree—*Medicinæ Doctorem*—in an American college. Professor Stückenholtz had conceived a most unaccountable fancy for me—unless upon the theory of utter opposites. I was youthful, tall, powerfully built, and proud of my physical strength and beauty. He was old, ugly, small, and presented the appearance of having been thoroughly dried in his own desiccating apparatus. His countenance was all absorbed in a single feature, his eyes. I do not to-day know if they were green, gray, blue, or red—I do not think they were red—but I do know they were the most singular eyes I ever beheld. They looked as though they had been turned out of pure, white, veinless quartz, which had been polished to such a degree that there was always a point on the white surface, just outside the colored iris, which seemed to catch and refract the rays of light in such a peculiar manner that you were always doubting whether he looked at you through his pupils, like an ordinary mortal, or through the glittering, refractive foci.

"But, Professor," said I, "admitting that you are able to produce these complex protein compounds which enter so largely into the composition of organized bodies, whence will you derive the power to cause them to multiply and assume the definite form which your contemplated creation implies?"

"Ha! ha!" laughed the Professor; "why not ask where we get the air we breathe? My dear friend, this power is around us, above us, beneath us; we live move, and breathe immersed in it. It is the inherent Force which inhabits all matter; now taking the form of heat, now of electricity, and now of vital organization and growth. It is one Force, manifested in different ways. Take the electric current which is leaping through a wire, and obstruct its course by a constriction in the wire, and instantly the electricity is changed into heat; take the great magnetic currents which traverse the earth from equator to pole, and bar but an atom of their totality by a protein compound or protoplasm, and instantly the magnetic is changed to vital Force, and the protoplasm is compelled to grow and assume shape by a power far greater, though unseen, than the steam hammer exerts upon a shapeless mass of iron! Electricity is the form in which we are best able to grasp and control this mighty, inherent Force of matter, and let me but succeed in elaborating the protein compounds which have hitherto eluded my efforts, and I will show you wonderful results—most wonderful results, my friend!"

I rose shortly, and wishing the Professor success in what I considered his almost insane experiments, I took my leave.

I rambled through various parts of Europe, and over two years had elapsed when I found myself, almost without knowing why, in the city, and on my way to the residence of the Professor.

He met me with a demonstrative joy so eager that I was really amused.

"My dear friend," said he, "you have arrived just in time to witness my triumph. I have succeeded in elaborating every protein compound in the human body, and I shall shortly produce a living man, whom I have created! Come with me to the laboratory."

He led the way to the same apartment as formerly, but now almost completely filled with new and strange appliances of science. A large, oddly shaped tank at the further end of the room particularly attracted my attention.

"Ah," said the Professor, following my glance, "that is the womb from whence, I trust, my being will be very shortly born."

"Impossible!" exclaimed I, half-believing that his experiments and studies had unseated his reason, and that I was in the company of at least a monomaniac.

"Nothing is impossible!" returned the Professor, triumphantly. "I will explain everything so clearly that even should you never"—(here I was sure he looked at me out of the refractive points) "see the triumph yourself, you will know it is possible.

"Here in these jars," said he, taking up one of a row which stood on a shelf near us, "is the protein compounds complete. They are portions which I have manufactured and reserved for future experiments. Here is fibrine, albumen, and globuline for my blood; here caseine for milk. This jar contains pepsine and pancreatine for digestive processes. Here is osteine for bones, and cartilagine and musculine for my cartilage and muscles. This is mucasine, and this biliverdine and urosacine. In this jar is melanine, the compound which makes the skin, iris, and hair of different races of different colors. I am determined, eventually, through using nicely adjusted amounts of this, to produce men of new and beautiful variations of color."

"Great heavens! Professor," I exclaimed, for the method in his madness startled me, "are you crazy, or do you really believe all this?"

"Wait and see. Each one of these compounds I have made by placing together the proper proportions of carbon, hydrogen, oxygen, and nitrogen, using a little sulphur and iron when required, and compelling them to unite by the application of vital force, into which I have learned to transmute electricity. For the non-nitrogenous and inorganic portions of the human body, I have only had to reach out and take. Here is sugar, starch, and oil; here the carbonates of lime, soda, and potassa; here the phosphates of lime, magnesia, soda, and potassa; and here the chlorides of sodium and potassium. Here is pure water. Thus, you see, I have my man, with his elements all complete, and only requiring, like the parts of an ingenious toy, to be put together."

"Aye, but to put them together," murmured I, "that is the great secret."

"Wait and see—wait and see. Here I have an electric pile, generating a slow, equable current of electricity, like that constantly permeating the atoms of the earth. It is attached in such a manner that the current constantly passes through this tank, or matrix, and is transmuted by contact with protoplasm into vital Force. Under that Force, at this moment, my man is rapidly developing. Heat I supply from this furnace; light is not yet needed, for all the initiatory steps toward producing a plant or animal, nature takes in profound darkness."

"But, Professor," I urged, "even if you succeed in compelling these compounds to grow and unite with each other, and with inorganic substances, how can you control their shape, or force them to assume any definite form?"

"Ah, that is my secret—my great and wonderful secret—which I alone have discovered, and which I shall conceal from the world until I have triumphed. Do I wish to produce an arm, a leg, a heart, or any organ or part of the body? I take a small portion of the organ or part I want to produce from a living body, or if this is, from the nature of the organ, impossible, I take it so quickly after death that the cells do not lose their vitality, and introduce it into my amorphous protoplasm. These cells, having already acquired a shaping force in their respective bodies by an unalterable law, modify my nacent protoplasm, and compel it to organize according to the particular prototype introduced. Thus, you perceive, a single cell is sufficient to reproduce a whole organ, if it have sufficient protoplasm to influence."

"I see," said I, beginning to doubt, so strained was my mind in following his theories, whether I was an atom, molecule, protoplasm, or only the old Professor's environment. "I see; and now it only remains to produce your man!"

"That will soon be done," said he, with an unearthly triumph in his tones. "Sit here, my dear friend, and you shall have a glimpse of him, and judge of the possibility for yourself."

He motioned me towards an odd-looking arm-chair situated directly in front of the strange tank. Confused and fatigued, I sank down in it, when my blood ran suddenly cold to find that I was seized and firmly held in every part of my body by steel clasps, which sprang forth in obedience to some hidden mechanism within the chair. Its devilish ingenuity was perfect in every detail, and arms, legs, head, and body were gripped as in an immovable vise. I struggled to liberate myself, but in vain. Cold perspiration bathed my body, and I nearly became insensible through horror.

The Professor approached and surveyed me gleefully.

"Is it not perfect? It is also my invention," said he.

"For God's sake, Professor," exclaimed I, hoarsely, "what does this mean? Let me out of this infernal machine, in heaven's name!"

"Heaven is an obsolete phrase, my friend. Science has utterly obliterated it, as you will soon have ocular proof. Be calm, and I will explain. In this matrix before you I have introduced primarily water, the great, almost universal, solvent. Then from these jars I took the proper proportion of all the other constituents of the human body, and placed them within also. I then applied my Vital Force, transmuted from this battery. The result was a formless mass. I then bethought me of my invention, and I have introduced portion after portion until I have gradually produced every part of a perfect human body except the brain. This I now propose to accomplish by introducing, very quickly after death, a portion of yours, together with sufficient protoplasm for it to influence. I want to produce not only a man, but a great and intellectual man. I have often admired the fine analytical force and nicely balanced power of your brain, and have long had my eye upon you with a view to my great experiment."

Here he turned and busied himself with some mechanism about the tank. I gradually grew calm, and resigned myself to my fate. I remember wondering, in a vague sort of manner, whether or not my soul might take up its abode also in the Professor's new man; and such was my longing for life that I earnestly hoped that this modification of the old Pythagorean doctrine might prove true in my case. For I had no hope of life. I knew too well that the gradual growth of science had choked out every human sympathy and feeling from the Professor's heart long since, and that I would be sacrificed on the altar of experiment.

"Ah," said he, quietly, approaching me, after completing his arrangements, "ah, I am glad to see you so calm, for all the emotions are detrimental to the delicate brain substance, if in excess. The environment is most perfect for the ultimate success of our experiment. I am happy to assure you of an instantaneous and painless death. I have here an electric battery so powerful that the instant its current is discharged through your organism, the functions of life will be entirely suspended."

He approached me, holding in each hand a long, insulated conductor.

I closed my eyes in momentary prayer.

"Now, my dear friend, we are all ready. Good-bye. It is only one little touch, and——"

He fell dead at my feet! In his scientific excitement he had laid down his insulators, and unconsciously picked up the non-insulated electrodes which he had intended to apply to my body, and the current was discharged through his!

He was not mistaken as to the power of his instrument. Death *was* instantaneous. And in falling against my chair he liberated some secret spring, by which the clasps flew back to their sockets, and I was free!

I bounded up, and attempted cautiously to remove the poles of the battery from his hands. But it was no use. They were locked in the grip of death.

I quickly left the laboratory, and, taking the first train, sped away from the scene of my horrible experience. A few days after, I was looking over a newspaper, when my eye caught the following paragraph:

> "SAD OCCURRENCE.—Professor Stückenholtz, the well-known scientist, was this morning found dead in his laboratory. He had evidently been killed by receiving the shock of a powerful electric battery with which he was experimenting.
>
> "In a receptacle within his laboratory was found the body of a microcephalous, or brainless idiot, which was elegantly formed, and from which life had apparently just departed. It was taken in charge, and will be prepared as an unique specimen, by the curator of the anatomical museum connected with the University in which Professor Stückenholtz labored.
>
> "By this untimely death science loses," etc.

J. A. A.

NOTES OF A VAGABOND.

What a glorious thing it is to be a vagabond! But of all vagabonds commend me to vagabondage (which I believe is a word yet un-got-hold-of by Webster) in a tropical climate. I remember once being broke, and packing my blankets (a very good thing to have even if you *are* broke, pecuniarily speaking) in—say, Mexico;—and, night coming on me, and that portion of my body which the philosophic tragedian, Sophocles, pronounces the most shameless of all, viz: the belly, arraigning me for want of consideration of its necessities, I sought out a vineyard—it was September—the most remote from the habitations of men; and, spreading my blankets in the sandy bed of the *zanja*, which, in spring and early summer, irrigated the thirsty vines, I made a supper off the luscious bunches of Malaga, Sweet-water, Rose of Peru, Flaming Tokay, and all other grapes which grew there, tickling my palate, and, even after repletion, creating a spurious appetite by change. These were the days when I was "too proud to beg, too honest to steal," that is, steal with qualifications; for though my morality would then have eructed (another un-Websterian word) at being presumed capable of the thefts of a street commissioner, a stock broker, or a supervisor, it could yet swallow and digest the immorality of stealing grapes—for a living. I sneaked along the vine-rows, rising occasionally on tiptoe to listen for the coming footsteps of the watchers; but they were all in the snug rooms and kitchens of their homes, and didn't care whether a poor tramp ate a few pounds of grapes or not. Even the dogs were too well-fed to do faithful service; and so Nature, as she usually does, allied herself on the side of unconstraint. There was, as I remember, a magnificent, pale moon; my senses were sharpened by vegetable diet, or I probably should not have remarked it. Cassiopeia, Ursa Major, and the Serpent all adorned the northern heavens, and shone upon my slumbrous eyelids as I rolled myself up in my blankets. Sweet sleep came over me; with it dreams of peristyled atriums, and all the usual paraphernalia of the Ivory Gate. Then I dreamed that I was listening to the plash of waves upon a romantic sea-shore, my head in the lap of a lovely girl, when—"The devil!" said I, jumping up, "what's this?" and as I threw my blankets, boots, and hat up on the bank of the ditch, as fast as I could put my hands on them, I came to the conclusion that tramps had better not sleep in *zanjas;* or, if they do, they should previously ascertain which day the *zanja* they mean to use is supplied with water at 4 A. M. for the benefit of the city.

A LITERARY TRAMP.

"HOME, SWEET HOME."

Biscaccianti, the famous singer so well known to the early Californian, and so intimately connected with memories of the olden and golden days, writes to us from her humble apartments in Rome, as follows:

> I am dreadfully bitter to-night; reflecting upon a life of anxiety, disappointment, and tears, has made me so. I should like, morally speaking, to smash everything to pieces. And as I must let steam off in some way or other, I will try to do so harmlessly, and tell a simple little story to show how some of the poor *nobodies* of this world may come up quite as truly to the heart-pitch as do the so-called great and noble. Ah! how often under a rough coat beats a manlier heart than that which ding-dongs under the well-cut frock of some fashionable dandy. "*A man's a man for a' that.*" I recall an episode during my first engagement in San Francisco. The house that night was crammed from pit to ceiling. There were lovely women with flashing eyes, and flashing diamonds, attended by model beaux, ever ready to roll their eyes, flirt, and sentimentalize, whether they felt it or not. Sufficient unto the hour is the nonsense thereof! But to my wee story; I had sung many pieces in French, Spanish, and Italian, and finally came the time for the dear old tune of "Home, Sweet Home." I never have sung anything in my life that I loved or felt so much; I suppose it is because I have always yearned after a home, but somehow or other I have never been able to come across it yet—gipsy-like, roaming about the world, seeking, but never finding. I hope, when I at last "go away," I shall find *home!* So I began "Home, Sweet Home." I do believe one could have heard a pin drop, so hushed, so silent was the house, when all at once a sob, a suppressed sob, stole over the audience like a wail of sorrow. All eyes were turned in the direction from which it came. A poor miner, roughly clad, with his slouched hat partly covering his bronzed face, had entered the pit and, having crept into a corner, was leaning on the back of a seat, weeping as if his very heart would break. Suddenly, recollecting himself, and seemingly aware that every one was looking at him, he rose, and, softly stealing down the aisle, left the theatre as if, poor fellow, ashamed of having loved the dear old home before too many people. I shall never forget the almost religious silence which followed that song of mine. It was more to me than the most enthusiastic plaudits that ever rang in my ears; for I know that there were hearts present too full for utterance, and I felt that night, when all was over, as if I had done a great, a real good. Who shall say that by my song of "Home, Sweet Home," I had not drawn a soul from wrong, and returned a wandering son to the love of his dear old mother, who was weeping for him, not knowing, through his neglect, whether to mourn him as dead, or as lost, only to her! May I not believe that I, too, have had my mission of love and charity?
>
> ELIZA BISCACCIANTI.

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SAND.

Chapter III.

When Norman Maydole left Mr. Talman Reese the latter gentleman went his way, while Norman turned his steps and his attention toward the residence of Colonel Holten.

He found the young ladies safely at home, whither they had been accompanied by the neighboring gentleman in whose charge he had left them when he was about to seek some settlement of honors with the coyotes of the streets. The ladies had more of a suspicion of the true cause of his absence than they had yet confessed, or even alluded to; but when the dinner was dispatched, with the accompaniment of good humor and pleasant conversation—in which Norman took a modest part—there was a move made by the young ladies to repair to the music parlor, a sort of unique apartment devised and fitted out after plans by the Colonel under the advisory supervision of his eldest daughter and his wife. This apartment was a sitting-room—a parlor—a music hall—a children's romping room—all in one. A comfortable place for every one in the household. Judith called it "Liberty Hall." To this room Norman followed the young ladies, but just at the door Miss Alice had excuse to consult Mrs. Holten about some matter, and upon her going to attend to it, Norman found himself alone with Miss Judith.

"Take a seat, Mr. Maydole," said Judith, preparing herself to be seated.

He was about to sit down in the heavy roller-chair next to where he stood, when she said:

"Take *this* chair," laying her hand upon it. "The furniture of this room must be studied to get the comfort of it. Our gentlemen all favor this chair."

Then when he was seated she sat down opposite to him on what ought to have been a sofa, but the furniture man called it by a finer name. The chair in which Norman sat was upholstered in such colors upon its heavy arms and high back, and in such manner, as to contrast with his black clothes, and make him look proportionately larger than when standing up. The general tone and coloring of the room were in his favor, so that, notwithstanding his late tousling, he looked about as well as he could hope to look at that date in his existence.

"Do they like music at your home, Mr. Maydole?"

"Yes, everybody in our house plays a little on the piano, sings a little—except——" pausing, he smiled, and added, "The baby; and it makes music which I cannot call singing, exactly."

"That is very pleasant."

"Which—the baby?" very seriously.

"No-o-o-o!" said Judith, laughing, "I say it is very pleasant where a whole family join in the same diversion."

"Very pleasant—but noisy at times. We are very noisy people at our house when we are in the sitting-room, and all get going—big and little."

"Do you all sing together?"

"Well, that depends on what you call singing—we can make a noise all together."

"A satisfactory noise?" assuming a reflex of his serious demeanor.

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"Yes. The noise seems satisfactory to the parties performing. I can not answer as to the satisfaction of outside persons."

"Music hath charms," quoted she.

"Always," he replied, "for amateurs who are making it."

"I fear you are cynically inclined this evening, Mr. Maydole."

"I hope not."

"Yes, I apprehend something must have happened while we were out walking to-day, which does not add to the comfort of your digestion."

"Not at all," answered Norman, lightly.

"If you mean it, Mr. Maydole, I must believe you; but it would be a great aid to my credulity if you would tell me why you left us to-day."

"I left you to try to punish a man who insulted me," he answered, frankly and deliberately.

"Thank you, Mr. Maydole. I was apprehensive you had gone to punish some one for insults offered to others."

Norman paused a few moments to look steadily into the face of the young woman before him, and then said:

"When non-combatants are insulted or sought to be insulted in my immediate presence—I am insulted."

"You did not go back to fight with those men who were making remarks on the street to-day?"

"I did," said Norman, meekly.

"Did you fight them?"

"I did," more meekly.

"Did you whip them?"

"Not all of them," he replied, in abject humiliation.

"Were you arrested?"

"I was," with great self-abasement.

"And taken to the police station?"

"Even so."

Then she looked at him as he sat in the arm chair, silent and immobile as the Sphinx, and burst into a fit of uncontrollable laughter, which, like a contagion, extended to Norman, and he, too, throwing his head back against the heavy upholstery of the chair he sat in, enjoyed himself with the glee of childhood.

"Excuse me, Mr. Maydole," said Miss Judith, wiping her eyes, "my risibles are not under perfect control."

"Entirely excusable," he replied, with the placid gravity of a tombstone; "but I fail to see the felicitous humor in this conversation."

"That's where the humor of it is," she said, laughing again.

"I do not think it a very kindly thing to laugh at a 'fellow from the country.'"

"Now let us be serious," she said. "Do you expect to fight every person in this city who makes 'aside' remarks which can be construed into intentional insult?"

"Well then, Miss Holten, to be serious—if, indeed, I can be any more serious than I have all along been—I will fight any masculine of the *genus homo*, anywhere, 'till the last armed foe expires,' who intentionally calls me a 'Chinook buck,' or intimates that ladies in my company are squaws."

She answered by another burst of laughter, and then asked:

"Do you think you can whip this town?"

"I can whip some of it," he replied.

"They will worry the life out of you; you must get used to it—as we all are. We pay no attention to them."

"In the meantime, there is an opportunity for a choice few of them to get used to me," said Norman, looking as if he meant business.

"Why, you might as well try to fight the dogs of Constantinople!"

"Well," he almost sadly replied, "with the firman of the Sultan, the blessing of the Prophet, and a good American revolving pistol, perhaps I could discourage the dogs a little."

She laughed again, and, during her laughter, Miss Alice entered the room, remarking as she did so:

"Whence this hilarity? May I not know?" and she sat down upon the sofa beside Judith.

"You *shall* know, Miss Winans; and I will appeal to your sense of justice. This young lady is laughing herself into Elysium over the too froward valor of a young man from the rural precincts. And I am that unfortunate young man."

"Alice, let me tell you before you respond to his appeal. He has entered the field as the Knight of Rugby, to do doughty deeds in defense of forlorn damosels; and I am laughing for joy."

"Ah! beautiful, splendid!" said Miss Alice, with well-assumed admiration. "Are we to assist when he caparisons his horse, dons his armor, clasps his sword, and buckles on his spurs?"

"Oh, no! He is not of that order of knights. He belongs to the chivalry of the shoulder," said Judith. (And if this writing did not antedate the Pinafore furore, she would have added, with calisthenic illustration, "and this is his customary at-ti-tude.")

"Now, by'r Lady, it is a noble court whereof thou speakest. Beshrew me, but they are valorous knights. Mine eyes have beheld them in the lists, where they did mock the doughty deeds of war in histrionic pictures of the ring. And I have been affrighted e'en with the padded buffeting that sent the palpitated pugilist to grass."

In response to this heroic mockery, Norman simply clapped his long hands enthusiastically, and otherwise sat perfectly still.

Though no ladies' man, he had seen enough of girlhood humors to believe that he was being "joshed" without any adequate reason; but he also knew that this teasing was, in some sort, an admission that he was worth it—people seldom tease sticks.

"Mr. Maydole," said Judith, "I forgot to ask you if the cruel war is over—is it?"

"So far as I am inclined, it is. I shall never again have the nerve to put up my hands, offensive or defensive."

"Ah, Mr. Maydole, you should read Cervantes," said Miss Alice.

"I have read him enough to know that the Dulcinea del Toboso is too practically proud to look kindly on the hero of her honor."

"Oh, Sir Knight, that remark is unworthy of you. I am sure you will find no 'ladie faire' of this day who will look unkindly upon a heroic action."

"The assurance is very comforting," he said.

Other members of the family coming in, the evening gradually resolved itself into a family concert, during a portion of which Miss Alice beguiled Norman into a *tête-à-tête* relation of his row in the street and his consequent arrest, whereupon she quoted to him the fighting advice of Polonius to his son, to which he responded:

"Thank you; I have been there—please excuse the slang."

"Ah," said she, "a little—a very little—slang, aptly put, is the life of the lexicographer. Language, like jealousy, grows by what it feeds on."

Then she left him to join Miss Judith in a duet at the piano, because Colonel Holten, as well as two or three other parties, male and female, who had casually come in, were there to enjoy the freedom of Liberty Hall. There was music, conversation, and comfort. The girls all played and sang. A lady visitor also played and sang.

"Now, Mr. Maydole will sing for us," said Judith, attracting thereby the attention of Norman, who was earnestly engaged in conversation with the singing visitor's husband.

"Do you sing, Mr. Maydole?" asked Mrs. Holten.

"Yes," answered Judith, "he told me this evening that all his family could sing but himself—and he could sing a little, too."

Norman made no more ado, but walked over to the piano, and as he passed by where Miss Alice was sitting, she asked:

"Shall I play for you?"

He shook his head, smiled, and passed on.

In Norman's soft voice there was that weird, pathetic thrill which is often found accompanying deep-cut characters of nervous temperament. He took his seat by the instrument, struck a few notes, and then sang, playing his own accompaniment, guided by his ear, the following song:

What's in the wild hills sighing,
  Soft o'er the snows and the pine,
    Sighing, sighing,
  Afar on the day's decline

What's in the hut on the hillside?
  What's on the cot by the wall?
    Hillside, hillside,
  There where the snow covers all?

Faintly he sighs while he's dreaming—
  Smiles to the visions that come—
    Dreaming, dreaming,
  Dreaming of childhood and home.

"Father, and mother, and sister——"
  List, he hath something to say—
    "Sister, sister,
  Sing for me—'Queen of the May.'"

Far is his father and mother,
  Far is his sister away—
    "Mother, mother,
  Pray for me, kiss me, and pray."

Dead in his bed on the hillside,
  Dead on his cot by the wall,
    Hillside, hillside,
  There where the snow covers all.

Green is the trail in the springtime,
  Adown by the broad brook's side—
    Springtime, springtime,
  Green since the miner died.

What's in the wild hills sighing
  So soft through the waving pine,
    Sighing, sighing,
  Afar on the day's decline.

When he ceased to sing, there was a stillness in the room as dead as the miner in his song. Colonel Holten was bravely, but silently, blowing his nose in his handkerchief, under the delusive impression that he was suddenly attacked with catarrh; the two younger girls had drawn near to the piano, and were looking at Norman with a pathetic funereal expression; Mrs. Holten, being easily moved to tears, was crying; what the rest of the company were doing could not be well ascertained, before Miss Alice remarked:

"Why, Mr. Maydole, where in the world did you get such a horribly sad song?"

"Cut it out of an old newspaper," sententiously remarked Norman, as he came away from the piano.

"Many, many, are the poor fellows who have gone out that way in the history of this State," said Colonel Holten; "but not generally in a spirit so prayerful."

"Who wrote the air to your song, Mr. Maydole?" asked Judith.

"I do not know that it ever was written. It sprouted from the red earth, I imagine, in the foot-prints of the pioneer, like other wild-weed flowers that follow our civilization, and beg for a kindly recognition which they seldom get."

"It has the far-away wail of a Celtic sadness —Irish, perhaps," said Miss Alice.

"It may be," said Norman, "I have been told there is a good deal of Ireland in the musical taste of America."

"Ah, well, we cannot tell," said Colonel Holten, "the men of the early mining days were strangely pathetic under all their wild exterior. I have known, among the roughest of them, men who would sit with their feet up on the rough jamb of the smoke-begrimed stone fireplace, in the mining cabin; and, while the long winter rain poured down the hills and roared through the cañons, they would whistle and sing at times improvisations, which, if written and heralded, might have made fame for the author. And if one had gone to the improvisatore, lifting the slouched hat from over his eyes, they would have found the tears that welled from the sad source of his inspiration. Yet this man in affrays or at the gaming tables was wild and fierce as a Viking."

"The ballad and the chant," said Miss Alice, "are the children of the scald and the rune. The hearth-stone and the family circle were born of a blazing fire. The most pitiful thing in the Bible is the conspicuous absence of the fireside. Blessed be the wild men of the North, who gave us the scalds, the sagas, and the family circle. Look at poor apostolic Peter beneath the palace, at the kitchen fire on the ground, among the servants, warming his blood to fortify his faith—it sends a cold chill through the whole plan of salvation. Every one knows that Christianity had no people's music—for the psalms and songs were priestly—no hymns, no chants, no conquering measure of martial tramp, till it met the fireside men of the fur-clad North. The inspiration of our best heart-music is the march of Valhalla and the wail of Valkyrias—love and war."

At the conclusion of this speech Colonel Holten lifted up his voice again and piously asked:

"Miss Winans, what is that style of conversation called?"

"That, Colonel Holten, is a faint echo of what Western barbarians sacrilegiously call 'culchaw.'"

"It sounds," said Norman, "a good deal like what my friend Canutsen calls *folks lehre*."

"Well," continued Miss Winans, perhaps a little piqued at the reception of her outburst, "what I wish to say is: that civil liberty, civilization, or Christianity, is upheld by the family circle, and I hold that there can be no permanent family circle without a fireside—and the fireside comes from the wooded north, where the names of our days come from, and from whence came many good things long since trampled out by Roman legions and priestly prejudice. When the wild miner was whistling tearful improvisations by his storm-rocked ingleside in the mountains, as just now spoken of by Colonel Holten, he was voicing the brave, sad echoes of home—home means a fireside, and a fireside means the north."

Norman clapped his hands, in which applause he was joined by the company, followed by a late but earnest cry of "Hear! Hear!" from Miss Judith.

"Is there not a flavor of infidelity in your philosophy?" asked a pious male visitor, of Alice.

"I am an infidel in some things; but I think the most evil infidelity is a lack of faith in the virtues of one's ancestors."

"Rank paganism," exclaimed Colonel Holten, striking the arm of his chair.

"I care not what it may be called; but I hold that no race of people or nation can abide if it neglects its ancestors. Ancestral love is the staying power of a people. 'Honor thy father and mother, that thy days may be long in the land,' is a command borrowed from the most ancient of days."

"It is the Chinese law," said Colonel Holten.

"It is an English virtue," said the singing lady visitor.

"It is New England idolatry," said some other voice.

"Yes," said Alice, proudly; "New England is to-day a monument of what may be achieved by the worship of one's ancestors."

"So is China," said Colonel Holten.

"Very good," said Alice; "I ask no stronger proof. If there is any staying power left on this continent after the last Yankee shall expire, it will be found to speak Chinese."

"Ah, Miss Winans, such doctrine will not do in iconoclastic California," said Holten.

"Oh, Colonel Holten, how can you say so! The process of ancestral deification is going forward here with great vigor—greater than any State in the Union. The gods of '49 and the spring of '50 are climbing Olympus with a grave solemnity beautiful to behold."

Alice paused, and Colonel Holten, seeing the trap that was springing upon him, leaned his head back upon his chair, threw his handkerchief over his face, and laughed silently, as it were behind the curtain.

"Perhaps the old sarcasm about the best part of a potato plant being under ground was intended as a foil to your theory," said Mrs. Holten, addressing Alice.

"I have no theory," said Alice. "It is an old story. There is history and Holy Writ for it. It is a square fact. The individuality of the 'self-made' contends against it through ignorance. Power is bred in the bone. A great, so-called, 'self-made man' does not often *know* who his ancestors are, but he has them all the same. Trace such a man back far enough, and it will be found that his power is not self-made, but inherited with the mould of his form, the cast of his countenance, and all the marks which make up his individuality. Accidents are exceptions, proving the rule; but accidents are not perpetuated. It is the rule which survives."

"Darwinianism," said Colonel Holten, from behind his handkerchief.

"I got it from Paul of Tarsus, who recognizes the idea in his description of the Cretans, where he says they were *always* that way. I got it also from the merciful holy wars of Joshua, the son of Nun, when he was taught by the Deity not to try to convert, but to cut off the inborn unbelievers; and lastly and mostly from the biblically God-given instructions to the Jews, through which they, all over the world, are walking proofs of the indelibility of type. A struggling man is prompted by his inward inheritance to the firm belief that there is power in him."

At this remark Colonel Holten, twirling the handkerchief off his face, sat upright in his chair, as if bracing himself against a lurch to leeward.

"Of such is the new revelation," said he; "and it sounds reasonable; but I would ask what means has a man born in the darkness of Western barbarism of knowing he is a 'joint heir' unto this great salvation?"

"By placing the fingers of his strong right hand upon the pulse in his left wrist, and thus taking counsel of his heart. If the revelation is not in his blood, there is no revelation for him. All inoculation is poison."

Colonel Holten immediately felt his own pulse, quoting as he did so:

"And our hearts, though stout and brave,
Still, like muffled drums, are beating
Funeral marches to the grave."

"Good poetry," said Alice, "but not truth. The march of a heart to the grave has no music of its own. The music of the heart never goes to the grave."

"Where does it go?" asked Norman.

"Back to its source; and if that source be in Northern Europe it joins the heroic chant in Valhalla; or if that source be in the Flowery Kingdom, I suppose it goes squeaking and buzzing 'down the corridors of Time' to an antiquity remote beyond all the gods."

"When our farthest ancestry dwelt in the bone caves——"

"I beg your pardon, Colonel Holten, our ancestry never dwelt in caves."

"No?" replied Colonel Holten, with good-humored interrogation.

"It is a base slander on the race. The Chinaman, the Mongol, the Basque, and the unwritten lost races of narrow heads, to whom the free sweet air is not a necessity, have dwelt in caves and holes, but the full-chested, large-lunged northern people—*never*."

"You are the most northerly person I ever knew," said Colonel Holten.

"Yet you hate the snow," said Mrs. Holten.

"That is my weakness, Mrs. Holten; but I love the odorous glory of the stately pines—the long-arched gothic silence of the forest in the hills—the shapely strength, the altitude, the power, the individual foothold of the trees—the grand republic of the grateful shade, where all the borrowed essence of the snow in one perpetual unity of verdurous life resists the howling onset of the storms."

"Eloquence!" ejaculated Colonel Holten.

Alice seemed impelled by some unusual motive—some inner excitement. Her action, coupled with the drift of her talk, seemed to say: "I am not muscular like a Venus, nor heir to great wealth, but I have some power." If Norman had any share in exciting her, he seemed not aware of it; but he looked upon her with admiration, as upon a blooded "flyer" whose speed responds to every time-piece on the course.

"Well," said a gentleman visitor, rising to go, "man, being reasonable, must go to bed."

"And the subject under discussion will do to sleep on," said Colonel Holten.

"Perhaps you would say it would do better for that than for anything else," said Miss Alice, archly.

"No, it is a tempting subject; but I think, withal, I prefer song to argument; and if you will sing me a good little song I will go straight to bed."

"With all my heart. What shall it be?"

"Anything your superior taste shall select."

She made a little face at him, went to the piano, and sang "When the Swallows Homeward Fly"—which was a popular parlor song of that day.

The company dispersed, each going his or her several way, and Norman to his own room and reflections. Taking it altogether, he thought he had had a pleasant evening, but not a particularly happy time. There seemed to be rising between himself and Miss Judith a confusion of atmosphere through which she was less distinct to his inner sight. The earnest desire he felt to serve her in any way seemed to be of less worth, because she did not appear to value it. He could not see that it was to preserve him from danger, worry, and expense that she made light of his battle in the street. He assured himself that he should act in the same way in a similar case, but he would have been more comfortable if she had taken a serious view of the matter instead of laughing at him. He had yet to learn that the first thing a woman does with a man who attracts her, and is by her attracted, is to manage him; and that such managing does not consist of asking, denying, commanding, condemning, or rewarding, but does amount to getting things done, or not done, as the case may be, while still leaving room to deny having ever had anything to do with it.

If she could laugh him out of his earnest combative resolution, very good—nobody can prove that a laugh has any particular object. Nobody knows what a laugh is any more than they know what a sneeze is—except that each is a great relief in its proper place. This philosophy of laughter and sneezes never having entered Norman's head, he fell asleep in his bed, rather congratulating himself that in a short time he should get back to the mountains and the mountain people, where he thought there was less law and more order.

In the morning, Norman repaired as usual to the "den," where he found Colonel Holten hard at work. He made little disturbance and no remark as he came in, and sat down at his own desk, keeping the silence of the room unbroken save by the noise made by moving heavy calf-bound volumes in the hands of Colonel Holten.

By and by, Holten, without raising his head or looking round, said:

"Good morning, Mr. Maydole."

"Good morning, sir."

"I want to talk to you presently."

Then there was more silence, after which Colonel Holten turned an open volume face down upon the desk, laid his glasses on the back of the book, and whirled face about in his chair.

"Now, Mr. Maydole," said he, "we will talk business. I have consulted with my coöwners in the mining property I spoke to you of some days ago, and we have had an interview and an agreement with representative parties from the other side—by the other side you will understand me to mean those owners who hold views of mine management with which we have not concurred. We are about equally divided as to sides, but the other side has what may be called possession. Our agreement is that while the other side shall continue their man in charge of the actual workings of the mine, our man shall keep the books, and act as auditor of all accounts. We, on our part, agree that the books shall be correctly kept, and be at all reasonable times open to investigation by the other side or their representative—and they agree that the working of and for the mine shall be done in a workmanlike, honest, and economical manner, and that the work and workings shall be at all reasonable times open to investigation by us or our representative. Do you understand the situation?"

"I think I do."

"Well, then, my coöwners have left it with me to choose a man for the place. Do you know anything about mining?"

"Practically, nothing—by observation, somewhat."

"Do you know anything about the disposition, peculiarities, and temper of miners?"

"Yes, sir."

"From reading Pacific Slope mining stories?" asked Colonel Holten, throwing up his brows in interrogative wrinkles.

"No; I have been down into the mines and associated with miners."

"Very good—very good. That is better than reading the bosh and bathos of our long-tom literature. I only ask you these questions for the purpose of getting a foundation on which to say to you that your most difficult task will be in at once doing your duty to us (of which I have no doubt) and avoiding, as far as possible, difficulties in contending with the prejudices of the resident people. I will not withhold from you that I consider it a delicate and responsible position—one which will draw upon your original resources in grasping the situation. But I am, without more words, going to place you there; feeling satisfied," he added, good-humoredly, "upon Miss Alice Winans's theory, that your ancestors will hover about you, and see you through."

"Have you any suggestion to make as to my action in the premises?"

"No, sir. Go ahead—do right—succeed or fail on the federation of your own faculties, and," he added, laughing, "the blood of your ancestors."

"Thank you."

"There is the agreement on which your conduct is to be based; make a copy of it, which I will endorse as to its correctness; take the copy with you when you go. Here also is a letter directed to the present incumbent, who, upon its presentation, will pass all books, papers, or accounts whatever, into your hands. Here is an agreement with yourself which you are to read and sign, if the consideration for your services as therein written is satisfactory to you."

Handing the papers to Norman, Colonel Holten wheeled about to his desk and went to work.

Norman read first the agreement he was to sign, flushed with delight at the amount of salary named therein, and signed the paper. Then he went to work to study carefully the other agreement and copy the same. When he had finished he made some rustling noise, in gathering together and folding up his papers, which attracted the Colonel's attention.

"Well," said that person, still busy at his desk, "is everything satisfactory?"

"Perfectly."

"I have no wish to hurry you, and there is no imperative call on you for a few days, but when do you desire to start?"

"As soon as may be," answered Norman; "to-morrow, or next day; but, if you please, there is a matter I would like to talk a little with you about."

"When?"

"Now, if you can spare the time."

Holten immediately wheeled about from his desk, took off his glasses, whirled them around between his thumb and finger, and said:

"Well, sir, proceed."

Then Norman told him of his row and his arrest. In the beginning of which recital, he stopped whirling his glasses, looked steadily at Norman, and rather frowned; but as Norman proceeded his face cleared up, then he smiled, and finally laughed outright, and asked:

"Where is that damned stage driver?"

Now as Colonel Holten seldom used profanity, his expression may be taken and excused as a tribute of respect to Mr. Talman Reese.

"He is in the city enjoying himself, and expects to appear before the Police Court to-day at 9 A. M.," said Norman.

"That must not be," said Colonel Holten; "I'll fix that."

"Thank you."

"Yes, I'll fix *that*," Colonel Holten repeated, emphatically. "I can not say that I do not admire your conduct in this case, Mr. Maydole. In fact, if I had a son, I should feel proud to have him manifest the same spirit; but there is a delicacy, as you will see, in all conflicts with lawless and disreputable persons where the conflict is liable to involve any mention of reputable ladies in our Police Court. Nothing but unavoidable necessity should lead to such a state of things—that is to say, unless our better people will join hands to batter out this disgrace of the streets, by following your example."

"I think it could be done," said Norman, firmly.

"No doubt. But San Francisco is an indulgent mother to her erring children."

"Well, then," said Norman, "your assurance as to the matter in the Police Court to-day leaves me nothing more to attend to, except," and here he drew twenty-five dollars from his pocket, "that when you go, or send, to the Police Court, you would have this given to the proper officer, to be by him handed to Mr. Reese, in lieu of what that gentleman has left on deposit as bail money. I desire this done, let the will of the court be what it may, because Mr. Reese is a gallant fellow—or, as he expresses it, he has the 'sand'—and is in no way at fault for my indiscretion."

"I'll attend to him," said Colonel Holten, laughing, "put your money in your pocket."

"Thank you; but pardon me when I suggest that he will not take any money unless he thinks there is a full acquittal."

"There shall be no acquittal about it. There shall be a discharge—a general quash. If there is a magistrate in this State who will hold a man for pugilizing hoodlums who insult innocent women, I would like to see him," said the Colonel, with a touch of indignation in his tone. Colonel Holten then looked at his watch, rose to his feet, and added, "I must look alive to be down town in time to explain these things in arrest of further proceedings at the Police Office; and as it is now near the breakfast hour, I will go to hurry things up a little. If you think of anything you need to have, or to know, which I can assist you to, inform me of it," and he passed out into the hall.

Among other things said at breakfast, Mrs. Holten remarked:

"I am informed that you are going to be a miner, Mr. Maydole."

"Yes, madam."

"Do you think you will like it?"

"I will try to like it."

"You are not going down into the mine to work?" said Judith.

"If need be, Miss Holten."

"Surely," said Alice, "a knight will go where duty calls."

"Yes," said Colonel Holten, "there is a chivalry in doing well the work which comes nearest to us in this life not thoroughly appreciated, I fear, by the rising generation."

"Now, Colonel Holten," replied Alice, "that is a sarcastic remark."

"Not so intended," said the Colonel.

"Thank you. On reflection, I can say conscientiously, for my unit of interest in the rising generation, that I have an honest detestation of persons fairly endowed by nature who are helpless through habit. I am ill of that gush in our literature which brings the young husband home from a financial crash to a lovely wife, who goes into a state of tearful dilapidation. My motto is 'Get up and do.'"

"'Git up and git' is the vernacular formula,' said Colonel Holten, smiling.

"Yes, 'Git up and git,'" echoed Alice. "I have read the Declaration of Independence to a Fourth-of-July audience in my native town, and, in preparing to read effectively, I studied the part, and I am sure that the unalienable rights, 'life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness,' do not include the right to be artificially helpless."

"Nor thriftless, in New England," added the Colonel.

"Nor thriftless—thank you. Our ancestors, whom we idolize, taught us how to make the magic elixir of thrift, and we hand the secret down from father to son—from mother to daughter——"

"'World without end. Amen,'" said Holten.

"Amen," repeated Alice.

Everybody laughed till the Colonel said:

"Those are very sensible remarks, Miss Winans. I commend them to the careful consideration of all persons present."

"When it comes my turn to do for thrift, I expect to be promptly present at roll-call," said Miss Judith, quietly, "but there is too much asked of the rising generation. I know that I can work if need be—dear knows I have worked, preparing for festivals and the like, as industriously as any one can; but it is not fair to ask people to be absorbed in receiving, entertaining, preparing for, and visiting other people, and at the same time expecting them to be laboring for a livelihood. Society is pleasant and important, I suppose, but it means work, and hard work."

"That is very true," said Mrs. Holten.

"Very good—very good! I want no one to work unless they see the need of it—but it is better to look out for the need before it becomes imperative," said Colonel Holten.

"To behold it like the home-coming of a prodigal," said Alice.

"How's that?" asked Colonel Holten.

"'But when he was yet a great way off, his father saw him,'" Alice quoted from St. Luke.

Norman had held his peace through the meal-time, the which Colonel Holten, noticing, asked him:

"What are the ideas of work in your part of the State?"

"We are all working people up our way. We think, in our house, that work is the chief end of man—particularly when he is not old. I would not like to live without exertion—nor to exert myself without an object."

"I don't like to work," said the youngest daughter in a careless drawl, "and I'm not going to, either."

"Ah, Mary," said Colonel Holten, shaking his head with a sort of good-humored solemnity at his latest offspring, "I'm afraid you're a black sheep."

"Well, I'd rawther be a sheep than an ox—sheep don't work, do they?" drawled the infant.

"No, but they get sheared, and turned out in the cold and rain," said Judith.

"Well, then, I'll be something else, if I can't be myself," said the drawler.

"Yes, yes, child, it is very easy to get to the place where we are something else;" then shoving back his chair from the table, he said: "Excuse me, I have business. I must go to work."

After Colonel Holten retired there was a lengthy sitting at the table, through which Norman found his approaching change of location discussed in various moods and tones, all ending in expressions of hope for his health, happiness, and welfare; for which he expressed himself very thankful, and then at last, as they were about to rise from the table, Mrs. Holten gave him a huge crumb of comfort by remarking:

"Mr. Maydole, I want to thank you for your conduct yesterday, and to say to you that I shall always feel grateful to you."

"Not at all, madam," said Norman, fairly caught blushing as he cast a brief look upon the smiling young ladies.

"We are all under obligations to you, Mr. Maydole," said Judith, "and you must never think we do not appreciate what you have done."

Alice said nothing with her mouth as they arose from the table and went their ways.

Upon Colonel Holten's arrival at the Police Court, he found no great difficulty in satisfying the authorities that the public good stood in no need of further proceedings in the cases of

Norman Maydole Jr. and Talman Reese; and therefore turned his attention to the return of the bail money to Mr. Reese.

Never having seen that gentleman, he looked about among the various and ill-assorted persons lounging in attendance on the court, and, following the verbal description he had received of Mr. Reese's style and appearance, he approached an individual bearing a strong resemblance to that description. This individual was sitting on the iron railing surrounding a sunken area, with his heels hooked in the iron supports, and he was carefully whittling a very small, short stick with a big pocket-knife, while he conversed in low undertones with a smaller man, a differently bound second edition of himself, though no way related by blood, who sat beside him on the railing. Colonel Holten approached the whittler and said:

"This is Mr. Reese, I presume."

"Curly" jumped down off the railing, threw away the remains of his little stick, snapped his big knife shut with one hand, while he brushed off the little chips with the other, and answered:

"Yes, sir. That's my name as fer as heered from."

"Is there any doubt about it?"

"Reckon not. The returns is all in an' everything swore to."

"Well, come with me, if you please," said Colonel Holten, suppressing his impulse to laugh.

"Hol' on a minnit, Bill," "Curly" remarked, as he followed the Colonel, and, as they walked along toward the clerk's office, the Colonel said:

"You deposited some money last evening for your appearance here to-day."

"Yes, sir."

"I want to see it returned to you."

"What fer?"

"Because it belongs to you, and there is no charge against you."

"Well, but I know ther' is, Jedge, for I see the feller put it on the book."

"It is quashed."

"Who squashed it?"

"The proper authorities are satisfied with your conduct in the matter, and there is no more about it."

"Ner about Mr. Maydole?"

"Nor about Mr. Maydole—all fixed."

"Well, them proper 'thorities has more sense 'n I thought they had," said "Curly," as they appeared before the clerk. That officer, in the presence of Colonel Holten, gravely handed to Mr. Reese the sum of twenty-five dollars.

"This don't let me off on t'other one too, does it?" asked "Curly" of the clerk.

"No, sir; the other one holds."

"What other one?" asked Colonel Holten.

"Another battery," answered the clerk.

"How is this?" asked the Colonel, as he and "Curly" stepped away from the desk. "What did you do to get yourself on the book again?"

"Well, you see, Jedge, yisteday—er last night —when I left Mr. Maydole, I tuk the street keers fer to go out on Mission to see Bill—that's him out there on the palin's—an' as I was settin' in the keer, an ole lady come in ther'—ole enough to be my mother—an' I got up to give her a seat, an' afore I could git her to see it, a fancy duck 'at was standin' ther' a holdin' onto the brake-line, he mashed himself right down into that seat, an' I pasted him one over the blinkers fer his p'liteness. That's what I done, Jedge."

"They arrested you for that alone?"

"Yes, Jedge, that's all I done; on'y the fancy feller m'yaowed an' yauled an' pranced 'round so 'at he raised a rumpus an' set me a cussin', an' they 'rested fer that, I reckon, much's anything."

"Have you made any arrangements for your defense?"

"Oh, Bill, he's fixed it! He sabes, you bet you! Been ther' himself."

"Ah! Then you are all right. But I should think it would be better for you to avoid these scrapes."

"How kin I avoid 'em? I ain't going to be tromped on, ef it is in San Francisco!"

"Well, but you had no need to use profanity."

"I hadn't? Now, look yer, Jedge, I hain't never been converted yit."

"Perhaps you had better try conversion."

"Oh, I'm all right, Jedge! I come down yer to hev a little fun with the boys, an' I'm hevin' it bully. When I git through, I'm goin' to jine the dapple-gray Young Men's Christian 'Sociation, and quit cussin'. Bill says a feller can hev almost any kind of fun in this town as long's he don't cuss or say bad words."

"Good day, Mr. Reese."

"Good day, Jedge."

When the Colonel had gone, "Curly" returned to his friend Bill, whereupon that friend asked:

"D'ye know who you been talkin' to?"

"The Jedge, I reckon."

"The Judge!" exclaimed Bill, grinning, "why, you're greener'n mouldy brass on a mounted harness. That man don't look no more like old Louder than I look like Broderick's monument."

"Well, he made the clerk gimme back my scads."

"No he didn't, neither."

"Well, what in he ——"

"See yer," Bill suddenly interrupted, "didn't I tell you to stop that cussin'?"

"—— did he do?" said "Curly," finishing his broken sentence.

"Why, he used his in*flew*ence, that's all, an' he's got lots of it."

"Well, who is he?"

"Who is he? Why, he's one of the nobs. He's Colonel Holten, that's who *he* is; an' if you had his little pile of equivalence, you'd be the biggest fool since Coal Oil Tommy."

"Well, I be ——"

"No you won't, neither."

"Well, then, you may."

"I tell ye, you've got to stop it. But I'd like to know what nobs has got to do with you?"

"I don't know. Maydole I reckon's workin' t'other eend of the line, an' the nob's one o' his big-up 'sociates. I tell ye, Bill, that's the whitest boy on the coast—'tain't no use talkin', he's mighty heavy papers. Ef ye hear me."

At this point, a seedy legal-looking person approached Bill, and made a few remarks to that worthy, which caused him to say:

"Come on, 'Curly,' an' get your brake-blocks leathered, and learn to go slow down a new grade."

With these somewhat relevant and original observations the trio entered the court-room to await the calling of the battery case against Talman Reese. But as this form of judicial investigation is familiar to the readers of the daily and weekly newspapers, no description of it is necessary here, and no more notice of it need be taken in this case further than to give some report of Mr. Reese's remarks when called upon to make a brief statement of his position before the court. When asked to explain his actions in the street-car, he arose, with his hat in his hand, and placed that hand on his hip, so that the hat hung down by his side suspended by the edge of the wide brim between his fingers, and with the other hand stroking his chin-whiskers, he remarked as follows:

"Well, yer honor," he said—having picked up that form of address when he was witness in the case entitled "The State of California *vs.* James Clem"—"the way of it was this: I'd paid ten cents fer a seat in that keer, an' I was goin' to give my seat to an ole lady, but that fancy gent over ther', 'at's been a witnessin' agin me, he tuck the seat afore I could git the old lady down into it; an' I tuck him, jist as he says, a friendly tap on the eye-brow, to call his attention to the fac' 'at he wasn't keepin' to the right as the law directs."

"Perhaps he thought you were about to depart, when you arose," said the Judge.

"No, I reckon' not, yer honor, becoz he see me reachin' for the ole lady afore I got up, an' the keer wasn't stoppin' nowher'."

"Well, sir, is it your rule to take the law into your own hands and knock people into obedience?"

"Now, see yur, yer honor," said "Curly," after some pause, during which he derived inspiration from the golden horse-shoe on his watch-chain, "that ther' needs a little explainin'. I'm a silk-popper, you know."

"I know nothing of the kind. What is a silk-popper?"

"A man 'at pops the silk over a stage-team—it's a tetchnickel term—the same as mule-skinner for a mule-teamster, or as bull-puncher fer a man 'at steers oxen."

"Ah, yes! Well, go on, sir, and avoid a free use of technical terms henceforth."

"Well, as I was goin' to say, when I'm out on the road, an' takin' up way-passengers, it's my business to see 'em all seated accordin' as they come, in reg'lar order, unless some's a mind to swap seats to make it comfortable all round; but once in a while I git hold of a gill-marten 'at wants to play wild hog on us, as that fancy witness wanted to play it on me an' the ole lady in the keer, an' that kind of a feller I generally set down so 'at he stays sot where I put him; an' I reckon I must a forgot myself an' thought I was boss o' the job. But I'd a punched him all the same, yer honor, ef he'd bin my own brother."

The court smiled and asked: "Is that all?"

"Yes, yer honor, I s'pose that's about all the light I can throw upon this yer case, only I'd like a time-keard of the rules of the road, an' I'd like the keard to pint out my duty when a feller takes my seat," and he sat down.

"The evidence shows that you have committed a battery—your own statement admits it; but there are mitigating circumstances in the case under which I find it my duty to impose upon you the lightest penalty of the law; hereafter, in a like state of affairs, you will appeal to the conductor or other person in charge of the street-car you may at the time be riding in."

"All right, yer honor," said "Curly," half rising to his feet and sitting down again as he spoke.

"Curly" paid his fine, settled with the seedy legal light, and then he and Bill good-naturedly left the building in search of more "fun with the boys"; but one is left to doubt if "Curly's" brake-blocks had received a leathering sufficient to alter his pace down a new grade.

During the day, Norman Maydole Jr. occupied his time in making careful and minute preparation for his change of place and occupation. Like most long-handed people, he was methodical, though not finical, in all his affairs, so that by late dinner-time he had fixed his small belongings in such thorough order, that, had his departure been into eternity instead of into "the mines," the administrator on his affairs would have found no trouble in rendering a final account.

At the dinner-table he found Miss Winans and the family all present, save Miss Judith, who was absent in attendance at some neighborly festivities.

He announced his readiness to depart early on the morrow.

"So suddenly?" said Mrs. Holten, lifting her brows.

"Why not remain till after the Fourth?" asked Miss Winans.

"Oh, yes, Mr. Maydole, do!" exclaimed the elder of the younger girls. "There is going to be a grand parade and speeches and readings and songs, and ever so many bands of music, and—and—everything."

"It is only a few days until the national holiday, Mr. Maydole—perhaps you had better stay," said Colonel Holten, in his quietest way, looking at Norman as he spoke.

"No," said Norman, "I am not much of a holiday person at best, and just now 'my heart is in the highlands.'"

"There are only two holidays in the republic worth keeping, and they should be kept religiously," said Miss Alice.

"Which are they?" asked Colonel Holten, with the quizzical fatherliness he often assumed when addressing Miss Winans.

"Thanksgiving and the Fourth of July."

"Of course," said the Colonel, "and Yankee-doodledum comes first."

"The order is strictly chronological, sir. Thanksgiving came first in our history, and then the Fourth of July. The first may be called our feast of fat things, and the latter our festival of roses."

"And Washington's birth-day you overlook altogether," said the Colonel.

"It is not properly American to celebrate the birth of any one man. To do so, even with Washington's grand serenity to sanctify it, is to retrograde from 'the course of human events' toward anthropomorphism."

"Oh, Miss Alice, *what* a big word!" exclaimed the youngest Holten.

"I think Christmas is our nicest and kindest holiday," said Mrs. Holten.

"Christmas is the holiday of motherhood; but it does not belong to this era. This is the age of 'prove it,' and Christmas pertains to the epoch of miracle and much belief. It is full of sweetness and childhood; but, alas! it is itself in its second childhood."

"And New Year's Day?" asked Norman.

"A barbarous and drunken holiday, borrowed of the sun-worshipers. When the sun approached the shortest day in the year, our ancestors, who always reveled in the balm of the open air, used to think he might die out altogether, so when, by what is now our new year, it was perceptible that the sun was coming back, there was great rejoicing. New Year's Day is a sort of hallelujah of that ignorance which preceded the circumnavigation of the earth and Newton's discovery of the laws of gravitation, and the moral of it all is that you stay and celebrate the day which deifies the moral courage of our intelligent ancestors. You should, indeed, Mr. Maydole. It is the worthiest day in the calendar of saints."

"I should like very much to stay and see a great city rejoicing; but the flags, wherever I may go on our vast domain, will keep the old memories illuminated."

"Ah! what a wonderful blaze of glory that flag does send across this wide continent on the great day, to be sure!" said the Colonel.

"Isn't it most splendid? Everywhere, up and down and across all the wide lands and waters of this vast republic, like the bloom of the orchards, there springs into the bright sunshine one all-pervasive blossoming of red, white, and blue. There is no picture like it or equal to it, in poem, prose, or pigment. Cæsar's royal purpling of the Roman hills was but a daub on Time's canvas in comparison ——" Here she broke off from the theme, and asked:

"At what hour do you start, Mr. Maydole?"

"I am to be at the ferry-boat at four A. M."

"Then I shall not see you again before you depart, as I am on the card for a night out; but I hope you may wrest fame and fortune from the rock-ribbed hills, and return to your friends a victorious veteran in the battle of life."

"Thank you, Miss Winans. There is nerve and power in earnest well-wishing."

"In a woman's well-wishing," said Colonel Holten.

"Of course," said Alice, "who else is there to do the well-wishing? Men take an interest in each other, but women wish well where they have no interest."

"Also ill, sometimes," said the Colonel, in a teasing manner.

"Ill or well, a woman's wish is a vital matter, and so recognized by the traditions of all peoples, from Eden to ——"

"Milpitas," ejaculated the Colonel.

"Where is Milpitas?" asked Alice.

"Where is Eden?" asked the Colonel.

"Eden is the place where Investigation found Knowledge; where Knowledge begot Doubt; where Doubt married Inquiry, from whom are the great families of Industry and Thrift—the nobility of civilization. Now, where's Milpitas?"

"Well, I think after that, Milpitas is nowhere," said the Colonel, laughing.

"It is a nice little village in Santa Clara County," said Mrs. Holten.

"Well, I am truly glad it is not Saint Milpitas. This is the most sanctified country I ever saw. I am in a state of geographical confusion half the time with Sans and Santas."

"You must write to us and let us know how you prosper in your new field," said Mrs. Holten, turning to Norman.

"Certainly, madam, I shall have occasion to write frequently."

"Oh, yes. But I do not mean the letters you may write to Mr. Holten—of course you will write to him—I mean that I want a letter now and then for us all together, if you have time."

"With pleasure, madam, if I find anything to interest you."

Thus the dinner-hour wore away, as dinner-hours will wear, with disjointed chat, until the family was about to disperse, when Miss Winans, as she arose from the table, approached Norman, offering her hand, which he took in his, and bade him a final farewell, leaving the dining-room walking by his side; as they passed out of the room she looked into his face, and asked:

"Have you said farewell to Judith?"

"No, I have not."

"Don't you wish to?"

"I do."

"I do not see how you can, unless you wait up till she comes home at a late hour."

"I will wait."

"I will see her at the party—reception, or whatever it is—and tell her."

"I will remember it as a favor," he said, and parted from her to go his way.

Later in the evening he came into the sitting room to bid the Colonel, Mrs. Holten, and the "little girls" good-bye, after which he inquired of them if he should not "have the honor of a parting word with Miss Holten."

"By all means," said Mrs. Holten. "Your departure seems to come so suddenly that it is a little awkward; but I do not think Judith will remain late away to-night, and if you will wait for her, you can meet her in the parlor when she comes."

Norman passed the evening into the night talking to Mrs. Holten, till the "little girls" retired, while Colonel Holten read his papers, dropping a remark here and there, until "tired nature's sweet restorer" compelled the head of the house to nod, then apologize, then disappear with a final "Good-bye, and good luck to you, Maydole, if I don't see you in the morning."

Then Norman and Mrs. Holten had a cosy chat until she, with a mother's alertness, hearing the muffled rumble of luxurious wheels and the after-slamming of the door, said:

"There is Judith, now," and went out of the sitting-room to meet her daughter. When she presently returned, she said:

"Judith will see you in the parlor, Mr. Maydole," and escorted him thither, where, after a few passing remarks, she left him under the gas-light in a summer night.

Judith Holten was a fine figure for a large room, and an object which, when dressed with care and taste, as she now was, could not be dwarfed or out-shone by the art of the woodworker, the weaver, the house-furnisher, or the painter. Among the results of handiwork under her feet, over her head, on the walls, and in the costly furniture all about her, she was herself the greatest handiwork.

As she stood before him with the lights above her (for with the glamor of festive excitement still upon her, she was not prone to sit down), she crossed her hands behind her back, and, from the majesty of her stately head above her bared shoulders, looked upon him, asked him to take a seat, and altogether dazzled him as he never before had been dazzled; but here, as elsewhere in trying situations, he had 'the sand.'

"No," he said, "it is late. I will not detain you. I shall depart in the morning before you are up——"

"So soon?" she interrupted. "Then I insist upon it that you take a seat, and we will have a comfortable little talk. Now be seated—do. I want to quiet down after the dissipation, anyway, and I have not Alice to punish, so I will punish you a little;" then, as he took a seat, she occupied a great square-topped chair, though she did not sit down in it, but knelt upon the cushioned seat, and, leaning against the back, talked to him and listened to his talk.

Now Norman Maydole Jr., however much he may have felt that he was conquered by the woman before him, did not manifest it in his conduct or conversation; but the woman, with that subtile sense for which language can find no fitting name, found means to see through his placid, reserved demeanor, and was also inclined to enjoy it, so far as it could be enjoyed without any open demonstration on either side. Adroitly she led him on in conversation, gazing at him over the fortification of the chair-back, and listened to him while he gave his ideas of what a man ought to be, and try to be; also of what he hoped to achieve in life, until he found himself talking more fully, freely, and egotistically than he had ever done to any person in his life-time. Some women have a wonderful tact of causing even the strongest men to tell all they know. Or perhaps it is not tact so much as it is a sort of sweetness of atmosphere surrounding such women, in which the man becomes exhilarated and reckless. Judith Holten had this tact, atmosphere, or whatever it should be called, in large measure. And she had before her a man to whom such exhilaration was a dangerous stimulant, for he was a man in whom action was a predominant spirit. He continued to talk while she led and listened earnestly, with her cheek upon her hand, propping her leaning head upon the back of the chair. At last, suddenly, yet softly, he rose to his feet, looked at his watch, said, "It is late," approached her, extended his hand, and as she took it in one of hers, still leaning her cheek upon the other, he bowed his head gently toward her, and said: "Farewell, God bless you," and then, as from an electric battery, she felt, rather than knew, she had been kissed upon the shoulder—almost upon the neck.

In that same moment all was silent—he was gone. The gas-lights whispered to each other, and the shadows smiled and frowned among the pictures on the wall, but she moved not. Had catalepsy fallen upon her she could not have been struck into a motionless statue more perfectly.

But the shock, though profound and thorough, did not last long, for presently she sprang from the chair, her face burning and flushed, her eyes flashing, and all her grand physique quivering with excitement, and rushed to the closed door out of which he had passed, opened the door, looked eagerly and angrily into the hall, then closing the door she strode to and fro upon the deep, rich carpet, with the soft yet rigid step of a roused tigress, muttering to herself: "Outrageous—insulting—cowardly!" but at the word "cowardly" she stopped, sat down in the great chair, put her handkerchief to her face, put her hands over the handkerchief, then put face, handkerchief, and hands down upon her knees, and in this attitude remained for some minutes; then she began to shake with emotion which at first might be hysterical, but soon assumed the character of uncontrollable and contortionate laughter, during which she resumed a sitting posture in the big chair, and still laughing and wiping her eyes, she said to herself:

"What a ridiculous boy!" Then she paused, and added, looking about the large room, "How awfully still and lonesome everything looks!" She paused again, and tried to look down at the place on her shoulder; then she put her hand softly upon it, and looked at the hand; then took away the hand, looked at the place on her hand which had covered the place on her shoulder; then saying: "I am an idiot," turned off the gas and retired to her own rooms.

Next morning, at the earliest dawning of a long day in late June, Norman Maydole Jr., out of the side door of Colonel Holten's den, passed, satchel in hand, into the summer fog of the streets of San Francisco, on his way to the land of silver, silence, and sage brush. At an upper window in the Holten house, he may, or may not, have caught, in the halo of light paling in the dawning, some slight glimpse of a face following his footsteps; but he made no sign that he was aware of any kind of light shining from that window.

Being no longer under the spell of the charmer, he was able to see clearly that he had no gentlemanly right to even seem to abuse the hospitality of the roof he was leaving, so he strode sturdily away into the enveloping folds of the fog, determined to achieve a financial standing which would some day, perhaps, give him an excuse to offer an explanation of his conduct of the night.

J. W. GALLY.

OUR RELATIONS WITH MEXICO.

Have we any relations with Mexico worth speaking of? Has the Government of the United States ever decided upon any definite policy toward our "sister Republic," or are we commercially and politically adrift? Mexico is our nearest neighbor, and should be our best friend and customer. For her products there is an eager demand here; for our products and manufactures an eager demand there; yet on the entire west coast of Mexico there is not a single American commercial house, and but one, I think—that of James Lohse—on the east coast; and that is a hardware house, importing largely from Europe. The entire business of Mexico is in the hands of European merchants. As a natural consequence, European merchants introduce European manufactures whenever it is possible to do so, to the exclusion of American manufactures; and certainly it is only a reasonable inference that American interests generally suffer to a corresponding extent. This status of affairs is not very creditable to American enterprise; and it is still less creditable to the enterprise of San Francisco. We have made great efforts, reaching out to China and the East, where we are getting more than we bargained for, and we have left our natural customer to enterprising Europeans. Of course there must be some reason for this state of affairs; some unusual obstacles must have interrupted the natural flow of the stream of commerce in that direction. It is the object of this article to discover these obstacles, and to consider whether they can be, and ought to be, removed.

Mexico is a strange anomaly. Her constitution and laws are as liberal as ours—in some respects, indeed, they are more liberal than ours—yet, notwithstanding, foreigners in Mexico are repeatedly called upon to witness acts of actual despotism. The explanation of this is found in the fact that although the Mexicans succeeded in freeing themselves from the Spanish yoke, they have never yet been able to free themselves entirely from the fatal heritage of Spanish customs—customs imposed upon "the Indies" by the conquerors, to enrich the privileged classes at the expense of the poor, and to aggrandize the mother country at the expense of her dependencies.

Señor Miguel Lerdo de Tejada, a very distinguished Mexican writer and statistician, brother of the ex-President Lerdo de Tejada, published, many years since, an exceedingly interesting and valuable book, entitled *A History of the Commerce of Mexico from the Conquest to the Present Time* (1853), compiled from the records of the various consulates and other official sources. A careful study of this most interesting work sheds remarkable light upon the true cause of the present condition of Mexico, and upon the entire history of the country indeed, past and present, political as well as commercial.

It seems only natural and proper that Americans should compare, with pride, the prosperity of the United States as contrasted with the disorganization, poverty, and misery prevailing in Mexico; but when one remembers the brutality and lust of the Spanish conquerors, the terrible burdens which they imposed upon the people, the exactions and trammels which they forced upon the commerce of the colonies, their insatiable greed, the endless list of duties, of—

	Per cent.
Introduccion en España	15
Internacion	5
Consolidacion de vales	5
Almirantazgo	0½
Almojarifazgo de salida	7
Consulado	1
Subvencion de guerra	1½
Reemplazas	1
Para el canal de Guadalquivir	0½
Total	36½

And that added to these were additional duties upon the entry and consumption of merchandise, bringing the total duties up to seventy-five per cent.; that it was only by special permission that goods could be shipped at all in foreign bottoms, and then only by paying an excess of duties of four and five per cent.; and that cochineal, for example—which at that time formed one of the principal exports of the colony—paid, on leaving Oajaca and Vera Cruz for Spain, and on its export thence to foreign countries, the extraordinary sum of *forty-one dollars and thirty cents the arroba* of twenty-five pounds—we can then understand the difficulties under which the Mexicans have labored. In short, Spain was at that time, as she is now, the least liberal and progressive of nations, and she left her emancipated colony a heritage of the most oppressive and exacting laws.

The people of the United States, on the other hand, although they considered themselves oppressed, had, previous to their declaration of independence, been subject to the most liberal and enlightened of the nations of Europe, and were blessed by receiving as an inheritance the substance, at least, of the wise and equitable laws by which we are at present governed.

It is not surprising, therefore, that we find Mexico divided into factions even at the outset of her attempt to free herself from the Spanish yoke. The privileged classes and the clergy, from the very first, opposed themselves to the liberal movement, and for ten long years sustained the brunt of the struggle in favor of the imperial government. The war of independence commenced in 1810; it lasted until 1821, when the Conservative party and the clergy first realized their mistake, and joined with the Liberals to secure the independence of the country. In 1822 was established the Empire of Iturbide, which was destroyed the following year. In 1824, the "Federal Republic" was declared. In 1836, the federation was suppressed and a Central Government established. In 1842, a Dictatorship was declared. In 1845, the Federal Government was reëstablished. In 1853, the Federal Government was deposed, and a Military Dictatorship declared, which was deposed again in 1855. The ultimate result of this struggle was the Constitution of the 5th of February, 1857, which declared the absolute severance of Church and State, and suppressed the privileges of the clergy. In 1857, however, the Conservatives, rendered desperate by the harshness of the victors, made a determined effort to recover their power. The three years' war from 1857 to 1860 was the consequence of this attempt, which terminated, however, in the triumph of the Liberals in December, 1860. This was followed by the war of the French intervention, from 1861 to 1867, the most fatal, prolonged, and bloody of all. Since that, we have seen the administration of Juarez, of Lerdo de Tejada, and of the present President, Porfirio Diaz, who occupies the Presidency by virtue of a successful revolution, while his predecessor is a fugitive in New York.

The foreign wars of Mexico have been—the Spanish war of 1829 to reconquer Mexico, which resulted in the capitulation of the Spanish at Tampico; the French expedition to Vera Cruz in 1838; the war with the United States in 1846 and 1847; the invasion of Mexico by the allied forces of England, France, and Spain; and the French war of intervention, already alluded to, which resulted in the death of Maximilian and the beginning of the downfall of the Emperor Napoleon III.

The foregoing is a very brief recapitulation of events, but sufficient, doubtless, to remove any feeling of surprise which one might have felt, owing to ignorance or forgetfulness, that Mexico has not made greater advances toward developing the extraordinary resources which she unquestionably possesses, and which every intelligent person acquainted with the country is convinced are sufficient, if judiciously developed, to place Mexico among the richest, as she is now among the poorest, of civilized nations.

The administration of General Porfirio Diaz, although menaced from time to time by serious revolutions—such as that of Lozada in Tepic—has been, in the main, the most pacific and promising which Mexico has enjoyed for many years: so much so, that considerable attention has been devoted, of late, to the peaceful extension of her commerce, and to internal improvements. Having been engaged in war, as we have seen, with England, France, and Spain, and having by the execution of Maximilian forfeited—if indeed she ever possessed—the friendship of the German States, it is but natural that she should turn toward the United States, as her nearest neighbor, her best, most reliable, and, perhaps, her only friend.

It is only in the natural sequence of events, therefore, that we find his Excellency, Señor de Zamacona, the Minister of Mexico to the United States in the latter part of 1878, exerting his influence to procure an extension of commerce between the two countries, and, among other efforts, addressing the enterprising merchants and manufacturers of Chicago to that end. These gentlemen, we may be sure, were not slow to pay all due attention to a subject of so much importance, initiated, officially or semi-officially, by a person of so much consideration; and for a short time Chicago was aflame with zeal in favor of the new field which appeared about to open for her enterprise. It appears, however, that Mr. Carlisle Mason, President of the Manufacturers' Association of Chicago, addressed a letter to the Hon. John A. Foster, Minister for the United States resident in the City of Mexico, inviting him to attend a meeting of the merchants and manufacturers of Chicago, in furtherance of the project for the extension of commerce between the two countries, at which meeting Señor Zamacona was to be present. Mr. Foster, "owing to the pressure of official duties," could not attend, but, "deprived of that pleasure," he nevertheless favored them with that which he presumed to be the principal object of the meeting, viz.:

"Information relative to the best means of developing the commercial relations between the two republics, and of extending and improving them." He had bestowed, he said, much study and meditation upon the subject during his residence in the country, and he had become deeply interested in it. It must be confessed, however, that the information which he gave was calculated not only to prevent any further extension of commerce between the two republics, but to suspend the little which at present exists, and to dishearten every one—at least every American—at present engaged in developing the resources of Mexico, whether agricultural, commercial, or mineral.

Mr. Foster prefaced his remarks by stating that he and Señor Zamacona had entered upon their respective duties about the same time; that the efforts of Señor Zamacona deserved the highest eulogy; that he was proud to call himself their earnest advocate; but being, he said, "called upon by my countrymen to place them in possession of facts to guide them in their proposed effort to open up extended commercial relations with Mexico, it is my duty to speak frankly and hide nothing, however disagreeable the truth may be to some, in order that they may clearly see the difficulties which lie in the way of their enterprise, and act intelligently." He adds that, while Señor Zamacona has been more and more impressed by the possibility of extending the commercial relations between the two countries, he, on the contrary, had become more and more convinced of the serious character of the obstacles to be surmounted, and says:

"To examine and decide upon a new commercial enterprise with a foreign country, there are three especial points upon which men of business desire information, viz:

"*First*—The means of arriving at the new market, and if these are defective, the possibility of improving the methods of communication.

"*Second*—The tariff, and matters relative thereto; and the laws and usages to which they may be subject in their new field of operations.

"*Third*—The protection afforded to persons and property in the country.

"The *first* of these points was the one principally discussed at the meeting in Hershey Hall—only a slight reference being made to the *third;* while the *second* was passed over without the slightest notice whatever.

"I will limit myself in this report to the frank treatment of these *three points*—basing all my statements on irrefutable official facts and data, obtained during a residence of more than five years in Mexico.

The Means of Transportation.

"In 1873, the Executive contracted with the Texas International Railroad Company for the construction of a railroad to the capital. This contract or concession contained stipulations to the effect that all the capital, shareholders, employees, and other persons connected with the company should be considered *Mexican* while they had to do with the enterprise within the limits of the republic. None of these parties were to have any rights as foreigners to claim protection from their own government, *even when they could allege the absolute refusal of justice.* And stipulations such as these are inserted or proposed to be inserted in all contracts with or concessions to foreigners from that date to the present time.

"None of these concessions have given good results, and the reason of this is very obvious. American capitalists do not care to invest their money in Mexican enterprises with no more security than has hitherto been afforded them; and they are particularly opposed to the renouncement of their nationality for the privilege of constructing a railroad in a foreign country, and agreeing to forego the intervention of their own government, even *when justice is absolutely denied them* in another—a privilege recognized by the general principles of international law."

As it is, however, *possible*, he says, that some Americans may desire to accept a concession from the Mexican Congress, even on the terms alluded to, he proceeds to consider what probabilities there really are of obtaining it:

"It is unquestionable that there exists in Mexico a general conviction that railroads are one of the great necessities of the country, although the feeling in favor of the construction of a railroad by the United States is not nearly so general. The great majority of the public men of Mexico deem a railroad from the city of Mexico to the Pacific of much greater importance, as that, in connection with the line from Vera Cruz, would form an interoceanic highway. There is a general, although not a universal, sentiment that a great railroad, constructed by Americans, would ultimately result in the destruction of Mexican nationality and the absorption of the country by the United States. Politicians understand this feeling so well that whenever the question of a concession of the kind comes up before Congress, it is appealed to, and always with telling results. The Executive did make a contract with an American company for the construction of a railroad, commencing at the capital, with one branch to the American frontier, and another to the Pacific; but it contained this provision—'that the branch to the Pacific *must be finished* before commencing the one to the frontier.' Notwithstanding this clause, the bill was thrown out of Congress by a great majority, but with an almost unanimous vote in favor of authorizing the Executive to construct a railroad to the Pacific only! The Hon. Señor Don Alfredo Chavero, one of the most experienced and influential men in the republic, said that it would be a very fatal and unwise act to grant such a concession to a powerful American company, for history proved it to be a natural law that nations adjoining one another are enemies, and that the northern nations almost invariably invaded those of the south; that it was therefore necessary to be on guard against the United States. He concluded as follows: 'You, deputies of the States, would you change your poor and beautiful liberty for the rich subjection which these railroads would give you? Go ask the lion of the desert if he would change his rocky cave for a golden cage, and the lion of the desert will answer with a roar of liberty.'"

Later, Mr. Foster proceeds to consider the question whether it is possible for Mexico to pay a subsidy, supposing the government willing to grant it, and says:

"If a subsidy is necessary, what is the probability of obtaining it from the Mexican Government? In the contract made with the International Company of Texas, in 1873, the government promised to pay to the company nine thousand dollars per *kilometro* (nearly fifteen thousand dollars per mile); and, to secure the subsidy, hypothecated eight per cent. of the annual duties of the principal seaports, and these in substance have been the terms which they have been proposing to foreign companies during the last ten years. Or in some cases, in lieu of the subsidy, they have offered certain quantities of government lands (*terrenos baldios*), but as they have not these lands fixed or determined by commissions, and as it is probable that the greater portion of the country in which they say the lands are situated is covered by titles of some kind, or by concessions, and the country for more than three hundred years has been occupied, I do not consider said subsidies of sufficient value to speak of in this work.

"In dispatches which I have sent lately to the Department of State, of which I have no doubt but those interested can obtain a copy, I have demonstrated that Mexico owes in Europe a debt—in bonds or obligations, and by virtue of treaties, with interest accrued—amounting to something like $125,000,000, and to the United States about $2,700,000. For the payment of the European debt the government has already pledged all the disposable funds of the custom-house, and subsequently pledged sixty per cent. of a portion of said custom-house funds for the payment of the American debt.

"It is certain that this government alleges that the conduct of England, France, and Spain, in 1861, relieved her of her obligations contracted in Europe; but these nations do not admit of said pretension; and there is no doubt but that the pledge given in favor of the American debt is an obligatory indebtedness. From this it is clear, then, that the pledge of eight per cent., or of any other proportion of the custom-house funds, is an imperfect guarantee, whose validity could be disputed by powerful reclamations.

"Again—the ability of the government to pay a subsidy, of whatever kind, is extremely doubtful; and, in case of new methods being devised, its impossibility is absolutely certain. It has not paid a single dividend upon the principal of its European debt for twenty years; and since 1861 it has not paid, as it promised, a single dollar of the interest of said debt.

"In respect to the American debt, a semi-annual dividend of the interest has never been paid from the time the agreement was formed. More than this, the state of the exchequer of the nation is such that it is now more than two years and a half since it has paid a cent upon the subsidy granted to the railroad company between the City of Mexico and Vera Cruz; and actually it owes to that corporation very nearly two millions of dollars. The poverty of the treasury is such that only recently it was found necessary to suspend the salaries of the judges and civil employees of the government. Its extreme condition is manifested by the fact that within the last four months the *Diario Oficial* of the Supreme Government announced that it was necessary to appeal to the patriotism of the civil employees—not only to those of the executive, but to those also of the judicial departments—in order that they should take the suspension of their salaries with patience, as it had been found necessary to send fifty thousand dollars to the northern frontier to cover the expenses of a campaign against the Indians. It is hardly probable—with a foreign debt and the national treasury in such a condition—that the Mexican Government can be able or disposed to pay fifteen thousand dollars a mile for the construction of a railroad which the most able and intelligent of her public men believe would ultimately occasion her national ruin."

Having thus examined the question of facilitating the means of communication, Mr. Foster devotes his attention to those subjects of supreme interest to the manufacturers, merchants, and capitalists of the United States whose attention has been attracted in that direction:

THE TARIFF, AND MATTERS RELATING THERETO.

"The first matter to be studied in relation to the subject of commerce between the two countries is the Mexican tariff on importations. Many of us believe that our own tariff urgently needs revision and important reductions, but that of Mexico is still more strongly protective and prohibitory; and while many of the provisions of our tariff contribute to the advancement of commerce, that of Mexico is entirely destitute of them.

"The branches of industry for which Mexico has special advantages are—mining, and the cultivation of tropical plants; but it legislates *against mining*, and in the interest of manufactures, for which neither the people nor the country are specially adapted at present. And this system offers a great obstacle to the prosperity of their commercial relations with us. The following is a list of duties imposed by the

MEXICAN TARIFF ON SUNDRY ARTICLES.*

Wearing Apparel—Suits	132% ad. val.
Shirts	$4 00 to $24 00 doz.
Hose and half-hose	1 00 to 1 76 doz.
Boots and Shoes—Gents'	7 50 to 27 00 doz.
Ladies'	5 50 to 17 00 doz.
Children's	5 00 to 10 00 doz.
Hats—Gents'	6 60 to 15 00 doz.
Ladies' and children's	55% ad. val.
Blankets	16 c. sq. met.
Cotton Goods—(ordinary prints 14 c. sq. met)	9 c. to 19 c. sq. met.
Linen Goods	11 c. to 34 c. sq. met.
Woolen Goods	22 c. to 80 c. sq. met.
Mixed Goods—Very fine mixtures	$7 17 ⅌ kilo.
With cotton, linen, or wool as base, and containing a proportion of silk	20 c. to 35 c. sq. met.
Provisions, etc.—Refined sugar	15 c. ⅌ kilo.
Preserved meats and fish	72 c. ⅌ kilo.
Pickles	48 c. ⅌ kilo.
Canned fruits	$1 43 ⅌ kilo.
Crackers	12 c. ⅌ kilo.
Flour	10 c. ⅌ kilo.
Ham and bacon	24 c. ⅌ kilo.
Lard	18 c. ⅌ kilo.
Butter	24 c. ⅌ kilo.
Potatoes	2 c. ⅌ kilo.
Cheese	14 c. ⅌ kilo.
Candles—Tallow	8 c. ⅌ kilo.
Sperm	57 c. ⅌ kilo.
Stearine	19 c. ⅌ kilo.
Wines—Claret, in bottles	14 c. ⅌ kilo.
Claret, in casks	10 c. ⅌ kilo.
White, in casks	17 c. ⅌ kilo.
White, in bottles	23 c. ⅌ kilo.
Coal Oil	9 c. ⅌ kilo.
Ale and Beer	20 c. ⅌ kilo.
Arms, etc.—Common	19 c. ⅌ kilo.
Fine	80 c. to 90 c. ⅌ kilo.
Cartridges	50 c. ⅌ kilo.
Gunpowder	$1 00 ⅌ kilo.
Gunpowder, for mining purposes	free
Hardware, etc.—Scales of all kinds	29 c. ⅌ kilo.
Nails, iron	12 c. ⅌ kilo.
Nails, other material	29 c. ⅌ kilo.
Pen-knives, common	19 c. ⅌ kilo.
Pen-knives, fine	$1 15 ⅌ kilo.
Steel (bar)	6 c. ⅌ kilo.
Iron (bar)	5 c. ⅌ kilo.
Vehicles, etc.—Carts and wagons, 2 wheels	$33 each
Carts and wagons, 4 wheels	$66 each
Carriages, 2 wheels, for 2 persons	$66 each
Carriages, 2 wheels, more than 2 persons	$88 each
Carriages, 4 wheels, 2 persons	$132 each
Carriages, 4 wheels, more than 2 persons	$176 each
Coaches, landaus, phaetons, &c., with 4 wheels and seating more than 2 persons	$396 each
Stage coaches	$150 each
Omnibuses	$200 each
Saddles and side-saddles	55 % ad val.
Harness, common	86 c. ⅌ kilo.
Harness, fine	$2 ⅌ kilo.
Sundries—Blank-books	86 c. ⅌ kilo.
Drugs and perfumery	88 % ad. val.
Furniture	55 % ad. val.
Pianos and organs	43 c. ⅌ kilo.
Watches	13 % ad. val.

NOTE.—The foregoing list is not the list as quoted by Minister Foster, but is substituted as being somewhat more serviceable to the general reader.

After preparing a synopsis of the tariff, Mr. Foster furnishes the following memoranda:

"An analysis of the preceding will demonstrate to the importer that from the beginning of his new enterprise he is met by a tariff much higher than the cost price, and in many cases absolutely prohibitory, apparently on that class of goods that he most desires to import.

"But the payment of these duties is only the commencement of expense. Previously, the Federal Government imposed four or five additional duties, but these are now comprised in this tariff. There exists in this country the evil system of charging municipal and State duties on foreign goods in addition to the regular duties, and as these charges are decreed by the State legislatures, they are distinct in each State. In the City of Mexico this duty is only two per cent. on the custom-house tariff, but in the neighboring State of Hidalgo it is twelve and one-half per cent., and in some other States it reaches twenty-five per cent.

"This system of interior custom-houses, besides being a burden pecuniarily, is exceedingly troublesome to the merchant, for at each point his goods have to be passed through the local custom-house, unpacked and examined, and additional expenses of different kinds incurred. This is an evil recognized and acknowledged by the most illustrious men of the country. The Federal Constitution expressly prohibits this system, and the Supreme Court of Justice has declared its illegality; but necessity knows no law, and the courts pay little attention to the exigencies of political economy and commerce in face of the necessity of the moment. The States and municipalities are always in great difficulties in regard to funds to meet their ordinary expenses, and find a ready means of solving the problem by exacting charges on foreign goods, which are the class that can best support the exactions. Thus the States continue in disaccord with the Constitution and the Supreme Court of the country.

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* The Mexican tariff fixes the relation of the pound and yard to the kilogram and meter as follows: 100 English pounds equal [illegible] kilograms; 100 English yards equal 91.44 meters.

"But this matter of duties is not the only obstacle in the way of foreign merchants who wish to reach the markets of the country. This government has not adopted any system of *bonded warehousing*. Notwithstanding that the City of Mexico is the principal wholesale market for the central table-land of the country, and is in communication with its seaport by rail, there is no arrangement by which goods can be passed through the custom-house and the duties paid in the City of Mexico. Since the inauguration of the railroad, the government has proposed to take measures to this end, and as a preliminary step compelled the railroad company to construct a wharf at Vera Cruz which cost some three hundred thousand dollars, that the merchandise destined for the City of Mexico might be transported from foreign vessels directly to the cars. But, notwithstanding the wharf has been finished more than three years, it is still unused, for the reason that the people of Vera Cruz (a city of twelve thousand inhabitants) consider it prejudicial to their local interests. Thus, in order not to displease some few hundred commission merchants, lighters, and porters who might avail themselves of this pretext to "pronounce," the old system is still continued, and more than half the country and foreign merchants have to pay a heavy tribute: that is to say, they have to pass their goods through the custom-house at Vera Cruz, for which purpose only twenty-four hours are allowed in which to prepare invoice and manifest, and consequently are compelled to employ an agent and pay double charges for carriage, packing, unpacking, etc.

"But this is not all. Free from the clutches of the Vera Cruz custom-house and the agent—the duties paid, and the goods started on their way to the capital—they have yet, on their arrival here, to pass through a custom-house again, and the packages are reëxamined. The local duties have to be paid, and new disbursements made in the way of stamps, carriage, etc.

CALCULATION OF WHAT A BARREL OF SUGAR-CURED HAM IS WORTH IN THE CITY OF MEXICO—GROSS WEIGHT BEING 325 POUNDS.

Cost in New York @ 11 cts. ꝑ ℔	$33 00
Expenses in New York, such as freight, consular invoice ($4.00 gold), manifests, etc., approximating 5 % in large cargoes	1 65
Freight to Vera Cruz from New York, @1 ct. ꝑ ℔	3 25
Exchange in New York on $37.90 @ 18 %	6 82
Duties in Vera Cruz—138 kilograms, @ 24 cts. ꝑ kilogram	38 12
Municipal duties, @ $1.03 ꝑ 400 ℔s	84
Discharging and cartage from steamer to custom-house warehouse, at the rate of $1.00 to $1.50 ꝑ 200 ℔s	1 63
Brokerage on freight of $3.25	07
Packing and unpacking of barrel	50
Additional expenses in Vera Cruz—stamps, cartage to railroad	1 50
Commission in Vera Cruz—2 % upon $70.66	1 41
Exchange in Vera Cruz—1 % upon $39.06	39
Railroad freight from Vera Cruz to Mexico—140 kilograms, @ $54.30 ꝑ ton (troy ℔s)	7 60
Local duties in the City of Mexico—2 % upon Federal duties of $33.12	66
Local expenses in the City of Mexico—cartage and custom-house expenses	75
Cost of the invoice	$93 19
One dollar in New York being equivalent to $2.82 in Mexico, net cost of 1 ℔ of ham in the City of Mexico	$0 31

CALCULATION UPON AN INVOICE OF NAILS.

Ten small kegs of 4½-inch nails—gross weight being 1,060 ℔s—price in New York	$22 50
Expenses in New York—consular invoice, etc.	1 32
Freight from New York to Vera Cruz, @ 1 ct. ꝑ ℔	10 60
Exchange in New York—18 % on $34.42	6 36
Importation in Vera Cruz, @ 12 cts. ꝑ ℔	57 60
Municipal duties—unloading, stamps, cartage, expenses in opening and closing kegs, maritime brokerage	11 20
Commission in Vera Cruz—@ 2 % upon $91.30	1 83
Exchange in Vera Cruz upon $70.63, @ 1 %	71
Local duties in Mexico—2 % upon importation duties	1 15
Local expenses, cartage, etc.	1 20
Freight from Vera Cruz to City of Mexico	27 17
Cost of the invoice	$141 64
One dollar in New York being equivalent to $6.29 in Mexico, liquidated cost of 1 ℔ of nails, $0.14 16-100; liquidated cost of 100 ℔s. of nails, or a keg	$14 16

A barrel of flour in New York costs	$6 00
Total expenses	23 03
Total cost in Mexico	$29 03

One dollar in New York being equivalent to $4.84 in Mexico.

Cost of a barrel of crackers in New York	$5 50
Cost in the City of Mexico	20 06

One dollar in New York equivalent to $3.64 in Mexico.

A barrel of beer in New Orleans	$13 00
Cost in the City of Mexico	35 61

Furniture, commodes, and beds cost in New York	$120 15
Cost in the City of Mexico	249 10

Oil-cloth, cost in New York ℘ yard	$0 45
Cost ℘ vara (33 inches) in Mexico	3 08

In relation to mining, Mr. Foster says:

"Although I am not an expert on this subject, I can nevertheless give information, based on the experience of American mining engineers and practical miners, and I am convinced that the mines of this country offer a rich and profitable field to American capitalists if the requisites of expense and protection were in any degree favorable. The mines of Mexico are its principal source of wealth, especially those of silver, which are found in nearly every part of the republic, and seem to be inexhaustible. Their richness has been known to the whole world for more than three hundred years. The exportation of all classes of articles during the past year amounted to $31,600,000, of which $25,052,909 consisted of gold and silver, the gold exported being less than $100,000. The exportation in the year 1876 to 1877 only reached $28,700,000, and that of gold and silver about $23,000,000.

"Generally, mining affairs are not at present in a very flourishing condition, the results being neither satisfactory nor profitable, except in some particular localities. As a general rule, Mexico has not availed herself of the modern improvements adopted in the United States, and consequently there is less progress made than there would otherwise be.

"But the greatest disadvantage under which mining enterprise has labored, and still labors, is found in the onerous exactions by the Federal and local governments, and the expenses incurred in placing their products in a foreign country, either in bullion or coin. In 1868, the duties on the bullion sent to the Bank of England from the City of Mexico—or rather the Real del Monte, which is the mining district nearest it, and one of the most extensive in the country—and the expenses incurred in its transportation, were over twenty-five per cent., of which amount more than twenty per cent. was paid in government and local charges. This was such a manifest wrong that the government appointed a commission to investigate the matter, which proposed 'the *absolute abolition* of all charges on gold and silver as the only means of giving this branch of industry the prosperity of which it is susceptible.' This wise recommendation, unfortunately, has only been partly put in practice. The necessities of the national treasury have greatly contributed to the adoption of these excessive duties. The finances have been reduced to a deplorable condition during so many years of civil discord, and the mining industry being the principal source of wealth and offering the most inducements to the imposition of duties, it has been forced to contribute liberally to sustain both the regular government and the revolutionary forces. Señor Romero, the intelligent Minister de Hacienda, has recommended the abolition of these duties in each session of Congress, and demonstrated their injurious effect, but without result.

Table of Expenses Incurred in the Exportation of Silver Extracted from Mines in the Neighborhood of the City of Mexico (the Real del Monte, for instance) from the Mine to the Bank of England:

Freight from mine to mint in Mexico, including escort	$0 75
Expenses coining bars into dollars, which have to be paid whether the bars are coined or not, 4.41 %	4 50
Assaying, municipal duties, loss in silver from defective coinage, etc.	1 00
Commission charges in Mexico	25
Packing, cases, petties, including stamps	12½
Freight from City of Mexico to steamer	50
Export duties	5 00
Freight by steamer to London	50
Insurance from Mexico to London	62½
Commission charges at London, ¼ %	25
Minimum expense on bars exported from this district	$13 50

For bars coming from the interior the following additional charges are to be taken into account:

Circulation duty made in certain States, being in some 1¼%, and in others 1⅛, with an additional ½ to 1% for freight charges, say	2 00
Average expense on bars from the interior	$15 50

"In the above the local duties on mines and mills are not included. Gold only pays one-half of one per cent. export duty.

Protection to Life and Property.

"In speaking on this subject it is necessary to refer to the revolutionary state of the country, which is known to the whole world, and deplored by the friends of republican institutions. I will refer to the revolutionary state of the country under its commercial aspect, which will lead me to examine:

"*First*—The effects of these revolutions on the resources of the country, and the possibility of its sustaining any great commerce with other countries.

"*Second*—The public security, the observance of law, and the preservation of order.

"*Third*—The paralyzation of commerce and the incentives and facilities for smuggling which originate in the revolutions."

The natural advantages of Mexico—climate, situation, etc.—are exceedingly favorable. The motto of her patron saint is a recognition of these gifts and blessings—"God has not so gifted any other nation." But this natural wealth, and its admirable situation between the two oceans, has created a persistent and exaggerated idea in the United States relative to its foreign commerce, and that it is a rich prize, which it is necessary only to approach and appropriate. To prove the erroneous character of these impressions, Mr. Foster has prepared a table based upon the returns from Mexican official sources, making a comparison between the foreign commerce of Mexico and other (principally Spanish-American) ports:

COMPARATIVE STATEMENT OF THE COMMERCE, ETC., OF VARIOUS SOUTH AMERICAN AND OTHER STATES FOR THE YEAR 1877.

Country.	*Population.*	*Exportation.*	*Per capita.*
Mexico	9,000,000	$28,772,194	$3 19
Central America	2,600,000	16,500,000	6 34
Cuba	1,350,000	90,000,000	66 60
Puerto Rico	615,000	8,500,000	13 80
Hayti	512,000	8,591,000	15 00
Santo Domingo	136,000	690,000	5 00
Jamaica	500,000	6,200,000	12 40
Colombia	2,800,000	9,984,000	3 50
Venezuela	1,800,000	17,300,000	9 60
Peru	2,500,000	35,000,000	14 00
Chili	2,068,000	37,771,000	18 20
Argentine Republic	1,800,000	45,000,000	25 00
Uraguay	450,000	16,000,000	35 50
Brazil	10,161,000	107,310,000	10 50
Australia	1,939,000	182,950,000	94 30
New Zealand	440,000	28,379,000	64 50

Mexico is last on the list, and among all these countries there are not more than two which have greater natural resources and advantages than Mexico. The cause of this state of affairs, according to Mr. Foster, is to be found in her contant revolutions.

"Life may be as secure in the city of Mexico as in Chicago; but the merchant of Chicago desires to have the whole country as a field for his enterprise. There is hardly a passenger train from the City of Mexico to Vera Cruz that is not escorted by soldiers to protect it from robbers. Manufacturers in the Valley of Mexico must have the funds destined to the payment of their workmen brought from the city by an armed guard. Mining companies have to employ strong forces of armed men to conduct their metal to the mint or place of export, and if this is necessary so near the capital, what must it be at distant points? Stages on the principal roads are guarded constantly by detachments of soldiers, and yet the accounts of stage robberies are familiar items in the newspapers.

"The Belgian Consul for the United States, while on a visit to Mexico a short time ago, was provided with an armed escort during his journeys through the country. But in spite of this, and while traveling through one of the richest and most populous States of the country, the stage in which he journeyed was attacked by a band of highwaymen, the escort disappeared without firing a shot, and the Consul and his companions relieved of their superfluities. They found that the thieves were a portion of a force deputed to guard the road, but who had deserted, employing the arms and horses of the government in a manner more profitable to themselves, more especially as the poverty of the public treasury gave them no other recourse.

"It is natural to suppose that Americans are sometimes the victims. I have believed it my duty to complain frequently to the Mexican Government of the assassination of American citizens, having, in some cases, suspected the complicity of the local authorities, and in many of them omission or indifference in the punishment of the assassins.

"The rate of exchange between the capital and Chihuahua is from eight to ten per cent.; Acapulco, Durango, Zacatecas, and Morelia, five to six per cent; Leon, Guanajuato, Monterey, and Oajaca, four to five per cent.; Cuernavaca and Toluca, two to two and one-half per cent.; Vera Cruz, one-half to one per cent."

The foregoing is a summary of Minister Foster's indictment against the Mexican Government and people. It is but an imperfect summary, as, unfortunately, no copy of his pamphlet is to be found in this city. The writer is indebted to Señor Joaquin Garcia Conde, the obliging Consul for Mexico at San Francisco, for the Mexican Diplomatic Correspondence, containing a translation of it. The original is exceedingly pungent and severe, and it is difficult to do it justice while having to both translate and abbreviate it.

It has called forth an exceedingly able and elaborate reply from the Mexican Minister de

Hacienda, Señor Romero. This document contains upwards of two hundred and eighty pages, quarto. It shuns nothing, but furnishes the fullest official data in contravention of Minister Foster's statements, and in proof of the arguments advanced by the writer.

In substance, Mr. Foster's argument relative to increasing the facilities of intercommunication between the two countries is, not that the United States has made efforts in that direction and failed, from any want of coöperation on the part of Mexico, but that Mexico wished to attach some conditions which the United States considered to be unreasonable. Señor Romero, on his part, contents himself by showing what Mexico *has done*—as follows:

RESUME OF STEAMSHIP SUBSIDIES PAID BY MEXICO, 1868-1879.

Vera Cruz and New York	$407,900
Pacific	204,950
Vera Cruz and New Orleans	94,000
Vera Cruz, New Orleans, and New York	77,400
California	19,000
Gulf of California	3,500
Total	$806,750

The argument of Señor Romero is, that while it is true that Mexico is suffering from poverty and discredit to the full extent of Mr. Foster's representations—even having to appeal to the patriotism of her civil employees for want of so small a sum as fifty thousand dollars—she has yet found means to grant and *pay* to American steamship companies the foregoing subsidies; while the United States, justly proud of her superabundant wealth and prosperity, has not contributed one dollar for that purpose.

The following table shows the result of the liberality of the Mexican Government to these companies. And it should not be forgotten, while alluding to this subject, that many of the most able and intelligent of our own statesmen condemn the narrow policy of our government in the matter of steamship subsidies; and certainly, whatever may be the relative merits of the respective arguments of Ministers Foster, Zamacona, and Romero, there can be no doubt of the good faith and earnest endeavors of the Mexican Government and people to extend their commerce with the United States, and to grant Americans every privilege which they do not deem inconsistent with the preservation of their national integrity and independence.

ABSTRACT SHOWING THE INCREASE OF COMMERCE BETWEEN THE UNITED STATES AND MEXICO, OWING TO THE STEAMSHIP LINES SUBSIDIZED BY THE LATTER COUNTRY, 1872-1878.

Port.	*Duties Paid on Merchandise Brought by Subsidized Steamers.*					
	1872-3.	*1873-4.*	*1874-5.*	*1875-6.*	*1876-7.*	*1877-8.*
Vera Cruz	$282,231 91	$336,159 96	$321,607 31	$506,890 68	$511,451 08	$583,850 98
Progreso	120,338 29	152,495 54	84,947 14	162,714 53	169,883 36	218,170 79
Campeche	....	4,632 08	10,401 26	56,689 68	52,881 43	60,416 62
Túxpam	....	....	5,363 46	20,318 63	40,988 13	48,022 47
Tampico	....	....	12,256 58	7,488 80	51,447 13	11,294 72
Tabasco	....	....	....	....	....	6,669 27
Totals	$402,570 20	$493,287 58	$434,575 75	$754,102 32	$826,651 13	$929,024 85

To the above is added a list of contracts made by Mexico with various American citizens for the construction of railroads: all of them receiving concessions and privileges of an exceedingly liberal character, which are fully detailed in Señor Romero's report, but which it is not necessary to particularize in this article:

RAILROAD CONTRACTS WITH AMERICAN CITIZENS.

Lines.	*Contracted for by*	*Year.*
Guaymas	R. Lyman, D. Ferguson	1877
Tehuantepec	Ed. Learned	1878
Tuxpam	Smith & Brennan	1870
Vera Cruz and Pacific	René, Masson & F. Wyatt	1870
Leon and frontiers	Texas International Co.	1875
Mexico and Pacific	Sullivan & Palmer	1877
Vera Cruz and Alvarado	John M. Dunn	1878

Many of these contracts were made several times with different parties, who failed to fulfill their obligations. The above are the last parties contracting.

As to the present tariff, Mr. Romero calls attention to the fact that there are no absolute prohibitions, and that it is generally a great improvement on all previous tariffs. It admits sixty-six articles free of duty. The old system of duties on invoice values is done away with, and fixed duties take their place, allowing little room for fraud, and giving importers a certain basis for their calculations.

Attention is called to the important fact that Mexico has no source of revenue except that derived from her custom-houses—no income-tax, no property-tax, no taxation of any description. He tells us what we all know, that while the duties on many articles imported into the United States from Europe and elsewhere are in many instances almost as high as those of Mexico, and in some cases even higher (a detailed list of them being given), at the same time the direct taxes—both Federal and State—in the United States are enormous, and in some cases almost unbearable; and also that the manufacturers of the United States, whose industries are protected by almost prohibitive tariffs, sell their products, nevertheless, at the merest fraction below the price of the imported article.

Following are some remarks upon Mexican public opinion regarding the United States previous to the French invasion:

"The United States was looked up to as a sister nation presenting Mexico an example worthy of imitation. The authors of Mexican independence were inspired by her example, and when that independence was achieved, the first diplomatic representative of the new republic was sent to the United States. Mexico's first treaty was with the United States, accepting the line of demarkation between the two countries agreed upon with Spain. The arrangement respecting the extradition of criminals was made in 1822. The United States was the first nation to recognize the independence of Mexico. The first Mexican Constitution was in many respects similar to that of the United States. The first treaties between the two countries are sealed with an equity that demonstrates that the relations then existing between them were cordial, with neither interested views on the one part nor lack of confidence and fears on the other."

COMMERCE BETWEEN THE UNITED STATES AND MEXICO, PAST AND PRESENT.

Period.	*Exported from Mexico to the U. S.*	*Exported from the U. S. to Mexico.*
From the year 1826 to 1858 the average yearly exports were.......	$3,916,525 00	$3,325,377 00
For the fiscal year 1872–73.................	11,367,859 13	5,213,999 00
For the fiscal year 1874–75.................	10,358,167 90	5,016,302 87

The data for the years 1875–76 and 1877–78 are not given, both these years having been exceptional, the first for its revolutions (that of Diaz), and the second for its unusual peace and public prosperity.

It is worthy of note, as showing how the political relations between nations affect their commerce, that while previous to the Texas difficulty the interchange of produce between the two countries reached over ten millions, after that it fell away to less than two millions, and only in the latter years of the period did it reach anything near its anti-Texan status. In 1857 and 1858 it was about $9,000,000 for each year.

COMPARISON OF IMPORTATIONS BY MEXICO FROM THE UNITED STATES AND OTHER COUNTRIES DURING THE FISCAL YEARS 1872–3 AND 1874–5.

Country.	*1872–3.*	*1874–5.*
United States.........	$5,213,999 06	$5,016,302 87
Germany.............	2,394,914 28	1,010,776 05
Spain.................	996,352 29	914,908 58
France...............	3,462,274 99	3,219,579 65
England..,...........	7,185,687 17	8,742,548 60
South America........	889,032 58	90,302 50
Totals............	$20,142,260 37	$18,994,418 25

The United States is credited with all the merchandise arriving in ships of that nation, although in many cases it was brought from other countries.

The question of a reciprocity treaty is considered with great care. It is clear, however, that Mexico—deriving, as she does, her sole income from her custom-house revenues—must use exceeding caution before entering upon treaties the immediate effect of which might be to almost deprive her of her revenue, no matter how advantageous the new arrangements might prove ultimately. Señor Romero says:

"One of the most efficacious methods of giving an impulse to the commerce between Mexico and the United States would be the celebration of a treaty of reciprocity, on bases equally just and convenient to the interests of both republics."

He makes reference to:

"*First* — The proposed Ocampo-McLane Treaty, which was signed in Vera Cruz, December 14, 1859, but was not approved by the United States Senate. This treaty was very disadvantageous to Mexico.

"*Second* — The movement of Hon. Thomas Nelson toward the celebration of a treaty in December, 1872.

"*Third*—The Hawaiian Treaty, from its partial character, leads Mexico to infer that the Government of the United States is not likely to make treaties of reciprocity, except on bases very favorable to itself.

"*Fourth*—The opinions of the Mexican government respecting a reciprocity treaty with the United States are to the effect that such a treaty would have the effect of reanimating the industries of Mexico, and increasing her commercial wealth. The reciprocity treaties already celebrated between some of the leading commercial countries have been productive of surprising results, but these treaties have been based on mutual concessions equally favorable.*

"The results hitherto produced by reciprocity treaties are worthy of note, and although Mexico is not likely, in her present state, to reap so much advantage from them as such countries as the United States, England, or France, she ought not to lose sight of the remarkable results obtained in these countries by their means.

"The commercial Treaty of Cobden-Chevalier, between Great Britain and France, 1860, produced the following remarkable results:

In 1859, the year preceding the treaty between the two countries, the commerce between them amounted to............	$163,000,000
While in 1877–8 it reached	320,000,000

"Such results, produced by a mutual reduction of duty on the products of each country imported by the other, decided all the commercial countries of Europe to celebrate similar contracts.

"Among the difficulties in the way of a reciprocity treaty are the following: The effect left upon the minds of the Mexican people by the partial terms of the Ocampo-McLane and Hawaiian Treaties. The fear of many that such a treaty with the United States will injure the European trade, in which the commerce of Mexico is so largely interested. Lastly, that the United States, presuming upon her power, would endeavor to gain great advantages without making Mexico corresponding compensation.

"But the government of Mexico considers the fears unfounded, for the following reasons: The increase of commerce with the United States will not affect that actually made with Europe. That no Mexican Government is likely to sacrifice the interests of their country by making a treaty that is only reciprocal in name, even though the government in Washington should work to that end.

"The following are offered as the bases of a reciprocity treaty between Mexico and the United States: The government believes there are certain bases upon which could be made a treaty equally favorable to both countries, and to which no reasonable objections could be made. Fix upon a few articles produced by either country and consumed in the other; reduce the duties on these, or remove them altogether; and, taking into account the amount of duties paid by these articles during some period previously (five years), arrange the matter so that the amount of duties from which each country will be exempted will be equal. This would be strict reciprocity. Such a treaty as this would be a premium on the exportation of certain national products, or, in other words, the amount lost in the reduction of import duties under the treaty would take the form of a payment made to our own industries.

"It would be dangerous, however, to include in the list of favored articles any of those that form the mainstay of the present tariff, such as cotton and woolen stuffs; for it is certain that if these could be imported from the United States free, imports from Europe could not compete with those from the States. Consequently, too, Mexico would suffer to the extent of one-half of her import duties, and her cotton manufacturers be ruined. The advantages accruing to Mexico from the free exportation of her products would not compensate her for this loss. But, on the other hand, there are many articles—of limited consumption, at present—which would be more generally consumed if admitted free of duty, such as petroleum, etc."

The subject of protection for life and property is treated by Minister Romero with equal care. In answer to the not very long or alarming list of assassinations, outrages, etc., furnished by Mr. Foster, a much longer list is given of similar outrages committed upon Mexicans in the United States, no punishment having reached the criminals in either case. He speaks with some pride of religious toleration in Mexico. He says:

"Mexico was for a considerable period ruled by the Catholic priesthood, who established the most complete and fanatical intolerance. The exercise of any other religion, or even the profession of it, was not permitted, and, although the work of reform has been energetically performed, there still exists some remnant of the old fanaticism, principally in those parts removed from the centres of population, and even there it has lost much of its old power.

"The success of Protestant Missions in Mexico has been productive of a reaction against them and their doctrines by intolerant people; but with all this, both they and their converts live peacefully in the country—not only in the capitals, but in remote towns and villages. They practice their religion and promulgate their doctrines without being molested. There have certainly been some cases in which they have been persecuted by or fallen victims to fanaticism; but these are exceptional and isolated. In all such cases the government has been prompt and active in the protection of the persecuted and the punishment of the persecutors. If persons who come to the country with this object are treated with so much courtesy and good feeling, it speaks well for the general security of life. If life was esteemed of little value, it is very evident that those who came to the country to subvert one of the most delicate sentiments of the people, would suffer first."

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* Reference is made here to a proposal to exempt from duty a certain article of commerce (printing paper), and the writer takes the position that exemptions in favor of any foreign manufacture should only be made when a corresponding concession is made by the producing country. Throughout the whole of the article the point is enforced that the United States, while suggesting changes in the import duties by Mexico that will be favorable to herself, omits to mention any concessions to be made in her own tariff favorable to Mexico, and data are brought to bear, proving her unwillingness to do this.

It is impossible to withhold our respect and sympathy while reading with care Minister Romero's arguments, but almost equally difficult to avoid the conviction that he has proved, or tried to prove, *too much*. In Mexico's repeated revolutions he sees only the earnest efforts of the Liberal patriots to preserve the independence of their country, free her from the influence and domination of foreign nations, suppress the tyranny of the clergy, and lay the foundation on which to build a great and prosperous republic. He assumes that now, since these efforts have met with success, Mexico is about to enter upon a career of peace and prosperity. One is almost convinced that her wars and revolutions are really at an end. But, unfortunately, the ink from his pen is not yet dry, and new revolutions have broken out in half a dozen States.

The fact is, the Mexican system is radically wrong, and the republic is suffering under a blight occasioned by it. It is not possible for a nation to be prosperous which derives its revenue through the custom-house alone, more especially a nation possessing so few industries of its own to protect. As Señor Miguel Lerdo de Tejada, whom Mr. Romero frequently quotes, says:

"In regard to the admission of foreign products and manufactures, the majority of our legislators seem to overlook or undervalue the important and indubitable fact, that the most certain means of fostering and advancing the industries of a country is to place it in competition with the countries most advanced in this respect. The only protection that can be conceded to the industries of a nation is that of placing *prudent* imposts on foreign merchandise, in order that rivalry may not be ruinous to them; but we, on the contrary, since the first years of independence, have adopted the system of prohibiting not only the actual products and manufactures of our country, but such even as *might be* produced in it, and this system—condemned by the soundest doctrines of economic science and by experience—so far from being discontinued, is now firmly upheld every day, being fostered and encouraged by private parties whose interests are considered paramount to those of public convenience and the voice of reason."

The result of this vicious system is that Mexico, after all, does *not receive* the tariffs which she imposes. *Half* the merchandise introduced into the interior enters as contraband. As to the remainder, it works as follows: The European merchants preserve the old system of "expeditions"—that is, they import, each merchant, say, from one to three cargoes annually. They know, of course, about the time that their ships are due, and a month or two beforehand they approach the collector and say that they are in doubt at which port to land their cargo, but that a discount of twenty-five or thirty per cent. would doubtless influence their decision. The chances are that the collector is out of funds, that the clerks are unpaid, that the general in command has drained the last dollar to pay his forces, or that the general government itself has overdrawn against the custom-house. If he refuses, the merchant prince will doubtless find another collector more pliable elsewhere, and the expense of reshipment by coasters is very trifling. So the chances are that he yields, and as the collector receives a bonus, of course the invoices are not very carefully examined, and the discount on the duties is not all by any means that is lost to the government. The central government is well aware of this system, and has made great efforts to break it up; but, failing in that, they, too, fell in with it, and actually entered into competition on the discount basis with their own collectors. It is not an uncommon thing to see during the season two or three large European vessels standing off and on outside the ports, awaiting orders while the importers are "making their little trade." As the duties on each of these cargoes amount to several hundred thousand dollars, it is not difficult to understand why the European importer crowds out and keeps out his American competitor. No one blames the European merchant, of course. He does not care about the country. It will outlast his time probably, and if it does not, he can make money out of its dissolution; but poor Mexico, which "sells its birthright for a mess of pottage," and the United States, which loses its legitimate customer—are they not to blame, and can they not put an end to this state of affairs? And this brings us to the gist of the whole question: What *are* our relations with Mexico, and why do we not amend them?

There can be no doubt but that, under the present system, Mexico is hurrying toward its dissolution; and it would be well for the country if Mr. Romero and her other able statesmen would see it, rather than spend so much talent to disprove that which is palpable to much less able men. That the system is ruinous it takes but little to prove. In our own time—that is, about the period of the settlement of the State of California—the State of Sonora, one of the richest States in Mexico, had a population of about one hundred and eighty thousand. It is now less than seventy thousand, including Yaquis and Indians. Up to a comparatively recent date, the revenue of the port of Guaymas was upward of three millions of dollars. At the present time, not sufficient can be collected to pay the salaries of the officials! Yet the enormous duties on flour were imposed to *protect* the wheat-raising interests of this State. It is unquestionable that a considerable portion of the trade of Tucson, Arizona, is contraband with the northern States of Mexico — some of the contraband goods finding a market even so far south as Culiacan, and the Mexican Government is utterly powerless to stop it. The *Zona Libra* is an illustration of a similar condition of affairs on the other side. The decadence of Sonora is only an example of the condition of other States of the west coast—of Chihuahua, Sinaloa, Jalisco, Colima, etc. All who have known the west coast during the last twenty years can bear witness to the sad change which has taken place — a change the more marked and startling by contrast with the prosperity and progress of the American States adjoining.

It is more than probable that the Mexican ministers, who are very able men, are well aware of their danger and of the exigencies of their situation. Cut off, as they are, from all hope in Europe, owing to the severity of the terms which they have imposed upon their European creditors, they have at last turned to the United States; and though dreading, as is but natural, their powerful and hitherto aggressive sister, have overcome, by a supreme effort, at once their pride and their dread, and sought her assistance. It is on this account that we are disposed at first to regret the severity and bitterness of Mr. Foster's reply; although there can be no question but that it will do good, by provoking them—as, indeed, it has already provoked them — to a more critical examination of themselves, and a better understanding of their neighbors. It is quite as well, perhaps, as a matter of policy, that we do not appear in too great a hurry to enter upon more intimate relations, either of trade or reciprocity, and that the urgency shall be and appear to be, where it really is, upon the other side. But let us not make the mistake that the English have made in some of their recent ventures, and wait *until there is no government to treat with*. Hitherto Mexico has succeeded in preserving her integrity; the next stage will inevitably be *disintegration*. The movement of Marquez is an effort to sever the Pacific States —*secession*, in short. If successful, it would be followed by other similar subdivisions; and ultimately each fragment would resolve itself into several fragments, and so *ad infinitum*. In the opinion of all unprejudiced observers, the outlook at present is more gloomy than ever, and it is impossible that such able men as those at the head of Mexican affairs do not see it — talk confidently as they may. We see already several revolutions, or *pronunciamentos*, in behalf of the rival candidates, and Lerdo de Tejada silently awaiting the opportune moment to strike *his* blow; and it is quite possible that, among them all, General Diaz may be forced to abandon the "*plan de Tuxtepec*," and sustain a military dictatorship. Whatever may be the final result, the United States will ultimately be compelled to sustain *some one*, or see one of the great European powers step in and do it for her—a contingency not to be thought of. What, then, awaits us, after all, but to accept the invitation of Señor de Zamacona, and aid their righteous and intelligent endeavor to help this rich but unfortunate country out of its difficulties, by substituting the arts of peace for those of war and discord?

A careful perusal of the correspondence of Ministers Foster and Romero will well repay any one for the effort; but it is certain that each has made a capital mistake. That of Minister Foster is in supposing that special legislation has been directed by Mexico against Americans. This is not so. The Americans have neglected their own interests, and permitted the commerce of Mexico to pass into the hands of European merchants, partly because their attention has been directed more to mining interests; and more particularly because, up to the present time, they have been ignorant of the methods by which European capital has hitherto supplanted them in purely commercial enterprises. It is a mistake to suppose that the burdens which are imposed upon the mining industry are directed principally against Americans. It is, on the contrary, but a portion of the same fatal inheritance and error which has ruined every other Mexican industry. The nine and a half or ten per cent. of duties which are imposed upon the export of silver in Mexico do not directly legislate against the individual miner who sells his exchange against his silver at a premium of eighteen per cent., but it does depress the principal industry of Mexico, because all the silver produced by her enters the markets of the world burdened by those duties, or by the exchange against her, which represents them.

Indirectly the burden is cast upon the *people* of Mexico, as, indeed, are all other tariffs or exactions to which commerce is subjected. The merchant who has to pay the duties upon the entry of the merchandise and the duty upon the export of the silver, reimburses himself by charging additional prices upon his goods, and the actual result to Mexico of the present system is a bankrupt nation, a bankrupt treasury, bankrupt custom-houses, and the degradation, poverty, and misery of the poorer classes, to a degree almost beyond our conception. The European merchants and the *contrabandistas* are the sole gainers; but then, as everybody engaged in business in Mexico does more or less smuggling, there is quite a large class who may be said to gain by the miserable system which prevails.

Señor Romero's capital mistake is in supposing that it is unsafe to trust Americans with franchises without the excessive precautions which he frankly owns he deems necessary. Still the mistake is a very natural one. Previous to our civil war, the United States *was* an aggressive nation—particularly greedy of southern territory. It is difficult to explain how Mexico could have acknowledged the secession of Texas, or wherein her principle of sustaining her natural integrity differs from ours as declared and sustained at a later date. Yet this very principle cost Mexico, as the results of the war with the United States, *half her entire territory*. It is not surprising, therefore, that her people view us with distrust, and wish to attach conditions to any concession of magnitude which they may be willing to make us. Still, such able men as Minister Romero, and others, ought to know, and probably do know, that the United States, since the abolition of slavery, is no longer an aggressive nation; that they are opposed to the acquisition of more territory; so much so, that, according to the *Saturday Review*, an eminent American lately declared that "he wished for no war but one with Mexico, of which the object should be to compel the Mexicans to take back a large part of the country which was annexed by the United States forty years ago." This may seem like a jest; but there can be no doubt but that it fairly illustrates the American sentiment at the present time. Some modification of the present boundary line, embracing the mouth of the Colorado River and the navigation of the Gulf of California, may, indeed, be deemed desirable, but if it should be proposed and accepted, the concession would be liberally paid for; and if deemed objectionable, would never be pressed.

Under these circumstances it is difficult to see any sufficient motive to keep the two republics apart, while their interests so manifestly call for their amicable commercial association. Their fraternal accord would replenish the treasury of Mexico, sustain her chosen Executive, put an end to revolution and dissension, relieve the poor, and enrich the rich. It would open the vast treasuries of that wonderful country to the commerce of the world, and furnish a new and inexhaustible field for the young and enterprising of our own race and nation.

HENRY S. BROOKS.

IN THE SHADE.

Where fragrant redwood branches bend and sway,
  Within the gloomiest shadow of the wood,
  A starry blossom, white and lovely, stood;
Unvisited by sunshine all the day,
Save that sometimes a lonely, glimmering ray,
  When winds had stirred the boughs, crept softly through.
  Far in the fields the red-gold poppies grew,
And blue-eyed lupines smiled their happiest way;
  Yet lovelier than them all was this frail flower,
That grew where light and sunshine entered not,
  Shining more fair and starlike hour by hour.
And, gazing on its beauty, came this thought:
  The fairest souls that God has ever made,
  Have they not, also, blossomed in the shade?

S. E. ANDERSON.

SHEPHERDS AND SHEEP-HERDING.

Shepherd life in California is not without incident and individuality. It has methods and habits peculiarly its own, partly on account of the nature of the country, partly on account of the class of men who engage in this industry. There is, for instance, your large rancher—your big "sheep-man"—who owns leagues of country, and acres well up in the decades of thousands; whose sheep, numerous as his acres, are divided into flocks, or "bands," as they are colloquially called, of from two to three thousand head each; there is your smaller holder, whose grazing ground, owned or rented, as the case may be, will not permit of his keeping stock on hand beyond a limit of from five to ten thousand; and lastly there is your "atom" in the economic sheep world—your *parvenu*, or interloper in the business—your small beginner, who, from a mere handful of ewes, through years of hard work, patient drudgery, and biting economy, manages to become the proprietor of a "band," and, with his one or two thousand sheep, regards himself as a magnate in his own sphere. Each of these classes has its own distinctive life, and peculiar method of doing things. The large sheep-owner has his "home-ranch" or station, furnished with handsome dwelling and out-houses, which, perhaps, he only visits at rare intervals, when he imagines that his interests require his presence, leaving, for the best of the year, the control of his business in the hands of a foreman, superintendent, or "major-domo," as he is commonly called. The lesser owner has these things, though in a lesser degree, proportionate to his position; while the poor beginner, who is, as it were, on the lowest round of the ovine ladder which ascends gradually into the lofty beatitudes of sheepdom—heights which he can never hope to scale, and which are as far above him as Nob Hill is above Tar Flat—occupies the obscure position of nomad, Bohemian, "bummer," or vagrant, in the great fleeceocracy; owns no land, can pay no rent; but slinks up some faraway, unoccupied cañon, where he pitches his tent until all the feed is eaten out, when he folds the said tent like the Arabs, and steals away like the shepherd in Milton's "Lycidas":

> "To fresh woods and pastures new."

He is, in very sooth, the bummer and tramp among sheep men. He is looked upon by them with a wary and forbidding eye; is keenly watched during his progress through their lands, and along public roads, to see that he does not pick up any of their sheep that may have chanced to wander from the main bands—for loose sheep will join the first band they come across, or that comes across them, in conformity with the primary dictates of sheep nature—and is kept vigorously to road limits, and to the statute distance of six miles travel *per diem*. Thus it will be seen that the poor devil commencing the sheep business has no greater quantity of roses strewn along his path than his brother fiend who adventures in other spheres of industry; but that, as Virgil has it in his *Æneid*, though easy to get down to hell, it is hell to get up.

Time was, before the upspringing of agricultural interests in California, when all those vast tracts of level land which had been, under the Mexican *régime*, the legitimate domain and unquestioned grazing ground for tens of thousands of wild, scraggy, long-horned steers, were given up, through probably half their extent, to the breeding of sheep. This was true, even so lately as fifteen years ago, of almost all Southern California. The whole of Los Angeles, Kern, Tulare, Fresno, and Monterey Counties, besides most portions of the San Joaquin Valley, were sacred to cattle and sheep. Gradually sheep drove out cattle, and the plowshare sheep. The artesian-well-bespangled plains of Los Angeles; the steaming flats of Kern River—unhealthy, but rich; the wide stretches flanking the San Joaquin River and its tributaries; the black soil of the Salinas district, used to be green with herbage, and dotted with myriads of animal life, brown and white, great and small. Now the "sheep man," unless he owns such pasture lands as he cannot sell profitably at present rates for agriculture, or such as are unfitted by nature for the growth of anything but grass, is driven of necessity to the foothills. These are the legitimate pastures of California, and were they more bountifully supplied with water, would compare favorably with any grazing grounds in the world. But in many districts where fall feed is plentiful, living springs are few; and thus it happens that extensive tracts must be fed to sheep either when green, or not at all. The ranches of the coast counties proper—Monterey, San Luis

Obispo, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, and San Diego—are well supplied with water; but the present system of over-stocking—that is to say, breeding and trying to sustain greater numbers than the acreage will warrant—causes hundreds of bands to seek the abundant forage and living springs of the Sierra Nevada mountains, where they "live in clover," metaphorically speaking, during the summer and early autumn, until driven down again to the plains by the approach of snow. Usually, however, such mammoth ranches as the Tejon Ranch in Kern County—owned by Beale & Baker, and capable of carrying from sixty to eighty thousand head of sheep—and the San Joaquin and Arritos Ranches of Los Angeles County—belonging to the Flints and Bixbies, with a capacity of from thirty to forty thousand head each—are not driven to have recourse to this extreme measure in ordinary years; though the infliction of short feed and dry seasons will invariably send everything to the mountains that can get there; for the chances are that a band upon its arrival there, unless the owner has taken time by the forelock, will present the appearance of the Grand Army after the retreat from Moscow, and a mere decimation be looked upon in the light of luck.

The life of a shepherd—or sheep-herder in the vernacular—in California is no sinecure. The Virgilian pastorals and the idyls of Arcady, romantic with gallant Corydons and neat-handed Phyllises, do not "pan out" well on California ranches. We would defy the most imaginative of poets, aye, even the high-strung Don Quixote himself, to cast a glamor over the California sheep-herder. Not all the art of mediæval necromancy could make red stockings, knee-breeches, trunk hose, plush waistcoats, yellow surtouts, and the usual "rig" of china mantel-piece shepherds and other poetic characters "of that ilk," out of the grimy flannel shirt, with breast open "to the buff," the soiled blue or brown overalls, and the sockless feet stuffed into a pair of old slipshod army shoes, which embody—we have the shame and assurance to say—the generic type of the California sheep-herder. We say, advisedly, the "generic type," for as every rule has its exceptions, so there are some few rare and shining exceptions to this picture scattered over the country here and there; but they are most unqualifiedly the exception and not the rule, and are, indeed, owing to this very peculiarity of being neat in their personal appearance and particular in their habits, liable to be looked upon by sheep-owners with suspicion and mistrust, as not embodying the time-honored attributes of filth, sloth, slovenliness, and mental imbecility which are generally presumed to be the indispensable characteristics and crucial test of the real, genuine, and *bona fide* California sheep-herder. There seems to be some vague, half-framed, unaltered notion latent in the brains of owners which may, perhaps, be formulated thus—the nearer the brute, the fitter to take care of brutes. As all wisdom is the result of experience, it may well be that the tradition exists among the "sheepocracy" that the *dilettante* shepherd of romance and fiction is "no account" compared with the real, solid, tangible sheep-herder, clad in garb suitable to his business, and quite ready to "take holt" in the "dirty work" when called upon; and far be it from us to say that such is not the case. Still we can not help thinking that brushing up and washing once in a while, and in the between-times, as it were, of the "dirty work," would not necessarily detract from the dignity of full and perfect shepherdhood. But let us glance at their manner of life, and then we shall be better qualified to judge.

During the greater part of the year—in fact, at all times except "lambing," and when engaged at the home ranch, at the momentous epochs of "shearing" and "dipping"—the shepherd lives as solitary a life as that of any early Christian hermit in the wilds of Sinai or the Nubian desert. He is relegated to the company of his sheep, and his dog—if he has one, for some sheep-owners will not permit the use of dogs. They are his only associates of the animal world as the days and weeks speed on. Once a week, perhaps, the man who carries the rations around to the various camps may chat with him for a minute or two, if he has time; but more frequently will not see him at all, leaving the "grub" at the camp, while the shepherd may be two or three miles away with his band. Once in a while, too, the "boss," or major-domo, may ride round—generally when he is least expected—to catch him napping, to give him orders about changing his feed, or to look into the condition of the flock, as the case may be. But, apart from these casualties, the shepherd is, so far as human intercourse is concerned, as completely alone as if he were in solitary confinement in a penitentiary. True, he has liberty, freedom, air and sunlight, the forms of nature, if he has any eye for them or appreciation of them; he can read on the range in summer when the feed is good and the sheep tranquil, or during the long evenings in his cabin in winter, if he has any taste for books, or the good luck to possess them. True, he can do all this, and may even do it profitably; but still, our experience is that a man who can go through this solitary ordeal for any length of time, and come out mentally unscathed, must be either eminently "level-headed," common-sense and practical, or eminently an idiot. If he ranges between these two extremes, as the generality of men *do* range, the chances are that the unevenly adjusted mental mechanism will become still more irregular and erratic; that latent eccentricities will be developed; that those already existing will be exaggerated; and that a human being who, under ordinary circumstances, would have gone through life with tolerable credit, will become either unfit for any other occupation, or totally imbecile, and eventually a burden to the State as inmate of an insane asylum. That facts will bear out this position it is only necessary to refer to the records of the insane asylums in this State, which can boast of a far larger percentage of persons who have followed the vocation of sheep-herding than any other. The nearer the man approaches the brute in nature, the better fitted is he for this business; and, perhaps, the best shepherds of all are Mexicans or native Californians.

The home of the California shepherd is a cabin, sometimes made of rough boards, sometimes of redwood "shakes," about twelve feet by eight; supplied, in regions where wood is plentiful, with a rude stone fire-place, or a small sheet-iron cooking-stove. Sometimes merely a tent is provided, and the herder does his cooking as he can, outside. During the summer this latter class of domicile is not unpleasant, that is, if it can be pitched under the shade of a tree; but woe to the luckless herder who is compelled to camp in a tent upon the bare California plains beneath a nearly vertical sun! His cabin is provided with a small deal table, a stool or two, some shelves on the wall, and a bunk made of deal boards attached to one of the walls; and if he is in luck, or has a "boss" who has a little respect for his help—which the "bosses" rarely have—a stove or fire-place. The floor of the cabin is usually literally a "ground floor," though instances of shepherds' huts being built with plank flooring are getting more common in the case of recent erections. His cooking utensils consist of a coffee-pot, baking-pan, frying-pan, and goblet; his dishes are usually limited to a tin plate, cup, knife, fork, and spoon. Some old coffee-canisters and tin plates may eke out this by no means luxurious apparatus; and some huts upon certain ranches have been known to aggregate a sufficient quantity of odd plates, cups, knives, etc., to put them in a position to entertain two or three guests. A passing tramp or two, for instance, may drop in for a supper, night's lodging, and breakfast, which he is pretty sure to get, for—unless your herder happens to be peculiarly churlish and misanthropic, or his "boss" extremely penurious in the matter of supplying the camp with rations—the desire to hear the news of the outside world will alone provoke hospitality; the tramp occupying the same honored and welcome position in the esteem of the herder as did the wandering bards, harpers, and troubadours of old in that of the know-nothing barons whose castles they visited on their customary rounds.

The rations of a shepherd consist of a sack of flour, a bag of beans, a sack of potatoes, some coffee, tea, sugar, salt, etc., with either the privilege of killing a sheep when out of meat, or the allowance of a quarter of mutton killed at the home ranch, and "packed" round by the "packer"—as the man who brings round rations to the camps is called—once a week. This is supposed to be the most niggard estimate in the way of rations, but we have known cases where even this poor supply has been suffered to fall short, through the niggardliness of "bosses," or the neglect of "packers;" and where the poor herder has been reduced to the single articles of beans and salt, together, of course, with the mutton it was always in his power to supply himself with. We have known complaints to effect no redress, and as a conscientious herder will not leave his sheep, even at night, more especially if they are "corraled" in a rough country, fearing the incursions of wild animals, all he can do is to give notice to "quit." This, too, may pass unheeded, and he is practically at the mercy of the "boss," unless he thinks fit to take strong measures. "Strong measures" might consist in either driving the sheep into the "home station," demanding his pay, and leaving immediately; or, as some slighted shepherds have done, not even taking the trouble to do this, but leaving the band in the corral, trudging alone into the "boss's" presence, and making the same authoritative demand. But as sheep-herding does not tend to stimulate heroic action, and as "bosses" in general do not drive men into corners, such occurrences are, happily, not frequent.

Close to the shepherd's cabin stands the "corral," a Spanish term for the fold into which the sheep are put at night, though originally applying only to cattle and horses. This is variously constructed—either of boarding, nailed laterally to vertical posts set in the ground, movable panels, pickets, or brush. Brush corrals are the simplest, and are much in vogue where timber is plentiful; lumber corrals are of course universal on the plains. The object of the sheep-corral is two-fold: to prevent the flock from straying off during the night, unknown to the slumbering shepherd, and to act as a protection against the inroads of savage animals, such as the bear, the panther, or California lion, and the coyote. In rough districts, infested by such animals, the "good shepherd, who will lay down his life for the sheep," is at a premium, and frequently has his hands as full of this kind of work as is desirable. Sometimes, when he is in the snug shelter of his cabin, on a stormy winter's night, toasting his shins before the genial blaze of a good wood fire, and smoking his pipe or sipping his coffee, he will be inclined to swear at hearing the short, sudden, multitudinous yelp of the coyotes, giving notice of their proximity. To a shepherd this yelp is as distasteful as is Shakspeare's

> "Cuckoo, cuckoo, oh word of fear,
> Unpleasing to a married ear!"

The coyote is a keen, agile, and unscrupulous enemy. Two will make enough noise to excite the impression that there are a dozen on the war-path together. A coyote will leap the barrier of a corral during the night, spring at a sheep's throat, or a lamb's, if possible—for your coyote is a creature of taste, and a *gourmand* in his way—suck its blood, leaving the lifeless carcass on the ground, and make his exit as he came. In the morning, when the shepherd goes to turn out his sheep, he will see the luckless mutton lying on its side stark and stiff, with a couple of scarcely discernible holes deftly punctured in its carotid artery, and only betraying their presence by the crimson-tinged wool which surrounds them; and the rest of the flock huddled up closely together at the other side of the enclosure, as far away as possible from the ghastly portent. He then knows that the coyote has been there; yea, he knows more—he knows that the same coyote will come back on the succeeding night, and as many succeeding nights as he hankers after a square meal of hot blood, until he gets killed. Therefore it is incumbent on the shepherd to inaugurate radical measures. This may be done in various ways. Your lazy shepherd will sit in his cabin, or lie upon his bed, until a sudden frightened stampede, sounding as if a whirlwind had caught the band and was blowing it round the corral, warns him that some wild animal, if not actually inside already, is sneaking so near as to instill a terrible dread into the timid brutes.

Then he will rush out of his cabin, gun in hand, to "prospect," and sometimes will succeed in bagging his game. More frequently, however, it is a false alarm, for sheep will sometimes stampede in a corral for no visible reason—sometimes, on moonlight nights, for mere sport; and, again, he may be too late, and find that his noisy approach has scared away the murderer from his newly slain victim. Shepherds who are good shots sometimes stalk their coyotes by creeping along at night in the direction of the yelps, and, when within range, letting them have both barrels. Another very good way of dealing with this pest is by cutting up sheep's liver—a delicacy which the coyote appreciates—and salting it with strychnine.

A bear will not invade a corral unless hungry. A bear will kill hogs for the mere sport of killing them—in spleen, or to hear them squeal, or to punish them for their base and abominable imitation of ursine character; but the bear respects sheep too much to kill more than he absolutely requires for pressing and present wants. He will also act judiciously, not with the sneaking cowardice of the coyote, nor with the cruel ferocity of the panther, but in a sensible and business-like manner, which is proof positive of his brain ability. He will not jump the barrier like the coyote or the lion, not being built for jumping, but will simply walk through it, and, after using considerable judgment in the selection of a fat and well-conditioned mutton, will walk off with it through his improvised opening, and discuss it at his leisure on the outside. Many sheep-herders will tell you that they are not paid to fight grizzlies, and prefer to let him take his tithes of flesh quietly to interfering; or will even affect ignorance of his presence. But, as I have said before, the bear deals leniently with sheep, and far inferior as he is to the coyote in malpractices, can not hold a candle to the panther, or, as he is generally called, the California lion. This animal, happily, does not infest the country used as sheep pasture to any great extent. He is more to be dreaded in districts abounding in wood and brush, into which sheep have been driven in bad seasons. He will kill, tear, and mangle sheep for the mere pleasure of killing. A personal reminiscence of the writer is to the effect that, one evening, about sundown, having just camped his sheep in an open space on the summit of a ridge, covered with scrub-growth, in one of the wildest regions of the Kern County mountains, a sudden whirling movement on the part of the band served to show him that something was among them. A lank, agile, yellowish-brown animal was pushing itself between and springing over the backs of the panic-stricken and huddled beasts, not a dozen yards distant. The writer instantly buried the contents of a double-barreled slug-gun in its neck and shoulders, and, as he cleared away the sheep to get to the carcass of the cat, he found no less than nine muttons which had been slain in less than the same number of seconds by the murderous panther.

The romance of a shepherd's existence centers in the mountains. There he has to do genuine work to keep his "band" together, especially when the feed is short. There he has to be on the lookout night and day for wild animals. When a band is driven into the Sierra Nevada during the summer it is accompanied by three, four, or even five men, according to the size of the band. Arrived at its destination far up in cañons wilder than the Yosemite—for your old sheep-herder does not follow the beaten track of tourists, but goes where the grass is greenest and most abundant, and has explored the *arcana* of the head-waters of the San Joaquin and King's Rivers on business, not on pleasure—it is probably left in charge of two of the number, who divide the duties of herding and tending camp to suit themselves; while a third spends his days and nights constantly on the trail, packing "grub" to his shepherd brethren, on mule-back or *burro*, from the nearest store in the foot-hills; a matter of perhaps a week's travel, there and back. It may well be imagined that "all the delicacies of the season," or the conveniences of a Yosemite Valley hotel, are *not* found at a mountain sheep-camp. But that which *is* found is extremely pleasant in its way, and what a wealthy and *blasé* Sybarite would give worlds to be able to appreciate, viz.: pure air, cool, crystal water, bright sunshine, healthful exercise, genuine physical weariness, an unforced appetite, and the transparent glow of vigorous health.

Here the sheep are not corraled, but simply "rounded up" into a body at night, while the herders throw logs on their camp-fire, smoke, chat, and finally spread their blankets on the ground beside their charge. During the day the sheep will sometimes stray into inaccessible places, and necessitate the display of great ingenuity and craft on the part of the herder to bring them to the camp by nightfall. Sometimes this is impracticable, and they are left to camp on the range. Sometimes they will get lost in a fog, and mixed, or partially mixed, with some neighboring band—for the mountains are covered with bands at distances of two or three miles apart. Sometimes a grizzly will pay the camp a visit during the slumber of its occupants, poke his nose into the flour-sack, guzzle the sugar, root out the potatoes, and sniff inquiringly at the ears of the sleepers. Sometimes the sleepers in such cases are not asleep, but only pretend to be, acting on the well-known and truthful axiom that a bear will not harm a sleeping or a drunken man. Sometimes, in the morning, these bogus sleepers will discover, with well simulated surprise, the relics of the gustatory feats of his ursine beasthood, and will talk valiantly of what they would have done if they had only been awake, capping their boasts with the relation of wondrous prodigies of valor performed upon "b'ars," amid the good-humored smiles of their auditors, who might perhaps have only "put up a job" on Don Bombastes, by crawling on all fours and sniffing him in a bear-skin robe, for the fun of seeing him wince. Oh, yes; all this may done in the mountains, and constitutes some of the romance of "sheep-herding." But after all, it is on the plains that the solid work is done; such as "lambing," doctoring, shearing, driving; and of these interesting branches of the business I shall write in a succeeding number.

ROBERT DUNCAN MILNE.

FIRST LOVE AND LAST.

The meadow lay a field's length away, its zigzag fence enclosing ten acres of good pasture land. It belonged to old Deacon Pennefather, the pillar of the village church. The brook ran along its southern edge, and so brought a fringe of woodland to the plot, which had been used every May-day for years for the picnicking of the Sabbath school. A road led away from the meadow, a lovely road in the spring, when the grass stirred its roots and sprung along the way by the beaten track. A foot-path snuggled along it like a child, and by it the yellow buttercups started and a thousand blue-bells held up their saucers to catch the dew. It entered the wood by and by, and crossed the bridge which reached over the widening brook.

Loly Pennefather had followed the path from the meadow, and now she leaned on the rail of the bridge and looked over into the little ribbon of water running by with such a sweet, cool, liquid patter. A little maid she was, with wise gray eyes, brown hair put primly behind her ears and knotted in her neck, and her dress pinned up out of the drabble of the grass. The cow had stopped meditatively, too,—old Mully

—but she went on again presently, her cracked bell swinging from side to side with a ka-link, ka-linkle-linkle that told of the clover-tops she was snatching here and there. Loly was driving the cow home just as she did near milking-time every night, and it was her one sweet breath of freedom. She leaned upon the bridge-rail now with a little ray of content playing over her face. The soft, shadowy reflections of the leaves under the gold of the sunset quivered upon the surface of the little pool the brook made below, and the wonderful stillness the night brings was falling, falling so heavy and so still.

Loly untied her hat and swung it carelessly in her hand, while the slim fingers of the other hand slid rapidly along the rail as if from habit, and rested with a warm, tender touch upon a rough place where a knife had chipped the wood. Up the lane in the house there was the close atmosphere of a supper-fire, and plenty of work to do. And then, later on, there was church. Loly had been to Sabbath school at nine, to preaching at half-past ten, to Bible-reading at two, and at seven she would go to preaching again with her father, the poor old Deacon. With a spasm of conscience, she said to herself, she hated preaching. How lovely it was out here, the brook calling plaintively to her ear, a tangle of the sunset in the grass, the perfume of the grass and the clover bathing her face, and then a little blossom like a rose sprang to her lip as, unconsciously, her quick fingers pressed the wood. Well, well, little Loly!

The whir of rapid wheels came down the hill, and Loly started away that she might not be discovered standing still—she, the busy little maiden—and a pair of rudely-made letters lay disclosed, carved in the rail, where her fingers had rested. "W. M."—ah! little girl, and who might that be?

It was Colonel Eldredge coming in his buggy, his hair a little gray, a few wrinkles across his forehead, and a line or two about his mouth, but a well-looking man, and a good-looking man, and a rich man, too. Loly was ready to give him one of her bright nods and a smile, but he never looked at her, his mind seemed so absent, although she could have sprung forward and put her hand on his whip-arm, he passed her so close. She turned half petulantly to watch him crossing the bridge, and she thought, as she looked, how grand it would be to be rich and stately like that, and straighten back the shoulders, and carry one's self altogether just like Colonel Eldredge.

"Poor pa, now"—— and Loly shook her head, leaving the rest unsaid, even to herself. But he was not as he used to be—quick, and strong, and active, with limber joints and an energetic will, making people bend to him and look up to him. To be sure they looked up to him still, but somehow when a neighbor said "Deacon Pennefather" these days, it didn't have the good, hard-oak sound it used to. And his hands shook now like leaves, and his voice was often querulous as an invalid's, and now and then he spoke to Loly sharply, finding fault, and she felt ready to cry, because she knew she always tried to do her best.

But the work was so hard, and this year they were poorer than last, and last year things hadn't seemed to go well either, and father would stand in the potato-patch, or down by the stable-yard gate, thinking, thinking, while the cut-worms ate the vegetables, and Loly saw to the cattle—two horses and the cow. His brain seemed under a shadow somehow, and he walked as if in a cloud.

Going up the hill slowly after the harsh, sweet tinkle of Mully's bell, the peace in Loly's heart began to curdle a little as though a drop of trouble had splashed in, like a bit of rennet. A retrospect of her twenty years straggled dimly and disconnectedly through her mind. Oh! what a lot of church-goings, and singing-schools, and winters, and funerals, and babies, and dishes, she had gone through, and they piled up before her now, all helter-skelter, and one atop of the other. She always had to carry a baby, wash the dishes, and then go to a funeral. Every other winter a baby, and every other winter a funeral—the babies always died the winter after they were born, except little sister Clarice, and she died when she was six. Oh! the misery of that funeral, when the ground was frozen, and mother put her face down on the coffin-lid and made low little moans. "Loly! Loly!" mother said, passionately, as she lay on her pillow a month after, with the next baby crying weakly, "pray to the Lord every day of your young life that you may never have as many children as I have had, to wear out body and mind."

"Rachel," said father, from the doorway, where he had come unperceived of either, "will nothing ever submit you to the will of God? Not even when you see that as punishment he takes away each child almost as He gives it?"

"Reuben, God alone knows how I have loved my children," mother answered like a spark of fire, and then her lips moved a little, but she closed her eyes, and in a moment said meekly: "Perhaps, Loly, perhaps father is right."

And then mother died, and the last baby went with her; and the memory of her worn face hovering—even in the coffin—over the baby's, was a picture that haunted memory. Ah, the dreariness of those days! And one night a strange sound awoke the sleeping girl, and shivering she crept over the bare floor, and lo! it was the father on his knees, sobbing such dry, hard sobs, without any tear in them, and every minute he said so pleadingly, "Rachel, wife! Rachel, why Rachel, woman!"

Always after mother died he was different, as if he would like to be tender and tell his sympathy and didn't know how—a pitiful thing to think of, that was, was it not? When she was seventeen he had given her a silk handkerchief, his very first gift—such a strange, dun-colored thing, like an old woman's birthday. And down on the bridge over the brook she was standing—not alone, oh, no!—shyly watching the man-boy sink his initials into the rail, every sense fluttering like a bird-wing, that very birthday. It was toward evening, and father came by. How shamed she was! How she could have eaten her own heart out, but that it had gone from her! Never more would she permit to herself such foolish, sweet dilly-dallying; but home she went, with the first kiss tingling on her lip all the same. Every day since then had been touched with something of a tinge of rose, for love set his finger on it—a patient love, born of her mother, christened by the trial of her life, full-grown by her death. It was the only kiss, but love placed around it a halo so that it seemed like all sweetness, the very all of love.

His own voice trembling—the one girl of all his children!—Deacon Pennefather, almost failing of his old resolution, came to Loly, as with pail half filled she dreamed over the well-curb. Her clear eyes fell, and she shrank as from an evil, and put her hands over her face.

"Please, father, don't," she said, with presentiment of what was coming.

"My girl," he commenced, clearing his throat and trembling as much as she, "I hope I am right. Right and wrong seem strangely tangled these few years past. It is all dark and I can scarcely see my way through, but you mustn't do it. A taint comes in the blood of the whole family; they're all shiftless, the men and the women, too, and this boy's sure got it in him as he's come of that blood. It's bad blood, that's what it is, and it mustn't mix with our family's."

"No, pa," answered Loly.

She was very quiet about it then and afterward, and she wondered herself how she felt so calm; but there were the days, each with a tiny rose on its breast just the same, and the kiss was her own jewel. No other kiss should ever rub that one away, and she would bury it with her. Besides, she had the letters on the rail. And this was Loly's love, an episode to you as you read it, but to her her whole little life.

Old Mully was standing patiently by the bars when her mistress came up, standing with shut eyes and munching her cud of grass and wild clover. The air was so sweet, and filled with the savor of a June twilight, when an incense rises of every green thing growing. It was sweet enough to soothe the throbbing of a brain and the disquiet of a heart, but Loly went in and stirred the fire for tea, and shut away her troubles as best she might. Then she stepped upon the porch to call father.

"Father, father!" she cried in her fine, thin voice, which wandered away in little shreds of calls through the rose-vine. And there in the gathering gloom the old man sat, out in the straggling garden, under the apple-tree which fruited in June. A discouraged thought pierced Loly as she remembered that even these apples had failed her and borne a blight. But the old Deacon shivered and shook in that sweet twilight, and looked away into the clouds, and smiled, and then slowly wagged his head to and fro to himself, and never noticed how anxiously Loly was beginning to call. She ran over the neglected flower-beds and put her little, rough, red hands on his great shoulders, and then he started and winked his eyes rapidly. For a moment, even in the gathering dark, his face had a blank look; but he struggled for a minute, as though with a thick tongue, and it was a second before the words would come.

"Eh! Loly, daughter!" he said, with an anxious tenderness, "Poor Loly!"

Within a week there flew through the village a whisper that the Deacon had had "a call," and people about his age, notably his brother pillars, said, "Why, the Deacon is young yet." It seemed as if they had looked into their own coffins when they first heard it.

That very night in the small house down in the hollow a wanderer was returned. The little house had always a look as if it had gone gypsying, and to-night the whole family seemed copper-kettling and camp-firing before the andirons. There were some dogs in the open doorway sniffing in the air at where they hoped to find a bone by and by, and further out the gate hung on one hinge. Shiftless blood in the whole family, according to the old deacon.

Loly left her chamber door open, and cried bitterly as she went to bed. She prayed to the spirit of her mother, she was in such deep waters, and when she slept it was a light sleep filled with heavy dreams.

A little shiver always creeps along the breath at break of day, akin to the dawn-shudder in the sky at every season. So Loly woke with a chill upon her lips and a sting in her thoughts as well. It was a bitter sting to a girl of twenty, and it kept putting itself into the shape of a query: "And what will you do now for bread?" She ran in her night-clothes to look at father, and as she saw his breathing come and go she took a spice of comfort. But all day long the question of "bread, bread" for two mouths stared her in the face, and she thought she must go dizzy sometimes as the word spun round in her head. That night she paused for no sweet musings on the little bridge as she drove Mully home, but the tips of her fingers trailed a moment along the rail and sought out the rough place upon it. She never guessed whose fingers had pressed it last, while a half-laugh had mingled with the bubbling tune of the waters. Loyal Loly, dear Loly, as her own sweet heart was pure and true, her faith was just so simple and so strong, and the kiss burned again as she touched the rail.

Her eyes were shining and her step was light, for a wonderful business plan it was she was brooding. Ten acres of pasture-land, and wasn't old Mully in clover now? Why, it would do for cows and cows, though, to be sure, so many had pastures now. But it was no harm to try, and so she would. She would charge, she would charge—dear me!—how much ought she to charge a cow for all the grass and clover she could crop in a day?

When she went in, the old man was sitting by the window, resting his chin on his cane. His eyes followed her vacantly for a few moments, and then wistfully, as she flitted here and there about the supper. Pretty soon his lips moved, and by and by Loly thought she heard a sound. Father was saying a name over low and soft, to see first how it would sound to his own dulled ear. "Rachel," he said, in an uncertain whisper, and then a little surer that he was right, he said it louder: "Rachel, Rachel, are you getting supper?"

Suddenly the light went from Loly's eyes, and she looked at him with a sad dread; then, crossing the room, she knelt by him, and drew his cheek upon her own. "Father, father," she said, "mother died, don't you know, and I'm your little daughter, Loly?"

"Oh, yes, yes!" he answered, trying to laugh, and straightening up; "of course. Don't think anything of it, Loly. Why, yes, Loly, of course, Eh, Loly! Poor Loly, poor father!" And then at supper, so afraid she would think he didn't know, he called her Loly over and over, watching her to see if she noticed he had it right now.

At ten o'clock, Loly heard the singers going home from singing-school, and they were trying "St. Ann's" on their way. How well she knew the difficult strain upon which they had all so often stumbled! She could almost tell the voices as she listened at the window—and hark! that tenor bursting above them all—ah! well she knew it. A flush seemed to sweep her from head to toe, and her fingers locked and unlocked nervously. Trying to drag her thoughts away, she looked from the window, still struggling to interest her eyes in the blighted apple-tree, in the lilac-bush, in the holly-hocks.

"Rachel!" called a voice feebly, and half muffled in sleep.

Loly was by his side in an instant. "Yes, father," said she, gently kneeling down and patting the coverlet with her hand as if he were a child.

He talked on a moment after, incoherently, and then he murmured quite plainly: "You must speak to Loly, Rachel; it's a shiftless family."

The kneeling girl burst into a passion of sobs and tears, feeling that life was a dreary, dreary way to her, and then, hushing the love in her heart, and covering it over with the pained wonder of how they could all sing so when she was in sorrow, she went away to her bed.

The sun shone as brightly next morning as if no care were born with the day. A balmy wind played among the leaves, and a humming-bird set its wing against the perfume of the honeysuckle vine. Being forehanded with her work, as early as nine Loly took a last look at the Deacon solemnly gazing down the front path from his chair on the porch where she had placed him.

"Good-bye, father!" she called from the back way, "I am going now."

"Good-bye, Loly," he said, without turning his head, and in something like his old voice.

Try how we will, it is hard to be sad of an old grief in the sunshine, and Loly's steps were light in spite of her tears shed not so long ago in the dark. Along the grassy path by the road she tripped, intent upon her errand—an undertaking that made her feel quite grand and bold, and yet she was so shy about things, too. As she stepped upon the bridge, she noticed the small, fluttering, faint, gray shadows quivering in the pool—the light reflections of the leaves on the water. They seemed to dance about as her own thoughts did sometimes. From habit, as she passed along, her left hand slid along the rail, and her fingers with a rapid touch traced out the sunken letters. A bad habit, Loly; a bad habit.

For a full minute a man had been watching her curiously, standing by a clump of hazel, as if he half cared and half didn't care to be seen. He stood in an indolent attitude, a light coat thrown over his shoulder, and his hat pushed off his forehead. His large, dark eyes were heavy, and he looked down the road with a laughing, careless, happy-go-lucky, tender expression touching his features. He might have won the love of twenty simple trusting girls in his few years of manhood. He probably had, and very likely had loved them all in return.

He came boldly out from the hazel when he saw this girl betray her old love with her outstretched hand, and, hesitating no longer, he drew his lips together and whistled a few peculiar notes not unlike the first twitter of a wren. Loly started as if she had been struck, turned half round, then irresolutely stood stock still. Ah! but one word in her ear; but one warm look in her eyes, and then another kiss on her mouth; an arm again around her waist; the soft taking of her hand—she almost yielded to the fascination that lay behind her. She almost turned when she remembered the old Deacon, who had his "call," sitting helplessly on the porch in his chair, with his stick in his hand, looking about him with a wandering, uncertain gaze. "No, I will not!" she said aloud, and with her utmost speed she ran away from the temptation, the bridge, and the brook, and out of the patch of woodland into the open road. The tears came as she ran, and dropped silently off her cheek; but her rapid feet sped on past the pasture, and a thousand clover-heads and blue-bells, until she reached the first fence—part of Colonel Eldredge's farm—and here, by feminine instinct, she stopped to swallow down her tears and trials, to straighten her bonnet and pat her collar, and put a right seeming upon things.

Fifteen minutes later she went through the orchard of Colonel Eldredge in search of him. He was looking keenly about him, and issuing quick, business-like directions to one of his "hands."

She waited a moment behind them, and then she said, in a voice more timid than shrewd:

"Colonel Eldredge, would you mind pasturing your cows in our lot? That's what I came to ask."

He looked at her a moment, in surprise at her sudden appearance and question. He was a tall man, in a square setting, and was perhaps under fifty. His eyes were keen, and no doubt he saw the traces of tears, for he said very kindly: "My cows are very well pastured already."

"Oh, sir, our pasture is very convenient to you—just next inclosure to your own, along the road—and the clover is very fine and thick; for only old Mully has been on this whole spring." It was an eager little face upturned toward him.

"That's Deacon Pennefather's lot, I think," he said, musingly.

"Yes, sir. I am Loly Pennefather, sir."

The tears had left deep traces, and his eyes searched them out as he added: "Well, well, Miss Loly, I'll inquire, and if the cows need a change of diet, they shall find it in your pasture."

"When shall I come again?" she asked.

"Oh, never mind, never mind," he answered; "I'll call and see your father, if I find there's need."

"Father doesn't tend to business now. He's—he's failing, sir."

"Ah, well! Yes, I see. I'll call and see you about it, then."

Loly took the long way round toward home. She feared the bridge and the bird-call. But she stopped at a little gate not unlike their own, and went up a path bordered with pinks and marigolds, and around under the locust-tree, at the side, to the back-door. Further on, a girl, about her own age, with her sleeves pinned to her shoulders, was drawing water from a well, and Loly walked on as soon as she saw her.

"Why, Loly Pennefather!" exclaimed the girl.

"You'll be a good deal more surprised, Mary, when I tell you what I want you to do. You know I always liked you a good deal better than the other girls, and now I want a great favor of you. Oh, Mary! everything seems so dreadful; and you know it always did, even before mother died, though I never told you quite how dreadful. And now it's almost the worst of all, since father's had his stroke, and sits there all day without moving or speaking hardly."

"Yes, I know," said Mary, sympathizingly; "we all said so, coming home last night from singing-school, how hard it was for you."

"I heard you singing 'St. Ann's,' and I just cried, Mary, to think of you all so happy, and I there by myself. I've just been up to Colonel Eldredge's, now, because I must do something to see if he won't pasture his cows with Mully; but I don't know whether he will or not; and it's very doubtful; and if he don't, I'm going round to everybody to ask."

"Why, Loly!"

"Yes, indeed, Mary; for we've been getting poor this long time; and I am the only one of us to do anything. But I've been gone more than an hour now, and I must hurry home to pa." Her eyes dropped then, and her fingers played, embarrassed with her bonnet-strings. Then she mastered her voice, and went on bravely. "When—when—oh, you know who I mean—went away, I expect you guessed, didn't you, that we were sweethearts? Pa wouldn't hear to it then, or ever, and I just feel now as if it most broke my heart. I'm afraid *he's* had no interest in life, either, since. He's home again, I know he is; and I want you, please, to go to him and tell him that pa's had his call, and he's a living dead man, and I feel bound to carry out his wish as much as if he was dead. Oh, Mary! I just feel often, and often, as if I'd like to die myself; and I don't care what season of the year it is, or whether or not I have anything more than enough to eat and drink."

Mary had left the well, and had put one arm round the neck of the sorrowing girl. Loly continued:

"And, oh! if he takes it to heart, you'll tell me, I know, and just how he looks; and please look him straight in the face all the time, and let me know if he turns white, or anything like that. I don't feel half so bad for myself this minute as I do for him."

A guilty, glad look hovered about Mary's smile of sympathy. Her eyes roved about from bush to tree, and her heart beat strangely.

"Yes," said she, "Loly, I will. I shall see him to-night, too, so you'll have it off your mind. I'm so sorry for you, and you mustn't feel too bad."

"Well, I must go now. Good-bye," said Loly, after a pause of a moment, and then she went down the little front path bordered by pinks and marigolds again, her fingers plucking at the ends of her sun-bonnet and making "balloons" out of its skirt.

When she came near, she saw her father sitting on the porch just as she had left him. He saw her coming, and smiled at her humbly as a watch-dog might welcome.

"Loly! Loly!" he called, as if just for the pleasure of speaking to her.

It smote her, somehow, to have him, and a great wave of tenderness toward him swept into her heart as if he were child and she the parent.

"Why, pa," she said, cheerfully, "the sun's almost creeping up to your feet. Come, and I'll help you out to the back porch now, where my work is."

And so, flitting past him, as she busied herself about the churning, and chirping with little crumbs of talk as she came in and out, her own load lightened again a little. When noon came, she was patting her butter into shape—a great yellow mass of sweet butter, and a warm flush heated her face. Father sat on the great flat stone that served for a step, and on it stood a bright dipper filled with buttermilk, which every now and then he lifted with his shaking hand to his lips. It was such a warm noon air, and a locust was droning in the branches overhead, and a grasshopper swished himself with a thud upon the hard, beaten clay of the door-yard. Father looked up and smiled through the leaves and branches, a wise, grave smile, that told how simple his thought must be.

Loly turned with a start, and there was Colonel Eldredge. He took his hat courteously off, and said, without waiting for her to speak:

"How do you do at noon, Miss Loly? Deacon Pennefather, how are you? I wonder if I mightn't have a dipper of buttermilk, too? It is very warm in the sun to-day."

He took his buttermilk, and sat down on the stone step to drink it. Father smiled in his grand visitor's face like an old child, and made figures on the ground with his cane. He seemed pathetic to his own little girl, sitting there so quiet and still, with the moving shadows of the leaves shooting and dancing over his gray hair.

Colonel Eldredge looked at him and sipped his milk, and finally said, in his business voice, turning once more toward Loly:

"I looked into your pasture, Miss Loly, and as the one my cows have pasturage in is most cropped out, I shall have them turned in your gate before night."

When he had gone Loly went up and kissed father's cheek in very thankfulness that now they had a way at least to live for some months.

The days went and the days came, and Deacon Pennefather stayed just as he was in body, but in mind he seemed to be the same old child getting older and older. Occasionally he would be thoughtful as though trying hard to grasp a thought or an ancient memory, and invariably his mood closed with a question:

"A shiftless family—bad blood, ain't it, Loly?"

"Yes, pa, indeed it is," she would answer, sadly; when his face would clear, and his eyes brighten. His brain had relieved itself of the shadow of its ancient memory.

As the days of autumn came and went, a strange thing began to happen. Old Mully, in the early days of summer, had shaken her horns and her bell in disapproval of the strange cows invading her domain, but stranger sights than that she saw. In the first mellow sunset of October she strayed at will along the path, for the little maid who came to drive her was detained on the small bridge by words that seemed to beat in her ears.

True-hearted Loly! The kiss, hallowed by youth and years, was on her lip like a burn; her heart was listening till a tear sprang from its yearning—listening to a voice that seemed so sweet, and her fingers, against her own will, were throbbing upon the time-worn letters of the rail. Could she ever have another love like that? Oh, no, no, no, came the answer, surging and dying upon her lips; no love that could ever wash it away; no love that could take its place; none again that could be like water in a waste. The old love, for that moment, was so strong it seemed as though it were a thing she could take in her hand to see.

Colonel Eldredge, tall and stately, stood by her side.

"I want you for my wife, Loly," he said. "I am a young man no longer, but I dare come to you, my little woman, hoping against my own reason and almost against conscience, for your yes. Say it, Loly; say it."

It seemed to herself she was standing dull as a senseless stone, while within she was going mad with a whirlwind of recollection. She wondered if he thought her stunned, while really she was drunk. Yes, drunk, with memories.

A half hour later the bars went down with the sun, and Mully, swinging her bell, walked slowly up to her milking-stand. The old man, maybe a trifle thinner, maybe a bit more shaken, stood under the great tree of the dooryard, watching for Loly, a full hour later than usual to-night. His hand, grasping its stick, trembled a great deal, and his eyes had grown so faded and so dull. He looked so pleased when he saw her coming, and then he began to whimper and cry a little.

"Why, Rachel"—he called her Rachel oftener and oftener, now—"you're so late, so late to-night. I watched and watched such a long time."

"I was talking with Colonel Eldredge, pa," she answered, stroking his hair, while the lip she spoke with quivered in spite of her. "And I'm going to marry Colonel Eldredge," she added, in a moment.

He looked up at her blankly.

"To marry—to marry Colonel Eldredge," he repeated, trying to wedge the thought into his understanding; and then he caught at the old words and said them aloud almost as if he knew, "Shiftless family—bad blood—eh, Loly?"

"No, pa; good blood—good blood," she replied, firmly; and he laughed his little, croaking, cracking laugh, and said it over and over, "Good blood—good blood—eh, Loly?" at which she nodded and smiled ever so little.

With this new and stately life before her, a dignity like a blessing came upon Loly, and it was with an air of withdrawal from all things that had encompassed her before that she took a quiet farewell—of her schoolmates, who, following their own pursuits, had long ago passed her by; of all the neighbors, of old Mully, of the porch and the honeysuckle vine, and—saddest of all that fell!—of the little bridge-rail. But the girl Mary, exhibiting more affection than she had ever pretended before, shed tears upon her shoulder and finally wept as if her heart would break.

"Oh, Loly!" she sobbed at parting, "if ever I did you a wrong, you'll forgive it now, won't you? I do hope you'll be so happy, and I can't tell you how glad I'll be to hear of you as a fine lady with everything you can possibly wish for. And I shall be left alone in misery, now."

So as Mrs. Colonel Eldredge—such a grand and elegant name!—Loly left the home and scenes of her childhood, and went away into—she could not imagine what scenes and what life. How could she, accustomed to milking cows, to hoeing in the garden, to making a cent count for a dollar, imagine days of ease, a purse of gold? She shrank a little into her own shyness at the thought of the strangeness of it all, and of the new and unreal things that before their happening cast their shadow upon her; but as from day to day she faced them bravely they fell apart like crumbling walls, and wise, new manners grew upon her, at which she used to laugh when alone with pa, and then, seeing her so pleased from whom he took his sighs and smiles, he laughed aloud.

When a year was gone, she sat down by her window to think—her stained window, with its drapery of damask and lace, with its cushioned seat, and its view of lawn close-cropped as the old pasture when the strange cows had done with it. She leaned her chin upon her hand—her white, white hand—and her thoughts began to busy themselves. How happy she was—that is, happy in a way, though the lonesome day of a motherless woman was hers. Oh! for a baby to clasp and carry in her arms—just one of the babies that in her young girlhood had been such a source of weariness to her. How could she have ever been tired and fretful and cross with the bits of babies so long ago, and how could mother, poor and worn as she was, have dreaded the coming of each? Alas, not one save her own heart can know the next to death of a woman overburdened with children, or the all in life a child would be to one without child.

And the old love was like a dulled fire that now and again flashed up its flickering flame, and again and again she covered it up in its own ashes. There was a sparkle to it that was like a bubble on wine, and whenever it sprang in her heart there was the old kiss on her lip which none had ever yet rubbed away. The thought of the day when she was a girl, and stood on the bridge above the pool, was a lurking thought she would have given half her life to forget.

One other and last night she awoke with a trembling, shaking, wistful voice appealingly beseeching her, and it was like a wail: "Rachel," it said, "how is it with the children? The Lord smites me as I count the graves. Call Loly, Rachel, to take up the baby."

"Yes, father," Loly said, "I'm here."

A terror fell upon her at the sight of his pale face, every minute growing so very old.

"Whisper to her about it, for it's a shiftless family, and she mustn't—she mustn't marry poor stock. I can't have it."

"No, pa," she said, feeling now the sweet reward of all her denial and her patience.

"Rachel, is the last baby dead?" he asked, after a moment's apparent slumber.

"Oh, yes! all dead but your own little Loly."

"My daughter Loly!" he whispered, with infinite tenderness; and before the morning broke, the old child of this world was newborn of the next.

Somehow, in the spring of the year a great longing came upon—stay! not Mrs. Colonel Eldredge, but our little Loly—a longing for the old cow and the tinkle of her bell, for the plaint of the brook which seemed forever falling and falling on her ear, and for the shade of the old trees.

So she went, and, with a kind and stately presence ever by her side, sat upon the porch covered with the honeysuckle, and upon the old stone step dropped down upon her knees. It had been like a restless fever till she could take a breath from the old house again—a breath, perhaps, that a baby had lost as it gasped on its little pillow. Oh! those old, sad days—those days when, scantily dressed in her calico gown, a dream as of heaven had lit upon her lips, all among the funerals as it was, and the dishes, and the poor, wee children.

Making courteous excuse, she gathered her silken skirts and wandered away. Mary was keeping old Mully, and caring for her with pail and stool, and grass and clover. She would look in Mully's honest eyes again—blue-brown, as she remembered, and a rim of black within the iris. Mary, in spite of her singing schools and her sweet voice, was single yet. Loly thought, with a little smile, how the best girls were somehow the ones never to marry. She said so to Mary herself as she stroked Mully's red neck.

"Oh, Loly"—Mary began crying—"though the girl never marries, she may have her story all the same. But I sit here and I think I was well served, though I couldn't begin to tell you, even now, about it."

"Well, well, Mary, don't try; it's wicked to live so much in the past, glooming over what has been. I know that, and take my own reproof to myself. I—I have come back, Mary, to hush memory. Come, let us walk down by the brook. I drove Mully home that way, and so many times, in my mind, I've driven her home again."

So, arm in arm, down the path they walked, the buttercups shining afar off like the sun, and the blue-bells waiting till night for dew. There was the strip of woodland, the bridge, and the murmur of the brook, while below, the leaves shuddered over the pool.

"It is just as it used to be," Loly said, aloud, and she took off her hat and swung it by its string.

It was, indeed, as of old, even to the letters, though they were weather-worn with the winters and the summers that had come and gone.

"Hush!" said Mary, presently, "there's some one coming."

Turning, Loly saw a man walking slowly along the path quite close to them. From the first she watched him eagerly, perhaps for the slouching grace of his carriage, for that nonchalant air was possessed by few.

"Can it be—can it be—?" she said, wonderingly, and she rose to her feet, her hat trailing on the ground, while Mary whispered:

"My God! Will Macaire!"

They were both as still as death then, while he came slowly on, and they saw that he was pale and ill, as they watched. They saw the recognition flash upon him, his heavy dark eyes open wide in surprise, and, as he came along, he put his hand upon the rail as though it might be a help to him in his weakness, and pushing it along so, it touched the old letters deep sunken in the wood. His palm met them with a sudden pressure that was like a clasp, and he turned his heavy, handsome face full toward Loly, perhaps for the love of her; perhaps, again to call, if he could, the old thrill of her love of him; perhaps to see what his effect, for all in all, might be. But he was a sick and a weary man—too sick and too weary to let his feeling of dull surprise stay with him, and it soon smouldered like an ember, and went out of his face.

Mary began to tremble, and her breath came thick and short. A look of beseeching shone dumbly from her eyes till they seemed like the windows that shone from her heart, and her two hands went fumbling over and over.

"Oh, Will!" she said, humbly and pleadingly, "won't you look at me, dear?"

There is no mistaking the tone of love, and Loly started when she heard Mary.

"Loly," said he, never for once turning his eyes.

It was a liquid voice, and the same fascination trembled within it, and upon its quivering skirts hung a fringe, a deep fringe of tenderness. She was winding and unwinding her hat-string round her finger, scarce knowing it, her yearning gray eyes fixed upon him, and she started again with parted lips when he put out his hand to her. Ah, well she knew the tingle and the thrill that lay within it.

"Will," said Mary again, so anxiously, "I'm here." But he did not look toward her.

"Loly," he continued, "don't you remember that twilight on this bridge? Why, here are the letters to prove it, and I'll never forget the touch of your lips as I lifted your drooping chin to find them. Of all the women I ever kissed, and I've kissed a many, Loly, I loved you best. As I look back now the rest seem all like weak wine. When it happened then I did not guess I was anointed, but now I know it—oh! how well. I never dreamed of finding you here; I thought I would come and sit down on the bridge."

"And all this time he's never thought of me." Mary said it in a low, wounded voice.

"I wanted to come before this sickness came upon me," he went on after a pause, hoping Loly would speak, but she did not, "but a week since I was seized with it, and then I was eager for the brook and the shade, and the coolness, and something made me come to stand just where we stood."

"Oh! you kissed me, too, Will, indeed you did, and I thought you meant it. How was I to know? Though all the time I felt I was false to Loly, and that was like a thorn, but all this time I have prayed and prayed to be forgiven for that. But I've had never another lover in my life, dear, never another, and I've waited and watched for you to come back to me." It was Mary saying it almost on her knees, and crying it from her very heart.

A light and a flush sprang into Loly's face that made it like a flower.

"Oh, Loly, my own love, speak, do speak to me!" He was leaning more heavily upon the rail. "Just a little word—one little word. I forget the others now, and I remember only you, the little country blossom, so shy, so sweet, that has full blown in these years. The others, upon the surface, stirred the waters for a moment, but for you my love springs fresh from its fountain, even now. Alas, Loly! such a poor fountain, stained and sullied and filled with rubbish, but for you the water poured clean."

Mary caught Loly's dress between her hands, and sobbed convulsively. "Will, oh, Will!" she pleaded.

"I will speak," said Loly, proudly. "This long time I have mourned because no doubt of you ever haunted me. I wish I could have known you untrue, Will Macaire, and how little I should have troubled myself beyond the first feeling of shame to have been trifled with. Many a pang and many a tear have I wasted on you. And I have defrauded another, so good, so kind, so all that man should be, for you, who took into your shallow heart every girl's face you saw. Even Mary you must win and make her traitor to me, while the kiss you had just given me was burning so deep into my mouth I could not wash its fire away. What shame, what shame, to have loved such a man! Loved you!—no, no, it was not so. I loved the faith, the truth; the love I thought I saw; but now—Mary, I forgive you. Will Macaire, even you I forgive; for you show me how I love the faith, the truth; the love now I know I see. Thank God!" she cried, "thank God for it! My husband, my husband is my love!"

And while she ran breathless along the path, eager to shout it to the world, Mary, under a contemptuous gaze, was leaning her heavy head against the bridge rail, and the tears were flowing from her shut eyes.

"My husband is my love!" sang Loly gladly, as she floated along with other years, and children grew and flourished beside her. She had passed from under the shadow of her younger life, and for her the sun shone. "And the last is better than the first," again and again she added. "So much better, oh, so much deeper and truer and kinder! The first had a lighter sparkle, but how bitter in the dregs it was! While oh! the last is so full a cup—so full and rich, I can never drink it dry."

Out of strange soil the rarest plants blossom, and so, out of poverty and care and sorrow, blossomed in the end a sweet life for Loly. Pray God that the last shall always be best.

KATE HEATH.

CERTAIN PHASES OF THE CHINESE QUESTION.

In the discussion of this question, it has been asserted on the one side with much apparent confidence—and as vehemently denied on the other—that the opposition to Chinese immigration is confined to political demagogues, ignorant foreigners, and the vicious, unlettered element of California society. While this contention is of but little importance in the process of solution of the main question, which must be settled from considerations higher than are to be found in the character of the advocates upon either side, still it was deemed expedient to make an attempt to eliminate the question of character from the discussion by definitely showing what proportion of our people, honest or dishonest, were for Chinese immigration, and what proportion were against it. To this end, the people of this State were recently requested, by a statute law, to express their opinions upon the main question by ballot. The response was general; and when the ballots were counted, there were found to be 883 votes for Chinese immigration, and 154,638 against it.

This action will probably be regarded as decisive of all it was intended or expected to settle, but this is not all. California has, with surprising unanimity and supreme earnestness, after exhaustive discussion and passionless deliberation, declared, by this, the best method known to a free people, in favor of a policy of exclusion toward certain classes of Chinese immigrants. What shall be the influence of this declaration—so deliberately made—upon the minds of those who are charged with the ultimate solution of the great problem, is a question which must bide its time for answer. It may be important to note, however, that this action is taken by a people who are not unmindful of the spectacle which they, in themselves, present. This stand is taken in plain view of all mankind, and is maintained without a blush, in the full blaze of the civilization of the nineteenth century. Is it the attitude of ignorant defiance of the world's opinion? or is it the earnest, dignified protest of a spirited people? Does it display base motives, an illiberal, unreasoning spirit and temper? or is it the expression of honest, intelligent men, who believe they are in the right, and realize what they are doing? These questions must be answered sooner or later; California must yet be justified in this position, or stand abashed and humiliated before the civilized world. The situation is interesting, if not dramatic, and challenges the attention of American publicists and statesmen. Such an attitude would never have been assumed by any people of average intelligence without some good reason, and it is to be presumed that some individuals of the one hundred and fifty-four thousand who voted for Chinese exclusion, are able to give their reasons for this action. Many of these reasons have been given, and repeated in almost endless forms of reiteration, until it is perhaps impossible to present anything new, either in fact or argument, upon the subject. Some of the reasons which have been given are founded upon considerations of public policy, others upon moral duty, others upon principles of economic science; but the general foundation of all is, perhaps, in that higher law, which is the oldest of all human laws, the law of self-preservation. The people believe themselves to be engaged in an "irrepressible conflict." The two great and diverse civilizations of the earth have finally met on the California shore of the Pacific. This is a consummation which was prophetically seen by philosophers long ages ago, and which was expected to mark a most important epoch in the history of mankind.

Speaking of this event in the United States Senate, session of 1852, William H. Seward characterized it as "the reunion of the two civilizations, which, parting on the plains of Asia four thousand years ago, and traveling in opposite directions around the world, now meet again on the coasts and islands of the Pacific Ocean." He then adds: "Certainly no mere human event of equal dignity and importance has ever occurred on the earth." In this connection he made the prediction that this great event would be "followed by the equalization of the condition of society, and the restoration of the unity of the human family."

The first fruits of this process of "the equalization of the condition of society" are now visible in California, and the public judgment is, that this equalization of condition and the "restoration of the unity of the human family," so far as it relates to the antipodean peoples who have here met, will be effected—if at all—at the expense of the life of Anglo-Saxon civilization. The two civilizations which have here met are of diverse elements and characteristics; each the result of evolution under contrariant conditions—the outgrowth of the centuries—and so radically antagonistic that any merging together or unity of them now seems impossible. Experience thus far indicates pretty clearly that the attempt will result in the displacement or extinction of one or the other. They can no more mix than oil and water—neither can absorb the other. They may exist side by side for a time, as they have endured here for nearly thirty years; for let it be understood that there is a small but growing province of China on the Pacific Coast; and that in the very heart of our metropolis there is the City of Canton in miniature, with its hideous gods, its opium dens, its slimy dungeons, and its concentrated nastiness.

The Chinese have existed here for more than a quarter of a century, in an organization as complete as any among men—displaying every characteristic of Chinese civilization; subjected all this time to the influence and example of western civilization, modern thought, American laws, and Christian teaching, and they have remained changeless and unchangeable; as immutable in form, feature, and character as if they had been moulded like iron statues when made, and never "of woman born"; as fixed in habit, method, and manner as if, in their daily lives, they were but executing some monstrous decree of fate. With their heathen temples, which they have here set up, they brought also a code of laws, which their chiefs enforce upon their people with relentless vigor, under the sanction of penalties the most dreadful, imposed by secret tribunals, who are enabled, under the concealment of an unattainable dialect and other hidden ways, to execute their decrees in the very shadow of our city hall—within pistol-shot of the office of our chief of police. They exist here under a Chinese system of government not unlike that under which they lived on the banks of the Se-Keang; and this in spite of American laws, and in defiant contempt of American police. Thus far no visible impression has been made here upon the Chinese, or their peculiar civilization. Their modes of life are the same that they and their ancestors have for fifty centuries pursued, in their fierce struggle with nature for subsistence. Here we have found the Chinaman utterly unable to emerge from the character which has been stamped upon him and ground into him by habit and a heredity as old as the records of man. He seems powerless to be other than he is, and he would not be other than he is if he could.

It is a fact of history that wherever Chinese have gone they have taken their habits, their methods, their civilization with them, and have never lost them. Other peoples go abroad, and sooner or later adopt the civilization and habits of those by whom they are surrounded, and are absorbed in the mass of humanity with which they have come in contact. The European immigrants, within a short time after their arrival in America, become Americanized, and their descendants are genuine Americans. The Chinese are always Chinese, and their offspring born on American soil are Chinese in every characteristic of mind, form, feature, and habit, precisely the same as their ancestors. We have not only our experience of thirty years with the Chinese, but numerous historical examples of like character, all tending to prove that the Chinese are perfectly unimpressible; that no impression has been or can be made upon the civilization which here confronts ours.

These questions here arise: If we continue to admit this immigration until the Chinese form a considerable part of our population, what impression will they make upon the American people? and what will be the effect upon Anglo-Saxon civilization? Can the two civilizations endure side by side as two separate forces? If not, which will predominate? When the end comes for one or the other, which will be found to have survived? All these queries presuppose that the present unique experiment will be permitted to proceed. But it is not probable that the American will abandon his civilization and adopt that of the Chinese. It is quite as impossible for him to become such a man as the Chinaman is, as it is improbable that the Chinaman will become such as the American is. Nor is it probable that the American will abandon his country and give it up to the Chinaman. Can these two meet half-way? Can a race half Chinese and half American be imagined? A civilization half Anglo-Saxon and half Chinese? It is possible that the experiment now going on will be brought to a halt before it comes to that point. This attempt to take in China by absorption is likely to result in an epidemic of "black vomit." Is it not manifest that at some time in the future—should Chinese immigration continue—a policy of exclusion toward these people must and will be adopted in the fulfillment of the law of self-preservation? Why not adopt it now?

It is said in answer to all this that the Chinese do not come in sufficient numbers to in any way disturb the equilibrium of American society or threaten American institutions; that there is no danger of any large immigration of Chinese; that they have a right to come under treaty stipulation; and much more which involves considerations of moral and religious duty, and which the limits of a single article forbid us to mention or discuss.

That an exodus from the province of Kwang Tung in China has begun cannot be denied, and that more than enough of these adventurers to form the population of a new State of the Union are actually in the United States will not be disputed. They have entered California because it is the nearest of all the States, and most accessible. They would thrive just as well in any of the States of the Union, and this they are rapidly finding out. They are coming in numbers exactly proportionate to the openings for them, and those who have been here the longest, and are the most intelligent and opulent, are engaged in creating new openings. At first nearly all who came were mere laborers of the lowest order, men who only sought labor under the direction of superiors. The American was then the superior who directed their labor; but now there are thousands of Chinese proprietors and managers in California who direct the labor of their fellows as skillfully and successfully as ever the Americans were able to do. These have entered into competition with American employers, and thus not only furnish labor for their countrymen, but force the American proprietors to employ labor of the same grade. Many American proprietors have refused and still refuse to give employment to Chinese, but it is found that this practice of self-denial for the common good is at the cost of fortunes, and that it has no appreciable effect upon Chinese immigration. It only serves to multiply Chinese proprietors and new openings, and the Chinese continue to pour in as before.

All the Chinaman needs to make him an employer is capital. The accumulations of past years are now being used as proprietary stock, and the disposition to so use them is rapidly growing. Skilled in handiwork, they have only to learn how to apply it, and they are as competent to direct labor as any proprietors. For example, they learned at low wages the whole business of making American shoes and cigars. Now the shoe-factories and the cigar-factories of San Francisco are, for the most part, carried on by Chinese, and their former employers are driven from the business. Having been trained at home in the art of wresting from the earth the largest possible production, and seeing here what sorts of the earth's produce is of greatest value, they have become the autocrats of the garden, and our markets teem with the fruits of their tillage; none but a few Italians being left to contend against them in gardening. They have, in the same way, come to understand the intricacies and the whole art of field husbandry, and now they begin to appear as farmers and landed proprietors. Even the American who employs Chinese as laborers finds that he cannot compete with these, because the Chinese farmer brings raw recruits from China for his farm, by a process unknown to the American; and, being bound to him by contracts, made in China, for a term of years—which to break involves more to them than life itself—they gladly and faithfully work for three dollars a month.*

Practically, China is the great slave-pen from whence laborers for this country are being drawn; and there are myriads now ready, and only stand waiting for the beck and sign of Chinese chiefs, to come and toil like galley-slaves for wages upon which an American laborer would starve. Even here, in this sparsely settled region, successful competition by white men with Chinese, either as laborers or proprietors, is found to be impracticable, in all the employments and industries involving manual labor in which the test has been made, and particularly in all light employments hitherto filled by women and young people. The immediate effect of this is seen in the tardy increase of our white population. The ratio of increase is not now equal to that of natural increase without the aid of immigration. White immigration to California has ceased, or if not entirely stopped, it is more than balanced by emigration. It is open to observation that thousands of our white laborers are quitting California to escape Chinese competition, and are moving upon the northern Territories, where but few Chinese have yet penetrated; for the Chinaman is not the fearless pioneer who first subdues the forest or makes the desolate plain to blossom. He waits until others have won the conquest of nature, and then he comes and thrives in the contact with other men. The process of the displacement of the Caucasian and the planting of the Chinese instead, has here begun, and it is going on, slowly it may be, but steadily, with the silent, inexorable movement of time. And this process will continue until a crisis is reached and passed, and a new departure is made in our civil polity as respects immigration.

How the Chinese are able to thus supplant white men in their own country has often been explained. Volumes have been printed illustrative of the phenomenon, and explanatory of the possibility of a thing which at first would seem improbable. The clearest and most satisfactory exposition of this branch of the subject which has yet appeared, perhaps, is by an able writer[*] who shows, by scientific reasoning and fact, that it is not the highest, most vigorous, or enlightened type of man that always survives in the struggle for subsistence: "He may conquer an inferior people, and govern them for a time, but if they can produce as much as he by their labor, and are content to live on much less, he will either become like them in course of time, or disappear." Applying this to the Chinese, he shows that it is their revolting characteristics which make them formidable in the contest for survival with other races of men: "His miserable little figure, his pinched and wretched way of living, his slavish and tireless industry, his indifference to high and costly pleasures which our civilization almost makes necessities, his capacity to live in swarms in wretched dens where the white man would rot if he did not suffocate." The method of the Chinese is also graphically described by another:[†] "The Chinese work for wages that will not support a white laborer's family, being themselves well fed on a handful of rice, a little refuse pork and desiccated fish, costing but a few cents a day; and, lodged in a pig-sty, they become affluent according to their standard on wages that would beggar an American."

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*This statement can be easily verified. It is asserted by those who know, that there are many young Chinese now working for Chinese employers on the low lands bordering the Sacramento, for three dollars per month, under contracts such as are described above.

In the long warfare of his race for the means of existence the physical character of the Chinaman has become adapted to the very smallest needs of human life, and with a capacity for the largest labor. He is a man of iron, whom neither heat nor cold seems to affect; of obtuse nerve, and of that machine-like quality which never tires. His range of food is the widest of all known animals—embracing as it does the whole vegetable kingdom, and including every beast of the earth and creeping thing, and all creatures of the sea, from the tiny shrimp to the giant leviathan of the deep. He can subsist on anything, and almost upon nothing. He has brought with him the *Chinese* science of sustaining human life, and he shows no disposition to lose it. The white man can not acquire it and does not want it. He could only get it by an experience such as the Chinese have gathered in the long ages of their history. This represents in some degree the advantages which the Chinese have over our race in the battle for the "survival of the fittest." When we reflect upon the time it has taken the Chinese to train their bodies down to their present state, in which they possess the capacity for labor and the power of endurance equal to that of the most stalwart races, at the same time possessing such a marvelous vital organism and digestive machinery that they are enabled to subsist on less than half the food necessary to sustain life in other men, we begin to see the impossibility of the American Caucasian ever coming to the Chinese standard in these respects; and when we think of what that training has cost—of the pinching hunger, ceaseless, grinding toil, the human misery, the unspeakable horrors of that long, doleful agony of the ages, which has made the Chinese what they are—the mind shrinks from the contemplation of the possibility of such a fate for the Anglo-Saxon race on this continent.

Those who affect to believe the territory of the United States sufficient in extent and fertility to afford a home for all mankind, and stretch forth their arms in generous invitation and welcome to all sorts of people, have probably never thought much of the future of their country, nor considered well the interest of posterity. Suppose all immigration to be now stopped, how long a time would elapse until the United States should be, by natural increase alone, as densely populated as any European State? Malthus cited the United States as an example in which the natural increase of the human race is in a geometrical ratio, fixing twenty-five years as the term in which the population doubles itself. Macaulay approves this estimate. Adam Smith wrote that "in North America it has been found that the population doubles in twenty or five-and-twenty years." The general estimate, by those who have given the subject attention, is, that a healthy, vigorous population will, under favorable conditions as to food, climate, and space, double itself by natural increase every twenty-five years. Our census returns do not probably prove the exact correctness of this statement, if applied to the United States, but the estimate is not far out of the way. Taking, then, thirty years as the term in which the population of this country would double, without the aid of immigration, we should have in sixty years one hundred and eighty millions of people. Permitting immigration, but limiting it to European peoples alone, we should unquestionably have that number within sixty years—perhaps within fifty years. Supposing the territorial area of the United States to remain the same it now is, long before the second centennial year the question of subsistence will have become the "burning question" of the time. The grandchildren of many who now so benevolently invite Chinese immigration may find it difficult to obtain a homestead, even upon the bleak, gravelly plains of the great "American Desert."

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[*] Mr. M. J. Dee—Essay on "Chinese Immigration"—*North American Review*, June, 1878.

[†] Hon. A. A. Sargent's speech, U. S. Senate, March, 1878.

It is perhaps an open question now, whether the United States as a nation has or has not come to that condition in which invitations and inducements to immigration from any quarter are unnecessary and mischievous. It is certain that immigration is not a necessary aid for the settlement of the country embraced within the present national boundaries, for by natural increase alone of the present stock this area will, within a century, become so crowded that the conquest of the whole continent will be regarded as a necessary measure of relief. Since it is clear that the country is not large enough, and cannot be so extended without making republican government impossible, as to accommodate a moiety of the human race who desire to come, is it not time to begin a rational discrimination among the varieties of men who are crowding in upon us? Or is it to be said that there is no choice among the races of men, and that all immigrants are equally desirable? Or, if it be admitted that some sorts are more desirable than others, has the nation no power of discrimination? After what may be considered a patient trial, the Americans of the Pacific States are of the opinion that there is a vast difference between the varieties of men who come, to the western shore, and that of all the bad sorts who have come and continue to come, the Chinese are the worst. They believe also that the nation has the power to discriminate against these, and that the time has come to exert that power.

It ought not to be forgotten, in considering this subject, that man is in a certain sense an animal—that there are different types of men as there are various breeds of a particular kind of animal, and that from climatic causes, the character, quality, and variety of food, the influence of employment, of care, shelter, particular habits, and other causes. Some of these types in the process of evolution have attained to a higher plane in life than others, just as some breeds or strains of the same kind of animal are found to be better than others; that the lower types of men, as in the case of other animals generally under like conditions, increase most rapidly, and that the tendency is therefore toward a predominance in point of numbers of the lower types, where there is no intelligent interposition or restraint. It has come to be regarded as axiomatic that the increase of animal life, including man, within any particular environment, is limited only by the means of subsistence.

In considering the question of moral duty in the alleviation of the distress which has resulted in China from over-population, by inviting immigration hither, it is well to remember that the Chinese have abundantly illustrated the foregoing axiom. They are a type of humanity who have increased and kept up to the utmost limit of the means of subsistence, never practicing any intelligent restraint, but just as fast as the pressure of want has been relieved by emigration to this and other countries, or in any other mode, the measure of increase has again been filled; so that, in fact, emigration is but a temporary relief to those who remain at home, and furnishes to such a people no permanent alleviation. The emigrants are alone benefited, and this, as we have seen, is at the expense of our own people. If twenty million Chinese were to emigrate to America as fast as ships could be found to carry them, their places would be again filled in China by natural increase within a short period, and the immigrants would supplant an equal number of white people in this country. The benevolence which prompts the unlimited admission of these millions into our country is misdirected, for the effect of it is simply to aid the increase and distribution over the earth's surface of an inferior variety of man, and to check the increase and distribution of a superior type. It makes China the breeding ground for peopling America, and that, too, from a bad and scrub stock. The effect of this proceeding upon our own race and people, and the institutions they have here established, is the matter of supreme importance. "Charity should begin at home."

Nor are we alone to consider the immediate effect of the presence of the Chinese as a part of our population, but we must look beyond that, and think of the elements which they shall infuse into our society as progenitors. With that heredity which moulds and forms and directs the Chinaman, which is his life and being, and from which he can never escape, it makes no difference whether the child of Chinese parentage is born in the United States or in the mountains of the moon, he will be a Chinaman still. It is in the blood. There can be no mixture of that blood with the Caucasian without the deterioration of the latter race. At present there does not seem to be very great danger of the mixture, but should the Chinese continue to come as they now come, it will in time take place. It is not the fault of the Chinese that marriages with whites have been so rare.* In their civilization woman is a chattel.

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*While Chinese women in California bring, in the Chinese market, for wives, from five to six hundred dollars, as high as three thousand dollars is known to have been offered by Chinamen for a white woman as a wife, and frequently one thousand to fifteen hundred dollars. These are the most notable examples of Chinese extravagance, for they are singularly economical in all else

The Chinaman's title to his wife is "title by purchase." Numerous attempts have been made in California to acquire this title to white women, but generally without success. Whenever the Chinaman becomes a citizen (and this must follow logically from a policy of unrestricted admission into the country), when he begins to vote and hold office, it is probable that it will not be so difficult to find a wife in the country of his adoption.

But it is vain to peruse this line of inquiry further. The infusion of such an element, whether by one mode or another, into American society, places republican government and free institutions in the face of new dangers. A people who boast a civilization more than six thousand years old, and who have not yet advanced in the evolution of conduct to the conception of moral principles—whose highest achievements in ethical science culminate in the Confucian maxim, "honesty is the best policy," and in whom not a trace of, nor even a substitute for, the moral sense or conscience ever appears—give no promise of attaining to that enlightenment which qualifies a people for republican government and the appreciation of American institutions. If the Chinese came with arms in their hands seeking a conquest of this country by force, what a magnificent spectacle of martial resistance would be presented to the view of an admiring world! The motive and effect of the present peaceful invasion is the same as in the case of an invasion by force. The method by which the conquest is to be accomplished differs, but the result is the same. Resistance by force to one of these modes of invasion would be applauded as the exhibition of the loftiest patriotism and the strongest devotion to the great interests of mankind. Those who should conduct such resistance, and make successful defensive war, would be named the patriots and heroes of the nation.

Why, then, is peaceful resistance to a stealthy, strategic conquest, without force, characterized as illiberal and morally wrong? The motive for resistance is the same in the one case as in the other. It is to save our country from the contaminating influence of the Mongoloid and his civilization. It is to preserve this land for our people and their posterity forever; to protect and defend American institutions and republican government from the Oriental gangrene! And this is the duty of every American citizen. In the words of Cardinal Manning: "It is the duty of every member of a commonwealth to use his utmost power to hinder all evil, and to do all good he can, to the State or people to which he belongs. These are positive and natural duties which he cannot fail to discharge without culpable omission, or rather without a dereliction and betrayal of the highest natural duties, next after those which he owes immediately to God." We of this age and country hold republican government and free institutions in trust for Anglo-Saxon posterity. If this Oriental invasion continues, by our permission, the trust may be betrayed.

JOHN F. MILLER.

NINE DAYS ON THE SUMMIT OF SHASTA.

In what follows I state facts for the information of those interested, rather than draw on my imagination to please the reader. Every one who ascends a high mountain has his own experience, and there are sensations peculiar to each individual. For my own part, although accustomed to mountain climbing, I have found nothing more difficult than to describe accurately what I have seen, and it is even more difficult to describe the sensations of one who remains for a long time at a great elevation.

During the summer of 1878 Mr. Carlisle P. Patterson, Superintendent United States Coast and Geodetic Survey, authorized Professor George Davidson, Assistant, to place a theodolite and heliotrope on Mount Shasta, in connection with the work then going on under the Professor's direction. Professor Davidson assigned the duty to me, and in executing it I arrived at Sisson's July 18th. Sisson's, a country inn and summer resort, is a place pleasant in itself, but to the dusty traveler by stage or the weary tourist after an expedition in the mountains or on the lakes or river in the vicinity, it is a paradise. From Sisson's to the summit of Mount Shasta is about twelve miles, in a straight line, and the ascent about 10,440 feet. Sisson's house is about 4,000 feet above the sea. Mount Shasta is 14,440 feet high, as determined by barometer. Mr. A. F. Rodgers, Assistant United States Coast and Geodetic Survey, and his party, were the first from the Survey to ascend Shasta and remain over night. His first ascent was April 30th, 1875, and his second in October of the same year. He had the weather no colder than I did, and all of his party seem to have suffered from the rarefied atmosphere. He was up three days, and erected an iron signal surmounted by a parabolic reflector, which is yet standing.

On the 24th of July we left Sisson's Hotel to make the ascent. The day was a delightful one, and we were all in fine spirits. The outfit which I proposed taking up weighed seven hundred and fifty pounds, and had to be packed from the snow line to the summit on the backs of twenty stout Indians. Besides the packers there was the usual number of squaws, pappooses, and lean dogs—the indispensable *impedimenta* of Indian bucks. If there is anything outside of these household chattels that a buck in this neighborhood prides himself on it is his linen duster and jaunty straw hat. The former, to be stylish, must reach to within six inches of the ground, and for the latter a broad blue or red band is most desirable. Nearly every one in the party was mounted, and it was a somewhat noisy company, in which the voices of the bucks and squaws were mingled with the crying of pappooses and the barking of dogs, so that no one sound was clearly distinguishable. Our route was over a beautiful, smooth mountain trail, which at first wound about in splendid forests of sugar-pine. The ascent was so gradual that it would have been imperceptible to a casual observer. To the mountaineer, however, no better evidence of increasing elevation was necessary than the gradual change, first in size and shape, and finally in the species of the trees. By the time we had ridden two hours the sugar-pine was much smaller, and interspersed with red fir. At the end of three hours the sugar-pine had disappeared entirely, and we had red fir only. An hour later and we passed through the most beautiful forest of these trees that I have ever seen. It was entirely free from underbrush, the trees were young and vigorous, and their symmetrical and beautifully tapering trunks and branches, towering many feet above our heads, were decorated with very delicate and pretty yellow mosses. There were tracks of deer in and across the trail everywhere, and occasionally a bear's track could be seen, but our noise frightened them and they hid away.

We arrived at the upper edge of the timber at 3 P. M., where above us towered the beautiful snow-clad peak of Shasta. Here we were to spend the night and be ready for the ascent in the morning. The squaws picketed the ponies where they could obtain a scanty meal from the grass, which was just beginning to spring up among the rocks. The guide sent some of the bucks to walk over the snow while it was still soft from the noonday sun, in order that we might save cutting places in it for our feet when we began the ascent in the morning. Near our camp-fire was the dry bed of a brook. By sunset it was a noisy mountain stream, which gradually increased in volume until nearly sunrise, when it began to fall, and by noon it was dry again. This takes place every day in summer when there are no clouds, and is caused by the melting of the snow on the mountain side. Before dark we had partaken of our evening meal of cold food and hot coffee. Our blankets were then spread on the ground, and we were soon asleep. This was a short-lived pleasure; for we were awakened in a short time by the Indians, who, under their medicine-man —a shrewd old knave, and not too fond of work — were performing such ceremonies as are customary with them before undertaking any important affair. How long they continued their monotonous chanting, I do not know; for I quickly fell asleep under its influence, and did not awake until the first light streak was visible in the east, announcing the approach of sunrise and the beginning of our day's labor.

Comparatively few Indians have ever been to the summit of Mount Shasta, and these generally with white men. With them it seems to be a sacred place, and its snowy mantle they regard with reverence as the emblem of purity; nor will they defile it even with tobacco-juice. We partook of a hasty breakfast of hot coffee and cold food, and were soon at the place where the packs had been sorted out and left. They averaged from thirty-five to forty pounds each, which is a fair load for one man to carry to the summit. The morning was clear. There was no wind, and the atmosphere was sharp and bracing—the thermometer standing at 32°. The trail that the Indians had previously tramped in the snow was followed step by step. But for this precaution no footing would have been secure without expending much time and labor in chopping our way in the snow. The first red snow was found at about ten thousand feet. The microscopic fungi which constitute the coloring matter were very abundant. Where the foot-prints were deep enough to pass through it, they presented the appearance of one's having left stains of blood around the edges of his tracks. It had decidedly a fruity taste; but none of us agreed as to what it was like. Sisson thought it resembled the flavor of ripe pears, while to me it was water-melon. A handful of it melted on a newspaper, leaves, after the water has evaporated, a red, powdery substance, feeling on the hands much like fine Indian meal. The upper part of the snow, for a depth of two inches, was as white as usual, and of the ordinary granular form of old snow, like finely ground alum salt, hard packed. Below this came the red stratum, which was about three inches thick—the white again appearing under this. As we ascended slowly over the snow-field, it became steeper and steeper—our trail finally bearing off in the direction of an abrupt rocky hillside, leading up to the back-bone of one of the ridges that radiate from the summit. Should one lose footing here, while the snow is frozen, there is little probability of being able to stop until he had slid some three or four thousand feet. He would make it very quickly, however; and I should apprehend no danger beyond the loss of a little skin, which would probably be rubbed off. The worst part of such a performance on my own account would have been the necessity of climbing back again.

While on the snow-field some one shouted, "Look! look!" and there, about a mile off, where a large rock, called "The Thumb," projects from the back-bone, was a cloud effect more beautiful than I ever expect to see again. A small cloud seemed to have been hovering just behind the ridge from us; the morning sun had warmed it up, and just as the sun was high enough to welcome us with his genial warmth, the cloud came creeping over the ridge, and partially enveloped "The Thumb" in a robe, the colors of which were more beautiful than I can describe, and which changed incessantly, and finally, in a few moments, disappeared as silently as it had come before us. The impression left on my mind was that of all the colors of many rainbows passing rapidly into each other in endless confusion. We were soon over the snow-field, and at the foot of the rocky slope before alluded to. I did not like the looks of the immense boulders that I saw piled up above us on a hillside—so steep that in ascending it both hands and feet were constantly required—many of them so evenly balanced that a man's weight would start them tumbling from their resting places. It is this alone that constitutes the danger of an ascent of Shasta; even this danger can and should be avoided by going around such places. I was behind all the others, encouraging those who showed signs of exhaustion, when one of the packers accidentally dislodged a boulder about six feet in diameter. We were all on the look-out and endeavoring to avoid such an accident, and as soon as it started several called: "Look out!" On looking up I saw it coming down about fifty yards above me. I sprang aside as quickly as I could, and was just in time. I felt the wind from it as it went tearing by me, and was hit by some small fragments, but not at all injured. I followed it with my eyes as it went plunging downward. It was at once followed by a stream of other rocks that it had set in motion, and at the foot of the rocky hill the whole was launched in a confused mass on the hard, frozen snow-field, where stones of all sizes joined in a "go-as-you-please" rolling match, tracing curves that crossed and recrossed each other in all kinds of complications. They finally disappeared behind a turn, but we heard them some seconds after, when they had passed the line of the snow and were crashing and grinding among the rocks in the cañon below. As they gradually came to rest the sound died away as in the distance, leaving silence again to reign in its kingdom.

At the top of this hill we passed around the foot of "The Thumb" and found ourselves under the red bluff, a steep wall of pumice that is readily distinguishable from Sisson's. We passed around this wall over a snow-drift to the eastward of it. This drift seemed to have formed against a perpendicular wall, but it had melted away and left a deep, narrow chasm, the bottom of which was not visible. On top it was about thirty feet wide, and on the outside it fell off precipitously for three or four hundred feet. This is at an elevation of about thirteen thousand feet, and is where tourists generally begin to feel the effects of the light atmosphere. The medicine-man gave out here, and his pack was taken by one of the supernumeraries. The strongest of the men now advanced but slowly, and only fifty or sixty yards at a time before stopping to get wind. The last of the packers had not yet passed the snow-drift when we were enveloped in a very dense, cold fog, the approach of which I had not observed, being busily engaged at the time in getting the packers over the drift. Frost formed rapidly on our beards and clothing, and exercise was necessary for comfort. The packers were scattered, the stronger ones being considerably in advance, and not being able to see twenty feet in any direction, they all began calling at once. I hastened to the front and stopped the calling, and detained those in advance until those behind came up, when we resumed our journey again. Although there only remained about thirteen hundred feet to climb, it proved by far the most fatiguing part of the journey; the rarefied atmosphere making frequent halts necessary. During these halts each buck who had a linen duster would straighten himself up, look around in a patronizing way at his companions less fortunate than himself, and with an air of comfort wonderful to behold, would button it to the throat as carefully as one's ulster is buttoned to bid defiance to the cold. Two squaws, who came to pack, gave out here, but they went on without their packs to the Hot Springs. I shall always remember with pleasure the gallant manner in which the stronger bucks vied with each other in carrying the packs of these women, and the kindly words with which they were encouraged to go on to the end would be creditable to any people.

By noon the last pound of the outfit was deposited near the Shasta Hot Springs, two hundred and fifteen feet below the summit, where I intended to camp. As each Indian threw down his pack he swore in good plain English that he would never come up again, and cursed white men in general for doing such work. I noted carefully, and was surprised to see how varied their physical condition was. Some were panting from their exertions, and perspiring freely; in which condition they threw themselves at full length on the snow and refused to move. Others who had done the same work were shivering with cold, and sought the hot ground around the springs, where, stretching themselves on the warm sulphur beds, they remained shivering in spite of their linen dusters until they were sufficiently rested to begin the descent. A fair estimate of the condition of these men may be made when it is known that there were twenty in all; that only five of them had ever been to the summit; that they were now within two hundred and fifteen feet of it; that the fog was clearing away beautifully—and not one of them went up. When the last packer had gone, I found myself, with two attendants—Richard Hubbard and Thomas Sullivan, both fine specimens of vigorous manhood—ready to go to work to make ourselves as comfortable as circumstances would permit. Our first care was to provide water, which was done by melting snow in a large tin vessel at the Hot Springs. Then our tent was pitched in as comfortable a place as we could find; and soon our little coal-oil stove was in operation and we were preparing our coffee. Thomas Sullivan was then taken sick. His head troubled him so that he could not work, he began to suffer from cold hands and feet, and in a short time this was followed by sickness at the stomach, which compelled him to give up entirely. We wrapped him in blankets, and placed him in a corner of the tent on some robes to thaw out. By the time we had made our tent secure and snug it was dark. The thermometer was standing at 30°, there was a light wind from the southward, and a clear sky, in which the stars were shining with extraordinary brilliancy. We spread our bed on the rocky floor of the tent, and crawled under the blankets, with Sullivan between us, in order, if possible, to warm him up. He was very restless all night, and was up from time to time, suffering very much from violent nausea. This interfered very much with our rest, and I was glad when it was light enough to get up. Sullivan's purple, haggard face and bloodshot eyes showed that he had suffered considerably, and I was glad to see him leave as soon as the sun was up. Being now unencumbered and in a splendid condition for work, we began with a will, and although compelled to stop frequently for want of breath, we had by noon packed the instruments and observing tent to the summit, and made fair progress in setting them up. By night I was ready to observe on Lola and Helena, or show a heliotrope to Professor Davidson, who was at the former place.

The summit of Mount Shasta consists of two conical peaks about two hundred yards apart. The northeast one is about fifty feet the higher, and is called Shasta Peak; the southwest one I called McLean's Peak, in honor of Doctor McLean of Oakland, who spent two nights and a day on the summit with me. It is in the valley between these peaks that the Shasta Hot Springs are situated. They are dotted about over an area of about twenty yards square, and constantly send up steam strongly impregnated with light sulphureted hydrogen and other gases, the odor of which is offensive and very oppressive, so much so that in making examinations of them it is impossible to hold one's head in the fumes near the ground, and breathe. The temperature of these springs was carefully measured, and found to be 184°. One can walk about easily over them, but I always considered it safe to have some one near to give assistance in case of accident, and to carry an alpenstock in my hand to assist myself with in case I fell through the crust, which consists of loose earth and small stones cemented together with sulphur, alum, and other minerals. Hubbard broke the crust over one of the springs with his alpenstock, and disclosed the mouth of quite a cavern, from which the steam rolled out in great volumes. Another opening sent out the steam in a small jet that caused a hissing noise much like that made by the steam escaping from a locomotive. I thought them all more active on some days than on others; but was unable to discover any change of temperature on these occasions. Mr. Carneal, of Oakland, spent two nights on the summit with me, and standing at my side on the north end of Shasta Peak, he discovered another group of hot springs on the north side, resembling in all respects the Shasta Hot Springs, but by no means so active. I named them Carneal Hot Springs. Whether the heat from these springs is volcanic or chemical I do not know, but am inclined to think it chemical.

The whole top of the mountain consists of ashes, lava, and igneous rocks. They are disintegrating all the time, and a camping-place should be selected with a view of being out of the way of any of the large rocks that are liable to tumble at any time. Seldom a night passed that we did not hear one that had lost its balance, go tearing and crashing down to the next bench. Once we left our tent, not exactly panic-stricken, but at least in fair haste, when one came quite near us. On McLean's Peak the rock is of a dark-brown color, is of igneous origin, and broken into immense boulders, that are now so much displaced as to leave room for conjecture as to whether the long, deep grooves that apparently extended, at one time, for hundreds of feet, are due to glacial action or not. They have been so long exposed to the weather that small *striæ* would have had time to wear out entirely. The Whitney glacier has its origin about one thousand feet below, and northwest from these furrows. Many of the stones have very beautiful lichens on them, but on the Shasta Peak there are none. One day I found some snow-birds and sparrows dead in the snow; they had probably been caught on the mountain in a cold fog, and perished before they could get away. I saw chipmunks one thousand feet above the timber line, and once I saw a hawk on the top of McLean's Peak; but it only remained a few seconds, and then flew away. There were a few of the ordinary blue-flies that crawled about sluggishly inside the tent during the warmer hours of the day, but they were quite torpid by three o'clock. The delicate little spiders that I have seen floating about with their webs on other high mountains, as though carried there by the wind, were not seen here.

Most Californians are aware that from the latter part of July until the first rains—which generally fall in October—the atmosphere is filled with smoke, which is often so dense that one can see only a mile or two in any direction. This season had just begun when I climbed Shasta, and although on many days it prevented my seeing the surrounding country, it enabled me to see that it seldom reached higher than twelve thousand feet. Looking to the westward, the line of smoke was always as well defined as a sea horizon. It seemed always to terminate on the side next me in an immense wall, and on some occasions I saw great cumulus clouds that appeared to be floating in the smoke, just as immense icebergs would float in the ocean. I was very much disappointed in the view from Mount Shasta, on the one or two clear days that I had. Many thousands of square miles of beautiful country were spread out before me, but I was so high above that which was near, and so far from the rest, that the whole landscape was flattened. I have seen many mountains not half so high where the landscape was much more interesting.

At the top of Shasta Peak there is an old register that has been left there for visitors to record their exploits in. Once it was a well-bound volume, but now it has no back and has lost many of its leaves. Visitors who ascend early in the season find the book wet and frozen. In opening it it is mutilated, and of course leaf after leaf is lost. I give a few of the entries, from which can be inferred what the others are like, and how the persons felt who wrote them:

"*1874, July 3.*—Dimmis of Philadelphia—one-half way up and gave out. GUIDE."

"*1875, July 26.*—Left Sisson's July 25, 1875, at 10:30 A. M., and arrived at camp at 4 P. M. Left camp July 26 at 3:30 A. M. and arrived at the summit at 8 A. M. Time, four and one-half hours. If any man weighing two hundred pounds ever beats this time, and will call on the undersigned at Sacramento, he can receive ample satisfaction. D. M. ADAMS."

"*1877, June 25.*—Left Sisson's June 25 in company with sixteen ladies and gentlemen, who came as far as the camp. N. Kelsey and I stayed all night at camp, and started for the summit at 4:45 A. M. Kelsey made about half the distance, and then weakened and returned to camp. I arrived at the summit in company with R. D. Hubbard, guide, at 11:30 A. M. View on the west side fair, but totally obscured on the east side by clouds. If any one catches me up here again I hope they will pitch me over into the McCloud River.
H. J. TODD, Oakland, Cal."

"*1878, July 19.*—I hope all fools will reach this place in due time. J. E. PUTNAM, Yreka."

"*1878, August 15.*—Charles Lowley, of the Phœnix Mine, Napa County, California, and Myron Gesford, of Napa City, ascended this mountain, to-day, for the first and last time—so help us 'Bob.' We were our own guides."

"*1878, September 14.*—Aaron Bill, Shasta; James W. Shanklin, Oakland, California—*Alpha* and *Omega*—hereby promise not to come again. FINIS."

These are fair samples of the inscriptions in the register.

For several days after I was ready for work the smoke was so dense below me that I could not see twenty miles in any direction. I spent the time in making such preparations as would insure success when it cleared, and in making occasional excursions about the summit. In all of these I was alone, and did not dare to explore the beautiful ice-caverns and crevasses that I peeped into. Many of them were hundreds of feet deep and very beautiful, but not tempting enough to allure me into them unless I had a rope and strong hands at the other end of it to haul me out again. I think it safe to say that the nights are never warm on Mount Shasta. During the time I was there the thermometer was at 100° and a little over, in the shade, at Sisson's during the day. The highest that I had it on those days, with the thermometer in the sun and out of the wind, was 67°. By four o'clock in the afternoon ice would form in the sun, and generally by sundown the thermometer was at 25°. The coldest that I had it was 18°. When the wind blew hardest it was warmest, probably because the warm air from the valleys was blown up the sides of the mountain. It was the most comfortable when there was no wind and the thermometer stood lowest. The cirrus clouds that occasionally passed overhead seemed to be as high above me as they usually do at the level of the sea. When a fog settled on the mountain the thermometer generally went down to 32° or lower. The fog seemed to have congealed, and to be microscopic crystals that formed a delicate coating for everything they touched. If the wind blew, these particles began forming long frost crystals that stuck out straight to the windward on everything exposed.

One lives fast at a great elevation. I weighed two hundred pounds when I went up, and lost fifteen pounds in the nine days that I remained. My pulse in repose ranged from one hundred to one hundred and five per minute, and very little exertion would send it up to one hundred and twenty. My head was clear, and I had no difficulty in breathing. My appetite was fair; but, as my food was all cold, except coffee and a little toasted cheese, I soon tired of it, and craved hot bread and soup. I remained on the summit nine days and nights consecutively. Richard Hubbard, a faithful guide and true man, remained four days, was one day down (I was compelled to send him on business), and returned and stayed four days. He worked continuously while on the mountain, and stood it splendidly. His pulse was lower than mine, and his appetite first-rate. As an assistant on such an expedition I do not know of his equal.

Thomas Sullivan, a fine-looking specimen of physical development, spent the first night, and was so sick that he could remain no longer. His extremities were cold, his pulse feeble, eyes bloodshot, and lips, nose, and ears purple. Mr. Thomas D. Carneal, of Oakland, came and remained with me two nights and a day. He was restless the first night, and suffered from cold hands and feet; he rallied next day and expressed a desire to remain longer, but yielded his place to Doctor McLean, of Oakland. Doctor McLean suffered some with cold, and was a little affected in the head. He remained two nights and a day, and was glad to leave. Randolph Random, a laborer, came up in the afternoon, and we broke camp next morning. He was sick and restless, just as Sullivan had been, and was unable to do much the next morning, although he made a manly effort.

Mr. A. F. Rodgers, Assistant United States Coast Survey, speaking of his sojourn here, says:

> "*1875, Tuesday, October 5.*—By sunset the temperature had fallen to twenty-five degrees, and it became necessary to go to bed to keep warm. I may here mention a singular circumstance connected with our sojourn on the summit—every one suffered with an intense headache, and no one could sleep; nor was any special inconvenience experienced from the want of it. Mr. Eimbeck, Assistant United States Coast Survey, who happened to visit the mountain while I was there, was constantly affected with nausea, which he called seasickness, and ascribed to the fumes of the Hot Springs. One of the men, who temporarily essayed the duties of cooking in these springs, was affected with symptoms of fainting; and every one without exception suffered great inconvenience, no doubt from the rarefied air of the summit. Whether this effect was increased by any influence of the vapors is, I think, doubtful; personally I was not conscious of any effect, even when standing among them, although I suffered while on the summit, as every one did, from an unceasing and intolerable headache."

Friday, August 1, proved to be the day I had been waiting for. The wind had hauled to the northward during the night, and the smoke had vanished as if by magic. At sunrise, I turned my telescope in the direction of Mount Lola, and there was the heliotrope, *one hundred and sixty-nine miles off*, shining like a star of the first magnitude. I gave a few flashes from my own, and they were at once answered by flashes from Lola. Then turning my telescope in the direction of Mount Helena, there, too, was a heliotrope, shining as prettily as the one at Lola. My joy was very great; for the successful accomplishment of my mission was now assured. As soon as I had taken a few measures, I called Doctor McLean and Hubbard to let them see the heliotrope at Mount Helena, *one hundred and ninety-two miles off*, and the longest line ever observed over in the world. In the afternoon the smoke had arisen, and Helena was shut out; but on the following morning I got it again, and my mission on Mount Shasta was finished. The French have been trying for some years to measure, trigonometrically, some lines from Spain across the Mediterranean to Algiers; they have only recently succeeded, and it has been a source of great satisfaction to French geodesists. Their longest line is *one hundred and sixty-nine miles.* The line from Mount Shasta to Mount Helena is *one hundred and ninety-two miles long*, or twenty-three miles longer than their longest. And the glory is ours; for America, and not Europe, can boast of the largest trigonometrical figures that have ever been measured on the globe.

On Sunday morning, August 3d, the north wind had died out, and the smoke had again enveloped everything. I saw that nothing else would be seen for many days, and at once set about packing up. By nine o'clock everything was packed. We made a light sled, adapted for use both on the snow-fields and the rocky, mountain slopes, and with it made two trips to the edge of the great snow-field, carrying about three hundred and thirty pounds at a time. By noon we had the last of our outfit at the brink of the snow precipice, where we did them all up in packages which were securely lashed, and as nearly round as we could make them. The snow-field stretched out before us, beautifully white and even. At the top there was, first, a precipitous descent of about three hundred feet; then away it stretched for about two miles, in which distance it had a descent of about three thousand feet. The plan was to let the packages loose, to go as they would, and while Hubbard rolled the first one to the brink and let it go, I stood on a projecting point and watched it. The snow lying at the top like the crest of an immense wave, each package had a perpendicular distance of about three hundred feet to fall after leaving the brink before it touched anything. Its velocity was very great by the time it reached this point, and as soon as it hit the snow, away it bounded. Sometimes a slight inequality would incline one to the right or left, and so they went until, rounding an intervening hill, they were lost to sight. As soon as the last package had gone out of sight, we strapped the instruments to our backs and began the descent. We had about forty pounds each, and had to pack it about a mile along the ridge before we came to a place where the snow was not too steep to slide on. When we found such a place, each put a gunny-sack on the snow and sat down on it. The alpenstock was next placed under one arm, so as to project to the rear and form a brake. Then a slight motion with the feet, and we were off like a shot. I have had many pleasant rides, but for rapidity and ease of motion this beat them all. I had perfect control of myself by means of my alpenstock. Every foot of descent was bringing me into a denser atmosphere, and the effect of the whole was that of a very delightful stimulant.

This delightful ride terminated just where the packages stopped rolling. Looking back, I could follow with my eye the track I had made in the snow, and away up toward the place where I had started I saw my gunny-sack. In the keen enjoyment of my ride I had not missed it, but a preliminary examination satisfied me that I had lost not only the gunny-sack, but the seat of my trousers, and I congratulated myself in having escaped so easily. The packages had all stopped near each other, and we soon hauled them to a place from which we could pack them on horses. It was four o'clock when this was finished, and leaving Hubbard to spend the night with some hunters that we found on the mountain, I completed my day's work and the expedition to Shasta by walking to Sisson's, a distance of about twelve miles, and arrived there before dark, successful in my undertaking, pleased with my trip, and glad that it was over.

B. A. Colonna.

LEX SCRIPTA.

"*For the Letter killeth; but the Spirit giveth life.*"—St. Paul.

Oneiros was divine. So taught the Greek,
But as for me, I can not say with truth
Whence dreams may come, nor whether what they speak
Is earthly or divine. Maybe, in sooth,
Both thought and dream are blossoms of this clod
Which we call Man, to differentiate
Our human clay from ordinary sod,
While cruel, wise, all-comprehending Fate
Laughs at our good and ill, our dreams of love and hate.

But I dreamed this: Before me grandly stood
One fashioned like a Deity—his brow
Still, massive, white—calm as Beatitude.
All passion sifted from its sacred glow;
His eyes serenely fathomless and wise,
His lips just fit to fashion words that fall
Like silent lightning from the summer skies
To kill without the thunder; over all
The sense of Thor's vast strength, the symmetry of Saul.

Clad with eternal youth, the ages brake
Harmlessly over his majestic form,
As the clouds break on Shasta. Then I spake
Glad words, awe-struck, devotional, and warm:
"Behold!" I cried, "The promised One is come—
The Leader of the Nations, pure and strong!
He who shall make this wailing earth our Home,
And guide the sorrowful and weak along
To reach a Land of Rest where right has conquered wrong!

"Oh, He shall build in mercy, and shall found
Justice as firmly as Sierra's base,
And unseal founts of Charity profound
As Tahoe's crystal waters, and erase
The lines of vice, and selfishness, and crime
From the scarred heart of sad humanity.
Hail, splendid Leader! Hail, auspicious time!
When might and right with holiness shall be
Like bass and treble blent in anthems of the free!"

Just then I heard a wailing, mocking voice
Shiver and curse along the still, dark night,
Freezing the marrow in my bones: "Rejoice;
And may your Leader lead you to the Light!
He laid that perfect hand of His on me
And left me what I am—cursed, crushed, and blind—
A living, hopeless, cureless Infamy,
Bound with such bonds as He alone can bind—
Bonds that consume the flesh and putrefy the mind."

I looked, and saw what once had been a girl;
A sense of beauty glinted round her frame,
Like corpse-lights over rottenness that swirl
To image putrid forms in ghastly flame.
"Poor, tempted, weak, I did sin once," she cried,
"And I was damned for it—would I were dead!
The partner of my guilt was never tried;
Your Leader there was on his side, and said
That this was right and just." The woman spoke and fled.

That wondrous Being did not move nor speak,
Did not regard that lost, accusing soul
More than he did the night-breeze on his cheek;
Smiled not nor frowned; serene, sedate, and cold.
And while I wondered that no holy wrath
Blazed from his eyes, a wretched creature came
Cringing and moaning, skulking in the path—
A fierce, wild beast, that cruelty kept tame—
A lying, coward thing, for which there is no name.

This whining, human, wretchedest complaint,
Crouching, as from some unseen lash, thus spoke:
"He held the poison to my lips; the taint
Corrupts me through and through! his iron yoke,
Worn on my ankles, makes me shuffle so.
'The criminal class'! Yea, that was the hot brand
Which worked me such immedicable woe,
Writ on my soul by his relentless hand—
A doom more fearful than the just can understand.

"He careth nothing for the right or truth,
Believes in naught save punishment and crime,
Regardeth not the plea of sex, or youth,
Nor hoary hair, nor manhood in its prime.
That which is called respectable and rich
Seems right to him; and that he doth uphold
With force implacable, calm, cruel, which
Hath delegated all God's power to gold,
Making the many weak, the few more bad and bold.

"He never championed the weak; no cause
Was holy, just, and pure enough to gain
His aid without——" a momentary pause,
Born of some superhuman throe of pain
Let in a calm, grave voice, that quietly
Pursued the swift indictment: "I declare
Wherever right and wrong were warring, he
Deployed his merciless, calm forces, where
He might most aid the strong, and bid the weak despair.

"He murdered Christ and Socrates, and set
Rome's diadem upon the felon brows
Of Cæsars and Caligulas, and wet
Zion's high altar with the blood of sows.
For evermore the slaughter of mankind,
Oppressions, sacrileges, cruelties,
Thongs for the flesh, and tortures for the mind—
These are his works!" Astounded, dizzy, blind,
I gathered up my soul, and cast all fear behind.

"This grand but hateful thing shall die," I cried,
"In God's great name, have at thee!" Then I sprung
With superhuman strength and swiftness—tried
To seize, to strangle, and to kill, and flung
All my soul's force to break and bear him down.
The calm, strong Being did not move nor speak;
The grand face showed no trace of smile or frown;
The eyes burned not; the beautiful, smooth cheek
Nor flushed nor paled, but I grew impotent and weak.

A hand reached forth, as fair and delicate
As any girl's, as if but to caress
My throat; the steel-like fingers, firm as fate,
Relentless, merciless, and passionless,
Began to strangle me; the chill of death
Crept on me, numbing brain and heart and eye.
"Who art thou, Devil?" shrieked I, without breath.
Before death came I heard his cold reply:
"I am Lex Scripta, madman, and I can not die."

Nathan C. Kouns.

IRELAND—HER PAST AND PRESENT CONDITION.

Ireland seems to be ever in a state of disorder or trouble. No matter what legislative measures have been passed for her relief, she is still always complaining, and never feels well or in a state of convalescence. The national disease, whatever it be, seems to be chronic, and beyond the power of all political doctors to cure. From the earliest history we have of that island—when it enjoyed "Home Rule" under its national kings, down to the time of its being given over to the tender nursing of England by the Vicar of Christ, and on from that day to the present—we read of nothing but civil wars and confusion, confiscation and contention, massacres, murders, and famines. What can be the occasion of this sad state of things, or to what social or political cause must we assign it? Her people are intelligent, industrious, and active, and her soil and climate capable of producing in abundance all the necessaries of life. Thousands of sheep and cattle find luxuriant pasture on her evergreen plains, and if the climate of her western counties is too humid for the maturing of wheat, the climate of the eastern will ripen it perfectly, while there is no part of the entire country, except the mountainous districts, where oats and barley, flax, turnips and potatoes—in fact, everything that comes under the denomination of green crops—will not grow to perfection. There is no traveler that has ever visited the country, and beheld the fertile plains of Tipperary and Limerick, and the rich lands of Roscommon, Meath, Dublin, and Lowth, and a dozen of other counties we could name, that is not struck with the fertility of the island, and ready to exclaim: "How can the people of this magnificent country be in such a wretched condition, or ever suffer from hunger?" The answer to this question, however, is not so simple as may be imagined, for the national disease, like many of our bodily disorders, is complicated, arising from a variety of causes, the effects of which have been inherited and handed down for many generations.

Let us look back and take a comprehensive glance at the past history and condition of the island. Before its conquest by England, very little is known to us; and before the fifth century, when St. Patrick is said to have evangelized the country, we may say that we know absolutely nothing. Several tribes inhabited the island in the time of Ptolemy. But the assertion of its having a nine hundred years' history before the Christian era—of its being colonized by the Phœnicians, and being in those ancient times the seat of civilization and learning, having schools of philosophy, astronomy, poetry, and medicine—is, we fear, only a national myth invented by the bards, who, like those of other countries, were never remarkable for speaking the truth. The Phœnicians were, indeed, a colonizing as well as a commercial people, and may have visited the island when trading with Britain. But it is very unlikely they would settle in a country so exceedingly wet and remote, when the sunny shores of the Mediterranean, upon which they had already planted some colonies, were far more inviting and much nearer home. Ptolemy and the ancient geographers, who derived most of their information from these same Phœnicians, do not mention the fact. We are not, however, left in uncertainty, for the analogy of history may assure us that the first inhabitants of the island, like those of Scotland, Britain, and Gaul, came from ancient Scythia, being a portion of the great Celtic family who moved westward across the continent of Europe, according as they were forced on by the successive waves of Asiatic emigration, till they were finally stopped by the waves of the Atlantic. Here the eastern and southern shores of Britain would be the first to receive them, where, finding a level and fertile country, they would naturally settle down on it, until forced again by the next wave of emigration to move further to the west.

This we know was the case upon the Saxon invasion of Britain, when the Celtic population, or native inhabitants of that island, were obliged to move west into Cornwall and Wales. From thence it is likely that many of them, from time to time, crossed the channel into Ireland, where they would find others, who, for similar reasons, had previously passed over from Scotland, and with whom they would naturally amalgamate, as their languages were only different dialects of the same Gaelic original. In confirmation of this theory of Scythian origin, I may observe that Orosus informs us that in the fifth century a number of Scythians, whom Constantine had driven out of the north of Spain, landed in Ireland, and there met a kindred people, having the same origin and language with themselves.

Indeed, the very name Scotia (which is only a corruption of Scutia or Scythia), which the island bore down to the tenth century, may satisfy us that the inhabitants are of Scythian origin, and the very same people as the Irish or Scots, however much the blood was afterward mixed with Scandinavian, Saxon, and Norman.* It is therefore altogether unlikely that the Phœnicians ever settled in Ireland. The Romans, who held Britain for some centuries, as the English hold India at present, never thought of colonizing that island, although its shores were more convenient and far more inviting than those of the more western isle. And as to its ancient civilization and learning, it is natural to suppose that if any such existed in those ancient times of which we are speaking, some remains of them would have come down to posterity. But nowhere do we find any. Nowhere do we read of any literature of hers, like that of ancient Italy or Greece, which has charmed and instructed the world. Where is there an Irish Homer or Herodotus, a Zenophon or a Plato, a Virgil or a Livy, an Aristotle or a Euclid? Even the wild poems of Ossian are the offspring of Scotland. Possibly, indeed, many lyric songs existed in their language which are now lost to the world, for the Irish are a poetical people, and have a lively imagination, especially for the composition of amorous ditties. Moore, their favorite bard, has given us many melodies of exquisite beauty, though in the English tongue. But we know not whether he took them from Gaelic originals, as Macpherson took the poems of Ossian, or whether they were inspired by his own native genius. If they still exist among the Irish-speaking people, who are daily becoming fewer and fewer, it is a pity they should not be published and given to the world, for the Irish is a melodious language, and far better adapted for song than the English.

Neither do we find that the Irish in former ages excelled in the arts of navigation, architecture, or sculpture. We never have heard of their voyages, like those of the Phœnicians and the sea-kings of Norway and Denmark. And in vain do we look through the country for the ruins of ancient temples, viaducts, statuary, or tombs, such as the ancient Greeks and Romans left behind them. Indeed, I believe there was not an arched bridge or a battlemented castle in the whole country before the English occupation in the twelfth century. The remains of Brian Boruhm's castle, it is said, are yet to be seen on the shores of a lake in Westmeath, and they do not give us a high idea of its original greatness. In fact, it appears to have been little better than a respectable cabin. And this king flourished so late as the tenth century. 'Tis true there are those mysterious round towers in different parts of the island, upon which I have often gazed with admiration and wonder. But the time when these were erected, or by what people, or for what purpose, is, strange to say, still a matter of uncertainty. There are also a few interesting stone crosses, and some ecclesiastical remains—the latter with no great pretensions to beauty.* But these have been erected in comparatively modern times—since the days of St. Patrick—and are not to be compared with the Norman architecture, which is to be seen in the beautiful abbeys and cathedrals of England. Indeed, if we look at the whole condition of the island, down to the time when England took possession of it—the feuds and fighting that were continually going on between its petty kings or chieftains, the rudeness of its inhabitants, the little progress they had made in the arts and sciences, in agriculture, manufactures, or commerce—we can not but think that the pretense to an ancient civilization, in the usual sense of that word, is entirely unfounded. The Irish, in common with the other western nations of Europe, carried with them, no doubt, a certain amount of civilization from the East, but they do not appear to have improved on their traditions. After the time of St. Patrick, indeed—that is, after the fifth century—there was what is called a theological college in the country, as there was also in Iona, in Scotland; and many persons from England and abroad, distinguished for their learning and piety, sought refuge in both these places, which, from their remoteness, afforded them a

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*The different names which this island, as well as England, has borne, have occasioned some perplexity. We may observe, therefore, that its most ancient name is Er-in, which is a contraction of the two Gaelic words Ier-ion, signifying "Western Isle." In the *Argonautica* of Orpheus of Crotona, five hundred years before Christ, the island is called Ier-nis, and by Strabo the geographer, Ier-né, both of them being the same word as Ier-ion or Erin, only with a Greek termination. In like manner Britain is derived from the Gaelic words Brit-ion contracted into Britain, and signifying the Bright or White Island, so called from the white cliffs that flank the Straits of Dover, where the first inhabitants are supposed to have crossed over. Albion—another name of England—had its origin in the same way, being compounded of the wo words Alb-ion, which likewise signify the White Island. The name Hibernia, by which Cæsar, Tacitus, and Livy called Ireland, is taken from the Ibernii, one of the tribes mentioned by Ptolemy, while that of Scotia was derived from the Scoti or Scuti, another tribe mentioned by the same geographer, and whom we take to be the same as the Scuthians or Scythians. As to the present name of the island, it is formed from the first syllable of Ier-ion, with the Saxon termination "land," thus making Ier-land or Ireland, which signifies West Land.

*Cormac's Chapel, on the Rock of Cashel, was built in the twelfth century, and its profuse Norman ornamentation shows it to be evidently the work of Norman masons at that period.

shelter, not merely from the desolating wars of the Goths and Vandals, but also from the tyranny of the Vicar of Christ, who was then usurping supreme power over all the Christian churches, and corrupting the primitive faith which had been handed down from the Apostles. For be it known to our Catholic friends, that the religion of St. Patrick, St. Columba, and the other evangelizing saints of that day, was very different indeed from that now taught in Rome and Maynooth. Many of these learned men, however, were foreigners; nor is there any reason for supposing that their learning extended much beyond reading, writing, and arithmetic, with some knowledge of Latin—great attaiments in those days, when a chieftain was unable to write his name. Nor were things much better for many years after the conquest; for civil wars, which always retard the civilization of a country, were continually going on as before—the only change being that of the combatants. Hitherto it was the Irish among themselves; now it was the Irish with the Saxon or Norman. Let us take a cursory view of the history of those times, and of the circumstances that led to the English invasion.

In the year 1162, Dermod McMurrough, King of Leinster, a tyrannical monster, who was hateful to his own subjects, and had dishonored the wife of a neighboring king, was obliged to flee to England, where he besought the assistance of Henry II. to reinstate him in his dominions. Henry, who had received a bull from the Vicar of Christ (Pope Adrian IV.) constituting him Lord of Ireland, and authorizing the invasion, not finding it convenient to go over at the time, permitted Robert Fitzstephen and Richard, Earl of Pembroke, commonly called Strongbow, to engage in the enterprise. These valiant Normans, accompanied by a small band of warriors, crossed the channel and took possession of the southeastern part of Ireland. Two years after, in 1172, Henry himself crossed over to Waterford with an army of four thousand men and five hundred knights, and, marching to Dublin, received the homage of some of the petty chieftains who did not oppose his advance; but, being shortly afterward obliged to return to England, he left the country in the hands of a lieutenant, without effecting anything beyond a triumphal march to the capital. This is generally considered the first English invasion of Ireland, but the Saxon King of Northumberland made an incursion there in 684, and the Danes had been making frequent raids and partial settlements on the island for three centuries before Henry's time.

In 1210, King John visited Ireland for a few months, when a code of English laws was, for the first time, promulgated, and courts of judicature established in Dublin. The eastern portion of the island, commonly called the English Pale, and which did not extend beyond the River Shannon, was now divided into counties, over which sheriffs and other civil officers were appointed. The benefit thus conferred upon the country by John was followed by another still more important in the year 1216, when Henry III. extended to Ireland the celebrated *Magna Charta*, or great charter of English liberty.

From this period, for a couple of centuries after, the history of the country presents nothing but one continued series of petty wars between the English lords and the Irish chieftains—the unfortunate people in the meantime being ground to powder between these upper and nether millstones. Many of the English lords, especially those who resided on the frontiers of the Pale, and were in proximity with the Irish, are said to have lost whatever little refinement they had of Norman civility, and to have become more Irish than the Irish themselves—assuming the dress, manners, and customs of that people, and when not fighting with the natives, engaged in continual strife among one another. The English sovereigns, occupied with more important matters, had neither leisure nor inclination to attend to Irish affairs, which they intrusted to the care of lords deputy, at present called lords lieutenant, who resided in Dublin, among whom the noble families of Ormond and Kildare, known as the Butlers and Geraldines, hold a conspicuous place. Nevertheless, during this long period, which forms a portion of the dark age of Europe, a few interesting events stand forth as salient points or landmarks in this barren field of history.

In the year 1295, the first Irish Parliament was held, which, however, was attended only by the English within the Pale—the other portions of the island being still in a measure independent, and governed by their ancient system of Brehon laws, a code which, like the common law of Germany and England, consisted of the immemorial adjudications of their native judges, or Brehons. In 1315, Edward Bruce, brother of the celebrated Robert Bruce, of Scotland, at the solicitation of the Irish, landed in the north of Ireland, with six thousand troops, with the object of overthrowing the English government—an act of kindness for which he and his Irish allies were excommunicated by the Vicar of Christ, who seems always to have taken the part of England until she threw off her allegiance to the Chair of St. Peter. Bruce, being joined by several of the

Irish chieftains, marched to Dublin, ravaging the whole country on his way; but was afterward repelled and slain, at the battle of Dundalk, in 1318.[*] The whole country, at this period, was in a very deplorable state. The march of the Scotch and their Irish allies was like that of an army of locusts, which devoured everything in their way, and left nothing behind them; and when the war was over, the English troops, being unpaid, were desired to go and levy exactions wherever they could, and remunerate themselves. This accordingly they did, and in such a rapacious manner—being no longer under military restraint—that many of the English settlers fled from their homes, which were now occupied by these military robbers, many of whom assumed the airs and titles of Irish princes.

In this miserable condition of the country, Sir Thomas Rokeby was appointed Governor by Edward III., in the year 1356. This wise and humane man endeavored to put an end to this lawless state of things, and to restrain the tyranny of the English barons. He modeled the Irish Parliament more nearly after the English pattern, and assigned to it the decision of all appeals from inferior courts, which had hitherto been carried to England, to the great inconvenience of suitors. Unfortunately, however, many of the beneficent measures of this governor were counteracted by the unwise proceedings of the king, who appointed his second son, Lionel, to supplant him in the governorship. Under this prince was enacted the celebrated Statute of Kilkenny in 1367, which gives us a curious picture of those times. The leading object of this statute was to keep the English settlers as distinct as possible from the Irish in their relations, language, and customs. To this end, all connection with the Irish by marriage was forbidden, under the penalty affixed to high treason. If an Irish name, or the Irish language, dress, or customs, were adopted, imprisonment or the forfeiture of lands was the penalty. On the other hand, war was not to be levied against the Irish without special license from the government, nor soldiers to be quartered on English subjects without their consent, under the punishment attached to felony. But fortunately the laws of nature are stronger than those enacted by man, and notwithstanding these decrees many marriages were contracted, which, without deteriorating the English blood, greatly improved that of the Irish, as may be seen in the superior race of men that are to be found to this day within those counties that were formerly comprised within the English Pale. In 1399 and following year, Richard II. twice visited Ireland with the object of subduing the country, being accompanied on the second occasion by an army of thirty thousand men. But notwithstanding this large force he effected nothing, as the Irish, on his approach, retired before him into the bogs and other inaccessible places beyond the Pale, where the English troops were unable to follow, and then harassed them incessantly when they commenced to retreat, a mode of warfare which has often been effectual in similar circumstances.

The same unvaried scene of petty warfare and bloodshed, mixed only with the intrigues of the great English lords who now contended for the governorship of the country, continues to present itself down to the time of Henry VII. This monarch seems to have been sensible that a country in this state of continual disaffection and disorder, so far from being a source of strength to him, was seriously weakening the other portions of his dominions, which were in a sounder condition. In the hope, therefore, of applying an effectual remedy to the evils of the country, he appointed Sir Edward Poyning to be Lord Deputy in 1494, with instructions to devote his whole energies to their cure. In order to support his authority, Sir Edward was accompanied by one thousand English soldiers, and by a number of English gentlemen qualified to fill the offices of lord chancellor, lord treasurer, and judges of civil and criminal causes. The administration of Sir Edward is particularly remarkable for the acts passed by the Irish Parliament, called after him "Poyning's Acts," which, as throwing much light on the character of those times, we shall briefly notice. As the feuds of the barons with each other and with the Irish chieftains were among the causes of complaint, some of these acts were framed with a view of repressing them. To this end the barons were forbidden to have any followers except their household officers and servants. And even the lords of the marches, who garded the frontier of the English Pale, and who therefore found it necessary to have a numerous retinue, were obliged to give in the names of their attendants. The sheriffs, too, in order that they should execute their duties with effect and impartiality, were to be henceforth appointed by the lord treasurer instead of by the barons, and the command of the forts and other strong places was committed to men of English birth, those of English blood but born in Ireland not being considered sufficiently trustworthy. But the act which is more generally known by the name of "Poyning's Act" was of a different nature, having reference to the sessions and power of the Irish Parliament. By this act it was provided that no parliament should be held in Ireland without previously stating to the king the reasons on account of which it was to be summoned, and the laws which it was intended to enact. In 1557, an act explanatory of this was passed by the Irish Parliament, by which it was declared that by Poyning's law no bill, or even the heads of a bill, should be framed by the lords and commons of Ireland, but only by the governor or viceroy and his council, or by the king and his council, and that the bill thus framed was to be passed into a law by the Irish Parliament, or rejected without alteration or debate. Whatever might have been the necessity or expediency of this act at the time, it manifestly struck at the independence of the Anglo-Irish party in that kingdom, and shows that violence and injustice ever rebound upon the wrong-doer.

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[*] Bruce, after the battle, was buried in Faughart church-yard, an old burying-ground on the top of a hill, about a couple of miles north of Dundalk, and convenient to the place where the battle was fought.

During the reign of Henry VIII., nothing particular occurred in Ireland except an impolitic attempt to introduce the reformed religion into the country, and the suppression of a rebellion in the north under O'Neill, a chieftain who from this period took a prominent part in the insurrections of Ireland, and was very formidable to the English government, both on account of his own power and of the influence he possessed with the other chieftains of the country. Having, however, submitted to Henry, the king created him Earl of Tyrone, hoping that by thus raising him to the peerage he would insure his future fidelity to his crown. Henry himself at the same time was elevated by the Irish Parliament to the "Kingship" of Ireland, his title hitherto being "Lord" of that country, and this royal title has since descended to all the sovereigns of England as a distinct and separate appellation, her present majesty being styled Queen of Great Britain and Ireland.

The short lull that now took place in the insurrections of Ireland broke forth again with renewed fury in the reign of Elizabeth. Civil wars in all ages and countries are usually carried on with peculiar violence and animosity; but those which occurred in the present and subsequent reigns, aggravated as they were by the religious animosity that now for the first time sprung up between Protestant and Papist, are said to have surpassed all previous ones in every species of cruelty. Sir John Perrot, whom the queen had sent over to examine into the state of the country, and if possible avert the rising storm, was a man in every way fitted for the arduous duties of the occasion; but the wise measures he adopted for suppressing violence and administering justice to the native Irish being opposed by the Irish Parliament, and being himself disappointed in the support he expected from the English government, this excellent man was obliged to give way and surrender the government into the hands of Lord Fitzwilliam, whose mal-administration soon exasperated the country and brought on the impending storm. In this rebellion Hugh O'Neill, a descendant of the Earl of Tyrone just mentioned, forms a prominent figure, being a man whose personal talents, subtle ingenuity, and influence among the other chieftains rendered him, perhaps, the most formidable Irish enemy the English had ever encountered. Though worsted at first by the arms of Thomas Lord de Burgh, who died in the hour of victory, he carried on a successful warfare against the Earl of Essex, whom Elizabeth had sent over to oppose him, and being afterward aided by a Spanish force of six thousand men, who landed in the south of Ireland, he raised almost the whole kingdom in insurrection, until he was finally overcome by Lord Mountjoy at the battle of Kinsale, in 1603. With the defeat of O'Neill, Ireland may be said to have been, for the first time, wholly subdued, after a period of four hundred and thirty years from its first invasion by Henry II.*

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*There is a curious story connected with the family of the O'Neills, which, as it is not generally known to the people of this country, may, perhaps, be interesting to them to hear. It is the ghost story of the celebrated Banshee, or white woman, who is supposed to haunt this family. The story is as follows: About the period of which we are treating, one of the O'Neills, residing at Shane's Castle, near Antrim, being desirous of connecting himself in marriage with some lady, murdered his wife, in order to free himself from the impediment to the union. The unhappy wife was bound and taken from her bed at midnight, in nothing but her white chemise, and placed in a boat that was moored near the castle, which stands close by the shore of Lough Neah. Having rowed for some little distance from the shore, he threw the wretched woman overboard; but the water being too shallow to drown her, he battered out her brains with one of the oars, while she stood in the water, and with frantic cries implored him to have mercy. The spirit of this unfortunate lady is popularly believed to haunt the family from that time to this, at the approach of death or any other calamity, uttering fearful cries and wailing. Be this as it may, the following is a well-attested fact: In the year 1816, on the occasion of the predecessor of the late Lord O'Neill giving a large dinner-party to the officers of the Antrim militia, of which he was colonel, the castle accidentally took fire and was burned to the ground, the guests having barely time to escape from the flames. On this occasion the Banshee, in her white habiliments, was seen to revel in the midst of the fire, flitting along the flaming battlements and uttering frantic cries mingled with laughter. I remember, when a boy, meeting several of the officers who were present on that occasion, but then advanced in life, who assured me that they had seen with their own eyes and heard with their own ears this terrible apparition, which his lordship never wished them to allude to. Whether the Banshee still continues to haunt the family is doubtful, as the present representative is a Chichester, descended indirectly from the O'Neills through a female branch, having assumed the name and title of O'Neill upon the death of the last lord of that ancient family.

This event, which occurred at the close of Elizabeth's reign, forms an important epoch in the history of the country, which henceforth began to assume something in the form of civilization, however slow its progress, and interrupted by other civil wars that followed. Having subdued the rebellion, Lord Mountjoy next freed the Irish peasantry from the tyranny of their own native chiefs, and ordered them to be considered and treated as the immediate vassals of the crown. His successors in the government seem to have been animated with the same equitable spirit and a desire to ameliorate the condition of the people. Circuit judges were now appointed, the law was administered with impartiality, the right to landed property was rendered more secure and more conformable to the principles of justice. Such lands as were held under the great lords were relieved from arbitrary exactions by having a fixed rent put upon them; free schools were endowed in the principal towns, and the University of Dublin, which had been founded by Elizabeth, received grants of land for its maintenance and support. In the reign of James I., that followed, the English government turned its attention to the colonization of the immense tract of country that was forfeited by the recent rebellion. Nearly eight hundred thousand acres in the northern part of the kingdom were in this condition—much, if not the greater part of them, forming a part of O'Neill's country. In this territory the king resolved to place a Scotch colony, commonly called the Plantation of Ulster, which, as professing the Protestant religion, he hoped would prove faithful to the English crown, and afford a pattern of industry and quietness to the rest of the country; and in this expectation he has not been disappointed, for Ulster to this day forms the garden of Ireland, and is remarkable for the industry, intelligence, and good conduct of its inhabitants. In this reign, also, the first of what can be called a national parliament was held in Ireland, in the year 1613—those hitherto held being rather Anglo-Irish than national, and attended chiefly if not exclusively by those residing within the English Pale. In this parliament various national distinctions and grievances were abolished and redressed, and the native Irish in all parts of the kingdom placed under the protection of the English law. But notwithstanding these beneficent acts, a new element of disturbance was now introduced in consequence of the difference of religion. The principles of the reformed faith, which had spread and taken possession of England and Scotland, had made little progress in Ireland, where the greater portion of the nobility, both English and Irish, and nearly all the lower orders, remained still of the Roman Catholic faith. This difference of religion, and their refusal to take the Oath of Supremacy (for Protestant kings had been excommunicated by the Vicar of Christ), disqualified them from holding offices of trust. Thus a new source of discontent sprung up in the diversity of religion, which may be said to have been the unhappy cause of those penal laws which were afterward enacted. When Charles I. ascended the throne, in 1633, he unfortunately aggravated this state of things by the appointment of Wentworth to the governorship of Ireland, who, by his injudicious and arbitrary conduct, drove the country again into rebellion, under the leadership of Moore, when nearly forty thousand Protestants were massacred by the Roman Catholics in cold blood—a massacre which Abbe Geoghegan remarks was one of the most cruel and barbarous, both on account of its duration and fury, that has ever been recorded among Christians.

At this period a singular change took place in the government of the country. The authority of the king having been overthrown by the commons of England, the war in Ireland was now prosecuted by that parliamentary body, aided by a military force from the Parliament of Scotland under the Earl of Leven. This hero, however, very unlike his countrymen in general, seemed more bent upon plundering the people of Ireland than engaging with the enemy, for, after making several successful raids among the farmers and carrying off their cattle, he thought it most prudent to return to Scotland without striking a blow. This desertion of the Scotch from the parliamentary cause, and the arrival of Owen O'Neill from France with one hundred officers and a large supply of arms and ammunition, inspired the Irish with great confidence, and they now resolved to hold a national convention, where the future destiny of the kingdom should be finally settled.

Accordingly, in October, 1642, an assembly of Catholic lords and clergy, with Catholic deputies from the several counties and towns, met in the city of Kilkenny, when twenty-four persons, styled the "Supreme Council of the Confederate Catholics of Ireland," were elected. To this council was committed the conduct of the war, and the choice and command of all the officers, both civil and military. This convention, however, while professing themselves faithful to the king, denied the authority of the Irish government, which, like that of England, was now parliamentary. The law of England, so far as it did not contravene the rights of the Roman Catholic Church, which was now to be upheld, was, in conjunction with the statutes of Ireland, to form the guide of their political conduct. Generals were immediately appointed for the conduct of the war, and a petition of rights was drawn up, to be presented to the king. Opposed to this union of the Irish Catholics was a divided and consequently weak party. Ormond, with the greatest part of the army, was simply for the king, while the Irish government, with all whom they could influence, were for the English Parliament. Ormond reasonably hoped, from the professions of fidelity which the convention made to the king, that they would coöperate with himself, which possibly they might if their petition to the king had been granted, but the lords justices shamefully withheld the petition from his majesty until Ormond interfered and obliged them to forward it. Commissioners were now deputed by the king to confer with the confederate council, and, after much difficulty and delay, the negotiation was at length brought to a favorable conclusion. A treaty was signed by which the Catholic confederates were granted certain rights, and in return they stipulated to pay thirty thousand pounds to the king, a large sum in those days, and which the king in his distressed circumstances greatly needed. Immediately after the conclusion of the treaty, Ormond dispatched twenty thousand of his troops to the assistance of the king, but the Catholic confederates, though professing deep sympathy for the royal cause, sent him not a man.

During this period of the civil war in England, that country was in a very precarious state. The Irish confederates, therefore, acting upon the maxim that England's extremity is Ireland's opportunity, resolved to take advantage of it, and to put an end, if possible, to the English power in Ireland. Accordingly, during a negotiation at Oxford, they proposed certain terms to the king, which, if granted, would virtually have effected this end, but to which the unhappy monarch, though now reduced to great distress, refused to accede. Negotiations, however, were continued till the year 1645, when two treaties were entered into: one of a secret nature, under the management of the Earl of Glamorgan, and the other open, under the management of Ormond. By the former, the royal word was engaged by Glamorgan, (though whether by the king's sanction or privity has never been clearly ascertained) for the reëstablishment of the Catholic religion and the papal authority, while by the latter treaty the civil and political demands of the Catholic confederates were settled, the confederates in return now passing a resolution that ten thousand men should be raised for the king. These conditions, however, were nearly rendered void by the arrival of the papal Nuncio, who protested against the treaty of Glamorgan because it did not go far enough in favor of the Catholics, and he insisted on that nobleman signing additional articles, which stipulated that Catholic bishops should sit in parliament; that only a Catholic should be appointed to the governorship of Ireland; and that the Supreme Catholic Council should continue its authority till the whole treaty was complied with. This secret treaty, with which not even Ormond was made acquainted, was shortly after discovered in the Archbishop of Tuam's baggage, after the battle of Sligo, and being sent over to the English Parliament and published, greatly injured the cause of the king among those who had hitherto supported him and who knew nothing of the circumstances under which it was concocted.

During the short remainder of the unhappy king's life, we find Ireland overrun by the parliamentary forces and those of the Catholic convention, the latter directed by the papal Nuncio, who showed himself, on this occasion, an able general of the Vicar of Christ and of the church militant upon earth. Nevertheless, the Puritan forces were everywhere victorious, and the Catholic army defeated with great slaughter. After the execution of the king, Oliver Cromwell now appeared on the Irish stage, having landed in Dublin with eight thousand infantry, four thousand cavalry, and a formidable train of artillery, with which he and his generals besieged and took all the principal towns in the kingdom, defeating the army of the Catholic convention under O'Neill, and also the royal army under Ormond, who still continued faithful to the royal cause, now personified in Charles II. The whole country being now subdued, Cromwell, who had become Lord Protector in 1654, sent his son into Ireland to examine and settle the affairs of that distracted country. The conduct of this Puritan is said to have been, in every respect, judicious and humane. Many abuses were reformed, and justice was administered so impartially as to give great satisfaction to the lower classes of the Irish people.

On the death of Cromwell and accession of Charles II., one of the first steps taken by the king was the settlement of the lands which had been forfeited, to a great extent, by the recent rebellion. For this purpose a commission was issued in 1659, among the objects of which were to make compensation to all the innocent and meritorious Irish, both Protestant and Catholic, who had suffered in the rebellion, and to restore them to their lands. In doing which, however, it was necessary to preserve to the soldiers of Cromwell such lands as had been allotted to them—no easy matter. Then the complicated interests arising from illegal or unjust titles had to be settled—a very tangled affair. And lastly, the restoration of those Irish who claimed the benefit of the peace of 1648, or who had served abroad under the king. Such lands as remained after these adjustments were to be given to those who had, in a variety of ways, been serviceable to the royal cause. The execution of this act of settlement, though intrusted to English commissioners unconnected with Irish interests, was said not to have been very impartially administered. And, indeed, if we consider the enormous difficulty of the task, and the variety of claims and conflicting interests that had to be settled, it seems impossible that every one should be satisfied; for there were Catholic royalists and Protestant royalists, Puritan soldiers, royal favorites, and a host of other hungry expectants, all of whom were looking for rewards or favors out of these confiscated lands. In vain was a parliament summoned to sanction the commissioners' proceedings. The commons—who, for the most part, represented the Protestant party, who had got the lion's share of the spoil—were anxious to confirm the settlement, whereas the lords wished to make such alterations in it as seemed more consistent with justice. As the king must ultimately decide in the matter, the various parties sent agents to represent them in London. It was now that the Catholics, who had been influenced by the Nuncio and the clergy, felt the consequence of their secret disloyalty, for proof positive was laid before the king that they had tendered the sovereignty of Ireland to the Pope, and if he declined it, to any other Catholic prince that would accept the crown. In consequence of these proofs of disloyalty, orders were immediately issued that no further petitions should be received from the Catholics of Ireland.

On the accession of James II. to the throne, this Act of Settlement was repealed by the Irish Parliament, and the king himself giving manifest signs of an intention to reëstablish the Catholic religion, the whole kingdom was again thrown into convulsions, and the Protestant party driven to desperation under the apprehension of another general massacre, which they were informed was secretly planned for their utter destruction. The king, however, being deposed by the English Parliament, and William Prince of Orange invited to fill the throne, this valiant prince landed in Ireland, defeated James at the Battle of the Boyne, and taking all the chief cities and towns in the kingdom, brought the civil war to a close by the capitulation of Limerick. By the articles of this celebrated capitulation, Limerick and all the other posts that were still in the possession of the adherents of James, were surrendered to William. The Catholics were to enjoy such privileges in the exercise of their religion as were consistent with law, or such as they had enjoyed in the reign of Charles II. Their majesties (William and Mary), as soon as affairs would permit, were to summon a parliament and endeavor to procure from it such further security as might preserve them from being troubled on account of their religion. All the Irish in the kingdom in the service of James were pardoned and exempted from all actions of debt on account of plunder committed by them in the course of the war. Those who had been dispossessed were to be reinstated in their property and in their rights and titles as soon as they took the oath of allegiance enjoined by an act of the English Parliament in the first year of William's reign. All lords and gentlemen who were included in this capitulation were to be allowed to carry arms for their defense or amusement. The military garrisons were to march out of Limerick and the forts with all the honors of war; and those who might choose to leave Ireland should be permitted to carry off their effects to any country except Britain—ships being provided for that purpose by the British government.

William being now complete master of the country, an Irish Parliament was summoned in 1692, in which a bill was introduced to substitute another form of oath for that of supremacy, which had virtually excluded Roman Catholics from both houses of the legislature. In this Parliament we find the House of Commons, for the first time, asserting their independence of the English Parliament in the matter of supplies. They contended that the provisions of "Poyning's Law" did not extend to money-bills, and rejected one that was sent over to them from England expressly, because it had not originated with themselves, for which act of independence they were quickly dissolved. In 1695, a new parliament was assembled, which did not prove more obsequious than the former; for some members of the House of Commons resolutely contended, not merely for the independence of the Irish Parliament, but also of the Kingdom of Ireland from that of England. These opinions were maintained with such violence in a pamphlet by Mr. Molineux, member for the University of Dublin, that it was ordered to be burned by the common hangman.

From this time down to that of the legislative union of the two kingdoms—a period of a hundred years—we find the Irish Parliament divided into two opposite political parties: those who endeavored to promote English interests at the expense of their country, and those who styled themselves Irish patriots, but who, with some few eminent exceptions, carried on their opposition rather to promote their own personal interests than the good or well-being of the Irish people. It was impossible that a country thus divided within itself, torn asunder by religious animosity, and governed by two legislatures—both of them equally selfish and corrupt—could be anything else than discontented, miserable, and poor.

In reading the history of those times by the light of more advanced civilization, it is painful to read of the penal laws which the Protestant government of that period felt itself constrained to enact for its own protection. These laws are frequently brought forward by designing persons to inflame the Catholic mind against Protestant England, if not, indeed, against the Protestant religion itself. But if we recollect the period at which they were enacted, for it was immediately after the Reformation, we shall feel constrained to make very great allowance, and to regard them as the natural reaction of Protestantism, which had suffered very much worse wherever and whenever the Church of Rome was in power. The horrors of the Inquisition and the *auto-da-fés* of Spain; the fires of Smithfield, and the groans of the burning martyrs; the frightful massacres in Ireland and France; the Gunpowder Plot, which was to blow up the King and Parliament of England, and the religious wars instigated by the Romish Church, which everywhere desolated Protestant countries, must be borne in mind, if we are to form a just and dispassionate opinion on the subject. We must remember, too, that the Vicar of Christ had excommunicated all Protestant kings, and declared that no faith should be kept with Protestant heretics, who might even be massacred without incurring any sin. Under these circumstances which are now artfully concealed from the public, are we to be surprised that such Catholics as would not abjure such horrible doctrines were excluded from all share of the government of the country? But times have happily changed with the establishment of the Protestant religion, and all these penal laws which formerly so grieved and insulted the people have long since been repealed. Liberty of worship, denied to Protestants in Catholic countries, was granted to them, and even a college erected for the education of their priesthood, and supported by a parliamentary grant of several thousand pounds a year, when a Protestant place of worship would not be tolerated in Rome. In the last century many privileges were granted to Catholics which had hitherto been denied them. And since the union of the two countries in 1801, when the Irish Parliament was removed to Westminster, whatever civil and religious disabilities they still labored under have been removed. With the union, all those commercial restrictions which had been so unjustly enacted by the English Parliament were abolished, and the two countries put upon an equal footing in all matters of commerce and trade. And in 1829, when Catholic emancipation was granted, all the civil and military appointments under the crown, with perhaps two or three exceptions, were freely thrown open to them, and since then various other measures of a conciliatory nature have been passed, including parliamentary and municipal reform, national education, and a provision for the poor. Indeed, so anxious has England been to remove every cause of complaint that a few years ago Mr. Gladstone, who was then prime minister, introduced and passed a bill through parliament disestablishing the English Church in that country, thus abolishing the obnoxious tithe system that had given so much offense to the Catholic people.

As things now stand, all Irishmen, whether Catholic or Protestant, are on a perfect equality with the people of England in their civil and religious liberties. One hundred and five representatives elected by the people, without any religious distinction, take their seats for Ireland in the British House of Commons, and vote on all questions in common with Scotch and English members; while a select number of twenty-eight of the nobility, elected by themselves, sit as representative peers in the House of Lords, where their seats are for life. The Irish Judge, whether Protestant or Catholic, now sits in the halls of justice, both in England and Ireland, administering justice, and fills even the highest office under the crown—that of Lord High Chancellor, the present Chancellor of England being an Irish Protestant, and the late occupant of that office in Ireland being an Irish Roman Catholic. Nay, so impartial has been the government in the disposal of these appointments, or perhaps I should rather say, so anxious was it to please the Roman Catholics, that one-half of the judges on the Irish bench are, I believe, of the Roman Catholic faith, although the Protestant lawyers are far more numerous, and fully equal to them in ability and learning. These judicial appointments, I may observe, are appointments for life, except that of the Chancellor, who resigns his office with every change of the government. In dignity they rank with the Supreme Court of the United States, and have a munificent salary attached to them of from fifteen to twenty thousand dollars a year (in England I believe it is more), together with a retiring pension of half their salary, whenever they are incapacitated by age or infirmity from discharging their duties. Subordinate to these, and discharging inferior legal duties, are the county judges, who also hold their appointments for life, with, however, a much lower salary.

Again, in the matter of education, the Roman Catholics are now admitted not merely to study and take their degrees, but to hold professorships in the colleges, two of which, supplying an admirable course of academical instruction, and supported by an annual grant of several thousand pounds, were founded in Ireland some forty years ago for their especial benefit. National schools also, affording a first-rate education for the people, have been established throughout the country, conducted by Catholic teachers wherever Catholic children preponderate; and so anxious was the government to please the priesthood and to avoid the appearance of proselytizing, that the Scriptures were excluded from both these institutions. These schools, if we may judge from the large number of pupils that attend them (there were upwards of ten hundred thousand on the rolls in 1872), seem to have given general satisfaction to the Catholic people, and the colleges seem to have been equally acceptable to the Catholic gentry. Sir Robert Kane, so well known by his work on agricultural chemistry, and himself a Roman Catholic, was president for many years of the college in Cork, and another gentleman of the same faith presided over the college in Galway, while several of the professors were also of the Roman Catholic faith.

But, notwithstanding all this, these institutions are particularly obnoxious to the priests, who stigmatize them as "the godless colleges," and demand a Catholic university to be endowed by the State, where they may educate the Catholic youth apart from their Protestant companions, and train them up in all the intolerance and bigotry of the Roman Catholic religion. They have already, as I observed, a college at Maynooth for the education of the priesthood, to which the Imperial Parliament lately presented a donation of five hundred thousand dollars, if I recollect aright, in lieu of the former annual grant. And they have also a Roman Catholic university in Dublin for the education of the laity, to which several Catholic colleges in different parts of the kingdom are affiliated. If they want their university endowed, there is nothing to prevent their endowing it themselves. There are many wealthy Roman Catholics in Ireland and England, who no doubt will be glad to contribute, if the university meets their approval; and if not, there is plenty of money in Rome. But there is a secret underlying this demand for endowment. They wish to commit the English government in the matter, in order to establish a precedent for hereafter demanding the endowment of the Catholic Church, which they think would follow as a logical consequence. But a stand must be made somewhere to these demands of the priesthood. We behold them at the present time waging an hierarchical war with almost every government in Europe, Catholic as well as Protestant, on this very subject of education, and stopping the wheels of legislation until their demands are granted. Our wretched political divisions enable them to do this with comparative ease; for parties are now so equally balanced that a few of their representatives well banded together hold the balance of power, and turn the scale in favor of whatever party they please. They have, therefore, only to name their terms to get everything they ask for. How long our political divisions, which are as contemptible as ruinous, will perpetuate this state of things, is an interesting question at the present moment, and must be solved very shortly; for we are living at a crisis in the world's history which is pregnant with momentous events, and fraught with much welfare or woe to the nations of the earth.

In the foregoing observations I have confined myself chiefly to the political history and condition of Ireland, which I fear is not sufficiently understood by the people of this country, especially by foreigners. To judge from the declamations of some Irish demagogues about English tyranny, and the necessity of liberating Ireland, it might naturally be supposed that the country was still subject to penal laws, and trampled down under the foot of the Saxon. This misrepresentation of facts—not to call it by a more offensive word—is in the last degree dishonest and shameful. Why, there is hardly anything within the power of the Imperial Parliament to grant that has not been done for the country and people. The Emancipation Act, as I have observed, has thrown open to all Irishmen, irrespective of religion, almost every situation and employment in the empire, including the high offices of the government in the home and colonial departments, in the Indian and foreign, in the admiralty and war office, in the treasury and board of trade, in the customs and post-office. They may sit in the legislature and the law courts. They may be governors of provinces abroad, or lords lieutenant of counties at home. They may be professors in the universities and colleges. They may practice in every profession and engage in every branch of commerce and trade. They may be magistrates and sheriffs. They may be officers in the army and navy, in the constabulary and police. In short, they have all the privileges of Englishmen, and may fill any of the ten thousand appointments in the civil service—all of them appointments for life, and to all of which they are eligible by passing a preliminary examination, to show that they are qualified for the office. From this examination no one is exempt—not even the son of a duke: for the days of aristocratic influence are over. Before the board of examiners may now be seen the son of a mechanic or tradesman sitting by the side of a lord, with the same examination questions before him, and the appointment is given to the best answerer, without partiality or favor. The disgraceful conduct which has lately marked our examinations here has never been heard of in England, and, indeed, would hardly be believed. Were the union, therefore, of the two countries repealed to-morrow, I see not how "Home Rule," as it is called, could improve the political condition of the people, or add anything to their civil and religious liberties. Nay, I very much fear the reverse would be the case; for, judging from the irascible nature of the Irish temper—from which, indeed, some persons think the name of Ireland was derived—their difference of religion, the influence of their priesthood, and the opposing interests that still divide the country, it is highly probable that the political animosity that is at present kept down by the authority and weight of the Imperial Parliament, would break forth as formerly in her domestic legislature, and lead to civil war, to be again suppressed by the sword. The history of the last few years, and the language of their political leaders at the present moment, notwithstanding all that has been done for the country, will, I think, warrant me in expressing this opinion. There are sand-lots in Ireland as well as in San Francisco.

Nor has the *material* condition of the island less improved during this time. Since the union of the two countries a vast change for the better has taken place. Before that period there was hardly a road in the kingdom except to a few of the principal towns, and these little better than lanes. Now, a thousand excellent roads intersect the country to its remotest extremities, and railways have been made in every direction. Harbors also have been constructed, canals have been cut, bridges have been built, light-houses erected, and communication with London, which formerly was not effected under a week, is accomplished now in twelve hours. Poor-houses, hospitals, infirmaries, and asylums have also been everywhere built for the reception of the destitute, sick, and insane, nor is there a district in the whole kingdom where there is not a dispensary where the poor can receive medical advice and assistance free of expense. Then as to the agriculture of the country, which before the union was in a deplorable state, it has been wonderfully improved of late by the reclamation of waste lands, arterial drainage, and superior methods of farming. The Royal Society of Dublin, supported by an annual grant from the Imperial Parliament, was founded many years ago for the promotion of this very object, and its beneficial influence is everywhere to be seen in the improved appearance of the farms and dwelling houses, and in the superior breed of sheep, cattle, horses, and swine. Again, as to its manufactures and commerce we have only to go to the north of Ireland to see how these have advanced since the union. Belfast, which before that time was an insignificant town, now rivals Glasgow and Liverpool in commercial importance, and Ulster, everywhere enlivened with bleach-greens, seems to be busy and prosperous. If Cork and the south have not kept pace with Belfast and the north, I fear it must be owing to the want of commercial energy in the people, for there are no commercial restrictions now, and the harbor of Cork and her position for trade are vastly superior to those of her northern rival.

Finally, as to the relations of landlord and tenant, which are engaging so much attention at present, the Imperial Parliament lately introduced two measures that were calculated very much to improve the condition of the tenant. The first was the "Encumbered Estates Bill," which broke up and sold, in small allotments, those estates which were heavily encumbered with debt, thus enabling many persons of small means to buy, and become landed proprietors. The value of the property which on this occasion changed hands amounted to the enormous sum of twenty millions of pounds sterling, or one hundred millions of dollars, and the lands they sold were distributed among seven thousand two hundred and sixteen purchasers, of whom six thousand nine hundred and two were Irishmen. The second measure, which was introduced by Mr. Gladstone, with his usual humanity, provided that in case of eviction the tenant should be remunerated by the landlord for all his permanent improvements; an act of justice, indeed, which should have been granted to the tenant long before. But the condition of things in Ireland is somewhat peculiar, and not easily dealt with. In former years, small holdings, for we can not call them farms, were encouraged by the landlords, in order to multiply parliamentary electors, which then consisted of forty-shilling freeholders, or those who had a freehold worth eight dollars in American money. Many of these holdings consisted of not more than a couple of acres of land, with a mud cabin for the family to live in, in company with the poultry and pigs. But since the disfranchisement of these small freeholders, and the enactment of a larger elective qualification, the landlords have been evicting these small tenants and enlarging the farms, many of which, it must be confessed, were entirely too small, and utterly insufficient to support a man and his family. Hence the general outcry against landlords, and the eviction of tenants. These tenants, whom the landlords should have assisted to emigrate, were obliged to take refuge in the work-house of the district, where, confined within the walls of the institution, and separated from their wives and children, and these again separated from each other, it is not to be wondered at if they regarded such a place with abhorrence, and occasionally wreaked their vengeance upon the landlord who was the cause of their misery. For there is always a Lord Leitrim in some part of the country. Among the beneficent measures which it is to be hoped Mr. Gladstone will bring in when he is again placed at the head of the government, will be one for the improvement of these hateful institutions, in which more than eight hundred thousand of the poor people of England and Ireland are at present immured, without any hopes of leaving them, until they are released by the Angel of Death. It is shameful, it is shocking, that such inhuman regulations as the separation of a man from his wife, and the little children from their mother, should be tolerated in a country professing Christianity. If the laws of civilization can effect nothing better than this, the sooner we return to barbarism the better. We shall then enjoy something, at least, of nature and humanity, which are now being civilized out of us by the laws of political economy.

In reference to the present destitution in Ireland, I may observe that there are houses for the relief of the poor in one hundred and sixty-three union districts, where every one in destitute circumstances is admitted and provided for. I am not in possession of the statistics for the last few years, but in the year 1871 the value of assessable property was over thirteen million pounds sterling (sixty-five million dollars), liable to an average poundage of one shilling, or twenty-five cents. In this year, the total amount expended on the relief of the indigent was six hundred and eighty-five thousand six hundred and sixty-eight pounds, (three million four hundred and twenty-four thousand three hundred and forty dollars), chiefly for indoor maintenance. The number of persons receiving relief was two hundred and eighty-two thousand four hundred and ninety-two, of whom two hundred and twenty-six thousand and seventy-six persons were maintained in the house. I may observe, also, as the fact has been omitted by those who declaim against England, that during the famine years of 1846–47, ten million pounds sterling (fifty million dollars) was expended by the Imperial Parliament in alleviating the distress, to say nothing of large amounts in private subscriptions.

Among the evils connected with the land system of Ireland, and they are many, is that of the absenteeism of landlords. Several of the great landed proprietors of the country have likewise estates in England, where they constantly reside, committing the management of their Irish property to agents, who have no interest in the well-being of the tenants and are only anxious to increase the rent-rolls, and thus ingratiate themselves with their absent employers. It would be an error, however, to suppose that all estates of absent proprietors are managed in this way. In the county of Antrim, the estate of the Marquis of Hertford, from which he draws sixty thousand pounds a year, is an eminent exception. On this estate, which I understand has lately passed out of the Hertford family into other hands, the condition of the tenantry will contrast favorably with that of many other noblemen who are resident landlords—with that of Lord O'Neill, for instance, the representative of the O'Neills of whom we have been speaking, and who resides in the neighborhood. The same consideration for the welfare of their tenants is also manifested by the London companies who have large estates in the county of Derry, and perhaps a few others might be mentioned. But the great evil lies in the withdrawal of these rents from the country, instead of spending them at home, and thus increasing the comforts of the people whose labor produced them. Money may be said to be the life-blood of commercial society, and when taken out of circulation or spent in a country from which it does not return to the heart, the body politic dies of consumption.

And this is pretty much the condition of Ireland. It is to be hoped that Mr. Gladstone, whose financial abilities are great, may be able to devise some remedy for this evil also, when he resumes the government of England. A severe tax might be imposed upon non-resident landlords; or they might be obliged to dispose of their estates, in which case the tenants might be enabled to purchase their farms by an advance from the treasury, to be afterward repaid by annual installments. The land is sufficient security. With respect to estates in general, the want of perpetuity of tenure is another great evil of which the tenant complains. To remedy this, leases forever, or for periods renewable forever, with a clause against subletting, should be granted to the tenant. Such leases were formerly not uncommon. On the Marquis of Donegal's estate there are many. The landlord, on the other hand, should be secured against future claims, in case of eviction for non-payment of rent. Then as to rents themselves, which are almost everywhere too high, Mr. Griffith's valuation should be taken, or a new one made by competent officers of the government, the value of the land being estimated by an average of the seven preceding years, and the ratio of the respective shares between the landlord and tenant decided. Rents both in town and country are generally too high, by one-third, if not more, and require a very great reduction, to which landlords must submit. God has given the earth for the support of all His creatures, and not for the aggrandizement of a few. If landlords will not listen to the cry of distress, nor learn by the teachings of history, they must take the consequences of their infatuated conduct, which may end in their total destruction. There are certain natural rights of humanity that cannot be infringed by any laws whatever, for they are founded on the eternal principle of justice. To apply this principle to the complicated state of things that now disturbs the condition of society, not only in Ireland, but in the whole world, may be a difficult thing, but it is not impossible to him who deserves the name of a statesman.

T. H. HIGHLAND.

"ON WITH THE DANCE!"

VI.

CAIRO REVISITED.

Having glanced briefly, and as through a glass, darkly, at the dance as it existed in the earliest times of which we have knowledge in the country whence, through devious and partly obliterated channels, we derived much of our civilization, let us hastily survey some of its modern methods in the same region—supplying thereby some small means of comparison to the reader who may care to note the changes undergone and the features preserved.

We find the most notable, if not the only, purely Egyptian dancer of our time in the *Almé* or *Ghowazée*. The former name is derived from the original calling of this class—that of reciting poetry to the inmates of the harem; the latter they acquired by dancing at the festivals of the Ghors, or Memlooks. Reasonably modest at first, the dancing of the Almé became, in the course of time, so conspicuously indelicate that great numbers of the softer sex persuaded themselves to its acquirement and practice; and a certain Viceregal Prude once contracted the powers of the whole Cairo contingent of Awâlim into the pent-up Utica of the town of Esuch, some five hundred miles removed from the Viceregal disobedient eye. For a brief season the order was enforced; then the sprightly sinners danced out of bounds, and their successors can now be found by the foreign student of Egyptian morals without the fatigue and expense of a long journey up the Nile.

The professional dress of the Almé consists of a short embroidered jacket, fitting closely to the arms and back, but frankly unreserved in front; long loose trowsers of silk, sufficiently opaque to somewhat soften the severity of the lower limbs; a Cashmere shawl bound about the waist, and a light turban of muslin embroidered with gold. The long black hair, starred with small coins, falls abundantly over the shoulders. The eyelids are sabled with kohl; and such other paints, oils, varnishes, and dyestuffs are used as the fair one—who is a trifle dark, by the way—may have proved for herself, or accepted on the superior judgment of her European sisters. Altogether, the girl's outer and visible aspect is not unattractive to the eye of the traveler, though singularly faulty to the eye of the traveler's wife. When about to dance, the Almé puts on a lighter and more diaphanous dress, eschews her slippers, and with a slow and measured step advances to the centre of the room—her lithe figure undulating with a grace peculiarly serpentile. The music is that of a reed pipe or a tambourine—a number of attendants assisting with castanets. Perhaps the "argument" of her dance will be a love-passage with an imaginary young Arab. The coyness of a first meeting by chance, her gradual warming into passion, their separation, followed by her tears and dejection, the hope of meeting soon again, and, finally, the intoxication of being held once more in his arms—all are delineated with a fidelity and detail surprising to whatever of judgment the masculine spectator may have the good fortune to retain.

One of the prime favorites is the "wasp dance," allied to the Tarantella. Although less pleasing in motive than that described, the wasp dance gives opportunity for movements of even superior significance—or, as one may say, suggestures. The girl stands in pensive attitude, her hands demurely clasped in front, her head poised a little on one side. Suddenly a wasp is heard to approach, and by her gesture is seen to have stung her on the breast. She then darts hither and thither in pursuit of that audacious insect, assuming all manner of provoking attitudes, until, finally, the wasp having been caught and miserably exterminated, the girl resumes her innocent smile and modest pose—the emotions which she appeared to feel subsiding rather more readily than those which she indubitably inspired.

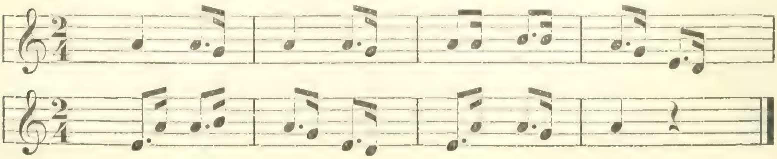
VII.

JAPAN WEAR AND BOMBAY DUCKS.

Throughout Asia, dancing is marked by certain characteristics which do not greatly differ, save in degree, among the various peoples who practice it. With few exceptions, it is confined to the superior sex, and these ladies, I am sorry to confess, have not derived as great moral advantage from the monopoly as an advocate of dancing would prefer to record.

Dancing—the rhythmical movement of the limbs and body to music—is, as I have endeavored to point out, instinctive; hardly a people, savage or refined, but has certain forms of it. When, from any cause, the men abstain from its execution, it has commonly not the character of grace and agility as its dominant feature, but is distinguished by soft, voluptuous movements, suggestive posturing, and all the wiles by which the performer knows she can best please the other sex; the most forthright and effective means to that commendable end being the stimulation of what the Prudes are pleased to libel as their baser nature. The Japanese men are anti-dancers from necessity of costume, if nothing else, and the effect is much the same as elsewhere under the same conditions: the women dance, the men gloat, and the gods grieve.

There are two kinds of dances in Japan: the one not only lewd, but—to speak with accurate adjustment of word to fact — beastly; in the other, grace is the dominating element, and decency as cold as a snow-storm. Of the former class, the "Chon Nookee" is the most popular. It is, however, less a dance than an exhibition, and its patrons are the wicked, the dissolute, and the European. It is commonly given at some entertainment to which respectable women have not the condescension to be invited —such as a dinner party of some wealthy gentleman's gentlemen friends. The dinner — served on the floor—having been impatiently tucked away, and the candies, cakes, hot saki, and other necessary addenda of a Japanese dinner brought in, the "Chon Nookee" is demanded, and with a modest demeanor, worn as becomingly as if it were their every-day habit, the performers glide in, seating themselves coyly on the floor, in two rows. Each dancing girl is appareled in such captivating bravery as her purse can buy or her charms exact. The folds of her vari-colored gowns crossing her bosom make combinations of rich, warm hues, which it were folly not to admire and peril to admire too much. The faces of these girls are in many instances exceedingly pretty, but with that natural—and, be it humbly submitted, not very creditable—tendency of the sex to revision and correction of nature's handiwork, they plaster them with pigments dear to the sign-painter, and temper the red glory of their lips with a bronze preparation which the flattered brass-founder would no doubt deem kissable utterly. The music is made by beating a drum and twanging a kind of guitar, the musician chanting the while, to the following simple air, words which, in deference to the possible prejudices of those readers who may be on terms of familiarity with the Japanese language, I have deemed it proper to omit—with an apology to the Prudes for the absence of an appendix in which they might be given without offense:



The chanting having proceeded for a few minutes, the girls take up the song and enter spiritedly into the dance. One challenges another, and at a certain stage of the song (represented by the last note of the above score) with the sharp cry "*Hoi!*" makes a motion with her hand. Failure on the part of the other to instantaneously and exactly copy this gesture entails the forfeiture of a garment, which is at once frankly removed. Cold and mechanical at the outset, the music grows spirited as the girls grow nude, and the dancers themselves become strangely excited as they warm to the work, taking, the while, generous potations of saki to assist their flame.

Let it not be supposed that in all this there is anything of passion; it is with these women nothing more than the mere mental exaltation produced by music, exercise, and drink. With the spectators (I have heard) it fares somewhat otherwise. Themselves half-intoxicated, their blood up and raging lionwise through their veins, they gloat upon the revealed charms of the moosmees with eyes that to a moderately alert imagination might seem to create, wherever they fall, a thin ascension of blue smoke, delivering an odor of scorching flesh.

When modesty's last rag has been discarded, the girls, as if suddenly abashed at their own audacity, fly like startled fawns from the room, leaving their patrons to make a settlement with conscience, and arrange the terms upon which that monitor will consent to the performance of the rest of the dance. For the dance proper—or improper—is now about to begin. If the first part seemed somewhat tropical, comparison with what follows will acquit it of that demerit. Every posture which the lithest female form can be trained to take is assumed, as to slow music the returned girls, nude or but half-clad, with easy motion wind in and out through the sinuous and sensuous evolutions of this marvelous dance. The combinations are infinitely varied, and so long as willing witnesses remain—which, in simple justice to manly fortitude it should be added, is a good while—so long will the "Chon Nookee" present a new and unexpected phase; but it is deemed expedient that no more of them be presented here, and if the reader has done me the honor to have enough of it, we will pass to the consideration of another class of dances.

Of this class those most in favor are the Fan and Umbrella dances, performed, usually, by young girls trained almost from infancy. The Japanese are passionately fond of these beautiful exhibitions of grace, and no manner of festivity is satisfactorily celebrated without them. The musicians, or Sam Sing girls, commonly six or eight in number, play on the guitar, a small ivory wand being used, instead of the fingers, to strike the strings. The dancer, a girl of some thirteen years, is elaborately habited as a page. Confined by the closely folded robe as by fetters, the feet and legs are not much used, the feet, indeed, never leaving the floor. Time is marked by undulations of the body, waving the arms, and deft manipulation of the fan. The supple figure bends and sways like a reed in the wind, advances and recedes, one movement succeeding another by transitions singularly graceful, the arms describing innumerable curves, and the fan so skillfully handled as to seem instinct with a life and liberty of its own. Nothing more pure, more devoid of evil suggestion, can be imagined. It is a sad fact that the poor children trained to the execution of this harmless and pleasing dance are destined, in their riper years, to give their charms and graces to the service of the devil in the "Chon Nookee." The umbrella dance is similar to the one just described, the main difference being the use of a small, gaily-colored umbrella, in place of the fan.

Crossing from Japan to China, the Prude will find a condition of things which, for iron severity of morals, is, perhaps, unparalleled—no dancing whatever, by either profligate or virtuous women. To whatever beneficent cause we may attribute this noble peculiarity in the social life of a great, enlightened, and orthodox people, whose virtues make them the favorites of every nation in which they have the goodness to sojourn, the gratifying characteristic is, at any rate, eternal; for the women of the upper classes have an ineradicable habit of so mutilating their feet that even the polite and comparatively harmless accomplishment of walking is beyond their power; those of the lower orders have not sense enough to dance; and that men should dance alone is a proposition of such free and forthright idiocy as to be but obscurely conceivable to any understanding not having the gift of maniacal inspiration, or the normal advantage of original incapacity. Altogether, we may rightly consider China the heaven-appointed *habitat* of people who dislike the dance, and who might with great propriety be shot when found off their reservation.

In Siam, what little is known of dancing is confined to the people of Laos. The women are meek-eyed, spiritless creatures, crushed under the heavy domination of the superior sex. Naturally, their music and dancing are of a plaintive, almost doleful character, not without a certain cloying sweetness, however. The dancing is as graceful as the pudgy little bodies of the women are capable of achieving

—a little more pleasing than the capering of a butcher's block, but not quite so much so as that of a wash-tub. Its greatest merit is the steely rigor of its decorum. The dancers, however, are a shade less appallingly proper off the floor than on it.

In no part of the world, probably, is the condition of women more consummately deplorable than in India; and, in consequence, nowhere than in the dances of that country is manifested a more simple unconsciousness or frank disregard of decency. As by nature, and according to the light that is in him, the Hindoo is indolent and licentious, so, in accurately matching degree, are the dancing girls innocent of morality, and uninfected with shame. It would be difficult to more keenly insult a respectable Hindoo woman than to accuse her of having danced, while the man who should affect the society of the females justly so charged would incur the lasting detestation of his race. The dancing girls are of two orders of infamy —those who serve in the temples, and are hence called Devo-Dasi, slaves of the gods, and the Nautch girls, who dance in secular sort for hire. Frequently a mother will make a vow to dedicate her unborn babe, if it have the obedience to be a girl, to the service of some particular god; in this way, and by the daughters born to themselves, are the ranks of the Devo-Dasi recruited. The sons of these miserable creatures are taught to play upon musical instruments for their mothers and sisters to dance by. As the ordinary Hindoo woman is careless about the exposure of her charms, so these dancers take intelligent and mischievous advantage of the social situation by immodestly concealing those which, if displayed, would inspire no emotion. The Devo-Dasi actually go to the length of wearing clothes! Each temple has a band of eight or ten of these girls, who celebrate their saltatory rites morning and evening. Advancing at the head of the religious procession, they move their limbs and bodies in an easy and graceful manner, with gradual transition to a more sensuous and voluptuous motion, suiting their action to the religious frame of mind of the devout, until their well-rounded limbs and lithe figures express a degree of piety consonant with the purpose of the particular occasion. They attend all public ceremonies and festivals, executing their audacious dances impartially for gods and men.

The Nautch girls are purchased in infancy, and as carefully trained in their worldly way as the Devo-Dasi for the diviner function, being about equally depraved. All the large cities contain full sets of these girls, with attendant musicians, ready for hire at festivities of any kind, and by leaving orders parties are served at their residences with fidelity and dispatch. Commonly they dance two at a time, but frequently some wealthy gentleman will secure the services of a hundred or more to assist him through the day without resorting to questionable expedients of time-killing. Their dances require strict attention, from the circumstance that their feet— like those of the immortal equestrienne of Banbury Cross—are hung with small bells, which must be made to sound in concert with the notes of the musicians. In attitude and gesture they are about as bad as their pious sisters of the temples. The endeavor is to express the passions of love, hope, jealousy, despair, etc., and they eke out this mimicry with chanted songs in every way worthy of the movements of which they are the explanatory notes. These are the only women in Hindustan whom it is thought worth while to teach to read and write. If they would but make as noble use of their intellectual as they do of their physical education, they might perhaps produce books as moral as *The Dance of Death.*

In Persia and Asia Minor, the dances and dancers are nearly alike. In both countries the Georgian and Circassian slaves who have been taught the art of pleasing, are bought by the wealthy for their amusement and that of their wives and concubines. Some of the performances are pure in motive and modest in execution, but most of them are interesting otherwise. The beautiful young Circassian slave, clad in loose robes of diaphanous texture, takes position, castanets in hand, on a square rug, and to the music of a kind of violin goes through the figures of her dance, the visible whiteness of her limbs giving her an added indelicacy which the European eye sadly misses in the capering of her berry-brown sisters in sin of other climes.

The dance of the Georgian is more spirited, but no less disturbing. Her dress is a brief skirt, reaching barely to the knees, and a low-cut chemise, naïvely professing to conceal something, itself best knows what. In her night-black hair is wreathed a bright-red scarf or string of pearls. The music, at first low and slow, increases by degrees in rapidity and volume, then falls away almost to silence, again swells and quickens, and so alternates, the motions of the dancer's willowy and obedient figure accurately according, now seeming to swim languidly, and anon her little feet having their will of her, and fluttering in mid-air like a couple of birds. She is an engaging creature; her ways are ways of pleasantness, but whether all her paths are peace depends somewhat, it is reasonable to conjecture, upon the circumspection of her daily walk and conversation when relegated to the custody of her master's wives.

In some parts of Persia the dancing of boys appareled as women is held in high favor, but exactly what wholesome human sentiment it addresses I am not prepared to say, inasmuch as I have not been favored by observation with knowledge of the performance, nor by nature with possession of the sentiment.

VIII.

IN THE BOTTOM OF THE CRUCIBLE.

From the rapid and imperfect review of certain characteristic oriental dances in the chapters immediately preceding—or rather from the studies some of whose minor results those chapters embody—I make eduction of a few significant facts, to which facts of opposite significance seem exceptional. In the first place, it is to be noted that in countries where woman is conspicuously degraded the dance is correspondingly depraved. By "the dance," I mean, of course, those characteristic and typical performances which have permanent place in the social life of the people. Amongst all nations the dance exists in certain loose and unrecognized forms, which are the outgrowth of the moment—creatures of caprice, posing and pranking their brief and inglorious season, to be superseded by some newer favorite, born of some newer accident or fancy. A fair type of these ephemeral dances—the comets of the saltatory system—in so far as they can have a type, is the now familiar Can-Can of the Jardin Mabille—a dance the captivating naughtiness of which has given it wide currency in our generation, the successors to whose aged rakes and broken bawds (posterity they will have none) it will fail to please and would probably make unhappy. Dances of this character, neither national, universal, nor enduring, have little value to the student of anything but anatomy and lingerie. By study of a thousand, the product of as many years, it might be possible to trace the thread upon which such beads are strung—indeed, it is pretty obvious without research; but considered singly they have nothing of profit to the investigator, who will do well to contemplate without reflection or perform without question, as the bent of his mind may be observant or experimental.

Dancing, then, is indelicate where the women are depraved; and to this it must be added that the women are depraved where the men are indolent. We need not trouble ourselves to consider too curiously as to cause and effect. Whether in countries where man is too lazy to be manly, woman practices deferential adjustment of her virtues to the loose exactions of his tolerance, or whether for ladies of indifferent modesty their lords will not make exertion—these are questions for the ethnologer. It concerns our purpose only to note that the male who sits cross-legged on a rug and permits his female to do the dancing for both gets a quality distinctly inferior to that enjoyed by his more energetic brother, willing to himself take a leg at the game. Doubtless the lazy fellow prefers the loose gamboling of nude girls to the decent grace and moderation of a better art; but this, I submit, is an error of taste resulting from imperfect instruction.

> Who cheapens by survey his lady's charms,
> And lets his greedy eyes defraud his arms,
> Deserves that she, judicious to retain
> Some scrap of novelty to please again,
> Resume her raiment at the hour of rest
> And go to bed hermetically dressed.

And here we are confronted with the ever-recurrent question: Is dancing immoral? The reader who has done me the honor to attentively consider the brief descriptions of certain dances hereinbefore presented will, it is believed, be now prepared to answer that some sorts of dancing indubitably are—a bright and shining example of the type being the exploit wherein women alone perform and men alone admire. But one of the arguments by which it is sought to prove dancing immoral in itself—namely, that it provokes evil passions—we are now able to analyze with the necessary discrimination, assigning to it its just weight, and tracing its real bearing on the question. Dances like those described (with, I hope, a certain delicacy and reticence) are undoubtedly provocative—to the spectator. They have in that circumstance their *raison d'être.* As to that, then, there can be no two opinions. But observe: the male oriental voluptuary does not himself dance. Why? Partly, no doubt, because of his immortal indolence, but mainly, I venture to think, because he wishes to enjoy his reprehensible emotion, and this can not coëxist with muscular activity. If the reader—through either immunity from improper emotion or unfamiliarity with muscular activity—entertains a doubt of this, his family physician will be happy to remove it. Nothing is more certain than that the dancing girls of oriental countries themselves feel nothing of what they have the skill to simulate; and the ballet-dancer of our own stage is icily unconcerned while kicking together the smouldering embers in the heart of the wigged and corseted old beau below her, and playing the deuce's delight with the disobedient imagination of the he Prude posted in the nooks and shadows thoughtfully provided for him. Stendahl frankly informs us: "I have had much experience with the *danseuses* of the ——Theatre at Valence. I am convinced that they are, for the most part, very chaste. It is because their occupation is too fatiguing."

The same author, by the way, says elsewhere:

> "I would wish, if I were legislator, that they should adopt in France, as in Germany, the custom of *soirées dansantes*. Four times a month the young girls go with their mothers to a ball, beginning at seven o'clock, ending at midnight, and requiring, for all expense, a violin and some glasses of water. In an adjacent room, the mothers, perhaps a little jealous of the happy education of their daughters, play at cards; in a third, the fathers find the newspapers and talk politics. Between midnight and one o'clock all the family are reunited and have regained the paternal roof. The young girls learn to know the young men; the fatuity and the indiscretion that follows it become quickly odious; in a word, they learn how to choose a husband. Some young girls have unfortunate love-affairs, but the number of deceived husbands and unhappy households (*mauvaises ménages*) diminishes in immense proportion."

For an iron education in cold virtue there is no school like the position of sitting-master to the wall-flowers at a church-social; but it is humbly conjectured that even the austere morality of a bald-headed Prude might receive an added iciness if he would but attend one of these simple dancing bouts disguised as a sweet young girl.

IX.

COUNSEL FOR THE DEFENSE.

Nearly all the great writers of antiquity and of the mediæval period who have mentioned dancing at all have done so in terms of unmistakable favor; of modern famous authors, they only have condemned it from whose work, or from what is known of their personal characters, we may justly infer an equal aversion to pretty much everything in the way of pleasure that a Christian needs not die in order to enjoy. English literature—I use the word in its noble sense, to exclude all manner of preaching, whether clerical or lay—is full of the dance; the sound of merry-makers footing it featly to the music runs like an undertone through all the variations of its theme and fills all its pauses. From my multitude of notes on the subject I select a meagre few, and these almost at random.

In the "Millere's Tale," Chaucer mentions dancing among the accomplishments of the parish clerk, along with blood-letting and the drawing of legal documents:

"A merry child he was, so God me save;
Wel coud he leten blood and clippe and shave,
And make a chartre of land, and a quitance;
In twenty maners could he trip and dance,
After the scole of Oxenforde tho,
And with his legges casten to and fro." *

Milton, the greatest of the Puritans—intellectual ancestry of the modern degenerate Prudes—had a wholesome love of the dance, and nowhere is his pen so joyous as in its description in the well-known passage from "Comus," which, should it occur to my memory while delivering a funeral oration, I am sure I could not forbear to quote; albeit this, our present argument, is but little furthered by its context:

"Meanwhile welcome joy and feast,
Midnight shout and revelry,
Tipsy dance and jollity.
Braid your locks with rosy twine,
Dropping odors, dropping wine.
Rigor now is gone to bed,
And advice, with scrupulous head,
Strict age and sour severity,
With their grave saws in slumber lie.
We, that are of purer fire,
Imitate the starry quire;
Who, in their nightly watching spheres,
Lead in swift round the months and years.
The sounds and seas with all their finny drove,
Now to the moon in wavering morrice move;
And on the tawny sands and shelves,
Trip the pert fairies and the dapper elves."

If Milton was not himself a good dancer—and as to that point my memory is unstored with instance or authority—it will at least be conceded that he was an admirable reporter, with his heart in the business. To somewhat lessen the force of the objection that he puts the foregoing lines in a not very respectable mouth, on a not altogether reputable occasion, I append the following passage from the same poem, supposed to be spoken by the good spirit who had brought a lady and her two brothers through many perils, restoring them to their parents:

On this passage Tyrwhit makes the following judicious comment: "The school of Oxford seems to have been in much the same estimation for its dancing as that of Stratford for its French"—alluding, of course, to what is said in the Prologue, of the French spoken by the Prioress:

"And French she spoke, full fayre and fetisly,
After the scole of Stratford atte bowe,
For French of Paris was to hire unknowe."

"Noble lord and lady bright,
I have brought ye new delight;
Here behold, so goodly grown,
Three fair branches of your own.
Heaven hath timely tried their youth,
Their faith, their patience, and their truth,
And sent them here through hard assays
With a crown of deathless praise,
To triumph in victorious dance,
O'er sensual folly and intemperance."

The lines on dancing—lines which themselves dance—in "L'Allegro," are too familiar; I dare not permit myself the enjoyment of quotation.

Lord Herbert of Cherbury, one of the most finished gentlemen of his time otherwise, laments, in his autobiography, that he had never learned to dance, because that accomplishment "doth fashion the body, and gives one a good presence and address in all companies, since it disposeth the limbs to a kind of *souplèsse* (as the French call it) and agility, insomuch as they seem to have the use of their legs, arms, and bodies more than many others who, standing stiff and stark in their postures, seem as if they were taken in their joints, or had not the perfect use of their members." Altogether, a very grave objection to dancing, in the opinion of those who discountenance it, and I take great credit for frankness in presenting his lordship's indictment.

In the following pertinent passage from Lemontey I do not remember the opinion he quotes from Locke, but his own is sufficiently to the point:

> "The dance is for young women what the chase is for young men: a protecting school of wisdom—a preservative of the growing passions. The celebrated Locke, who made virtue the sole end of education, expressly recommends teaching children to dance as early as they are able to learn: Dancing carries within itself an eminently cooling quality, and all over the world the tempests of the heart await, to break forth, the repose of the limbs."

In "The Traveller," Goldsmith says:

"Alike all ages; dames of ancient days
Have led their children through the mirthful maze,
And the gay grandsire, skilled in gestic lore,
Has frisked beneath the burden of three score."

To the Prudes in all soberness—Is it likely, considering the stubborn conservatism of age, that these dames, well-seasoned in the habit, will leave it off directly, or the impenitent old grandsire abate one jot or tittle of his friskiness in the near future? Is it a reasonable hope? Is the outlook from the watch-towers of Philistia an encouraging one?

X.

THEY ALL DO IT.

Fountains dance down to the river,
  Rivers to the ocean,
Summer leaflets dance and quiver
  To the breeze's motion.
Nothing in the world is single—
  All things, by a simple rule,
Nods and steps and graces mingle
  As at dancing-school.

See, the shadows on the mountain
  Pirouette with one another;
See, the leaf upon the fountain
  Dances with its leaflet brother.
See, the moonlight on the earth,
  Flecking forest, gleam and glance!
What are all these dancings worth
  If I may not dance? —*After Shelley.*

Dance? And why not? The dance is natural, it is innocent, wholesome, enjoyable. It has the sanction of Religion, Philosophy, Science. It is approved by the sacred writings of all ages and nations—of Judaism, Buddhism, Christianity, Islam; of Zoroaster and Confucius. Not an altar, from Jupiter to Jesus, around which the votaries have not danced with religious zeal and indubitable profit to mind and body. Fire-worshipers of Persia and Peru danced about the visible sign and manifestation of their deity. Dervises dance in frenzy, and the Shakers jump up and come down hard through excess of the Spirit. All the gods have danced with all the goddesses—round dances, too. The lively divinities created by the Greeks in their own image danced divinely, as became them. Old Thor stormed and thundered down the icy halls of the Scandinavian mythology to the music of runic rhymes, and the souls of slain heroes in Valhalla take to their toes in celebration of their valorous deeds done in the body upon the bodies of their enemies. Angels dance before the Great White Throne to harps attuned by angel hands, and the Master of the Revels—who arranges the music of the spheres—looks approvingly on. Dancing is of divine institution.

The elves and fairies "dance delicate measures" in the light of the moon and stars. The troll dances his gruesome jig on lonely hills: the gnome executes his little pigeon-wing in the obscure subterrene by the glimmer of a diamond. Nature's untaught children dance in wood and glade, stimulated of leg by the sunshine with which they are soaken topfull—the same quickening emanation that inspires the growing tree and upheaves the hill. And, if I err not, there is sound Scripture for the belief that these self-same eminences have capacity to skip for joy. The peasant dances—a trifle clumsily—at harvest feast when the grain is garnered. The stars in heaven dance visibly; the firefly dances in emulation of the stars. The sunshine dances on the waters. The humming-bird and the bee dance about the flowers, which dance to the breeze. The innocent lamb, type of the White Christ, dances on the green; and the matronly cow perpetrates an occasional stiff enormity when she fancies herself unobserved. All the sportive rollickings of all the animals, from the agile fawn to the unwieldy behemoth, are dances taught them by nature.

I am not here making an argument for dancing; I only assert its goodness, confessing its abuse. We do not argue the wholesomeness of sunshine and ice-water; we assert it, admitting that sunstroke is mischievous, and that copious potations of freezing water will founder a superheated horse, and urge the hot blood—bursting the brain-vessels—to the head of an imprudent man similarly prepared, killing him, as is right. We do not build syllogisms to prove that grains and fruits of the earth are of God's best bounty to man; we allow that bad whisky may—with difficulty—be distilled from rye to spoil the toper's nose, and that hydrocyanic acid can be got out of the bloomy peach. It were folly to prove that Science and Invention are our very good friends, yet the sapper who has had the misfortune to be blown to rags by the mine he was preparing for his enemy will not deny that gunpowder has aptitudes of mischief; and from the point of view of a nigger ordered upon the safety-valve of a racing steamboat, the vapor of water is a thing accurst. Shall we condemn music because the lute makes "lascivious pleasing"? Or poetry because some amorous bard tells in warm rhyme the story of the passions, and Mr. Swinburne has had the goodness to make vice offensive with his hymns in its praise? Or sculpture because from the guiltless marble may be wrought a drunken Silenus or a lechering satyr? Painting because the untamed fancies of the painter sometimes break tether and run riot on his canvas? Because the orator may provoke the wild passions of the mob, shall there be no more public speaking?—no further acting because the actor may be pleased to saw the air, or the actress display her ultimate inch of leg? Shall we upset the pulpit because poor dear Mr. Tilton had a prettier wife than poor dear Mr. Beecher? The bench had its Jeffries, yet it is necessary that we have deliveries of judgment between ourselves and the litigious. The medical profession has nursed poisoners enough to have baned all the rats of christendom; but the resolute patient must still have his prescription—if he die for it. Shall we disband our armies because in the hand of an ambitious madman a field-marshal's baton may brain a helpless State?—our navy because in ships pirates have "sailed the Spanish main"? Let us not commit the vulgarity of condemning the dance because of its possibilities of perversion by the vicious and the profligate. Let us not utter us in hot bosh and baking nonsense, but cleave to reason and the sweet sense of things.

Dancing never made a good girl bad, nor turned a wholesome young man to evil ways. "Opportunity!" simpers the tendinous virgin past the wall-flower of her youth. "Opportunity!" cackles the *blasé* beau who has outlasted his legs and gone deaconing in a church. "Opportunity!" roars the brass-bound and copper-fastened hypocrite. "Opportunity!" protests that abominable book, *The Dance of Death*, sedulously pointing it out in one hundred and fifty pages.

Opportunity, indeed! There is opportunity in church and school-room, in social intercourse. There is opportunity in libraries, art-galleries, picnics, street-cars, Bible-classes, and at fairs and matinées. Opportunity—rare, delicious opportunity, not to be innocently ignored—in moonlight rambles by still streams. Opportunity, such as it is, behind the old gentleman's turned back, and beneath the good mother's spectacled nose. You shall sooner draw out leviathan with a hook, or bind Arcturus and his sons, than baffle the upthrust of opportunity's hundred heads. Opportunity is a veritable Hydra, Argus, and Briareus rolled into one. He has a hundred heads to plan his poachings, a hundred eyes to spy the land, a hundred hands to set his snares and springes. In a country where young girls are habitually unattended in the street; where the function of chaperone is commonly, and, it should be added, intelligently, performed by some capable young male; where the young women receive evening calls from the young men, concerning whose presence in the parlor mamma in the nursery and papa at the "office"—poor, overworked papa!—give themselves precious little trouble—this prate of ball-room opportunity is singularly and engagingly idiotic. The worthy people who hold such language may justly boast themselves superior to reason and impregnable to light. The only effective reply to these creatures would be a kicking; the well-meant objections of another class merit the refutation of distinct characterization. It is the old talk of devotees about sin, of topers concerning water, temperance men of gin, and, albeit it is neither wise nor witty, it is becoming in us at whom they rail to deal mercifully with them. In some otherwise estimable souls one of these harmless brain-cracks may be a right lovable trait of character.

Issues of a social import as great as a raid against dancing have been raised ere now. Will the coming man smoke? Will the coming man drink wine? These tremendous and imperative problems only recently agitated some of the "thoughtful minds" in our midst. By degrees they lost their preëminence; they were seen to be in process of solution without social cataclysm; they have, in a manner, been referred for disposal to the coming man himself: that is to say, they have been dropped, and are to-day as dead as Julius Cæsar. The present hour has, in its turn, produced its own awful problem: Will the coming woman waltz?

As a question of mere fact the answer is patent: She will. Dancing is good for her, and she likes it; and so she is going to waltz. But the question may rather be put — to borrow phraseology current among her critics: Had she oughter?—from a moral point of view, now. From a moral point of view, then, let us seek from analogy some light on the question of what, from its actual, practical bearings, may be dignified by the name Conundrum.

Ought a man not to smoke?—from a moral point of view. The economical view-point, the view-point of convenience, and all the rest of them, are not now in question; the simple question is: Is it immoral to smoke? And again—still from the moral point of view: Is it immoral to drink wine? Is it immoral to play at cards? To visit theatres? (In Boston you go to some

> "harmless 'Museum,'
> Where folks who like plays may religiously see 'em.")

Finally, then—and always from the same elevated view-point: Is it immoral to waltz?

The suggestions here started will not be further pursued in this place. It is quite pertinent now to note that we do smoke because we enjoy it; and do drink wine because we like it; and do waltz because we both like and enjoy it, and have the added consciousness that it is a duty. I am sorry for a fellow-creature — male — who knows not the comfort of a cigar; sorry and concerned for him who is innocent of the knowledge of good and evil that lurk respectively in Chambertin and cheap "claret." Nor is my compassion altogether free from a sense of superiority to the object of it — superiority untainted, howbeit, by truculence. I perceive that life has been bestowed upon him for purposes inscrutable to me, though dimly hinting its own justification as a warning or awful example. So, too, of the men and women—"beings erect, and walking upon two (uneducated) legs"—whose unsophisticated toes have never, inspired by the rosy, threaded the labyrinth of the mazy ere courting the kindly offices of the balmy. It is only human to grieve for them, poor things!

But if their throbbing bunions, encased in clumsy high-lows, be obtruded to trip us in our dance, shall we not stamp on them? Yea, verily, while we have a heel to crunch with and a leg to grind it home.

XI.

LUST, QUOTH'A!

You have danced? Good. You have waltzed? Better. You have felt the hot blood bound through your veins, as your beautiful partner, compliant to the lightest pressure of your finger-tips, her breath responsive, matched her every motion with yours? Best of all; for you have served in the temple—you are of the priesthood of manhood. You cannot misunderstand, you will not deliver false oracle.

Do you remember your first waltz with the lovely woman whom you had longed like a man but feared like a boy to touch—even so much as the hem of her garment? Can you recall the time, place, and circumstance? Has not the very first bar of the music that whirled you away been singing itself in your memory ever since? Do you recall the face you then looked into, the eyes that seemed deeper than a mountain tarn, the figure that you clasped, the beating of the heart, the warm breath that mingled with your own? Can you faintly, as in a dream—*blasé* old dancer that you are—invoke a reminiscence of the delirium that stormed your soul, expelling the dull demon in possession? Was it lust, as the Prudes aver — the poor dear Prudes, with the feel of the cold wall familiar to the leathery backs of them?

It was the gratification—the decent, honorable, legal gratification — of the passion for rhythm; the unconditional surrender to the supreme law of periodicity, under conditions of exact observance by all external things. The notes of the music repeat and supplement each other; the lights burn with answering flame at sequent distances; the walls, the windows, doors, mouldings, frescoes, iterate their lines, their levels, and panels, interminable of combination and similarity; the inlaid floor matches its angles, multiplies its figures, does over again at this point what it did at that; the groups of dancers deploy in couples, aggregate in groups, and again deploy, evoking endless resemblances.

And all this rhythm and recurrence, borne in upon the brain—itself rhythmic—through intermittent senses, is converted into motion, and the mind, yielding utterly to its environment, knows the happiness of faith, the ecstasy of compliance, the rapture of congruity. And this the dull dunces—the eyeless, earless, brainless and bloodless callosities of cavil—are pleased to call lust!

O ye, who teach the ingenuous youth of nations
  The Boston Dip, the German, and the Glide,
I pray you guard them upon all occasions
  From contact of the palpitating side;
Requiring that their virtuous gyrations
  Shall interpose a space a furlong wide
Between the partners, lest their thoughts grow lewd—
So shall we satisfy the exacting Prude.

XII.

THE MUSE TO THE RESCUE.

'Tis a fair scene, that ball-room with its light
Shed upon gems, and robes, and faces bright.
'Tis a fair scene, and beauty must be good
Despite the whispers of yon painted Prude,
Who lisps and patters many a "Dreadful!" "Hush!"
And veils, with ready fan, the rouge-fixed blush,
Pouring malignant scandal in the ear
Lent freely by her gouty cavalier.
  They sit and watch, these two, they do not dance—
Malice suggests that they have not the chance;
But they possess sharp tongues and sharper eyes,
And so are competent to criticise.
Draw near and listen, for the dame begins
A rapid catalogue of ball-room sins.
Drawing her scarf across her scrawny breast,
She wonders "Women can go so undressed!"
Her foot, that envies her companion's crutch,
She hides—"How can they show their feet so much!"
Remarking, as she drops her rheumy eyes:
"Glances so free are anything but wise."
  Ah, madam, there are faults that envy seeks,
And some might fancy 'tis your malice speaks.
Pray heaven you hide not other, graver faults
Than lissome motion in the graceful waltz—
The "poetry of motion" set to tune,
And harmless most wherein you most impugn.
  So, we will dance, and harmlessly; your sneer
Shows that your breast holds all the evil here;
For foul must be the mind that can discern
Embryo bawdry in a graceful turn.
Eyes that condemn the waltz must find, no doubt,
The wrong within they think they see without;
For if you see pollution in the dance,
Just construe *Honi soit qui mal y pense.*
You argue that were dancing no disgrace
We'd dance at all times and in every place;
But since the liberty is not allowed
Save when excused by music and a crowd,
Whene'er the chance arises we break loose,
And waltzing serves as lechery's excuse.
  What downright folly!—half the things we do
Have their appointed place and moment too;
Because we eat at stated place and time,
Is a good dinner to be called a crime?
Some more of this cheap logic you advance:
"Evil loves darkness—'tis by night you dance."
Regarding this, I humbly would submit
Before we dance the gas is mostly lit;
And for the fact of night—it may be said
It is at night most people go to bed.
  Enough of this; if dancing lead to shame,
'Tis not the waltz, the waltzer is to blame;
And if a maid be over warm and bold,
She'll walk, not waltz, beyond discretion's fold.
A few old Puritans and maiden aunts
Who have forgot, or ne'er knew how, to dance,
Raise claw-like hands and artificial brows
To deprecate the license it allows.
Well, let them chew the tender morsel up,
Distill their venom in young Pleasure's cup,
Mumble sweet scandal in their toothless chops—
Their teeth will grow again ere dancing stops.
They may talk down the virtue of a girl—
There is an acid that can eat a pearl;
May e'en convince themselves beyond dispute
That, for she dances, she's a prostitute;
May push their malice further still than this,
And drive her to be what they say she is.
  Yes, madam, evil tongue and evil thought
Exert more baneful power than they ought.
You may, by lying, make a maiden's eyes
Look through the glass of your impurities,
Seeing the image that they once thought bright
Fouled by your slime and blackened to the sight.
But, mark my words, ye Pharisees and Prudes,
Whose presence soils wherever it intrudes:
For all your efforts dancing will endure,
And to the pure all things will still be pure.
Experience shows your vile forebodings false—
The public verdict justifies the waltz.

XIII.

OUR GRANDMOTHERS' LEGS.

Oh, will you—won't you—will you—won't you
  Come unto the dance?

It is depressing to realize how little most of us know of the dancing of our ancestors. I would give value to behold the execution of a coranto and inspect the steps of a cinque-pace, having assurance that the performances assuming these names were veritably identical with their memorable originals. We possess the means of verifying somewhat as to the nature of the minuet; but after what fashion did our revered grandfather do his rigadoon and his gavot? What manner of thing was that pirouet in the deft execution of which he felt an honest exultation? And what were the steps of his contra (or country) and Cossack dances? What tune was that—"The Devil amongst the Fiddlers"—for which he clamored, to inspire his feats of leg?

In our fathers' time we read:

> "I wore my blue coat and brass buttons, very high in the neck, short in the waist and sleeves, nankeen trousers and white silk stockings, and a white waistcoat. I performed all the steps accurately and with great agility."

Which, it appears, gained the attention of the company. And it well might, for the year was 1830, and the mode of performing the cotillon of the period was undergoing the metamorphosis of which the perfect development has been familiar to ourselves. In its next stage the male celebrant is represented to us as "hopping about with a face expressive of intense solemnity, dancing as if a quadrille"—mark the newer word—"were not a thing to be laughed at, but a severe trial to the feelings." There is a smack of ancient history about this, too; it lurks in the word "hopping." In the perfected development of this dance as known to ourselves, no stress of caricature would describe the movement as a hopping. But our grandfather not only hopped—he did more. He sprang from the floor and quivered. In mid-air he crossed his feet two, and even three, times before alighting. And our budding grandmother beheld, and experienced flutterings of the bosom at his manly achievements. Some memory of these feats survived in the performances of the male ballet-dancers—a breed now happily extinct. A fine old lady—she lives, aged eighty-two—showed me once the exercise of "setting to your partner," performed in her youth; and truly it was right marvelous. She literally bounced hither and thither, effecting a twisting in and out of the feet, a patting and a flickering of the toes incredibly intricate. For the celebration of these rites her partner would array himself in morocco pumps with cunningly contrived buckles of silver, silk stockings, salmon-colored silk breeches tied with abundance of riband, exuberant frills, or "chitterlings," which puffed out at the neck and bosom not unlike the wattles of a he-turkey; and under his arms—as the fowl roasted might have carried its gizzard—our grandfather pressed the flattened simulacrum of a cocked hat. At this interval of time charity requires us to drop over the lady's own costume a veil that, tried by our canons of propriety, it sadly needed. She was young and thoughtless, the good grandmother; she was conscious of the possession of charms and concealed them not.

To the setting of these costumes, manners, and practices, there was imported from Germany a dance called Waltz, which, as I conceive, was the first of our "round" dances. It was welcomed by most people who could dance, and by some superior souls who could not. Among the latter, the late Lord Byron—whose participation in the dance was barred by an unhappy physical disability—addressed the new-comer in characteristic verse. Some of the lines in this ingenious nobleman's apostrophe are not altogether intelligible, when applied to any dance that we know by the name of waltz. For example:

> "Pleased round the chalky floor, how well they trip,
> One hand* reposing on the royal hip,
> The other to the shoulder no less royal
> Ascending with affection truly loyal."

These lines imply an attitude unknown to contemporary waltzers, but the description involves no poetic license. Our dear grandmothers (giddy, giddy girls!) did their waltz that way. Let me quote:

> "The lady takes the gentleman round the neck with one arm, resting against his shoulder. During the motion, the dancers are continually changing their relative situations: now the gentleman brings his arm about the lady's neck, and the lady takes him round the waist."

At another point, the lady may "lean gently on his shoulder," their arms (as it appears) "entwining." This observation is by an eye-witness, whose observation is taken, not at the rather debauched court of the Prince Regent, but at the simple republican assemblies of New York. The observer is the gentle Irving, writing in 1807. Occasional noteworthy experiences they must have had—those modest, blooming grandmothers—for, it is to be borne in mind, tipsiness was rather usual with dancing gentlemen in the fine old days of Port and Madeira; and the blithe, white-armed grandmothers themselves did sip their punch, to a man. However, we may forbear criticism. We, at least, owe nothing but reverent gratitude to a generation from which we derive life, waltzing, and the memory of Madeira. Even when read, as it needs should be, in the light of the above prose description of the dance to which it was addressed, Lord Byron's welcome to the waltz will be recognized as one more illustration of a set of hoary and moss-grown truths:

> "As parlor-soldiers, graced with fancy-scars,
> Rehearse their bravery in imagined wars;
> As paupers, gathered in congenial flocks,
> Babble of banks, insurances, and stocks;
> As each is oft'nest eloquent of what
> He hates or covets, but possesses not;
> As cowards talk of pluck; misers of waste;
> Scoundrels of honor; country clowns of taste;
> Ladies of logic; devotees of sin;
> Topers of water; temperance men of gin"—

My Lord Byron sang of waltzing. Let us forgive and—remembering his poor foot—pity him. Yet the opinions of famous people possess an interest that is akin, in the minds of many plain folk, to weight. Let us, then, incline an ear to another: "Laura was fond of waltzing, as every brisk and innocent young girl should be," wrote he than who none has written more nobly in our time—he who "could appreciate good women and describe them; and draw them more truly than any novelist in the language, except Miss Austen." The same sentiment with reference to dancing appears in many places in his immortal pages. In his younger days as *attaché* of legation in Germany, Mr. Thackeray became a practiced waltzer. As a censor he thus possesses over Lord Byron whatever advantage may accrue from knowledge of the subject whereof he wrote.

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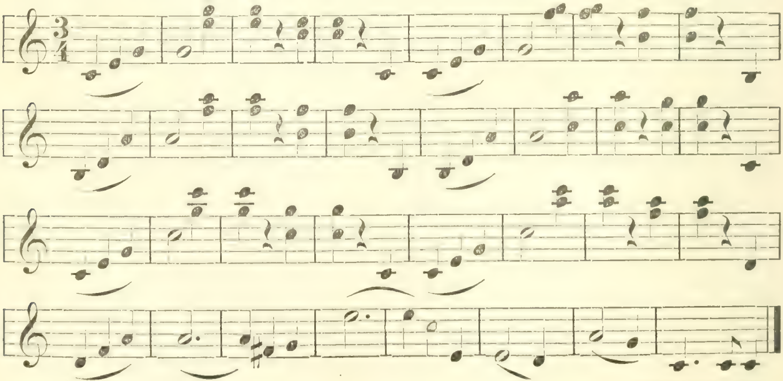
*I. e., one of the lady's hands.

We are happily not called upon to institute a comparison of character between the two distinguished moralists, though the same, drawn masterly, might not be devoid of entertainment and instruction. But two or three other points of distinction should be kept in mind as having sensible relation to the question of competency to bear witness. Byron wrote of the women of a corrupted court; Thackeray of the women of that society indicated by the phrase "People whom one meets"—and meets *now*. Byron wrote of an obsolete dance, described by Irving in terms of decided strength; Thackeray wrote of our own waltz. In turning a brilliant and witty copy of verses it is unlikely that any care as to their truthfulness disturbed the glassy copiousness of the Byronic utterance; this child of nature did never consider too curiously of justice, moderation, and such inventions of the schools. The key-note of all the other wrote is given by his faithful pen when it avers that it never "signed the page that registered a lie." Byron was a "gentleman of wit and pleasure about town"; Thackeray the father of daughters. However, all this is perhaps little to the purpose. We owe no trifling debt to Lord Byron for his sparkling and spirited lines, and by no good dancer would they be "willingly let die." Poetry, music, dancing—they are one art. The muses are sisters, yet they do not quarrel. Of a truth, even as was Laura, so every brisk and innocent young girl should be. And it is safe to predict that she will be. If she would enjoy the advantage of belonging to Our Set she must be.

Divers non-dancing persons are known to entertain the notion that the "round" dances are hurtful to the morals. It were too much to say that all who are detected in this belief are "nice" within the definition—"Nice people are people of nasty thoughts." As a rule, the ideas of the folk who cherish a prejudice against dancing are crude rather than unclean — the outcome much more of ignorance than salacity. Of course there are exceptions. In my great work on The Prude all will be attended to with due discrimination in apportionment of censure. At present the spirit of the dance makes merry with my pen, for, from yonder "stately pleasure-dome" (decreed by one Kubla Khan, formerly of Virginia City), the strains of the *Blue Danube* float out upon the night. Avaunt, miscreants! lest we chase ye with flying feet and do our little dance upon your unwholesome carcasses. Already the toes of our partners begin to twiddle beneath their petticoats. Come, then, Stoopid—can't you move? No!—they change it to a galop—and eke the good old Sturm. Firm and steady, now, fair partner mine, whiles we run that *gobemouche* down and trample him miserably. There: light and softly again—the servants will remove the remains.

And hark! that witching strain once more:



BASHI BAZOUK.

ONE-POEM POETS.

A remark of Horace Walpole (that most acute judge of the niceties of literature) is set down in the "Walpoliana" on this very topic, and which, indeed, has suggested the following illustrations of his criticism. He speaks of writers who, like certain plants, flower but once—whose poetic genius bloomed early, for a single time, and never again put forth a bud. These writers in poetry resemble One-Speech Hamilton in oratory, and ever remain a source of literary curiosity—a problem not to be readily solved on ordinary premises. It is one of the most curious of literary curiosities, and yet we do not remember that the elder D'Israeli has devoted a paper to the subject, nor even made any reference to it—an omission quite unaccountable, as it naturally fell within the province of his writings.

A beautiful anthology might be collected from the writings of poets who have exhausted themselves, as it were in a single effort—caught but a single glance of the divinity, but once felt "the god." In a supplement to this exquisite bouquet, richer than that of Coppée, Longfellow, or Bryant, though they came quite near the ideal we speak of, might be included the few fine short poems of those who have written long works of mediocre, or perhaps even doubtful standing. A few delicate *morceaux* of Southey will be preserved by an affectionate race of readers; but even their benevolence could not prevent the utter oblivion of his unwieldy epical attempts. Even Gay, who wrote well always, has been immortalized by his "Ballads" and "Fables" rather than by his "Trivia."

Another class still—beside the writers of one or more choice short poems, and the writers of long and dull insipid productions—is that of the great writers who have written much, and of whose works, even when equally fine, the shortest are best known, merely because they are brief. Thus, Dryden's "Alexander's Feast" is known to many from being met with in many of the ordinary selections and elegant extracts, while his no less admirable romantic tales from Boccaccio and Chaucer, his delightful "Fables," "Epistles to Oldham and Congreve, and Kneller" (on which Pope could only *refine*), "Secular Masque," and his vigorous political satires, are comparatively unknown. Thousands have read, or sung, or heard sung, "Young Lochinvar," for hundreds who have read "Marmion." And Moore is the poet of the parlor for the "Melodies" he has written, while his "Lalla Rookh," like Byron's "Childe Harold," is read as a critical duty or study, and by way of task.

According to a classification like the above, these certain verse-makers would rank very high among the minor *poets*, whose standing is low among the master *bards*. As to the philosophy of the matter, we confess it inexplicable. Why should one who has once succeeded not do equally well again? Many causes may be assigned, yet not one of them carry sufficient weight to settle the question definitely. The various reasons are sufficiently plausible, yet may be easily set aside, on further reflection. "Sheer indolence," cries one. "Timidity," exclaims another. "Want of leisure," reasons a third. "Rather, want of power," adds a fourth. "Perhaps, all of these," liberally concludes a fifth. Some persons seem to regard these writers—as some snuffy old dogmatist called Goldsmith—as inspired idiots, who have by chance hit upon a new thought or view, which they lack skill and training to follow up—as delicious harmonies may float into the mind of one who is ignorant of the science of sweet sounds:

> "Lingering and wandering on, as loth to die,
> Like thoughts whose very sweetness yieldeth proof
> That they were born for immortality."

In truth, the fact is as wonderful as that would be (of which we are ignorant, if it has ever happened) of a painter who had finished but one good picture in the course of his life; who had caught, for a single time, the cordial and kindly aspect of nature; who, once only, had gained power to interpret the soul speaking in the face. Who ever heard, or read of, or saw, the single celebrated production of a sculptor, or musical composer, or architect, who had anything of a desirable reputation? We do not speak of the clever things done by ingenious amateurs, but of single works—not plays, as Ben Jonson used to distinguish—executed by professional artists.

Yet as matters of literary and personal history, that was really the case of the authors of the "Burial of Sir John Moore" and the "Ode to the Cuckoo." Wolfe wrote two or three other fine things in verse and prose, yet nothing comparable to this masterpiece. Logan is known only by the ode we refer to. "The

Braes of Yarrow" enshrine the memory of Hamilton of Bangour, and have led greater bards to the scene to offer up their tributes, still inferior to the first. Why is this all we have of these delicate poets? With such fancy, such feeling, a taste so refined, a versification so graceful, how happens it we hear no more strains of these nightingales of a night? Not wholly so besotted as to be careless of fame—rather so far from that, as in the case of Wolfe, to be sensitively alive to generous praise and to noble action; and as to Logan, we believe he, too, was a clergyman, a retired scholar, and man of pure taste. Both were (if we recollect aright) invalids, constitutionally feeble, and hence incapable of long flights of fancy or close study. They had leisure. Poetic impulses could not have been wanting, for subjects and occasions never wholly fail the muse. The admiration of friends, we may conclude, was theirs. A single obstacle only remains, and that furnishes, probably, the occasion or reason of their silence—a fastidious taste, like Gray's, or like Campbell's —who was said to be frightened by the shadow of his fame—that could not be satisfied with anything short of perfection, which it failed to realize. Genuine modesty and a sensitive temperament were leading traits, we presume, of the writers. These held their hands and restrained the otherwise willing pen.

The same reasons will not seem to excuse the short poems of Raleigh and Walter, who feared no critical tribunals; whose minds were braced by manly action; who united all characters, and talents, and accomplishments; who, with learning and—at some period—leisure, and fancy, and power, have left a very few and very brief copies of verse, worthy of being printed in letters of gold. They were not men like their later brother bards, to entertain a feeling of despair at ever again equalling the fine things they had accomplished early in life. And yet what is finer than this:

"How happy is he born or taught
That serveth not another's will;
Whose armor is his honest thought,
And simple truth his utmost skill!"

Or this:

"Silence in love bewrays more woe
Than words, though ne'er so witty;
A beggar that is dumb, you know,
May challenge double pity."

In them, therefore, it is but fair to suppose that the poetic bore a slight proportion to the political, scholastic, and business characters which rendered them famous.

The minds of men change, their aims vary at different epochs. They entertain different views of life, of action, of ambition. Many youthful tastes—the accompaniment of animal spirits rather than the fruit of settled inclination—vanish as men grow older. How many young poets have settled down into middle-aged prose men; how many airy romancers become converted into "disturbers of human quiet," as Johnston calls the critics. Religion, in some instances, teaches (falsely, we conceive) the sin of all but devotional strains; unquestionably, when pure and noble, the highest kind of verse, but not the only allowable form. In this case, too, where piety is perverted, the praises of men appear so worthless and unsatisfactory, that the bard relinquishes the exercise of his divine gift—in a wrong spirit—before men, that he may offer up his praises, pure and unalloyed, to the great All-Father, the giver of the glorious gift itself—witness Toplady's "Rock of Ages," among other instances, which Gladstone has bequeathed to time by rendering into Latin:

"Jesu, pro me perforatus,
Condar intra tuum latus,
Tu per lympham profluentem,
Tu per sanguinem tempentem
In peccata mi redunda
Tolle culpam sordes munda," etc.

Various pursuits, too, warp the imagination from poetical flights, and confine the studies that arise from fancy and taste to a narrow circle, if not consign them over to "dumb forgetfulness a prey." Three great lawyers have been made out of tolerable poets, who might have ranked among the first of the third rank—the *Dii Minores* of our idolatry: Blackstone, Sir William Jones, and Lord Thurlow. The judge's ermine and the bishop's mitre oblige the holders and recipients of these dignities to hide sometimes a rare and peculiar talent. But some bishops have been wits, as Earle and Corbet; though too frequently the office stultifies the head while it hardens the heart. We have heard and known of many capital story-tellers and mimics converted into dignified judges.

Without any further attempt at unraveling the causes of this literary phenomenon, we will at once bring together the following notices of writers of the kind we have undertaken to describe, without pretending (from the nature of the case an almost impossible thing) to produce all who deserve mention. On the contrary, we can promise to quote only a few, as we write largely from memory, and without ready means of extending our list.

To commence with two court-poets of the age of Charles II., when "the mob of gentlemen who write with ease" first appeared. Denham, the fashionable poet of the day, now ranks as such in the collections mainly on the strength of his "Cooper's Hill":

> "Oh, could I flow like thee, and make thy stream
> My great example, as it is my theme!
> Though deep, yet clear; though gentle, yet not dull;
> Strong, without rage; without o'erflowing, full."

Dorset, one of the most delightful and accomplished characters of that court of wits and gallants, is best known in poetical history by his ballads, said to have been written at sea, during the first Dutch War, 1665, the night before the engagement. He has penned some delightful songs; but his poetical claims rest chiefly on the ballad. Pomfret's "Choice" stands quite alone—the single popular poem of its author—an agreeable, pleasant piece of versification, presenting the ideal of a quiet, comfortable, retired literary life. Swift's version of Horace's lines is more Horatian, but less English. Cowley and Morris, who both translated the philosophic pictures of Seneca—of a similar strain—are more philosophic and lofty, but they do not approach so closely the more equal current of daily life. Leigh Hunt has praised Pomfret, and somewhere, we think, directly imitated "Choice"—adding to the verse a grace of his own. Dr. Johnson passed upon him no more than a just eulogium. To the masculine moralist and the agreeable essayist we bow in deference to their united judgment.

John Phillips is famous for his celebrated burlesque of Milton—the "Splendid Shilling":

> "My galligaskins, that have long withstood
> The winter's fury and encroaching frosts,
> By time subdued (what will not time subdue!)
> A horrid chasm disclosed."

But we can recollect no other poem of his of equal merit. Parnell's "Hermit" is his *chef-d'œuvre*. Many who know him as a poet know nothing of his verses to his wife, and one or two other short pieces almost equally fine. Blair's "Grave"—

> "Dread thing!
> Men shiver when thou'rt named; Nature, appall'd,
> Shakes off her wonted firmness"—

Has made him immortal. Green's "Spleen," and Dyer's "Grangor Hill"—poems excellent in their different styles of manly satire and picturesque description—are, we believe, the only works of these authors that have escaped oblivion. As writers of one poem, we may, by a forced construction, "compel to come in" certain of the old dramatists, and though they do not properly rank under this head, we may be glad to eke out our list by such delights of the muses as the noble "Dirge," in Webster's terrible tragedy, Shirley's fine stanzas and scattered songs, "fancies," and good-nights, that occur in the rare old comedies and tragedies: from "Gammer Gurton's Needle"—that can boast the first and one of the best drinking songs in the language—down to, and half through, the age of Elizabeth, the age of Marlowe and his contemporaries—just previous to the golden era of the Shakspearean drama.

Many of the minor poets, whether gay or religious, of the seventeenth century, have left sparkling gems—such as the delicate flowers that blossom in the poetic gardens of Carew, Herrick, Vaughn, Lovelace, etc. Certain of the noble old prose writers, to be ranked by the production of one fine poem—if by no other claim, by title of courtesy—among poets, ought not to be omitted: as Bunyan, in the pithy, sententious lines prefixed to his "Pilgrim;" Burton's versified abstract of his rare "Anatomy," and Walton's "Angler's Wish." These are "rarely delicate," as Walton says of Morland and Raleigh's delicious verses; "better than the strong lines now in vogue in this critical age." In one department of verse—that of Hymns and the versified Psalms of David—some writers are classic, from having produced one or two admirable pieces of the kind. In this class came Addison, Pope, Young, Cowper, Heber, Watton, Watts, Toplady, *et alii.*

Many writers, of very considerable pretensions, have succeeded in one long poem, but are not generally known by any second production of equal value. Of this class the best instances are Young, in his "Night Thoughts"—hard reading, except in detached passages; Akenside's "Pleasures of Imagination" (with all his pomp of philosophic speculation and elaborate fancy, very heavy, for these very reasons); Churchill, whose local and temporary satires are forgotten, and give place to his "Rosciad":—

> "He mouths a sentence as curs mouth a bone"—

Line 322; and

> "But spite of all the criticising elves,
> Those who would make us feel, must feel themselves"—

Line 861—which is a monument of his acuteness and happy satire—a gallery of theatrical portraits hit off with the justness and vivacity of Pope, and forming a capital supplement to Colley Cibber's collection, or Dr. Doran's "Annals;" Allan Ramsay's "Gentle Shepherd," that arcadian pastoral; and that sweetest of the songs of parting and absence—"Lochaber No More":

"Though hurricane rise, and rise every wind,
They'll ne'er make a tempest like that in my mind;
Though loudest of thunders on louder wave roar—
There's nothing like leaving my love on the shore;
To leave thee behind me my heart is sair pained;
By ease that's inglorious no fame can be gained;
And beauty and love's the reward of the brave,
And I mean to deserve it before I can crave."

Among general readers the "Hudibras" of Butler is eagerly perused by all who delight in the version of sense, wit, and learning, all devoted to the cause and end of wholesome satire; yet the other sharp satires of the same writer are virtually unknown. And the "Seasons" of Thompson—by no means his best poem—is universally read, while very few ever think of glancing at the delightful "Castle of Indolence," of which he was both creator and master. Then, again, certain fine poems are continually quoted, not as the sole effects, but as the masterpieces of their authors, quite to the exclusion of any other works of theirs; the selection, for instance, of such fine poems as the "Ode to the Passions," and the "Elegy in a Country Church-yard" in works on elocution, with which every schoolboy is familiar, has thrown other fine pieces, by the same authors, comparatively into the shade.

A delicate volume might be made up of one each of the English and American poets of this century. In English poetical literature there could be included something of Mrs. Southey, of Noel, of Darley, Montgomery, Tennyson, Morris, Swinburne, the Brownings, George Eliot, etc. Our American Parnassus entertains many occupants who can prefer but a single claim or two for possession. Tom Paine wrote some clever lines called the "Castle in the Air," with some stinging satire in it, and previous to that, and much better, the spirited "Indian Burial Ground," which Longfellow afterward recovered, and whence Campbell borrowed a line or two—a common trick with him. But our best fugitive poetry has been writen by prose writers: "Alaric," by Everett; "Man Wants but Little," by Adams; "The Great Bell Roland," by Tilton; "Plain Language by Truthful James," by Harte, etc. We often ask ourselves this question with regard to many authors—can no printed book or magazine show us more of their works? Very many of them, in common with the reading public, we expect to remain in entire ignorance of. When we think of the long poems with which the world has been deluged for years past, and recollect how many exquisite brief poems are lost merely because of their brevity, as a jewel is lost in a pile of common stones, we wish that a critical police, consisting of one judge of fine taste, two of good judgment, and three sharp critical scholars, might be continually kept up, to impound all stray poetical cattle, and perhaps advertise where they may be found.

EDWARD BELCHER.

CLOUDED CRYSTALS.

"Diamonds are vulgar," said Sylvia, sententiously.

Remus laughed and shrugged his shoulders. He always says it is useless to contradict Sylvia. She has just so much wisdom mixed up with her paradoxes and whimsies as makes it impossible to do anything but laugh. I was discreetly silent, but I thought of a certain gentleman, who looked upon this careless young person with admiring eyes, and who could give her diamonds galore, if she would take them. It is almost impossible to put to death the match-making demon who lives in every woman's brain. Down in my heart of hearts I knew that Sylvia was happier in her independent poverty than she would be as the wife of stolid Mr. Berwick, and yet my imagination took fire when I thought of her as the possible mistress of Mr. Berwick's handsome house. Sylvia would look so grand in rustling silks, in sombre velvet, in laces and—diamonds. She was stately enough in her every-day dresses and home-trimmed hats, but she seemed to gather up, to absorb the best part of the luxuries which only adorned other people, and then it went out from her again in some iridescent fashion of her own.

But Sylvia was far enough from falling in love with Mr. Berwick, and a marriage *à la mode* was not in her category of marriages at all, if one could believe in her flings at that popular institution. If she had fancied that any of these dark thoughts were flitting through my mind, she would have cut them very short; as it was, I flushed guiltily when I woke from my foolish day-dream, and found her staring at me.

"You know that you are thinking sour grapes!" she said, abruptly. "But only wait till I am rich, and see. I will take the price of the diamonds I don't wear, and send all my poor friends a traveling; I'll build a hospital for sick horses and dogs; I'll start free libraries in these little God-forsaken towns, where the people only die of *ennui* or whisky. I'll——"

"A set of diamonds won't do all that," interrupted Remus, ruthlessly; and I chimed in with "What will your husband say to all this?"

"My w-h-a-t?" and Sylvia's jaw fell, and her eyeballs rolled in the most helpless manner.

I was provoked at her ludicrous affectation, and yet I could not help laughing.

"Your husband."

"I—I haven't any," stammered Sylvia, looking over her shoulder with the "hold me, I'm so frightened" air of "Trabb's boy,"——"A husband—who is he?"

"Mr. Berwick!"

James stood at the door with this solemn announcement, and the owner of the name directly behind him.

I looked at Sylvia to see how she would receive such *à propos* answer to her question, and was gratified to find her blushing like any school-girl; but she regained her self-possession in an instant, and went forward to meet our guest with a trifle more *hauteur* than usual. Then, immediately after—as if she wanted to atone for her injustice—she sparkled and flashed out into one of her gayest moods, and Mr. Berwick's little, dull, gray eyes almost caught some of the sparkle as he sat and looked at her.

Be sure, he did not let her do all the entertaining. He mumbled along in his stubborn way, "like a bee in a bottle," Sylvia said; told anecdotes without any point, and gossip without any *chic;* and Sylvia listened demurely, and helped him on by throwing her careless *badinage* into the mental mill-pond.

I thought the man never would go. I yawned behind my fan, and Remus muttered an excuse and stumbled off to bed.

Mr. Berwick held Sylvia's hand very close as he said good-night, and the minx only looked down and begged him to be careful of his throat, the nights were so foggy.

Then she came back and sat down in front of the fire, with her hands clasped over her knees.

"Cousin Pen," she said at last, solemnly, "did you ever taste terrapin before it was seasoned?"

"I—ah—oh, yes, I believe so," I answered, somewhat bewildered; "but why ——"

"It doesn't taste good, does it? You wouldn't like it for a steady diet?"

"Well, no."

"Ah, I thought so"—with an absent-minded air. "Shall I put out the gas? Don't stumble over that stool. Good-night!" and she held my face in both her hands and kissed me lightly, then slipped into her own room, where I heard her humming:

"An' ye sall walk in silk attire
And siller hae to spare,
Gin ye'll consent to be his bride,
Nor think of Donald mair."

I could not help hoping that Mr. Berwick's tide had turned, although I knew Sylvia's moods too well to argue anything steadfast from them. She would like "siller to spare," and she would spend it right royally.

Luckily there was no Donald in the case, unless honest, ugly George Severance might take the *rôle.* He would have cut off his right hand for Sylvia, if she wanted it; but you know and I know that women don't care for such devotion; and Sylvia laughed at him, and pitied him, looking upon him as a convenient appendage to life—as a Fortunatus's purse of friendship, into which she could thrust her hand at any time and take out service or sympathy. She had known him "a thousand and one years," she said, carelessly— she "couldn't do without George." It used to hurt me to see her stab him, trample on him, as though he had no sense or sensitiveness, just because she could, I suppose. Men and women are all born tyrants, but the weaker goes to the wall.

George was clever—there was no denying that—but he was a graceless Bohemian. He had run the gauntlet of experience, and come out with plenty of scars and little else beside. He had tried all the ways of making a living, and succeeded in all—that is, succeeded in making a living. It ended there. He laughed at his friends' efforts to lift him into success. It was they who were grieved when he failed, and not George. He was always agreeable, always entertaining. His curly black hair did not drop out like Adam Gargoyle's, who was weighed down by the Juggernaut, Business; and his soft, dark eyes met yours much more fearlessly than Mr. Berwick's who was one of the kings of trade.

I would not have you suppose from all this that I approve of destitute young men, or that I uphold George Severance in his recklessness. On the contrary, I have always tried to dislike him. I confess to a weakness for wealth and position, and a timidity in giving countenance to any beside our own people—our "nice" people; and when my friends say to me: "I wonder how you can have that 'ne'er-do-well' young Severance at your house so much," I confess it annoys me.

But though Sylvia walks rough-shod over her friends, she is highly indignant when they are assailed by others, and will defend them with all the weapons in her armory. So I can't oppose her in this, and I don't believe, as I said before, that George would play the part of Donald. Indeed, I doubt much if he ever lifted his eyes to Sylvia except in a worshipful way. "A cat may look at a king," you know.

Of course we love Sylvia like our own; but she can not live with us always; she has only her tiny income, that is barely sufficient for the shabby dresses before mentioned. She won't accept any presents from us; she is so terribly independent. And, indeed, it is better so; we feel more comfortable all round, and I have uses enough for my money, goodness knows. Now, it would be so nice to see her provided for, and to have somewhere to go in a friendly way, and I think Mr. Berwick would make a very kind husband, as husbands go. In substance, all this was the result of my cogitations after I heard Sylvia humming:

> "An' ye sall walk in silk attire."

In the weeks that followed, I felt a special Providence working out the ends I aimed at. Sylvia was so continuously amiable that I thought something must be the matter with her mind. Mr. Berwick came very often; he took Sylvia out to drive in the Park behind his lovely chestnuts, and she, in turn, was as demure as a Puritan. No more bitter speeches, no more frivolity, no more cigarettes after dinner with George. And, indeed, she and that young gentleman seemed to have changed places. He was always flinging some sarcasm at her, which she accepted as meekly as if it were a piece of generosity on the part of the donor. He never came but Mr. Berwick was with us, or had just gone, or was just coming. Even the children prattled of Mr. Berwick, although he never paid them much attention, while George was always bringing them caramels and toys; denying himself a breakfast, probably, that he might do so. But nothing is so ungrateful as childhood.

I must confess that Mr. Berwick is not a miracle of thoughtfulness. As often as we had entertained him, he never made the slightest return. The value lies not in the gift after all, but in the good will of the giver, and Mr. Berwick seemed to think that his presence was a boon all-satisfying in itself—he is not an exceptional man in that respect. He looked at Sylvia more than ever, but he made no sign. I thought I knew why he hesitated. He was *bourgeois* enough to want a wife who would, in return for his money, lift him a few inches higher in the social barometer. He was not so sure of his own position that he could marry whom he pleased. I was curious to see how this mental strife would end with both my friends, and whether or not they would overcome their fastidiousness to please their ambitions.

Mr. Berwick was a good-looking man, but made up of neutral tints. His dust-colored hair and eyes, and his rough-hewn features, gave him the appearance of an awkward wood-carving, but he was rigid in dress, and had mastered the rudiments of Mrs. Grundy's academy fairly. Like so many colorless people, he was stubborn as a mule in certain directions, and made of himself an ugly block in the great conversational highway. But it will not do to be too critical of our friends, especially the prosperous ones.

Now, while I was awaiting further developments, another mood took possession of our eccentric maiden. She was feverishly restless. She alternated between fits of despondency and periods of bacchanalian gayety. Mr. Berwick was much disturbed by this phenomenon of white caps one hour and a smooth sea the next, and seemed quite unable to trim his sails to meet it.

George stayed away, for which I was devoutly thankful. I must here remark that he was not treated with much respect by our wealthy friend, who always looked over instead of at him, and seemed to consider him a superfluous bit of humanity. He rarely deigned to toss him any stray crumb of converse, and would cut ruthlessly into his clever talk at all times, tion into channels whither Mr. Berwick could and George retaliated by turning the conversa- not possibly follow.

Sylvia snubbed Mr. Severance, too, so I don't wonder he began to stay away. But I know she missed him—we all did; and it was about this time that I began to wonder whether Mr. Berwick would make such an agreeable husband after all.

"Sylvia is going to marry Mr. Berwick!" cried Johnny, one day at dinner, in the artless manner peculiar to the *enfant terrible.*

George, who had happened in that day, looked straight at Sylvia, and said:

"Is it time for congratulations?"

She took no notice of him, but lifted her eyebrows at Johnny.

"Who told you so?"

"Jane did."

"Jane is a sybil," said Sylvia, without a blush. "She has told me something I wanted very much to know. The nice Jane!" in a mocking tone.

"What *is* a sybil, papa?" whispered Johnny, with an awe-struck face.

Remus looked mischievous, leaned back in his chair, and cleared his throat.

"In order, my child, to do justice to your question, it is necessary to give a brief review of all the prophecies which have been made since the world began, including those of the most celebrated sybil of all, Mrs.——"

"My good Fadladeen," interrupted Sylvia, saucily, "don't trouble yourself. *We* know all about it, and you can give Johnny the benefit of your wisdom after we are gone, for Mr. Severance is going to take us to the minstrels."

"And you have just time to put on your bonnets," said George, as coolly as if he had been prepared for the announcement.

I refused to go at first, but Sylvia coaxed and I consented. Just as we closed the door behind us, we met Mr. Berwick coming up the steps.

"*Too* bad," said Sylvia. "We are just going out."

I was about to propose staying with him, but Sylvia pinched my arm, and after a moment's awkward pause he mumbled something to the effect that he would walk down with us. In fact, he seemed struck by the idea that we could or would walk, but he managed to monopolize Sylvia and to put his foot through one of my flounces, so that none of us were very much pleased by the addition to our party.

When we arrived at the theatre entrance, George very gracefully invited Mr. Berwick to come in with us. The stupid old thing never took any notice of the invitation, but went on buzzing some idiotic pleasantry into Sylvia's ear, and while it went on, George slipped over and got four tickets.

"You had better finish your evening here, Mr. Berwick," he said cheerfully, without glancing at Sylvia. "It isn't such bad fun."

"I suppose you are posted in these matters," said Mr. Berwick, with a sneer; but he went in with us, after all, and made derogatory remarks about the whole performance.

You would scarcely believe anybody *could* be so rude, and live, but then much social rudeness is forgiven to such gentlemen, in consideration of their business tact. It would be too bad, if we could not strike a balance in some such fashion—too bad for Mr. Berwick, *et al.*

I'm afraid George was a gentleman, in spite of his empty pockets; certainly his endurance of Mr. Berwick's peculiarities did not come from any respect for Mr. Berwick's position.

None of us enjoyed Sylvia's joke very much—Sylvia herself least of all. Her elderly adorer had put her on the other side of him, so I could only see the plume on her bonnet now and then, and the red spot that burned on her cheek; but George was as jolly and amusing as possible; only I had my mind so filled with the little drama outside the footlights, that I did not hear half his witticisms.

When the last break-down had been encored, and the curtain dropped on the row of grinning black faces, we elbowed our way out, and then Mr. Berwick said stiffly, still ignoring George, "I'll get a carriage for you," and in spite of my remonstrances, he found one; but Silvia said no word till I was inside, then she refused to go.

"Mr. Berwick will take care of you, Cousin Pen. I am going home as I came," she said, with a defiant ring in her voice.

Mr. Berwick looked disgusted, but would not condescend to urge her, and she slipped her hand within George's arm, and added, carelessly:

"I could not endure a close carriage to-night. My head aches fearfully, and the fresh air will do it good. Good-night!" and they walked away.

I grieve to say that Mr. Berwick did not address a word to me on our way home, save "yes" and "no," when I falteringly tried to make talk.

"Come and see us," I chirped cordially, after I had thanked him for his attention.

"I shall call on Miss Berton to-morrow morning," he said solemnly, and left me.

Of course I don't know what Sylvia said to George during their walk, but I could easily imagine how she would go down in the dust of self-abasement; she always does when she has been wrong, and then, by way of compensation, is correspondingly disagreeable for weeks afterward.

In the morning she was as serene as though nothing had happened. When I told her of Mr. Berwick's approaching call, she said, in her old audacious fashion:

"Delighted, I'm sure. I was frightened to death last night," she rattled on, "lest poor George shouldn't have money enough to get tickets for us all. It was stupid of me to draw him into such a scrape, but how was I to know it would end so?"

She stood drumming on the window lightly with her finger-tips, and gazing idly into the street. I wondered if this were sheer selfishness or only a pretense of it. She did not say a word about the rudeness to which George had been subjected by her whim.

Just then James the Silent brought in a letter. Sylvia looked at it a long time, and went on talking while she played with it, but the treacherous red spots came and went in her face again.

"Mr. Berwick," said James, reappearing in a ghostly fashion of his own, which was very startling.

Sylvia opened her letter, glanced through it, tore it into a dozen scraps, and threw them into the fire, then went down stairs without a word to me.

The interview lasted an hour or more, but Sylvia came back twirling a magnificent solitaire on her first finger, and held her hand toward me with a curious expression on her face. I don't think I was ever so astonished in my life. After the last night's performance, I thought my castles were flat.

"Yes," said this strange young woman, composedly, "I've done it, Cousin Pen. You see, he had this in his pocket all ready, and it seemed too bad not to take it when he was so very sure I would."

"Diamonds are vulgar," I quoted, maliciously.

"True; but so is Mr. Berwick. If I accept one vulgarity, I may as well take them all."

That was a nice speech for Mr. Berwick's promised wife to make, wasn't it?

"By the way," she added, carelessly, "I forgot to tell you that I invested all my fortune (fortune sounds fine), against your good husband's advice, in Blue Danube, a few weeks ago, and am now what our mining friends would call 'dead broke.' So I am going to marry Mr. Berwick. That's mercenary enough for you, and frank enough for me, isn't it?"

I drew myself up indignantly.

"Mercenary, Sylvia! I don't know what you mean."

Sylvia laughed, an uncomfortable sort of laugh, and looked at me steadily.

"Say that you haven't been building card-houses for the last few months, and I'll beg your pardon; say that——why don't you congratulate me?" she broke off abruptly.

"I do hope you'll be happy," I stammered, eagerly; "but concerning your money, Sylvia, you must not let that influence you. You have always a home here, you know, and——"

"*You* know how I feel about dependents," she said, frowning slightly, and then she burst out with "You'll have to give me a trousseau, and a wedding breakfast, and all the rest. Isn't that enough for your generous soul? Let me see what I shall have," she murmured, counting on her fingers, whereon the diamond shone resplendent: "A house, a carriage and horses, fine dresses, servants, a name, and—what else?" she said, looking round with a bewildered air.

"A husband!" I answered, sternly, provoked at her flippancy.

"Oh, yes, a husband. I forgot that. Thank you, Cousin Pen. And I shall be——"

"You will be late for dinner, if you don't go and dress yourself," growled Remus at the door, watch in hand. "I wonder what women find to talk about from morning till night?" but when I told him one of the things, he whistled.

"Berwick's a good fellow. I hope you're satisfied, now."

Wasn't that enough to make any woman weep? As if *I* had anything to do with it.

Contrary to my expectations, Sylvia made a charming *fiancée*. She sang for Mr. Berwick in the twilight, and listened to his pithless anecdotes with commendable patience. She tried to draw him out, and submitted to be choked off whenever the Grand Mufti spoke.

It was all delightful at first—but, oh, how tiresome it grew as the weeks wore on! I used to be bored to death when Sylvia dragged me into the parlors, for Mr. Berwick was not a person whom you could make "one of the family." He seemed as ill at ease the last day he entered the house as he did the first. I occupied the time when I was not talking, or trying to stay awake, by wondering how Sylvia would endure this monotony. I understood now what she meant when she asked me if I liked unseasoned terrapin. You see, I was willing she should be tied to a golden ball, though I would not have desired the same position. That is so natural, I think. We map out our friend's future career in the broadest lines, forgetting that he might not like our chart, or could not at all be guided by it. But to go back to the subject of marital entertainment. One isn't obliged to talk much to one's husband—and that is a good thing, too.

"Oh, by the way," said Remus, one evening, when we had been enjoying one of our brilliant flashes of silence, "Severance is coming up to dinner. I've asked him several times, but he has always begged off. What's the matter? It isn't this fad of Sylvia's, for he stopped coming long before."

"I don't know, I'm sure," I said, curtly.

"Well, I like Severance, anyhow. Berwick's a good fellow, but he's tiresome," which was the deepest character-analysis Remus was ever known to dig. There was a tinge of selfishness in his liking for George. Nobody else so nearly matched him at billiards, and he missed his game.

Sylvia was out late that day, and did not get in till the soup was off the table. She started a little at sight of George, but seemed honestly glad to see him. Mr. Berwick had gone out of town with some Eastern friends, and I think we all breathed more freely in consequence. I don't know whether Mr. Severance was wittier than usual, or whether we had been sated with Berwickian platitudes until any change was acceptable, but certainly there was no yawning in our little family circle that night. Our two young people were measuring swords as usual, when Sylvia turned to give George a book she had in her hand. He took book and hand both, and, looking at the latter, murmured: "Is it time for congratulations now?"

Sylvia's face turned blank all at once, and she stared at the Berwick solitaire.

"Yes, I suppose so," absently. Then drawing her hand away impatiently: "Couldn't you wait till some other time to say that?"

"It must be now or never—I am going away on Friday."

"Going away?" I asked, carelessly; for he was always running off on some wild-goose chase or other; "not forever and a day, I hope."

"If there comes a day after the forever, it may bring me," he said, looking at Sylvia. "Colonel Aytoun is going to China on some governmental mission, and he has made me his secretary. There is no telling where we will fetch up. I may do 'Yurrup,' as our friend Mark has it, before I get back. Colonel Aytoun has promised me acceptance for any articles I write on the trip, in —— *Magazine*—sketches, of course—and has hinted at gorgeous remuneration. Of course that is all in the dim distance, but truly I never felt so grand in my life. You may be proud to know me when I return—the day after forever, you know"—he added, with a tinge of bitterness in his tone.

"It's bad luck to start on Friday," piped our heir, who was busily engaged in putting away a package of candy he had found in Mr. Severance's pocket.

"It might be for anybody else," laughed George; "but my life was cut contrariwise. What would kill another man will cure me;" and then we fell to discussing his voyage, and did not finish until a disreputably late hour. But Sylvia was mute.

"You will come again before you leave for foreign parts?" I said, as we all went to the door with him.

"I don't know. Perhaps, if I have time. At any rate, I won't say good-bye," and he ran down the steps, and was swallowed up in the white mist that was all we could see of the outside world.

"I can't quite realize that George is going away," I said, as I bade Sylvia good-night; "we shall miss him not a little."

"Yes," she murmured, looking at me wistfully; and, as she turned, the light glinted on something in her eyes suspiciously like tears. Somehow, my heart sank. Now that my air-castles were in a fair way to become substantial buildings, with the inconsistency of my sex I would fain have pulled them all down. Was it possible that Sylvia?——but there, what was the use of trying to discover Sylvia's real feelings or preferences?

The next day my new curtains came from New York—such frights, that in my disappointment I forgot Sylvia and her lovers, and everybody else. But the curtains had to be put up—Remus utterly refused to send for more; and when the upholsterer's men had all departed, I ran down to see how the obnoxious hangings would look by gas-light.

It was just "between the lights." The sun had gone down in a glorified sky, and left a long trail of crimson splendor behind him. Part of it came in at our western windows and touched two figures who stood there, half hidden by the lace and satin drapery. There was no mistaking George's tall form and broad shoulders, or Sylvia's delicate silhouette.

I was almost upon them before I knew they were there; but they were too interested to notice me. I tried to withdraw from my uncomfortable position as eavesdropper; but at that unlucky moment the fringe of my dress caught in a fragile stand near me, whereon lay some of my precious Sèvres. I could not disentangle myself; I could not risk overturning the table; I hated to make my presence known—so I stood still. After all, I thought, anybody might listen to the inconsequent talk between the two.

Some careless remarks about the lights and shadows on the bay; some criticisms of a new book we had been reading; but Sylvia played nervously with the curtain tassel, and glanced at George in a shy, uncertain way, when he spoke, which was quite at variance with her every-day audacity; and the color came and went in her cheeks fitfully, or was it only the reflection of the cloud-flame outside?

"You will write to us, of course?" said Sylvia, after a long pause, during which George stood leaning against the window-frame, with his arms folded, and an ugly frown on his face.

"I don't know; I shall be a leaf on the wind, you see, and until we reach our first port——"

"That will be so long," murmured Sylvia, with a caressing intonation. "What shall I do without you, George?" she went on hurriedly, "I don't dare to think how lonely I shall be."

He bent over her with a swift, passionate gesture that was more eloquent than words. "Don't tempt me," he said hoarsely. Then he drew himself up, and laughed a grave, harsh laugh, so unlike him.

"Pshaw! what a fool I am. You will have Mr. Berwick; how can you be lonely?"

But Sylvia shrank back, and made no reply.

"You are a born flirt, Sylvia," Mr. Severance went on softly, his sudden fire all burned out. "You can't have both of us, you know."

"I don't want either of you," said Sylvia, wearily.

"No, I suppose not. I only meant that we could not go on dangling after you in this uncertain fashion. Nay, I do Mr. Berwick injustice—he would not dangle after anybody. I am the ugly burr, that clings, despite all efforts to throw it off. At any rate, you will do me the justice to acknowledge that I love you better than anybody else does, Miss Berton?"

"You have always been a good friend to me," equivocated Sylvia.

"Well, friendship isn't exactly the name to give to my sentiment," said George dryly, "but we'll let that pass. Did you ever happen to think that what is an agreeable pastime to you is the fiercest torment to me? I can't play at fast and loose as you do."

He paused, but Sylvia stood with downcast head, still silent.

George sighed. "If I had anything to give you in exchange for Mr. Berwick's diamonds; but you could not

'live in a garret aloof,
And have few friends, and go poorly clad,
With an old hat stopping the chink in the roof,
To keep the Goddess constant and glad.'

Well, never mind," he added gently, "it isn't your fault that I love you, is it? Why, Sylvia, do you care so much?"

I, too, wondered if this was our proud, cold Sylvia, who sat with her face hidden in her hands, and the hot tears slipping through her slender fingers.

"You *do* care," whispered George, holding her close, and raining kisses on her hair, her eyes, her lips. "You will not send me away?" But she drew back slowly, and I suppose George read his answer in her eyes, for the light went out of his flushed and eager face, and he dropped her hands as if they had stung him.

"I *do* like you, you *know* I do, George," faltered Sylvia, desperately, "but——"

"But not enough to give up the flesh-pots of Egypt. I understand, but I thought you were stronger, Sylvia. If you ever want me I will come," he added slowly.

"And we shall be friends always, just the same?" she said, holding out her hands; but George did not touch them.

"Surely—why not? I couldn't be your enemy if I tried."

"But you will not shake hands with me," she persisted, childishly.

"What curious creatures you women are," said Mr. Severance, with an impatient laugh. "I am not a saint, my dear—*friend;* I am only flesh and blood, and that is why. I am going now, and you must give my good-byes and good wishes to your cousin."

And then he *was* gone, and Sylvia stood looking out at the wild, wet night that had come in at the Gate, and blackened the rose and silver of the sky.

At last I heard Remus outside, wondering where the dickens everybody was, and why dinner wasn't ready, and Sylvia, too, vanished in the gloom, and then I managed to free myself, and retreat to my room.

I couldn't help feeling very guilty as I sat looking across the table at Sylvia a little later, and I could not help thinking, too, how cruel and selfish the most conscientious women can be in the deeper affairs of life. Now Sylvia would walk out of her way to avoid hurting a worm; she would fret herself sick over an ill-used dog or horse; but she would throw away all the devotion of this Bohemian Bayard as carelessly as if it were a waste piece of paper. I felt so sorry for George, and a most unjust wrath rose up in me against the unconscious and unoffending Mr. Berwick. He came home the next day, so Sylvia had no time for lamentation over her lost love, even if she had cared to make moan.

After a week or two we ceased to think about Mr. Severance, for the truest word in the world of words and the saddest is "forgotten." Life is too short to hold long in our minds either heartaches or happiness, and, least of all, our friends. So George was out of our little circle, and Mr. Berwick took his place after a fashion, and Sylvia went about her duties in a sullen way—or I fancied so—as if she were bringing herself to the consistency of her husband elect. That mood lasted until Remus brought in a bundle of letters from the office one day. Mr. Berwick was with us, of course, and Remus threw a fat envelope into Sylvia's lap, saying, in his blundering way:

"That's from Severance, I suppose. I got one from him myself."

Sylvia crimsoned, and slipped the letter into her pocket, and Mr. Berwick looked very cross. Indeed, this little circumstance seemed to spoil his evening, and, with the inconsistency of an ill-bred man, he seemed to consider us all in league against him, and conducted himself accordingly. But Sylvia could not help showing her happiness, and I felt as though we had had a resurrection in our midst.

Of course Remus was just stupid enough to comment on Sylvia's changed demeanor, which had the effect of silencing her completely. I gave my liege lord such a lecture that night as no man ever listened to before; not in the hope of improving him, but just to ease my mind.

Sylvia went around for the next week or two as if she were in an Elysian dream. She was satisfied with everything and everybody, even with Mr. Berwick, who had gotten over his "miff," and the "good" had not worn off our young woman before another letter came. She read me extracts from them both, and I enjoyed them, too, for George was the prince of letter-writers; but I began to be very anxious about the result of all this philandering, for it could not go on forever. Even now Mr. Berwick began to urge an early day for his marriage. Certainly he was not cut out for a modern Laban. But Sylvia had always some ingenious device for postponing the inevitable, and Mr. Berwick seemed more deeply in love than at first, so he gave way before her blandishments. Time slips away so silkily that we wake one day to find the world itself gliding from our grasp.

"Now, who could think it has been a year since George left us!" I exclaimed, when Sylvia had finished reading one of his letters.

"A year? Oh, no, Cousin Pen!" she said, with a startled look.

"Well, pretty nearly, then," I went on, quickly. "I don't want to meddle, Sylvia, but how is this to end?"

Sylvia's visor went down in an instant, and she said, coldly: "What do you mean?"

I was so provoked at her that it nerved me to make myself disagreeable.

"Do you mean to marry Mr. Berwick, or not?"

"I suppose I shall," carelessly.

"Well, then, you are treating him very dishonorably, to carry on a correspondence with another man."

"Anybody could read George's letters," said Sylvia, defiantly.

"Then why don't you show them to Mr. Berwick?" I asked.

Sylvia colored, and bit her lips. I went on sewing, with as stern a face as I could muster, when suddenly somebody dropped down on the stool at my feet, and a sleek brown head was buried in my lap.

"I am so unhappy, Cousin Pen!" said a muffled voice from among my grenadine flounces; "*don't* be cross to me."

What could anybody do with a girl like that? We talked it all over then and there, and I was won into letting things go for a while—as if I could help myself.

Sylvia's motto was: "Gather ye rose-buds while ye may." She shut her eyes tight to the future." I may be dead to-morrow," she would say, with a heart-breaking little sigh; "let me enjoy to-day." Now that she had found Mr. Berwick really cared for her, she dreaded to give him pain, she said, to make a scene; and what would have been easy enough at first, became a *bête noir* to her now.

"I can't marry him, Cousin Pen," she would groan.

"Tell him so, then."

"I will," said Sylvia, but she never did.

When he came in, beaming on her in his curious way, like a Buddhist image, she could not "screw her courage to the sticking place," and so the diamond still twinkled and flashed on her finger, and Sylvia still played at "fast and loose" with her lovers.

One day there came a letter which did not seem so satisfying to her. She grew a trifle restless again. George was in Europe now—here, there, and everywhere. He had fallen in with a party of Americans—not the regulation Americans, he wrote, but really delightful people. He was doing famously with his magazine articles, and had a book in the publisher's hands for which he was promised success, etc. But Sylvia only sighed and looked absent-minded. The envelopes grew thinner, I thought, and Sylvia rarely read me anything from them. And was it possible that Sylvia was growing wan and pale for love's sake?

"Nonsense," growled Remus, "you are a sentimentalist, Pen."

Anyhow, she shut herself up one whole rainy Sunday, and looking down the street, late in the afternoon, I saw her, wrapped in her waterproof, running across to the nearest letter-box.

All that evening her spirits were at fever-heat. Perhaps because I am a sentimentalist, I fancied she had written to George to come home, and yet it was not like Sylvia to stoop to conquer. We had been together so much that I could not help being interested in her. Nobody could live in the house with Sylvia and be quite apart from her influence. If she was gay, even Remus smiled in a cynical way; if she was glum, it threw a cloud over us all. So, in these days of restlessness, I grew as distressed as if I were a love-lorn maiden myself. And I knew when it was time for Sylvia's answer as well as she did; but it came not.

I knocked at her door one evening, but got no response.

"Have you forgotten that we are going to the theatre to-night?" I bawled at the top of my voice. "Hurry, hurry!"

She came out in five minutes looking radiant, but she had put on a touch of rouge for the first time in her life, and her eyes glittered like Mr. Berwick's diamonds. I was almost afraid of her.

It was a "first night," and we were rather a large party for one box, so there was some crowding of seats. Who should walk in at the end of the second act but Phil Drayton, a chum of George's, who had been in Paris for two years studying medicine.

Sylvia looked past him involuntarily, and then smiled and shook hands.

"Just got home last night," he said, cheerfully, sitting down between us, and thereupon plunged into a description of his voyage, to which I did not listen. All at once I caught a familiar name, and pricked up my ears.

"Yes, Severance came down to see me off. Jolly good fellow, George—isn't he? He sent lots of kind remembrances to all his friends here, including you, of course. I suppose you know he's about to be married?"

Sylvia did not answer, and I hastened to say:

"Oh, no! that is news to us."

"Yes; he is to be married to a pretty little girl—with a fortune, too. I was quite smitten with her myself—we were traveling together, you know; but she fell desperately in love with Severance, and he couldn't bear to hurt her feelings, I suppose. George is so kind-hearted, you know; and then the family rather pushed the thing on. This was an only child, and an invalid, so they looked on George merely as a sort of magic health talisman—no, that's not fair; I think they really liked him. Her name? Nora Corwin. He seems awfully happy, anyhow. Quite a contrast to another old friend I met to-day. He had put his whole purse in some wildcat mine, and away it went. Poor devil! I never saw such a face as he had on when they told him the whole thing had gone up. You don't know how dead the world looks to a fellow, Miss Sylvia, when he has staked his last hope and lost——"

"Yes," said Sylvia, under her breath, and looking at him intently, "go on."

But he stopped short, and turned to me. I always thought Phil was another admirer of Sylvia's.

"Why, that's all. It was stupid of me to bore you with such stuff. What do ladies know about mental dice-boxes and the last throw?"

"We—know—everything," said Sylvia, softly, and then, in a moment, she smiled in Phil's face, and made some absurd speech which I did not hear.

"Now tell *me* some *news*," he said, at last, turning to me again.

I did my best, and succeeded so well that Dr. Drayton did not leave us till the play was over.

The next morning Sylvia went out to drive in the Park with Mr. Berwick, although it was storming drearily, and came in breathless from the wind, and glistening with raindrops.

"I have good news for you, Pen," she said. "The wedding comes off three weeks from to-day. A select bevy of friends, and 'no cards.'"

"You are jesting, Sylvia!"

"Heaven forbid! I am not so sacrilegious as to jest about matrimony," and she threw off her cloak and lay down on the lounge with her hands clasped above her head.

"And Mr. Severance?" I asked, hesitatingly.

"You heard what Dr. Drayton said last night," turning to look at me as she spoke. "No; it's not pique with me, you clever little woman, but because there's nothing else left for me to do."

Sylvia was so queer. She would not dodge unpleasant questions even to herself.

"Yes, I'm horribly jealous of George's sweetheart, if you want; but I dare say I'll get over it. I don't expect to love Mr. Berwick to distraction, but I would be an anomaly in society if I did. Now I know you're shocked. I can see your virtuous disapproval, even by the firelight. Don't let us talk of this again, Cousin Pen," she added. "It's a nice night to bury ghosts," and then she turned her face to the wall and lay a long time without saying a word.

Sylvia was Mrs. Berwick long before George's gay little note came, asking us to pray for him in his new condition as a Benedict, and telling us he was coming home.

We went together to call on Mrs. Severance—Sylvia and I. Sylvia had on her fine-lady manner, which is always repelling, and I confess that I dreaded the interview; but after we had waited a long time the door opened, and a fair-haired, Dora-ish little creature came in hurriedly. She looked frightened to death, but when she caught sight of Sylvia her face brightened, and she sprang toward her.

"Is it Sylvia, dear Sylvia?" she said eagerly. "I am so glad you came. George said you would come;" and somehow all at once the fine-lady airs vanished, and the childish figure was clinging to Mrs. Berwick as if they were old friends. I soon felt that I was nobody while Sylvia was near, although Mrs. Severance talked very prettily about her husband's old friends, etc. Sylvia winced every time George's name was mentioned, but her face softened when his wife spoke. She was irresistible, this dimpled, eager, caressing child, and we left her standing at the door, throwing kisses after us, with her hair blown into rebellious little curls around her face.

"A pretty picture, Sylvia," I said, but Sylvia looked as if she had been turned to stone. I must have been frightened, for she rallied a little

"I——oh, it is nothing, only one of my bad headaches, you know. Can't the man drive a little faster?" I was glad when I had left her at Mr. Berwick's fine marble steps, and could go home to my own commonplace husband and my healthy, happy children.

The other night there was a brave gathering in Vanity Fair: fresh dresses and tarnished reputations; champagne and shoddy; folly and fashion—we all know what such things are:

> "And there was pampered ignorance
> And vice, in Honiton lace;
> Sir Crœsus and Sir Pandarus,
> And the music played apace."

Sylvia was out, looking like a court beauty, diamonds flashing all over her like the boldest *parvenue* of them all; but I knew that was Mr. Berwick's taste. She was only an idol on which to hang his votive offerings. And Mr. Berwick himself, in a dress suit and white gloves, was the veriest travesty of pleasure. The American man of business is as much out of place enjoying himself at a party as a mountain squirrel is in a revolving cage. Mr. Berwick's prototypes are many, but that doesn't make *him* any the less objectionable.

We were standing apart from the throng of dancers, when Mr. Severance came up with his wife. The latter began to caress Sylvia in her girlish fashion, at which George did not look over pleased; but Mrs. Berwick and he plunged into their old-time clever nonsense, and I was sorry to see that both were as eager and interested as when they played at lover in my parlors.

I wondered, oh, so many times, such foolish things, while Mr. Berwick mumbled on to me about some far-away topic—it might have been Madagascar politics, for aught I know—and pretty Nora Severance held Sylvia's hand, touching her own soft cheek with it now and then, while her husband and Sylvia talked on and on in bewildering metaphor which she did not pretend to follow.

"It is time to go home, Mrs. Berwick, I think," said my companion, in his rasping monotone.

Sylvia started, and a shadow passed over her face.

"Whenever you please," she said quietly. "Good-night, little one," and she stooped to kiss the upturned lips.

It was a pretty picture, but so many ghosts stood behind it, and so many shadows fell before, that I shivered in spite of myself. I alone saw how Sylvia's whole face changed when she turned to George, and I alone knew what penance the slow years would bring her.

Out of an odd corner of my brain came a scrap of wisdom from that priestess of love-lore, Mrs. Muloch-Craik:

> "Marriage must be heaven or hell. Not at first, perhaps, for time softens and mends all things; but after time has had a fair license and failed, and then comes the dead blank, the hopeless endurance, the feeling that the last chance in life has been taken, the last die thrown and—lost."

KATE M. BISHOP.

MOSE, THE BLACK PIONEER.

With the rush of wealth-seekers to the land of gold, in '49, came "Mose," a Kentucky slave. His master, whom he accompanied as cook, gave him his liberty as soon as they set foot on California soil. For thirty years, then, he has been a free man. Having lived all this time in Sacramento—still his place of residence—he is one of its "characters," known by everybody, man, woman, and child.

The writer recently enjoyed a social hour with him in his gloomy shanty on the outskirts of the city, hard upon the banks of the American River. A little, low building, with moss-covered roof, the doors usually barred, and the places which were once windows now filled in with straw, cart-wheels, rags, old hats and shoes; no chimney, but many a hole in its top and sides to answer the purpose of one. Such is the house in which Mose, with his dogs, cats, and chickens, hides himself from the world, of which he has seen, perhaps, too much. A fence of his own construction, made of boards interwoven with locust branches, surrounds its back entrance. This keeps his chickens safely, and affords more retirement to the lone proprietor.

It is not easy to gain admission to the old black man's castle. The instant I stepped inside the yard, a closed door with a dog before it confronted. The dog making a furious disturbance, soon there came a sharp voice from the barricaded and guarded tenement:

"Who's dah? Wha' d'ye want?"

"Mose, a friend wishes to see you."

Presently the door was unbarred and opened, when the old darkey, destitute of coat and shoes, followed by three cats and a half-dozen chickens, with some hesitation bade me enter.

Passing through the entry—hen-roost as well—Mose swept a spot clear, and placing a chair on it, said:

"Dah! You can set down dah, if you want."

Not a very cordial invitation, but it was accepted; and while the host was mumbling apologies for the weather, old age, poverty, and life in general, his visitor was busy surveying the apartment.

On a stove covered with pots and kettles, its pipe severed in several places (where a dense smoke was pouring out and finding its way to the air as best it could through the roof and walls), Mose was cooking and eating his breakfast. To picture in detail this sunless interior, where is garnered the rubbish of years, were too severe an undertaking. Enough to say that it serves in the confounded capacities of parlor, reception, dining and sleeping room, kitchen, woodshed, cats' nest, chicken roof, and dog kennel. The chickens do not roost there, exactly, but they go no further away than the next apartment, the door of which remains continually open.

Having stationed himself before the stove, a hen on her nest at one elbow—laying the eggs, I suppose, as he demanded—a dog and a monstrous cat interestedly watching the progress of the meal; at the other, the hero seemed to be waiting for me to open conversation. His passive silence was a mark of special favor, for, like other distinguished personages, he is not always approachable.

"Mose, I have come over to talk with you."

"Yeth, sah."

"You get along nicely, all by yourself."

"I does de best I can; nobody can't do more 'n dat. I'se jis gettin' breakfas'—will ye eat a egg?"

"I thank you; I have just been to breakfast."

"Yeth, sah. How high up is de sun now?"

"It is nine o'clock."

"What day is ter-day?"

"Monday."

"I don't like to see dis yer wet spell; it dirties up de eggs, and dey don't hatch so well."

"I suppose you always have plenty to eat?" I remarked.

Here a rooster stepped up and crowed so lustily that Mose's reply was not distinguishable. A big fish, a ham, and a piece of bacon hanging at my back, however, made plain answer. Beside these, the contents of a large bag proved serviceable before the meal was over.

Mose sat eating out of the kettle as fast as one kind of food after another came to his liking. The stove was his table; the kettle, his plate and bowl. Economy could be carried little further.

"I should like to know, Mose, where you were born."

"Yeth, sah. I'se born in Afriky."

"In Africa? Are you sure of that?"

"Yeth, sah. Sez I, one day, playin' 'round in ole Kentucky: 'Mudder, whar's I born at?' Sez she: 'You come off the coast thousands of miles from heah. You was born in Afriky. Dey stole us!' How far off is Afriky from Kentucky, sah?"

"It is, as you say, a long distance."

"Yeth, dar's de place. Dar is more colored people in Afriky dan in any udder State. What business had de white folks to take us away from de ole home? Dey said dar was lots o' hogs in Kentucky, and dey had knives and forks stuck into 'em. All ye had to do was to run up ter one and cut a piece out. Dat was a lie. Black folks was ignorant in dem days. Dey b'leved 'em. Jis as 'twas heah in early days. Dey said ye could pick up gold all 'round wid yer hands. Dat was a lie, too. And lots o' white folks found it out. It's wicked to 'ceive, sah. Some people got sick, dey wanted ter come here so fas', jis from hearing what was false. When dey got heah, dey wanted ter go back wuss dan dey did to come. Served de white folks wid der own trick. I was young when I come heah. I don't feel de age much now."

This last was added in a tone less decided.

"How old are you, Mose?" I immediately inquired.

"I disremember 'zactly, but I specs I'se little risin' o' a hundred and fifty."

Thirty years ago, then, at the age of one hundred and twenty, Mose called himself a young man. I wanted to consider this point somewhat longer, but it was better not to interrupt or question the crabbed old pioneer too closely.

"I'se got a good memory," he continued. "I remembers Lexington when it was jis a few log cabins. We belonged to a man named ——. I'se lived in Lexington an' Versailles an' Georgetown an' Booneville. Booneville's whar I come from heah. I lived on de hill beyond Pierce's tavern, on de road runnin' from New Lexington ter Booneville. Missus was purty much in years den; I specs she's dead now."

At this point the hen at his elbow announced an egg so loudly that the old man had to stop and quiet her with a tap of his case-knife.

"My sister, she lived dah, too. Her name was Perina. I'd like to hear from her, sah. I hain't heerd a word from none o' my 'lations since I come ter Californy. I'se been carried 'round de world so much I begins ter think I don't know whar I come from."

"Your mother must have died many years ago, Mose," said I.

"Yeth, sah, I hain't no idea how long it is. I 'member I laid right down by her side after she was dead, and dey couldn't git me away. I 'member dat. I losed my ole mudder. I had a brudder, too. His name was Bob. Dey called him Robert ——. You see dat chicken dah? Well, he sees whar he is, but he don't know how he come dah. I'se trabled so much I feel jis' dat way. When I come ter Kentucky, it war a Territory."

Here the cats squabbled—a bit of breakfast had been unequally distributed. Commanding his dog, "Monkey," to separate the belligerent members of his happy family, Mose resumed:

"Massa had heaps o' money; but when he died he didn't have nothin' left. I'se noticed one thing, shua: *folks what don't do right wid me allus comes to a bad end.*"

This is a firm belief with Mose. He states it frequently and emphatically.

"It's bad bus'ness, suah, for a man ter buy and ter sell his brudder man. I'se seen de white man sell his own flesh and blood. Yeth, sah. I'se seen him 'buse his own children, out o' degree—stake 'em down and lash 'em wid de cat-and-nine-tails till de blood flowed off of der heel. Der own fadders done it, sah, wid de children's own mudder lookin' right on."

Mose here became so excited that he raised both hands—one holding his knife, the other his fork—and held them aloft. Meanwhile he looked me straight in the eyes. Sparks of the old darkey's fire in former days, about the blazings of which there are so many reports, became plainly visible. He continued:

"Did dey read de Bible, sah? No, sah! Dis child warn't allowed ter read de Bible. If I had knowed it, it would have done me a heap o' good heah in Californy.

"Only once dey put me in jail," he continued. "I went down ter Georgetown to see my kin,"—any number of aunts and cousins—"an' dey whipped me wid a rawhide, and put me in de lock-up. Sez I, 'I'se visitin' my kin. Dis darkey don't run away.' But dey wouldn't heah.

"Yes, sah, I recolleck all dem things what dey did ter me. Half dem folks ain't livin' now. De judgment won't let dem people what 'buses me live on dis earth. I've allus took dat observation. A man, heah in Californy, said slavery was de best thing. I wouldn't economical wid his conversation—I 'sputed his arg'ment. De clusion was, he struck dis hand wid a pistol butt and crippled it. Sah! Dat man was hung! Anudder man said I stuck a straw in his eah as he was settin' in a liquor-place. De white folks dah lied on me. I see de fellah what did it. He wouldn't b'lieve me, and he stabbed me in de neck wid a pair of scissors—dar's de place now. I never could talk so good since. Sah! Dat man died in de gutter! Dat's der judgment, ebbery time. I tole him he couldn't live long. I knowed it well as I knows it now."

"Then you don't believe in fighting, Mose?"

"No, sah; only in cef defense."

"But you have done considerable of it in your day?"

"Yeth, sah; I was 'bliged ter; but fightin' jis' for fightin' ain't right."

I was curious to know what religious sentiments found place among Mose's so lofty moral principles. Below is a part of his response to my inquiries:

"I'se been to de Meth'dist church. But it don't make no difference what kind it is ye goes ter, providin' it's a Gospel church. It's fightin' makes so many churches. De folks gits mad, and say, 'We'll go off an' have meetin' in our own party. Dat is de how ob so many kinds o' 'ligeous societies. I'se been ter church good deal. I followed de example of de white people, an' I was a nomical man, in Kentucky. I b'lieves in our Savior crucified fur all de nations of de people. Long as we are obedient ter Him, He'll be wid us, an' lend us a hand—let us have good wages in de promised land. I wasn't baptized, but I respicts dat ar doctrine."

"How did you learn about these matters, Mose?" I inquired.

"I never learnt, sah. My knowledge tole me de whole of it. It war a gif. To dis day, my mind works backwards an' forwards over dat Bible, and I knows I'se right. If I hadn't b'lieved in my Maker, I'd 've been done dead long ago. Dem folks dat went contrary to my 'zample's most all dead now."

Mose attributes his longevity to his good works rather than to his excellent constitution. I am sorry to say that his views on the immortality of the soul seem inconsistent with his other truly orthodox beliefs. When I brought forward this question he gave a peculiar flourish with his knife, and said:

"D'ye see dat box dah? Well, I takes a fire an' put on dat box. It blaze way up. By an' by it go down; den a little puff of air an' it's gone. Whar's its soul, sah? In de air! Jis de same wid a man. When he's dead, he's dead. His soul leaves him and penetrates through de various nations of de people, and mixes wid de air. Air is all de heaven dar is, sah. Folks gits heaven out of dere own views. Dey don't know nuffin' 'bout it whar a man goes ter after he's out o' sight an' hearin'. Folks talks too much about dead people. Dey carry dar knowledge too fur. If a man dies widout dreffle pain, you can say 'he passed off purty pleasant'—dat's all."

"But what about your mother, Mose?" I asked. "Shan't you ever see her again?"

"How ken I see her? She ain't ter see; an' when I'se air, I can't see her if she was. But, sah"—here his voice dropped—"I can see her *now*. I sees her in de dream. Many a time I'se 'maginationed her in my sleep. Sez I, 'Is dis you, ole mudder—is dis really you?' She wouldn't answer; den I'd wake up, and couldn't see her no more."

Poor old darkey! He has outlived the changes of perhaps a century. The places where he played, a bare-headed, bare-footed boy, his only garment a long shirt, would not now be recognizable; but she whom he cheered through the long days of toil in bondage, he still may see. She comes to him by night as he sleeps in his lonely hovel, dreaming of a past so distant and dim that it fades when he wakes on the morrow.

Such were my thoughts while the pioneer slave made motions such as white people make when they are stealthily wiping away tears.

"I b'lieve de smoke do me good," said Mose, more cheerfully. "It claarifies de eyes."

He had now finished his hearty, though "nomical," meal, and his mood brightened. Story after story, from the time he first saw the sun so hot that it set fire to the grass and the fences, down to political reminiscences of Henry Clay and other distinguished men that he used to see in his manhood, came back to his mind, and right merrily he told them. He remembers "consolationable" as well as sorrowful times on the old plantation.

Mose used to accompany his old master to court, and occasionally sat through a Kentucky law trial. It was by this means that he came into possession of some very long words, that he still uses, altered somewhat by his own philological genius. In early days, Mose was frequently in California courts, attended by the constable; he pleaded his own causes, and it is a pity that records of these forensic efforts have not been preserved. Mose made speeches during the late war. Dressed in a fantastic manner, and mounted on a barrel in the middle of the street, it is said that for originality of style his oratory has never been surpassed. He is an ardent admirer of Lincoln. His invective against Booth calls for words that would reach across this page.

"Dar's so many races," said Mose finally, "what's goin' to be done wid 'em God only knows. I specs dey'll soon be so thick that dey'll have to fight all de time."

Preparing to take leave, I presented the old philosopher and orator with a sack of tobacco —just enough to "claarify" his eyes a few times in remembrance of me. As the dogs, cats, and chickens scattered from my path, I remarked:

"Mose, you ought to marry; you need a housekeeper."

"Dat aar 's matter of partic'lar taste," he replied. "I'se seen a heap o' trouble between married folks. I used to be young and frolicsomey, but now I'se gittin' quite ageable like, and I b'lieves I'se best to be sorter quiet. The women wants all de 'bedience now days. Yeth, sah—but we're all nuffin' but greedy worms and dust, nohow. So long, sah."

I have before me a photograph representing Mose as he now appears, bag in hand, wandering about town, followed by his dog "Monkey"—also pictured lying at his feet—in search of food for himself and poultry. Until recently he used a wheelbarrow instead of the bag. Late at night he is to be found creeping slowly along the street, from one friendly hotel or saloon to another.

His life's story has been briefly given in his own language. There are errors in it, but the body of it is undoubtedly true. He may have been born in Africa; I am inclined to believe he was. His age, of course, he exaggerates, but that he is a round hundred years old is affirmed on satisfactory evidence. He was a gray-haired old man when he came to California in '49. Fifty years before that he was a jockey in Kentucky running races.

Mose ought to have a competence in his old age, but, imbibing the spirit of the time, he gave and threw away his money as fast as he made it. During his first years in California he was a cook, receiving one hundred and fifty dollars a month and board. Afterward, as a bootblack, his employer tells me he made, for a time, from ten to fifteen dollars a day. He was not skillful in the use of the brush, though he claimed to excel any of his rivals "when it come to gittin' 'round de seam." His eccentricities were the attraction. As one old pioneer expressed it, "Mose was a circus all in himself, those days." A certain actor used to have his boots blacked every few hours in order to catch the operator's laugh. He gave it up, at last, as inimitable. Not a legislator came to Sacramento without making the acquaintance of Mose. He "shined" the very pedestals of the body politic. Judges, lawyers, politicians—all sat in his chair by turn, to witness whatever exploits he might enter into beyond the limits of his business.

Mose's non-resistant sentiments, now-a-days, are deemed not wholly sincere by those who knew him in former times. The fact is, he was perpetually embroiled; paying no attention to distinction of race or color. The slightest excuse was enough for a dire battle. Dropping his brushes, he would spring into the thick of the fray; and never did he come out wanting at least the claim to victory. Chinamen were his special aversion. If Ah Sin failed to make proper obeisance to his black majesty, no matter if he were across the street, Mose would chastise him on the spot. When the Chinamen began to black boots, he abandoned that calling in disgust, and never returned to it.

Even in this brief sketch it would be doing injustice to Mose should I omit to mention the fact that he was strongly opposed to the new Constitution. He made a speech against it at the polls, but such was the enthusiasm of his audience that little of it was heard. These words, however, fell distinctly from his lips: "One Constitution is 'nough. If we lose de old Constitution, I shall feel like a cow dat has lost her cousin!" An ugly gash above the speaker's right eye added materially to the impressiveness of his language. The night before, the centenarian had overstepped the bounds of moderation and peace.

Mose is of an iron frame, if ever a man was. Pioneer slave in Kentucky, pioneer freeman in California, for one hundred years he has been exposed to all sorts of hardships and perils. He has drunk bad whisky enough to float him and all his kindred to another clime than this. Too often has he been, as he terms it, "ossificated." A marvelously tough relic of the past is Mose; he "disremembers a sick day." It cannot be long, however, before Sacramento, outside of whose limits he has not stepped since he came within them, will miss him on his lonely rounds. The spirit of the conqueror still clings to him, but, some near day, the smoke will not rise from his cabin; the dogs, the cats, the chickens, will that morning go unfed. Mose, the Black Pioneer, will have gone to that world in the existence of which he had not learned to believe.

John Vance Cheney.

THE WILD-FLOWER SEASON.

It is a trite saying, but nevertheless a true one, that this section of the world in which we live is peculiar and distinctive in many ways. Mineral wealth, luxuriant vegetation, transparent air, genial and balmy temperature—all attest this fact. Nature, at some prodigal moment, seems to have lavished her favors upon sub-tropical California. Nor, while producing fruits of prodigious size and in extraordinary variety and abundance—while rearing the stems of wheat, corn, and oats to unheard of heights, and filling their ears with wonderful store of grain—did she forget to add beauty and grace of countenance to the more solid charms of her person. In the spring-time of the year our meadows and pastures literally shine and glow with beauty—leagues upon leagues of radiance. The bountiful lap of Earth is filled with bloom; her breast is adorned with living jewels; she is literally smothered with flowers. Such is Nature's exuberance in this respect that botanists have been compelled to introduce new names into their text-books—to christen, in fact, these strange flowerets kissed by California suns and baptized in California dews. The world-wide *species* and *genera* of the flower-kingdom are here blessed with new family members—productions of or variations caused by sun, soil, and climatic conditions. March is the flower-month *par excellence;* central California the chief field of its display. Not that other portions of the State are not here and there bedight with all the colors of the rainbow; but not in such lustre and luxuriance as the grass-meadows of the San Joaquin and its tributaries, which, over all their flats, present a wilderness of bloom. The plow may plow them down, herds innumerable of sheep and cattle crop them close, still their tenacity and vitality go to prove that the deep foundations of nature were not laid for individuals, but for species; and not for the animal more than the vegetable kingdom. But the *Papaveraceæ* please not the farmer; the *Geraniaceæ* grieve him sorely; and the *Violaceæ* vex his thrifty soul. It seems to be a fundamental rule of nature—why or for what purpose it were hard to guess, but so it is—that utility and beauty can not walk hand in hand; that either mind or matter must go down; that æsthetics can not coëxist with practicalities, facts with fancies, or champagne with shabbiness. The husbandman can not fill his gunny-sacks with poppy-seed or monk's-hood, and command as wide a market as he can with grain.

The *Papaveraceæ*, or poppy family, are well represented in this State. First and largest, we have the *Eschscholtzia Californica*, whose capsules are curved, whose flowers are two to four inches in diameter, of a bright yellow, shading off into a brilliant orange toward the centre. Then there is the *Platystemon Californicus*, or cream-cup, whose petals are pale-yellow, and whose tints, like those of the *Copo de Oro*, turn to orange at the centre. Then the *Platystigma Californicum*, with pale-green leaves, and long pale-yellow or creamy-white flowers; and the *Meconopsis Heterophylla*, whose flowers range all the way from scarlet to orange, glorify alike their *genus* and the fields where they grow.

Of the buttercup family we have the *Ranunculus Californicus*, its flowers bright-yellow. Then we have the *Aquilegia*, or columbine, with nodding flowers, usually red, frequently tinged with orange or yellow; the *Delphinium*, or larkspur, with its tall stalk, and dull-bluish velvety flowers; and the *Aconitum*, or monk's-hood, its flowers also blue.

Of the *Violaceæ* or violet family, there are the *Viola Adunca*, with violet or purple flowers; the *Viola Pedunculata*, yellow, veined with purple; and the *Viola Sarmentosa*, with small, tiny, yellow flowers.

Turning to other *genera*, we have the *Polygala Californica*, with flowers of a greenish-white hue; the *Silene Californica* (of the *Caryophyllaceæ*), with its large, deep-scarlet flowers; and the *Dodecatheon* (of the *Primulaceæ*, or primrose family), with a pink corolla. Only some of the varieties have been here enumerated, the object of this paper being rather to confine itself to such as are more peculiarly Californian in their character, and such as are thorough representatives of their *genera* in form and color, than to ransack botanic vocabularies for a complete and solomonic list, ranging from the Calaveras Big Trees to the exotics in a Nob Hill conservatory.

It will not do, however, to dismiss this subject without a cursory glance at some of the less showy but more useful constituents of our pastures; those which make beef and milk, and wool and mutton.

This class is likewise well and strongly represented. The *Leguminosce* muster strong in many and frequent varieties of clover. There is the *Melilotus*, or sweet clover, with very diminutive yellow flowers, scarcely a line in length; the *Trifolium Macræi*, with dark-purple flowers; the *T. Gracilentum*, a pale rose-color, and many others, whose modest attire may look dingy beside their more gorgeous sisters of the meadows, but whose unattractive appearance, nevertheless, as it so often does in other circumstances, covers a large amount of solid worth. Take, for instance, one of the most unassuming of the *genus*—the *Medicago Denticulata* (*Anglice*, bur-clover), the distinguishing characteristics of which are small, yellow flowers in auxiliary clusters, and spiral pods, armed with a double row of hooked prickles. This unpromising exterior conceals beneath it qualities without which the flocks and herds of California would have but a hard time of it—in fact could not exist through the long, dry months of summer and autumn. The bur-clover is the stock-raiser's best friend.

Visitors from other parts of the world can not understand how stock keeps fat, and in better condition even than on green feed, upon seemingly bare, brown plains. The solution of the mystery lies in the little dry, prickly, brown bur. There is, however, another auxiliary to the *Medicago Denticulata*, and this auxiliary hails from the *Geraniaceæ*, or geranium family, and answers to the name of *Erodium Cicutarium* in Latin, *alfilarilla* in Spanish, and pin-clover, wild geranium, or filaree in English. Stock of all kinds are very fond of it when young and green, but still more so when it is dry, and in this condition it becomes a valuable adjunct to the bur-clover, being, like it, licked off the ground and places where it has settled, and whither it has been blown by the wind.

Speaking of wild flowers, I have in my mind's eye a level expanse of pasture-land, lying between the Merced and San Joaquin Rivers, near the two or three empty houses called Dover, which, for various and multitudinous color, kaleidoscopic permutations, and general rainbow effects I have never seen equaled. Thousands of acres—not hundreds—dotted with the orange of the poppy, the purple of the violet, the yellow of the buttercup, the pink of the clover, the blue of the larkspur, and the deep scarlet of the silene, seemed to weave a carpet harmonious in color and exquisite in its blending and contrasting tints; such as Pan and his attending satyrs might have reveled and danced on to their heart's content; such as Arcadia itself could not have rivaled; while the new-risen sun gilded the vivid emerald of the grass, and the dew from the recently dispersed mist decked every bell and every petal with a diamond.

R V. BOUDET.

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SAND.

Chapter IV.

The western slope of the Sierra Nevada, from the seas to the summits, is a long undulation of land, down through which the rains and snows meander to the great salt waters of the world, winding among green woods and a various vegetation; the eastern slope is a "jump-off" into the corrugated basin of the desert, where all the streams are swallowed by the earth, and from whose summit the eastward-gazing grizzly bear, chained by the sunbeam, lifts his flexible nostrils to sniff the odor of the arid waste, then slowly turns about and prowls to westward. Two worlds seem here to meet; vegetable and animal life have no communion across the line; on one side there is abundant rain, snow, fog, and moisture; on the other side are wide wastes of gray pastures in the drought, cold, and dust.

To the eastward of this line, in a quartz-mining camp, where the object is precious metal, there are no gardens, shade-trees, lawns, front-yards, home flowers, or ornamental enclosures of any sort. After such a camp becomes a town or city, with a far-fetched costly supply of water, the green and growing luxuries appear in tiny garden-spots, large windows, and in trees which are irrigated at the roots by underground troughs and wooden spouts—trees which are, in fact, brought up by hand. But the newer town, which is still a mining camp, knows nothing of planted greenness; and if it is situated in the great empire of Artemisia, where silver and gold are married in the volcanic chambers of the awful past, there is no spontaneous greenness fresher than a random, bristling nut-pine, or a sprawling, arid juniper. The general tone of the whole landscape is gray, inclining to drab; and yet here and there are sporadic hills breaking out from the general coloring, which present tints shading and blending into each other in a way so delicate that no painter yet dares put them on canvas, because the public can not understand what the public has not seen the like of, and for which the public can find no use.

Nevertheless, the mining region is a country of beautiful natural surprises. Nowhere, not even in the vaunted blowzy flora of the tropics, does Nature paint with a touch so delicate or a spirit so masterful. There is, so to speak, a charming dramatic stage effect in the scenery of this vast land. The clear, dry, dewless air offers no screen to kill the shadows painted by the sun, the moon, or the stars. Night or day, the stray, infrequent cloud, which floats before the skyward breeze or sleeps lazily along the blue, casts its counterpart in a dark, moving shadow upon the gray valley or among the pulseless concourse of the hills. The thirsty and far-wandering "prospector," seeking, among the pyramids of granite, the spires of porphyry, the slopes of slate, the castles of lime, the columns of basalt, for one sweet spring of living water, finds instead a mountain of rock-salt, glittering like a glass dome among the sterile hills, to tantalize his parching tongue and mock him with a majesty of art he has neither the time nor the patience to enjoy.

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Under foot, the world is dry, gray, silent. Overhead, during the long, cloudless day, it is pale-blue, dry, silent. All abroad, it is gray, or dark with mountain distance, and it is silent. Silence is everywhere. No tide of restless seas rolls throbbing to the shore-lines on the rocks —the seas are dead and gone. No roar of far-off torrent tumbling down the hills to jar the night air underneath the stars—the stars still are, but all the torrents have departed. In this land the valleys have been seas, the cañons have been torrent-beds, the slopes have been the dwelling-place of men who dealt with fire, stone-headed arrows, earthen pots, and shell-wrought vanities; but at some lost period, backward of all dates, the Great High Sheriff of the universe, in open court, has cried "SILENCE!" and has been obeyed.

Across these gray valleys, under these silent shadows, and among these curious hills, winds the long, drab-colored ribbon of the wagon-road on its way to the town. It, too, is silent, save far forward in the dusty distance, where the ox-team in a piebald picture answers with straining necks the profane shout that urges it along; or far backward, where the lines of lengthy ears mark time to mulish feet, to crepitating leather, and to clanking chains, and all that makes a mule-team musical to the ears of the silent man who sits upon his laboring beast, jogging from left to right, from right to left, the whole day long; or between these teams, or before or behind them, the croaking big black raven may strut and croak in answer to some far-off wolf upon a low hill, howling at the plain. All else is silent. No house along the way. No baying watch-dog sitting at a gate. No children home bound, book in hand, from school. No crowing cocks, no lowing herds, no bleating lambs—no anything, but silence and the shadows and the gray.

Through such a land, on such a road, young Mr. Maydole made his way toward the treeless, sunburnt mining town. He found it in one of those deserted torrent-beds which the American man of the Occident calls a cañon. Two feeble lines of houses, with a stony street between; two rocky lines of ragged hills, from whose rough faces, like numerous pug-noses, jutted the half built, half dug-out miners' cabins, and one large, noisy building in the town, from whose high chimneys came clouds of smoke and puffs of steam. When the two-horse spring wagon, which the proprietor thereof called a stage, pulled up in front of the office building pertaining to the larger structure, our hero alighted, unheralded, unattended, unacquainted, and unwelcomed. His few personal effects were rapidly piled out after him upon the stoop of the office, and the stage drove away, leaving him an entire stranger "in the cold world."

With his usual directness of purpose, he presented himself to the person behind the desk, and, finding that person to be the party to whom his credentials were addressed, he immediately served the same upon him.

"I am glad to meet you, Mr. Maydole, and if it suits you as well to get in here as it does me to get out, we are both happy."

To this remark Norman simply bowed politely, and then said:

"If you will be good enough to show me over the place, and introduce me to the foreman, and such other persons as I may have most business with, I shall be glad at any time to return the favor, if in my power to do so."

"Certainly, certainly! Blethers is down in the mine at present, but I will introduce you to the amalgamator, the store-keeper, the postmaster, and—and—the boys generally."

"And the matter of lodgings——" Norman was beginning to say.

"You take my room, I suppose; right here in the office building." Here he opened the door leading to an adjoining room, and while exhibiting it to Norman, he added: "It is not very fine, but it is as good as any in camp."

"Good enough," said Norman.

"Well, it is a good enough room, but it should be fixed up—should have been done long ago —but I don't get on very well with Blethers, and have not expected to remain here, or I should have had it in better fix."

"Mr. Blethers is the foreman, is he not?"

"Well, yes. He is foreman, superintendent, and everything else in authority, except bookkeeper," and the retiring clerk looked upon Norman's modest young face in a way which said plainer than any words: "I pity you, my boy."

"If it is not disagreeable to you, I would like to have you tell me, briefly, in what style Mr. Blethers wields his authority."

"In this way, among other things. He runs the camp about as he pleases. He has a lot of men in here, some of whom—the most of them, in fact—will do just what he says; and the few men who differ with him find it to their best interest to keep mum. If you keep books and make out accounts to suit him, you're all right—if you don't, you're all wrong. That's about the size of it!" and the clerk peered into Norman's eyes to see how he took a statement so alarming; but Norman looked as innocent as a lamb, and gave no further evidence of alarm than to ask if he could not put his small amount of luggage into the clerk's room.

"Why, of course," answered the clerk. "Go right in and take possession. The whole thing belongs to the company, except a few tricks I have in there, and I'll give you most of them if you will receive them. I'll get right out of your way."

"No, no," said Norman, "I am in no hurry to get you out—take your leisure. I will find a room in the town somewhere for a time."

"I see you don't understand this country. About the only way to get a good, clean, quiet sleeping apartment in this camp is to build one and furnish it. You may get a bed in a lodging-house, divided from other beds by cheap muslin and paper partitions, next door to a disorderly drunk on one side of you, and a husky bull-whacker, who snores worse than a fog-horn, on the other side—but I'd advise you not to."

"'What can not be cured must be endured.'"

"Well, if I was boss of the ranch any more I would propose that you sleep with me; but you have just let me out, you see."

"Oh, I see. But I beg you to continue to boss the ranch, in that regard, as long as you desire."

"In that case," answered the clerk, smiling, "we are all right. I take pleasure in offering you half my bed, Mr. Maydole—and that is the highest point of hospitality reached among business men in these mountains; the sports and bar-keepers have been known to go further, but then they have manners peculiar to themselves."

Norman put his personal belongings into the room, and then the clerk proceeded to show him about the place and introduce him to the men—or, as they are commonly called, "the boys." After seeing the mill and the town he asked about the mine, and the clerk answered:

"The mine is further up the cañon. I've never been there but once. Blethers runs that to suit himself. I have no authority for going down into it, and no taste for going underground if I had the authority. You'll have to get Blethers to take you round, and if he don't invite you down into the mine I guess you'll not go down."

"No?" responded Norman, interrogatively.

Just here, as they passed along in the middle of the dry, hard street, they met a stalwart, broad-shouldered man, with his hands rammed half-way down under the waistband of his pantaloons, and arms akimbo, walking heavily, yet jauntily, down the cañon. To this rather lofty personage the clerk said:

"Mr. Blethers, Mr. Maydole—the new clerk."

Mr. Blethers took his heavy right hand out of his waistband and shook hands with Mr. Maydole, saying he was glad to meet him, and then asked him if he would not come in and "take a drink."

"No, thank you"—Mr. Maydole did not drink.

"Well, come and take a smoke, then."

"Much obliged"—Mr. Maydole very seldom smoked.

"Well, then, come and see me take a drink," said Mr. Blethers, with a laugh that seemed to say he was doing a very humorous thing.

"Very good," said Norman, "I will go in and see how you do it in this part of the country."

"Are you a temperance man?" asked Blethers, as they entered the saloon.

"If you spell with a big T, I am not."

"I'm not much on the spell. Do you belong to the Templars or the Sons?"

"No, I do not."

"Well, then, take a drink," he said, as they approached the bar where the glasses were being set up.

"No," said Norman, "I never drink unless I absolutely need it."

Blethers then called upon the few loungers in the house to come up, which they promptly did, and all, except Norman, swallowed their drams—leaving him, in the eyes of that particular crowd, a rather contemptible minority. Then Blethers, the clerk, and Norman adjourned across the street to the office. Here Blethers drew from his breast-pocket certain papers, which he threw upon the desk in a grand sort of way, telling the clerk what record to make of them, after which he turned to Norman and catechised him regarding his knowledge of mines and mining, and this catechising eliciting nothing very satisfactory to him, he said:

"I knowed there was a new man a-coming, but I reckoned you knowed something about the business. I don't see what in hell the company means by changing clerks on me so often."

"There need be no anxiety about that in this case, I think," said Norman, in his quietest manner; "I'll keep the books straight enough."

Blethers looked at him in his lofty way which seemed to say, "I'll see about that," and then he went out.

Norman got on very well with the clerk. In fact, he soon began to like that person, and that person became rapidly attached to him, and aided him in every way he could to an understanding of the position and the people. They were thrown together day and night for several days, and Norman had thereby a better opportunity than he had expected to find out, without going out of his way, how matters stood in the town, and who was who.

"Blethers is going to put things up on you in this camp," said the clerk, in one of the many talks he had with Norman.

"Why do you think so?"

"I know he is by the looks of him. He began on it the other day when he asked you to drink—you didn't—then he called up the stove-herders. That's his game. He wants to throw the boys against you on the start."

"The chances can not all be good in one direction. I will take mine on some other tack—that is, if I have need to take any chances."

"Well, I'm soon going to leave you to your fate. I've passed over everything in the office, and have told you all I know. Now I'm going out to fire the old loads out of my pistol and get it ready for the road."

"Wait a moment," said Norman, "my own pistol needs blowing out and reloading," and he passed into the bed-room; then, quickly returning, he and the clerk walked a few steps up the cañon beyond the houses, chalked a white target-mark upon a cliff of rocks, and prepared to fire at it.

"Go ahead," said the clerk.

"After you," said Norman.

While the clerk was firing, there came Blethers and two of the men on their way up to the mine, and as pistol-practice, at the animate or inanimate target, is an interesting theme in the mountains, they paused to see the shooting.

The clerk was not a bad shot, as shooters commonly go. When he had emptied his revolver, and all had examined his hits, he re-chalked the target and said:

"Now, Mr. Maydole."

Norman took his position with his pistol in his hip-pocket. He stood there for a moment; then, drawing and commencing to fire in the same instant, he flattened rapidly, one after the other, the six balls against the chalked rock, and left the leaden imprint of all of them inside of a space which could be covered by a silver dollar.

The shooting being done with, Norman and the clerk turned away toward the office, while Blethers and the men with him proceeded up the cañon.

"That young feller is a shooter from base," said the taller of the workmen, aiming his remark at Blethers.

"Umph!" grunted Blethers, "shootin'-gallery frills. Nothin' in it!"

"Aye!" said the other man, with a broad, English accent, "it's no' his shootin' as I wonders at—nobbut t' woiy ee pulls t'pistol fro' his britchis pocket be'ind. It's wot yo' Americans calls t' 'draw,' be'nt it?"

"Yes," answered the taller workman, "if he can draw and shoot that way when he means business, he's got the drop on a big majority of all the shooters ever I saw."

"Ho!" said Blethers, as the three trudged along, crunching over the loose stones in the road. "Fancy practice! Nothin' in it! Nothin' in it!" But his companions, though they dropped the subject, did not show by their looks that they agreed with him, as they passed out of sight around a bend in the cañon road.

"That was a good job," said the clerk to Norman, as they two, on their return from the target, entered the office.

"Yes," responded Norman, "it is always best to keep a pistol fresh and clean."

"I don't mean the cleaning of the pistols—I mean your shooting."

"Oh, I am an old hand at target-practice," said Norman, in his easy, pleasant way.

"I should say you were; but that is not the point I'm driving at."

"Is it not? Then I do not catch your meaning."

"My meaning is," said the clerk, with a gratified sparkle in his eyes, "that old bully Blethers got a bug in his wool. He claims to be a fighting chief, and thinks he can draw quicker and shoot deader than any man in the mountains; but you've laid over him, and he won't forget it."

"Well, yes. If a pistol is a good one, in good order, and well loaded, in a close fight most any kind of shooting will do—it is the nerve and the draw which win."

"All right! You keep your eye on Blethers, because that little shooting will be all over this camp before morning, and Blethers won't like that a bit. Those two men who were with him don't like him. He don't like them. But they are A No. 1 miners, and handy anyhow or anywhere, in a mine or about it. No mine can get along without such men. They are never drunk, never off, and they don't talk outside. I know them. They understand things. They will soon understand you, if I'm not mistaken, and it won't do you any harm to let them know you are on the square with them."

"If they can not find that out by my general conduct, I do not see how else I should get them to know it."

"That's all right. I'm not asking you to blow your own horn, but just to give the boys a point now and then. People sometimes don't see without a hint or two."

"What do you call these men?"

"The tall one's an American—Irish-American—Charley Fitzgibbon; went into the war at seventeen years old, in the first call for "three-months'-men," and never left the service a day until he was honorably discharged after the fall of Richmond. The other is 'Cussin' Jack,' a west-country Englishman—gold miner from

Georgia—who fought under the stars and bars all over the South. They live together, sleep together, work together, and I think would die together—sort of social Siamese Twins."

"Why is the Briton called 'Cussin' Jack'—is he so profane?"

"No–o," said the clerk, laughing; "that is miners' humor. He never was known to use a profane word. He is a sort of Cornish-Puritan preacher, if you know what that is. Originally he was 'Cousin Jack,' but the miners have twisted it to suit themselves. On the books he is John Cadwal."

During the time of these conversations—and of many others which took place in the office between the same parties—day and night the mighty measured tread of the ore-stamps in the mill adjacent kept up its constant roar, making the atoms of gravel creep and nestle among the larger stones which lay about the staring white board-on-end building in which the office was. To a stranger's ear this ceaseless rhythmic roar in the otherwise silent land becomes at first a sort of grand, loud, yet muffled harmony; then a painful, thundering discord; still later a bearable monotony; and, finally, the agreeable pulsating music of prosperity. So agreeable does this music become that its cessation is an alarm; and when it dies out altogether, and the long rows of great iron stamps are "hung up" to rust between the massive posts which hold them, five in a place from post to post, the "camp" takes up its line of march in a "go-as-you-please" stampede to richer realms; and then a silence falls into the cañon more dreary and oppressive than that which existed before man disturbed the "ancient, solitary reign" of the speechless spirit of the desert. There is no picture more suggestive of desolation, more full of enforced silence, than a rusting, idle quartz-mill among the sterile hills of the silver land. The battle-field where daring Industry has been forced by the shadowy, gliding giant of Want to lay down his arms and march empty-handed away, is a sad appeal to the truly artistic—more pathetic than half the battle-grounds of contending empires.

But as long as the roar of the stamps reverberates along the rock-walled cañon the reader need not apprehend any increase of desolation about the office where young Mr. Maydole is now fully installed—being left to his fate by his genial predecessor. Steadily and politely, under the jarring music of the now to him unnoticed stamps, he attends promptly to his business. The men come on the monthly pay-day to find their accounts in exact order, and the checks for the money due to them ready for delivery. One by one they sign the pay-rolls, each opposite to his name, date of payment, and amount. Some sign with a heavy, wavering, horny-handed signature; others ask the new clerk to sign for them, while they, like the barons of old, add the chivalric sign of the cross; now and again one wields his pen with a rapid and easy grace, and leaves behind him an autograph ancestrally known in science, commerce, and letters. As they sign their names each takes his check, glances it over, tucks it away in his pocket, and walks heavily out. The great stamps go on and on, roaring and jarring. The men are paid up for the month. They have gone, and left the clerk to his books, his spider-like solitude, and the long, rolling monotone of the mill.

Day after day, often into the night, the new clerk, amid the continual noise, pursues his silent task. Now and again he locks his office doors, passes into the mill and around among its bewildering movements, asking questions of and speaking to the men concerning their various employments. At first they answer him coldly, even morosely; then, by and by, more cheerfully; and, after a time, more or less cordially. Little at a time he picks up the meaning of things, till gradually there awakes within him the latent mechanical lore of his race; then, like a vision, the whole business dawns upon him. Every wheel and crank, journal and boxing, pulley and belt, cog-wheel and lever, tub, settler, battery, engine, furnace and retort, becomes his intimate friend. He knows them all. Outside the mill he knows each driver and each mule by name—the capacity and present condition of every wagon. Nothing of the business is unknown to him save the cause of it all—the deep, dark delvings of the mine—over which, thus far, Blethers is king.

Several times our hero has gone to the mouth of the mine, inside of the building called the hoisting works, and has watched the hoisting machinery bringing up refuse rocks and precious ore—watched the coming up and going down of the men as they changed the gangs, or shifts; but at no time has he asked to be taken down into the mine, or in any way seemed to manifest any undue curiosity as to what might be going on below the earth's surface. Thus months passed away. He began to be looked upon as a very neat, cleanly, orderly, harmless young fellow, and polite, good clerk. The men looked pleasantly upon him on the pay-days in the office, and saluted him cheerily whenever he met them; even Blethers seemed to abate some of his loftiness in his presence.

One day, shortly after the latest pay-day, when the weight of the preceding month's business was well off his hands, he locked his office doors and strolled leisurely up to the mine, where he found "Cussin' Jack" out of doors, engaged in hewing heavy timbers. He sat down upon the newly hewn surface of the log, and fell into conversation with the hewer.

"Be yo' getten' to feel whoam-loike up 'ere i' th' moines?"

"Yes. I like it first-rate."

"Well! T' boys be comin' to loike yo' a bit."

"Well, I like the boys."

"Yo' dew?"

"Yes."

"Why dost tha nivver coam out an' tak' a dram wi' 'em; or smoak a poipe?"

"I do not drink."

"Nor smoak?" asked Jack, as he still hewed to the black line he had struck upon the log.

"I can smoke, but I do not fancy tobacco."

"Tha'rt a rare un. T' boys thinks tha'rt a bit stiff an' 'igh-tony i' thy ways."

"I do not mean to be stiff and high-tony. I work for my wages the same as they do—we are all in the same boat."

"Well zaid, lad, well zaid," and he stopped hewing, put the point of his broad-axe on the log, and, crossing his arms, leaned upon the end of the handle, while he put one foot upon the timber, and asked: "D' yo' waant to know 'ow to put feither i' thy cap wi' t' boys i' this ere camp?"

"Yes," said Norman, "I would like to help the boys."

"Aye, I believe tha;" then he looked all about him, dropped his axe on the timber, lifted his black leather belt with one hand, and with the other hand fished out of his fob-pocket his last month's check, handed it to Norman, and, resuming his axe, went on hewing.

"This check is all right, is it not?" said Norman, when he had it unfolded.

"There's nowt amiss wi' t' check. There be'ent no better check az I knows on."

"What is the matter, then?"

"Well, if yo'd loike to gi' yo'rsen a lift wi' t' boys, stop payin' checks an' gi' us t' cash."

"Is not the check as good as cash?"

"Naw, it be'ent; not 'ere. T' store-keeiaper shaives it, ivverabody shaives it; but t' store-keeiaper wuss than aw. Gi' us t' cash, lad, gi' us t' cash. I be'ent a gossip talker. Go thy ways; but doant forgetten as I've telled tha to put a feither i' thy cap."

"I will remember it," said Norman, handing his check back to him.

"Go thy ways. An' tha gettest i' trouble i' the cash bissens, moind I tell tha, tha hast freinds i' the house o' Pharaoh."

Norman bade the hewer good-day, strolled about the mine-mouth and ore-house a short time, and then went back to his office, where he wrote a letter to his patron, from which the following is an extract:

> "I think I am beginning to grasp the situation. I have delayed any examination of the mine. Have not yet made any demand for it, because I have wished to see my way in broad daylight first, before trying the darkness. The men still complain that their checks are shaved unmercifully by all to whom they present them, but most severely by the store, which the men call the 'company store.' They also complain that they are called upon, when working by contract, to receipt for more money than they receive, etc., etc. These latter matters (which I will report more at large by and by) can not now be affected by my present power; but if you will enable me to pay the men in cash—coin or gold-notes—altogether in cash, or half cash and half checks, it will distribute the wages of the men into more hands, make the men feel more independent, and therefore slightly weaken the hold which the present management has upon this people."

The letter had its effect. When the men came in to sign the pay-rolls of the succeeding month, they took their half cash with pleasant chaff and merry good humor. The outside store-keeper and other dealers did a better paying business than they had done for a long time. Even the gamblers and visiting priests and preachers were better off. All the outgo was no longer re-absorbed by the mine management and the pet barnacles attached thereto. The men's checks were not now shaved to the bone. Gradually the wink passed from man to man, as they privately gave the new clerk credit for the improved financial condition.

The new clerk attended to all his business promptly and pleasantly. He treated the lofty Blethers with perfect respect. He also attended thoroughly to any reasonable demands made upon him by Blethers's pets—the store-keeper, the keeper of the boarding-house, the saloon man, the lodging-house person, and in fact all the pets who love to cluster about the management of a working mine. Notwithstanding his fairness, his civility, his attention to these persons, they were not happy; they did not like him, yet they could find no stable ground on which to assault his position.

Before the next pay-day drew nigh he wrote, in his regular monthly letter, to Colonel Holten as follows:

> "The half-cash idea works well. The men are pleased with it. If you can make it all cash it will be still better. I am aware of the expense and risk in sending large sums of money, but I fully believe that it is better to do so, even if we should be robbed twice per year. As affairs now stand you virtually lose the money anyway. But I do not admit that we shall be robbed.

If you express the money (after notifying me in the manner I have heretofore pointed out) as far as the express box comes, I think I can see it safe the remainder of the way."

This letter was also effectual. On pay-day the men were entirely satisfied. The trade was distributed throughout the camp, and that satisfied a majority of the people—but the Blethers crowd were not contented.

On a pleasant winter sunny Sunday, after pay-day, Norman carefully locked up his office and betook himself to the road for a little exercise afoot. In his rambles he met many of the men, who now accosted him with very kindly cheeriness as they passed to or from their work—for there is neither night nor day, Sunday nor holiday, on a working mine. As he walked on, outside the village, he heard heavy steps at some distance behind him and gaining on his gait, till at last he was overtaken by two workmen, both large, but one taller than the other, the shorter of whom, as he overtook Norman, said:

"Gi' us thy haand, lad. Tha'st getten it done, an' the feither is i' thy cap," and he shook hands heartily with Norman. "This is my pardner, Charley Fitzkibbin. 'E's a mun as it's wuth thy whiles to know, lad, tho'ff I zay it to 'is faice."

Norman shook hands with Fitzgibbon, and they three went forward in the road together.

"Why don't you come down into the mine and take a look around?" asked Charley.

"I have not yet been invited," said Norman.

"The damned hog!"

"What!" exclaimed Norman, sharply.

"I don't mean you."

"'Ee *is* a 'og—is Blethers."

"The boys down in the mine will be glad to see you. You come down and see us some time. We'll show you around, and let you see some things you ought to know."

"You are very good," said Norman, "and I will be glad to be down in the mine as soon as business is so arranged that I can. In the meantime, if I have any friends down there, give them my best respects."

"You bet your ribs you've got friends down there," said Charley, with an emphatic twist of his head.

"'Ee 'ave that; an' top o' t'ground loikewoise."

"How is the mine looking?" asked Norman.

"It looks well enough for the way it is treated; you'll see how it is when you come down."

"I be'ent no woise shy o' tellin' wot I thinks o' t' moine to them as 'ave business wi' it. Blethers be 'oggin' on it for a freeze-hout. That's wot t' fact is. I knows a moine as well's 'ee do. This 'ere be a good little moine—in honest 'ands."

"Well, gentlemen, I want very much to know all about the mine, and to thoroughly understand it; and I shall feel under obligation to you and to all who assist me to understand—not that I can hope to do more than to express the obligation. I have only my wages, as you all have."

"We understand that," said Charley; "and we know that things is happenin' around here."

"Aye!" added Jack, "things do 'appen 'raand 'ere." And then both the men turned away into a branch road, laughing and shaking their broad shoulders as they went; leaving Norman to pursue his walk and return to his starting point, where the noise of the mill furnished him with music, while it reminded him constantly of the unfinished task he had in hand. He began to feel that he was not alone in his struggle for "a square deal." As he sat on that Sunday evening in the office, reading one of the few choice books he had brought with him, he could hear the men in the saloons across the way, singing and laughing over their beer, but he could not hear the conversation at one of the tables in the saloon, where he was, in part at least, the subject under discussion.

"This new clerk is making himself damned fresh around here."

"I dunnot see but 'ee keeps hissen to hissen weel's yo' do."

"Oh, well, Jack, we won't fight about that; only old Blethers's just bilin'."

"Let un bile. 'Twean't hurt un to bile. It daan't spile bad heggs to cook un."

"But when he biles over he'll just kick the stuffin' all out o' that fancy young duck from 'Frisco."

"Don't you fool yerself about that fancy young duck from 'Frisco. Ben Blethers jist better let that job out by contract."

This latter remark was made by a Johnny come lately to the camp.

"Dost tha' know t' lad?"

"No, I hain't no acquaintance with him, but I know who he is."

"'Oo is 'ee?"

"He's the rooster that killed 'Cocho Pizan,' and cleaned out the stage-robbers."

"Egosh!" exclaimed "Cussin' Jack," striking the underside of his heavy fist upon the table, "I smells a raat. Gi' us anoother beer aw round. Egosh! I thowt 'ee was no common chap fust toime I zeed un. When woz it 'ee plugged t' staige-robber?"

"Last spring, some time—May or June, I think."

"Egosh! I read un in nooze paiper. 'Ee's t' b'y, is 'ee?"

Here the beer being served all around the table, Jack grasped his glass mug by the handle, rapped on the board, then raising the foam-capped, brown liquor toward his lips, said:

"'Ere's to the lad as pays t' cash to a workin' man!" then, having swallowed his draught, he set down his half-emptied mug and said:

"Summuns getten sense at the 'ead o' this moinin' company."

"That's all right, Jack," said the speaker who had opened this dialogue; "but that won't save the boy from taking a devil of a whalin' when Blethers gets desperate. He may be a good man of his size, but Blethers is too heavy for him."

"It be'ent big uns as wins aw the fights. Them as sent un 'ere knows un. 'Ee be'ent combd up 'ere for nowt. Yo' talk o' kickin' stuffin' out o' un—I tell tha wot, them as kicks stuffin' out o' yon lad has getten it to kick out o' moar than 'im. Stuffin' will be cheap i' this camp. Them's th' soothin' remarks o' owd John Cadwal."

Thus and thuswise the men spent their Sunday evening, and many another evening, while the great stamps in the mill thundered and roared, and the clerk, mostly alone in his office, day and night, remained quietly at his post, the least obtrusive man in the camp.

But the storm was gathering about him. The day drew near when he must either bow to others or have them bow to him.

During one day of the week following the drinking bout, as above related, Blethers came across from the store to the office with a few papers in his hand, and, walking into the office, where Norman sat behind the counter at his desk, he tossed the papers over to the desk, saying:

"Contracts. I want them looked over, and I want you to draw checks for the amount due on them, and ask the men to indorse the checks, and then you hold them till I call for them. Understamme?"

"Yes, I understand you," said Norman, gently, as he took up the papers. Blethers turned on his heel and went out of the office.

While Norman was carefully looking over the contracts, the second-cook of the boarding-house—one Ah Quong—came softly in with a bucket of water, a scrubbing-brush, a hatchet, etc., and proceeded to take out the sash and clean the windows, as he had been previously directed to do by Norman.

After reading the contracts, the clerk put them in the drawer of his desk, then said:

"Quong."

"What!"

"Sabe 'Long Johnson'?"

"Yes—too muchee."

"Go tell him come see me."

"All ligh'," and Quong came down off his step-ladder and went out. Presently the Asiatic returned, followed by a lengthy, lathy Missourian.

"Mr. Johnson," said the clerk, "you are one of the parties to this contract, are you not?"

Johnson, standing outside the counter, took the paper, looked it over hastily, and said:

"Yes, Woolsey and me done that work," and passed the paper back to the clerk.

"How do you want your pay—cash or checks?"

"Well, I don't keer; I 'spose I mout's well hev the caish ef you've got it."

"Suit yourself."

"Caish it is, then."

"All right; go and bring Woolsey here, and we'll settle up."

The Missourian left the room, the Chinaman washed at the window, the stamps in the mill rose and fell and thundered, the clerk sat at his desk and wrote, when Blethers reëntered, and, walking up to the clerk's counter, asked:

"Johnson been here?"

"Yes, sir."

"What'n hell'd *he* want?"

"Wants to settle up and get his money on his contracts."

"What'd you tell him?"

"Told him to bring Woolsey, and I would settle with them and pay them their money."

"They've got their money, by ——!"

"Not from the company, I think."

"I tell ye, they've got their money. Understamme?"

"I think otherwise."

"I don't care a damn what *you* think! Understamme?"

"Yes, I understand you quite well."

"Well, then, see't ye do what I ordered. Understamme?"

Norman made no reply to this last inquiry about "understamme," but went on figuring at his books. Blethers leaned against the counter as if waiting for a reply, but he got none.

"Are you going to get me them checks?" asked Blethers, rather fiercely.

"No, sir," and Norman got down from his stool at the desk, and, coming up to the inside of the counter opposite to Blethers, he added: "This is a very simple matter of business, Mr. Blethers. Get a written order from the contractors, or, failing in that, serve me with a writ of attachment—otherwise I shall pay the men their money. I am not here to act as general collector of other people's debts, nor am I a constable."

"You're —— —— sneakin' —— —— —— ——. Understamme?" roared Blethers.

"You are a bully, and I think you are a coward," said Norman, folding his arms and looking in the flushed face of the now furious Blethers. He did not have long to look. Blethers reached across the counter fiercely, aiming to catch Norman by the throat. In his eager wrath he reached a little too far, and before he could recover his overreach, he had cause to imagine that the stamps in the mill next door were thundering about his jaws and ears. In the next minute, the Chinaman, glancing down from his step-ladder, beheld him prostrate on the office floor, which that amiable Asiatic no sooner saw than, clattering down his ladder, he grasped his hatchet and was about to finish him.

"Stop, Quong!" shouted Norman.

"Me likee you—no likee him," and again he made at the prostrate man with the hatchet. By this time Norman was by his side, and, taking him by the cue, held him back, saying:

"Let him alone, Quong."

"All ligh'! Me likee you—no likee him. Bi-m-bi him flend killee you—me sabe," said the Asiatic, as he replaced his hatchet on the window-sill and reclimbed his ladder to resume his work.

Johnson had been gone a very short time, yet now, when he returned accompanied by Woolsey, it was evident that a revolution had taken place since he had last been in the room. He paused just inside the door; Woolsey paused in the doorway behind him, and rather to one side of him; both men looked at Blethers, who by this time was sitting on the floor with his legs stretched out in front of him, propping himself with one hand, while with the other he felt about his eyes and face for some confused clue to his surroundings, while Norman leaned with his back and elbows against the office-counter, surveying the field. Presently, Blethers, in the dim return of consciousness, with the instinct of habit, took his hand from his face, and half feebly fumbled around the region of his pistol-pocket, but the shining occupant of that pocket lay on the floor behind him, where it had fallen when the owner fell.

Johnson said nothing; Woolsey made no remark; Norman looked silently on; the Chinaman washed away at his window as if he had never seen, heard, read, or dreamed of anything unusual, and the great stamps in the mill thundered and crushed without ceasing.

"Please take him to his room," said Norman, pointing to his foe, who was now numbly gathering himself to his feet; "then come back, and I will pay you what is due you," and there was a cold, metallic ring to his usually soft voice.

The two men, without a word spoken between them, took the defeated man by his arms and were moving out of the office, when Norman stepped forward, and, picking up the pistol, said:

"Here, take this with you. It belongs to him."

Then, when the men had gone away with Blethers, Norman entered his own room, washed his hands, adjusted his outer man, and came back to his desk.

Johnson and Woolsey did not return immediately—nor at all, that day. They were in demand after they took Blethers to his own place. They were called upon to recount what they had seen in the office, and every time they told it they were asked by some listener:

"Who done it?"

"Can't prove it by me," they each invariably answered.

"Ye don't s'pose that little feller put a head on big Ben Blethers, do you?"

"I tell ye, ye can't prove nothin' by me," said Johnson.

"And there wasn't nobody there but Blethers an' him an' the Chinaman?"

"Them's all I seed thar."

"I didn't see no one else ther," said the reticent Woolsey.

"Then it *must* 'a'been the little feller done it."

"Oh, no! It wasn't him," said the bar-keeper, who was ambitious of being a wag; "it was the Chinaman."

"Mebbe old Blethers had a fit."

"Damn close fit, too," said the bar-keeper, as he stood polishing his tumblers.

"Hez he got much of a head on him?"

"Yes," said the bar-keeper, "he's got double-mumps, ink-bottle eyes, and a Humboldt spud between 'em."

"Wellibedam," said each listener, reflectively.

The news of Blethers's defeat flew up and down the cañon, from mouth to mouth, from cabin to cabin—into the mill, where it was shouted from lips to ears through the din of the roaring stamps—from team to team, as the drivers met in the road—and down into the mine, where, by low, deep voices, it was retailed in the glare of the dim lights, which burned with breathless silence.

Men desiring to see the battle-field made excuse to call at the office and inquire for Blethers.

"Not in at present," was the clerk's polite and brief reply to each inquirer, while he sat at his desk apparently absorbed in his duties. The men, after the fashion of the mountains (and perhaps the fashion is not confined to the mountains), would have liked Norman to come among them, to talk with them about the affair, and be patted on the back while he drank with them; but he was not that kind of a fighter. He had not sailed around the world.

When the Chinaman came out, bucket in hand, ladder on shoulder, after finishing his task, the idlers in camp interrogated him.

"John 'd you see that fight?"

"No see fightee."

"The hell you didn't!"

"No see 'to nodding—no sabe fightee."

"Well, what's the matter with Blethers then?"

"Think so—him velle sick—no com' ta suppa."

"Ther'll be war in this camp when Blethers gets on his pins again," said one workman to another, whom he met on the street.

"Who'll make the war?" asked the party addressed.

"Blethers and his friends."

"H' ain't got no friends but his pets, and they ain't got sand enough to stand up to a red-eyed gander."

"Well, they talk war."

"Let 'em talk—it's cheap—but they'd better hunt a change of climate. This air is too thin for 'em—that's what the boys say."

"All right! It suits your Uncle Reuben. I like the little clerk fust-rate."

"So do I; and he ain't so little, either, when you stand up to him."

During this general and scattering discussion, Norman Maydole Jr. was attending to his duties and reflecting. As he came across the street to his supper, with his left hand wrapped up in a handkerchief, the men, of whom there is always at least one gang ("shift" they call it) off duty in a mining camp, looked at him, saluted him politely, but asked him no questions.

When he went back to his office, after supper, he wrote to Colonel Holten, in part, as follows:

> "Herewith I send you statements in detail of last month's business I hope you will not fail to note a slight improvement—an increase of yield, a decrease of cost, and I think no increase of wear and tear, or neglect of supplies. This improvement is not directly, but perhaps is indirectly, attributable to my presence here. Since they find that they are to be fairly treated, the men do more and better work. The management has, for certain reasons, been more careful and less lavish of expenditure. If you think best, you may tell the stockholders generally that they shall, from this time forward, have every cent the mine can be made to earn as long as I remain here. I can never be able to explain to you how I have arrived at so confident a conclusion. I can not explain it to myself, but —— well, in fact I have grasped the situation, and shall hold it. I had a personal encounter to-day with Mr. Blethers, the foreman, because he used vile language to me and attempted to assault me. I am satisfied with the result, and I hope that he is. Next month, if nothing disastrous happens, I expect to report a general improvement."

This portion of the letter was thoroughly understood and appreciated at the home office in San Francisco.

J. W. GALLY.

THE STORY OF AUSTRALIA AND NEW ZEALAND.

A comparatively few years ago, when there was some excuse for not knowing much about Australia, that great southern continent was designated a *terra incognita*. But now that that division of the earth has grown into vast importance, and the facilities for gaining information concerning it are numerous and ample, no reader can be said to be well informed who is unacquainted, at least in a general way, with the history of the antipodes. That almost universal ignorance on the subject should prevail is as singular as the fact is indisputable. Comparatively few persons, if questioned in this connection, can even tell how many Australian colonies there are, the names of their capitals, their extent or topography, the character of their soil or climate, their products, what they export, their populations, etc. Even the mapmakers have until recently, in their charts of the world, represented the lands of the South Pacific as insignificant in extent, an inch or two of space being considered sufficient to denote that there really is such a place as New Holland on the earth. Nevertheless, the area of Australasia is nearly as extensive as that of Europe, the latter comprising 3,814,600 square miles, the former 3,425,000 square miles. Although the history of the antipodes is brief—being mainly comprised within the present century—yet it is so full of incidents that thick volumes might be written of each of the seven Australian colonies and New Zealand. This fact is mentioned in order to acquaint the reader that he must not expect, in a magazine article, more than an epitome of so large a subject.

Australia is derived from the Latin word *australis*, which signifies "southern," geographers usually designating the place as "the great south island in the Pacific Ocean." To call New Holland an island appears somewhat absurd, even with the complimentary prefix of "great." What would be thought of calling America an island?—yet it so far answers the description that it is land surrounded by water. The continent is frequently designated *Australia Felix*, "Australia the Happy," and the title is well merited so far as a charming climate, fertile soil, inexhaustible mineral wealth, extraordinary mental and material progress, and growing greatness are concerned. In size the continent is 2,536 miles from east to west, and 1,585 miles from north to south. This computation does not include the colony of Tasmania (formerly called Van Diemen's Land), as this is strictly an island, and is separated by about a hundred miles of water from the mainland. It is, however, a part of Australia, in the same sense that the British Isles are a portion of Europe. Having thus alluded to Tasmania, we may as well at once dispose of this, the smallest division of our subject.

The island was discovered in 1642, by the Dutch explorer, Tasman, who named the place Van Diemen's Land, after Van Diemen, who was then governor of the Dutch possessions in the East Indies. A romantic story is told in this connection. Tasman was in love with Maria Van Diemen, the only daughter of the governor. She returned his affection, and her father raised only one objection to their immediate union, and that was on account of her age—he considered her too young to marry. He is reported to have thus addressed Tasman: "Your marine explorations have thus far proved very successful. You meditate another voyage of discovery to the South Pacific Ocean. Go; you will probably be away two years; and if on your return you and Maria be in your present disposition toward each other, you may have her." Tasman started on his voyage, and discovered the island which he named, as stated, Van Diemen's Land. A smaller island near by, to the southward, he called "Maria Island," after his intended, and it bears that appellation to the present day. Having thus immortalized the young lady he may be said to have fairly won her. He was not, however, so fortunate in perpetuating the name of her father, as the appellation Van Diemen's Land, associated, as it was for a long time, with the place of a British penal settlement, became distasteful to the free colonists. They accordingly, in the year 1854, petitioned Queen Victoria to change the name of the island from Van Diemen's Land to Tasmania, thus calling it after Tasman, its discoverer. The petition was granted.

Tasmania is situated between latitude 40° 44′ and 43° 38′ south, and comprises an area of 26,215 square miles. The coast-line is steep and rocky, and is indented with numerous bays, which make good harbors. The river Derwent, which runs from the ocean to and past the capital, Hobart Town, has banks which recede into hills of great height and picturesqueness. In point of scenery, the Derwent may be termed a miniature Rhine. The slopes are dotted with pretty villas, vineyards, gardens, and exuberant shrubberies. Hobart Town is built on gentle declivities, and is at the base of Mount Wellington, which is about five thousand feet high. From a place called "the springs," about half-way up the mountain, the city is supplied with abundance of water of great purity, cool, and of diamond brightness. A fish called the "trumpeter," of very delicious flavor, and found nowhere else, exists in great quantities in the Derwent. That river likewise abounds in salmon, the ova of that fish having been successfully imported from England some thirty years ago. The first two cargoes of it failed, as the ova died while passing through the tropics. Success was achieved in the matter by bringing a quantity of ice in the ship, and the water in the tanks containing the ova was kept sufficiently cool in the tropical region.

All the Australian colonies belong to the British crown, but, as will be seen as we proceed, their division was different formerly from what it is at present. Tasmania was originally under the government of New South Wales, from which place it was colonized in 1803. The island was at once turned into a convict settlement, to which the outscourings of Great Britain and Ireland were transported. The free settlers, for the most part, liked that system, as it enabled them to have labor of all kinds, male and female, free. Sheep and cattle-raisers, householders, and others, selected from among the prisoners the kind of servants they required. These were "assigned" to their employers, who treated them much as the Southerners used their slaves before our civil war. On serving out their time, many of the prisoners became well-to-do and well-behaved colonists. An anecdote, although it applies to New South Wales, may be told here. During the existence of the "assignment" system, some forty years ago, one of the governors of the last-mentioned dependency had an assigned servant, an Irishman, called "Larry." His excellency placed much confidence in the man, whom he found to be very trustworthy, almost his only failing being an over-fondness for whisky occasionally. On one of his sprees Larry seated himself on the governor's throne, and harangued the other servants as though he were governor. At this juncture the governor entered the throne-room, and he was amused at Larry's language and gesticulations. The man was too tipsy to be abashed at the vice-regal presence. The governor, Sir Richard Burke, instead of being angry, exclaimed: "Larry, suppose you were really the governor, what would you do?" The Irishman replied: "I would at once pardon that rascal Larry." Within three days Larry received a free pardon, under the hand of Sir Richard and the great seal of the colony.

To resume: Tasmania was separated in 1825 from the jurisdiction of the government of New South Wales, and became an independent colony. In 1842, the population of the island was 70,000, and it has since then steadily increased. There are three mountain ranges extending across Tasmania, but the general character of the surface is that of a plateau diversified by hills and valleys, tolerably well watered, and covered almost entirely with forests. The principal rivers are the Derwent, the Tamar, and the Arthur, which flow through fertile plains rich in meadows. All but strictly tropical fruits flourish there. The mountains are rich in iron and copper ore, coal, alum, marble, and crystals. The emu, an ostrich-like bird, which when full grown is more than seven feet high, is found in Tasmania, as, indeed, in all the Australian colonies. The aboriginal blacks were so troublesome to the whites that various plans were tried for getting rid of the former. One was to separate the sexes and place them on different islands, and so let the race die out. The far-fetched scheme of forming a cordon of white men across the island, driving the natives before them, and then capturing them for the purpose mentioned, was actually attempted. But the aborigines broke through the cordon in all directions during the night, and escaped. But neither this plan nor any other was necessary for the object in view—only patience was needed. As is always the case, the blacks retired before the march of civilization, and speedily died out. The last native black on the island expired in 1869.

In 1875, there were under crops in Tasmania 323,486 acres. The foreign commerce is principally carried on at Hobart Town and Launceston, at which seaports there arrived, during the year just mentioned, 617 foreign vessels, of which only three were from the United States, the rest being from Great Britain. The exports during that year amounted in value to about $6,300,000. The leading articles of export are wool, bark, bran and pollard, butter and cheese, flour, fruit, gold, grain, hides, skins, and leather. There are on the island 170 postal stations, 1,530 miles of post-roads, 26 telegraph stations, and submarine cables connect the island with the continent. Tasmania has 149 public schools, 316 churches and chapels, and there are general hospitals at Hobart Town, Launceston, Campbell Town, and New Norfolk, the Queen's Asylum for Destitute Children, the Cascade Poor-house and Invalids' Depot, etc.

New South Wales, the oldest of the Australian colonies, was founded in 1788, as a penal settlement, but transportation ceased thither in 1840, just forty years ago. The colony is at the southeast of the continent, and extends along the South Pacific Ocean, from Point Danger, in latitude 28° 8′, to Cape Howe, in latitude 37° 31′ south, and stretches inland to the 141st meridian, and is bounded by the colonies of Queensland, Victoria, and South Australia. These colonies were formerly all included in New South Wales, but their vast extent suggested the present division, just as in this country the territory which was formerly included in Louisiana has had Missouri and other States parceled out of it. The area of the present New South Wales, of which Sydney is the capital, is 308,560 square miles, of which, however, only a very limited portion is regularly settled. The population is more than 600,000, most of whom are of English descent, and there are some Germans and Chinese. The last are attracted thither, as they are to California, by the golden magnet. New South Wales is traversed from north to south by a range of mountains running parallel with the coast, at a distance of from one hundred to one hundred and fifty miles from the shore. Mount Kosciusko, the Australian Alps, is 6,500 feet high. The mountain ranges everywhere indicate the presence of immense volcanic powers, but they contain no active volcanoes. Toward the coast they present a sharp and rugged face, rent with frightful fissures and crags, rising into fantastic peaks, and sending out a multitude of high, wild spurs, from which many short but deep and rapid rivers rush to the ocean, as, for instance, the Richmond, Manning, Clarence, Shoalhaven, and Hunter. Toward the interior, on the contrary, they slope gradually, forming the large basin of the rivers Murray and Darling, the numerous affluents of which, during the dry season, form only strings of pools. They are very rich in coal, copper, lead, and tin, and gold is found in many places. Like

England, New South Wales has its famous Newcastle, the coal-fields of which are considered almost inexhaustible, and the coal is of fine quality. In 1868, no less than 5,000,000 tons were raised. In 1851, gold was discovered in the colony, and the value of that metal exported during the first year was $2,341,680; during the second year $13,303,730, and the yield has been variable ever since.

The northernmost part of the continent is tropical, and there cotton, rice, and other tropical products grow very abundantly. In the southern parts, wheat, oranges, peaches, grapes, and mulberries yield unsurpassed crops. Wine and silk culture succeeds well. At the last Paris Exhibition, the New South Wales wines took prizes over the Rhine products of the grape. In Australia, the inculcation of a taste for light wines is considered the most advanced temperance movement. Formerly, men employed on "stations" (called ranches in the United States) usually were served two gills of rum each per day; but for this a bottle of native wine is very generally substituted. At first the change was not relished; an old stock-hand remarked that the wine "tasted like a bucket of water with a glass of whisky in it." But when the men found that a bottle of the wine caused pleasant exhilaration, and that two bottles taken in quick succession would intoxicate, they became reconciled to the substitution. The result is a vast decrease in drunkenness. Wine and beer drinking nations, like Germany and France, are not cursed with intoxication as a national vice, as are England, Ireland, and the United States, which may be designated spirit-drinking countries.

One of the greatest drawbacks to agriculture in New South Wales is the periodical drought, which recurs generally every tenth or twelfth year. Rain often fails to fall for a long period, but when it does come it pours in torrents, and as if the flood-gates of heaven were opened for another deluge. Hot winds often rise over the inland prairies, and sweep down on the lower country, raising the thermometer to 120°, and making the grass dry as hay. Sheep-raising is the principal country industry. In 1871, there were exported 48,748,000 pounds of wool, valued at about $60,000,000. Port Jackson, the harbor of Sydney, is considered the most beautiful in the world, with, perhaps, the exception of the Bay of Naples. All the institutions of civilization abound in Sydney on a very extensive scale. At present there is an International Exhibition in progress in the New South Wales capital, and, according to the newspaper reports, the United States is the worst represented country in the matter of exhibits.

The aspect of Sydney, when seen from the harbor, is very fine. Along the rocky, deeply indented coast line, behind the forest of tall masts, stretch long rows of stone houses, broken now and then by larger edifices, churches, and manufacturing establishments with their tall chimneys. On a hill, to the left, stands a castle —the palace of the governor—built in Gothic style, and a little below, on a steep promontory, is situated Fort Macquarie. The length of the city is three and three-eighths miles, and the width three miles. Twenty-five incorporated townships surround Sydney. It, like all Australian cities and towns, is lighted by gas. The commerce is large. In 1874, there arrived in Sydney 4,385 foreign vessels. The exports that year amounted in value to $61,500,000.

Victoria, although not the oldest, is usually considered the most important of the Australian colonies. That opinion was entertained more than a quarter of a century ago by the British Government; for, when Sir Charles Hotham was appointed governor, the English secretary for the colonies ranked Victoria as third in greatness among the fifty or so dependencies of Great Britain. Said he: "Sir Charles, you have been appointed by the queen as governor of her greatest foreign possession after the East Indies and Canada." In this sketch we can only glance at the leading features of Victoria's history.

The ill-starred Captain Cook, a very scientific individual, was the first European who entered the country; he did so in 1770. The principal objects of his expedition were to endeavor to import into England the bread-fruit of Oceanica, and to observe the transit of Venus which took place that year, and which, owing to the then position of the planet, could not be seen from the northern hemisphere. In 1803, Lieut.-Col. Collins founded a small colony in Port Phillip, as Victoria was originally called. The enterprise was soon, however, given up, mainly because good water was not found; and for twenty years this part of Australia was forgotten. In 1824, the harbor of Geelong—now a large and populous town, fifty miles from Melbourne—was discovered, and a settlement was attempted, but speedily abandoned. But a permanent settlement was this year established at Portland Bay, three hundred miles from Melbourne. It was not until 1835 that a few pioneers from Tasmania founded a colony near the site of Melbourne, the capital of Victoria. A good story is told in connection with the obstacles which these early settlers encountered. They had brought with them a few sheep, which were the nucleus of the millions of "woolly breeders," as Shakspeare calls them, now found in the colony. The pioneers were informed by a friendly native that his tribe intended to massacre the new-comers and to appropriate their property. A council of war was at once held, and it was decided that the large bell of the vessel in which they had arrived should be suspended to a branch of a tree on a neighboring eminence; that one of the party should stand guard while the rest tended their flocks, and should toll the bell if the enemy were seen to approach. The ringing of the bell was to be the signal for all to assemble at a stated spot with their fire-arms, and defend hemselves. Sure enough, in a day or two the aborigines appeared in force, and the bell was lustily tolled. Instead of assembling, however, at the appointed rendezvous, the valiant pioneers, except the bellman, sought safety in various hiding-places among the rocks, etc., for the affair occurred near the margin of the Geelong harbor. The safety which the cowardice of the party had failed to procure was, however, accomplished by the bell. The natives, eminently superstitious, were terribly scared at what seemed to them a most unearthly sound, for the tones of the huge bell reverberated among the rocks and through the forest. The natives fled precipitately, and never more troubled the settlers. The bellman, who had been left to the mercy of the savages in case they had come on, was in no amiable mood. He was determined that that bell should never again save such dastardly runaways. In the words of a subsequent Australian poet he exclaimed:

> "But never more shall yonder bell
> Such coward breasts from danger save;
> No, rather shall its deep-toned knell
> Be hushed forever in the wave."

In plain prose, he at once cut down the bell and cast it into deep water in the adjacent bay. Nearly all the actors in this little comedy have since had "their checks rung in" by a still more solemn bell, and as the rule is *de mortuis nil nisi bonum*, we will draw the curtain of oblivion over the event. The "bell-post," as the old tree on which the bell was swung is called, is still shown to the curious traveler.

Victoria occupies the southeast part of the continent, and covers an area of 88,451 square miles, and the extent of its coast line is nearly six hundred miles. The harbor which leads to Melbourne is over thirty miles from north to south, and thirty-five miles from east to west. The entrance from Bass's Straits is about two miles wide. The colony is traversed through its entire length by a chain of hills, the height of the highest peak being 6,508 feet. The rivers are, for the most part, of inconsiderable size, the only three navigable ones, except for boats, being the Yarra, which runs through Melbourne, the Goulburn, and the Murray. Of the numerous lakes which the country contains, of which several are craters of extinct volcanoes, Lake Corangamite is the largest, and covers seventy-six square miles. It is salt. Lake Colac covers ten miles, and Lake Burrumbeet eight and one-half square miles. The climate of Victoria is not surpassed on the earth. The soil is extremely fertile, and offers excellent fields, meadows, pastures, and forests, and it is rich in metals, especially in gold. The auriferous deposits were discovered in 1851, and during the following ten years the value of the gold exported from Victoria was $540,000,000. Diamonds—but not equal to the Asiatic stones—silver, copper, antimony, coal, iron, slate, etc., also abound.

At the last census, taken in 1874, the population was 808,437, of which 257,835 belonged to the Church of England, 170,620 were Catholics, 112,983 Presbyterians, and the rest scattering. The population of Melbourne is about the same as that of San Francisco—300,000. In Victoria there are about 458 cities, towns, boroughs, and townships. The principal callings are agriculture, and horse, horned cattle, and sheep raising. The quantity of land alienated in fee-simple is 9,932,633 acres; land in process of alienization under deferred payments, 5,630,395 acres; roads, 779,157 acres; lands included in cities, towns, etc., 231,640 acres; reserves in connection with pastoral occupation, about 350,000 acres; auriferous lands, about 1,000,000 acres; State forests, not included in unavailable mountain ranges, 215,000 acres; timber reserves, 306,976 acres; unavailable mountain ranges, lakes, lagoons, etc., about 23,000,000 acres; area available for selection in 1875, 14,981,419 acres. In that year the value of lands, buildings, machinery, etc., in use for various industries, was $35,500,000. There were 2,109 manufacturing establishments, producing books and stationery, musical instruments, machines, tools and implements, carriages and harness, ships and boats, furniture, chemicals, textile fabrics, dress, fibrous materials, animal food, vegetable food, beverages and stimulants, earthenware and glass, water, metals, etc. In 1874, about 60,000 persons were engaged in gold-mining.

In that year the value of the exports was $77,205,545. The principal articles exported were ready-made clothing, gold, diamonds, wool, leather, live-stock, preserved provisions, specie (gold), sugar, tallow, tea, tobacco, hides, skins, and bark. The value of wool exported in 1874 was $32,168,380. During that year 2,100 vessels arrived from foreign ports, nearly three-fifths of the tonnage being colonial, and one-third English. There were 38 from the United States, 23 from France, and 14 from Germany. In 1874, there were in Victoria 802 postal stations, and 15,733,838 letters were delivered. There were 4,464 miles of telegraph wire, and 148 telegraph stations. Melbourne has 11 banks, with branches in all parts of the colony. Their paid-up capital is $42,515,165. There are in Victoria 157 savings banks, 2,445 churches and chapels, and 1,721 schools. Melbourne has a university, for which professors were brought from Oxford and Cambridge. Of charitable institutions there were, in 1874, 32 general hospitals, one lying-in hospital, one asylum for the blind, one for the deaf and dumb, one eye and ear hospital, one children's hospital, five benevolent asylums, etc.

Until 1851, Port Phillip (afterward called Victoria) formed an integral part of New South Wales, and returned to the parliament of that colony a certain number of representatives. But great and growing dissatisfaction arose in Melbourne and the rest of Port Phillip concerning the real or supposed unfairness of the New South Wales Legislature in voting less money for public works in Port Phillip than the amount of revenue derived therefrom. This and other causes led to the inhabitants of Port Phillip petitioning the queen to erect that portion of New South Wales into a separate and distinct colony, and the petition suggested that the new dependency should be called after her own royal name—Victoria. This was granted, and an act of the Imperial Parliament established a provisional colonial legislature, and empowered it to prepare and adopt a constitution for the new colony. This was done. Two houses of legislature were established, called the Legislative Council and the Legislative Assembly, answering to the Senate and House of Representatives in the United States. The mode of introducing, passing, and assenting to bills is identical as in this country, except that if the governor of Victoria vetoes a bill, his action, like the queen's in England, effectually kills the measure; it cannot be passed over his veto, as in this country. The parliament buildings in Melbourne are said to be the finest, most tasteful, and ornamental in the world, except those of London. Extravagance, even to wastefulness, may be said to have prevailed in Victoria when the people exercised their newly won political independence. They were untrammeled by Great Britain, or, as it was termed, the Home Government, in the imposition of taxes, or the collection and disbursement of their own revenues. They commenced with a clean sheet; they had no national or colonial debt; the enormous sums derived from the sale of crown lands and licenses to mine for gold rendered little taxation necessary; and the upshot was a generous provision by parliament for all public purposes. Government officials were paid high salaries, that of the governor being $75,000 a year, which was three times that of the President of the United States until the commencement of Grant's second term, and fifty per cent. more than the present salary of the President. Every person who served as a cabinet minister for two years—whether continuously, or off and on, so that the complement of two years was made up—was entitled to a retiring allowance of ten thousand dollars a year for life. Many are now enjoying that snug pension, but the law creating it has been repealed, so that no more such pensioners can be added to the list. Indeed, the early extravagance of the Victorian legislature had to be pruned down in several respects; for now the colony has a public debt of about $70,000,000; but this was created, for the most part, by the construction of long and expensive lines of railway, all the long roads being government concerns. They are built in the most substantial manner, and the cars, there called carriages, are very luxurious.

The wealthiest class in Victoria are the "squatters," or pastoral tenants of the crown. In the early days of the colony their rent, or license fee, which authorized them to occupy government land, was only fifty dollars a year. For this insignificant sum a squatter held from ten to a hundred miles of country, and his flocks or herds were very numerous. A single squatter had as many as a quarter of a million sheep or more, and few less than fifty thousand. The calculation was that the increase paid and more than paid expenses, so that the wool was clear profit. Every such tenant of the crown was, moreover, entitled to select, under a preëmptive right, for five dollars an acre, a section of land a mile square—640 acres—on which his house, barns, stables, stock-yards, gardens, paddocks, and other improvements were made. That section being his own property, he could not, of course, be disturbed in its occupation. But the land which he rented from the government was liable to be taken from him at almost any time—that is, when it should be required for sale. This ultimately compelled him to purchase his station piecemeal, which he could well afford to do. But the early squatters were left in quiet possession, as tenants, for a great number of years, long enough to become wealthy. It was only after the discovery of gold that they were disturbed by intruders, either in search of the precious metal, or those desirous to purchase some of the leased lands, as the law gave every person the right to buy unsold government ground. Moreover, the low rent of ten pounds per annum lasted for only a few years. A government assessment was made of a certain sum per thousand of sheep owned. Although "squatting," as it was termed, was a profitable occupation, it had many hardships and other drawbacks, somewhat similar, we presume, to those encountered by backwoodsmen in this country. Life on a station was very lonely, the nearest neighbor being generally twenty, thirty, fifty miles, or further, away. The aborigines, or native blacks, were very troublesome. They frequently murdered all or most of the employees on a station; occasionally, also, the proprietor. Much destruction, too, was committed among sheep by *dingoes*, or wild dogs. Their presence rendered necessary the folding of sheep every night. Even that was not a complete protection, as the wild dogs would jump over the hurdles and commit sad havoc. A dingo would kill from ten to twenty sheep before he would indulge in a mouthful from one. His teeth are so constructed that they cut a sheep's throat like a knife. Of course all possible means were adopted for destroying wild dogs. Poisoned meat was set for them, and the tame dogs on a station hunted and killed them as they would foxes. The dingo is the color of a fox, and has a brush similar to that animal's, but with a head like a dog's. While alluding to the dingo we may state that it is one of the principal animals for hunting in Australia. It affords a chase of from five to fourteen miles, and when closely pressed makes a stubborn fight for life.

While the discovery of the precious metals may be said to have been the making of both California and Australia, yet the latter was more permanently settled than the former by that event, and therefore in Victoria and New South Wales there are larger, better laid out, and better built cities and towns at the gold-fields than there are at those of our own State. The reason of this is obvious. The mining population of California is more or less of a floating description; people come hither from all parts of the Union *animo revertendi*. Many of our gold-seekers leave their families behind them, whom they can rejoin in a few days and at comparatively little expense, and, while enriching themselves, they are content to "rough it." But, except in rare instances, the case is quite different with regard to Australia. The distance thither from Europe, or even from the United States, is so great, that those who emigrate to the great southern continent usually do so for good, and almost invariably are accompanied by their families. They therefore "settle down," as the phrase is, and it is of as much importance to secure a comfortable home as it is to discover a paying gold-claim or to embark in some lucrative business. From the very start, therefore, after the discovery of gold, handsome and substantial cities sprung up in the Australian wilderness "as from the stroke of an enchanter's wand." Take Ballarat, one hundred miles by rail from Melbourne, as a sample. Within a very brief period after gold was found to exist there in vast quantity, large and commodious hotels and private residences were erected; three theatres, of fine proportions and elaborately fitted up and upholstered, were thrown open to the public; the place was incorporated, and, under the directions of the mayor and city council, streets were formed and macadamized; they, and all the buildings, were lighted by gas; and, in short, Ballarat speedily assumed the appearance of a long founded and admirably regulated city. Building land, in choice locations, soon sold as high as $1,000 per lineal foot, and business of all kinds was established on a very elaborate scale. The spires of stone and brick churches for all Christian denominations towered aloft from the apex of nearly every hill, for, like all mining regions, Ballarat is a hilly place; but the eminences are naturally of a gentle ascent compared with those of San Francisco. A strong municipal police force preserved order, and the general government provided all needed safeguards for the suburban miners and their wealth. A weekly government conveyance and escort from Ballarat to Melbourne was established; ten mounted troopers, heavily armed, usually accompanied the wagon containing the gold. All a miner had to do was to take his bag of nuggets or dust to the government commissioner's quarters, obtain a receipt for it, and, for a trifling sum, the parcel was delivered to order, on production of the receipt in Melbourne. As much as two tons of gold would sometimes be in the wagon; this, of course, was before the railroad was constructed. But fraud is liable to be perpetrated in connection with every worthy institution. The receipts given by the commissioner to the miners for gold deposited for transmission by escort soon came to be negotiated, and by transferring his receipt a depositor could raise the value of the number of ounces of gold expressed in the document. At first it was not customary to open the bags of gold in the Commissioner's office; they were simply weighed and receipted for. A Chinaman was the first to "play smart" in this connection. He obtained a receipt for seventy-three ounces of gold, transferred the document for its face value, and when the bag was claimed and opened in Melbourne, it was found to contain bits of iron, lead, and shot. The Chinese were very expert in practicing gold frauds of various kinds, and some of them were so ingenious as to deceive several of the most experienced Australian gold-brokers.

The glowing accounts, truthful for the most part, which reached England, of the Victorian gold-fields, caused an immense emigration from the old world. As many as 5,000 immigrants per week arrived in Melbourne, the majority of whom discovered, to their cost, that "all that glitters is not gold." Their sanguine expectations appeared to cause them to believe that they would find Australian cities paved with the precious metal, and that they only had to reach forth and grasp any number of Aladdin's lamps, and to have their bidding done by an army of attendant genii. The disillusion which followed was by no means pleasant to bear. A more motley crowd than the immigrants presented it would be impossible to imagine. The major part of them probably belonged to the class known as "hardy sons of toil;" but there were thousands of them who were as ill fit for the rough work of miners as they were to be professors of the Sanskrit language. It did not take long for them to learn that digging for gold was not their forte, and then their only hope was to find more gentle employment. Unhappily, for every vacant situation there were fifty applicants. It was a popular and true saying that there were relatives in Australia of all the leading men of England—noblemen, statesmen, authors, etc. A nephew of ex-Premier Gladstone obtained a tutor's position in Geelong, a large town already mentioned; a brother-in-law of Charles Dickens was a lawyer's clerk in Melbourne; a lieutenant-colonel who had "sold out," and who belonged to a very aristocratic English family, rowed a boat in the Melbourne bay; but he was in luck, as he subsequently was appointed sergeant-at-arms in the Legislative Assembly; two "right honorables" were guards in the principal prison; several noblemen's sons were shepherds, and one of them resigned his situation in order to proceed to London to take his seat in the House of Lords on the death of his father; there were several of the family of Charles Lever, the novelist, in Melbourne, and so the list might be strung out almost *ad infinitum*. The governor was excessively pestered with letters introducing numbers of young aristocrats, and requesting him to give them situations under the government. One of the letters was written by no less a hand than that of Queen Victoria herself, asking the governor to find official employment for the bearer, a son of one of her private chaplains. His excellency turned that letter to good account. He pinned it to the desk in his private office, and as applicants for situations entered, he pointed to the queen's autograph letter and said: "See, there is a note from her majesty herself, requesting me to find a government position for the bearer, the son of one of her friends, and I can do nothing for the young gentleman. Can you, therefore, expect me to be able to do anything for you?" After a little time, however, he gave the young man a situation worth $1,500 a year in the Melbourne custom-house.

All communities have their singular "characters," but space does not permit us to say much under this head. San Francisco had her "Emperor Norton," and Melbourne had her "King Bembo," an aboriginal of Victoria, who spoke English fluently, and who was very useful on many occasions to the whites in their intercourse with the natives. As a more singular being, however, than "King Bembo," we select a man named Buckley for brief comment. His career was exceedingly romantic. Victoria has never been a convict colony—that is, a place to which British or other criminals were extradited. But in the year 1803 an attempt was made to found a penal settlement near the entrance of the Port Phillip harbor, about forty miles from the site of Melbourne. Two ships, having prisoners on board, anchored there, but the convicts were not landed, as the place appeared unpromising, especially on account of the supposed scarcity of fresh water. Buckley was a prisoner on board one of the ships, having been transported for some alleged political offense. After nightfall, he and two other prisoners dropped quietly overboard and swam ashore, a distance of about a mile. Buckley's two companions died of starvation. After the ships had weighed anchor to return to Sydney, the three men had endeavored, but failed, to attract the attention of those on board, preferring a return to captivity to death from hunger. Buckley, the only survivor of the three, subsisted for some time on shell-fish, and at length he was discovered by a tribe of natives. His commanding stature—he was six feet five inches in height—caused them to treat him with great respect and savage hospitality. This was partly prompted by a superstition which leads the aborigines to believe that after burial they resurrect, or are resurrected, white men, and they supposed that Buckley had undergone this favorable metamorphosis. With them, therefore, he was a hero, and he lived among them for not less than thirty-two years. During that time he had one or two opportunities to return to civilization, but he refused to do so, under the mistaken impression that he would be reconsigned to bondage. When, about 1835, he ventured to approach a party of Europeans who had landed on the shore of Port Phillip harbor, he found himself unable to speak a word of his mother tongue, and he had to relearn it like a child. So far from Buckley being rearrested, the Governor of New South Wales granted him an unconditional pardon, and the legislature gave him a pension. Just here we may, in passing, observe that one of the strongest points made against the Tichborne claimant was that he could not speak French, whereas the individual whom he personated (if it was a case of personation) spoke that language fluently. The "claimant" had resided in Australia for a great many years. Might he not have forgotten French just as Buckley had forgotten English, his mother tongue, which should be remembered longer than an acquired language? Long disuse causes a person to forget almost anything. Who, that has neglected for years to follow up his classical education, could translate three lines of the *Iliad* without the assistance of a lexicon? But to return to Buckley, of whom, however, we have little more to add. He lived to an old age, and after his return to civilization he was a "character" in his way, and favored by turns the principal cities of Australia with his presence. Of course he was as shiftless for himself as was the "Emperor Norton," as such celebrities can invariably levy contributions, and "deadhead" to the last hour of their existence. One of the sights near the entrance of the Melbourne harbor is a cavern known as "Buckley's Cave," in which it is said he took rest and shelter at intervals in the nomadic portion of his career. During his long sojourn with the natives he had two "wives" in succession. Each inconstant spouse left her lord without any more formal divorce than that granted to herself by her own sweet will and pleasure.

Society in Victoria, especially in Melbourne, the capital, and other leading cities, is as particular and exclusive, and is hemmed in by as strict rules of etiquette, as that of Europe. The governor holds his levees, which, if not quite so formal as those of the queen, are far more ceremonious than the general receptions of the President of the United States. The principal social event of the year is the ball given by the governor on the 24th of May, in honor of the queen's birthday. There are usually between two and three thousand invitations issued. His excellency gives a quarterly ball to about eight hundred, and a fortnightly dinner to about thirty-six. As in good society nearly everywhere, introductions are not considered necessary at the social gatherings. We have dwelt at some length on Victoria, as it is the principal of the Australian colonies, but many of the general observations equally apply to some of the others, especially to New South Wales.

South Australia was founded in 1834, by the South Australian Company, and was practically established in 1837. It comprises a vast territory, estimated at 380,000 square miles, and extending from latitude 26° south to the southern coast of the continent, between longitude 132° and 141° east. The climate and physical aspect of so extensive a region vary, of course, considerably, according to locality; but generally speaking, the interior consists of an elevated plateau, bounded on the south and east by ranges of wooded hills, between which fine valleys, running from north to south, open into large, low plains, toward the coast. The interior is only fit for pasturage, but large flocks of sheep and herds of cattle are kept here, and thrive. In the valleys and on the plains the soil is very productive. Wheat, maize, oats, tobacco, and all the fruits of the tropic and temperate zones, are raised, particularly oranges, lemons, peaches, grapes, and mulberries. But the lack of water is severely felt. The whole region, though abounding in small lakes, is deficient in streams. The climate, though healthy, is very hot and dry, and timber is generally scarce. The mineral wealth of the colony is great, but, on account of a lack of coal, the ore must be sent to other places. Gold has been found, and mines are worked, though the yield has not been so large that it has attracted a great rush to the fields. But the copper and lead mines are very rich. The ore of the Burra-Burra mine contains seventy-five per cent. of copper; and in 1868 copper was exported from Adelaide to the value of $2,400,000. The principal article of export is wool, which in the same year amounted to $6,750,000. The population is about 230,000. The total exports are about $20,000,000 a year.

The capital bears the same name as the colony—Adelaide—and was called after the Queen of George the Third. It is situated on both sides of the river Torrens, eight miles from its entrance into the Gulf of St. Vincent. The place was founded in 1836. Port Adelaide, situated six miles northwest of the city, is the centre of the commerce of the colony. The harbor admits vessels drawing eighteen feet of water. Adelaide is connected by railways with Dry Creek, Victor Harbor, Gawlertown, Kapunda, and Kooringa.

The moral and social have kept pace with the material wealth of Adelaide. The colonists are a pushing, enterprising people, and have vied with those of other colonies in founding all the recognized institutions of civilization. Of course, they are necessarily behind those of the older colonies, but still a generous but not antagonistic rivalry is kept up. Adelaide possesses all the elements of greatness, but to develop them will require time and a vastly increased population.

Queensland, the youngest but one, and with that exception the most sparsely settled of the Australian colonies, is nevertheless of great extent. It comprises the whole northeastern part of the continent, bordering north and east on the Pacific Ocean and the Gulf of Carpentaria, and bounded on the south by New South Wales and South Australia. The area is 678,000 square miles, and the population about 170,000. The capital, Brisbane, is situated on the Brisbane River, about twenty miles from its entrance into Moreton Bay, and is about six hundred miles northeast of Sydney. Indeed, the capital of New South Wales is about equidistant between Brisbane and Melbourne. Of Queensland and North Australia it is unnecessary to say much here, as they are too undeveloped to interest the general reader. Brisbane is connected by rail with Ipswich and Dalby, and has direct steamship communication with London and Liverpool. The population is about 30,000. Emigration thither from England is carried on to a considerable extent. The inducements held out to emigrants to embark for both Queensland and North Australia are very tempting, as there is abundance of rich land to be had at almost a gift, and the climate is favorable for abundant crops and all kinds of tropical fruits. Australia being south of the equator, the northern colonies are, of course, the warmest. Bearing this fact in mind, the climate of the different colonies can be tolerably well estimated by the descriptions given of their relative positions. The sparse populations of Queensland and North Australia are mainly employed in pastoral and agricultural pursuits, especially the former. Wool is the principal article of export, and great attention is given to the breed of pure merino sheep.

For reasons mentioned, little need be said of Western Australia, for although it is of vast area, its population is less than 40,000. The colony was established in 1829, under the name of "The Swan River settlement," with Perth for its capital, and a penal settlement was there founded. The growth of the colony has been very slow. Its principal source of wealth consists in an abundance of very fine timber for ship-building. Sandal-wood was once exported from Western Australia, but it appears to have given out.

New Zealand consists of a group of three islands lying in the South Pacific, between 34° and 48° of south latitude, and 166° and 179° of east longitude. The group is called the North, Middle, and South Islands, and there are besides a number of islets. The whole has an area of about 106,260 square miles, and the population is 350,000. Of these, 36,300 are natives, called Maoris, a very brave and warlike race, of which more presently. The North and Middle Islands, which are separated by Cook Strait, are the largest, and by far the most important. The strait is eighteen miles in width at its narrowest part. The islands are of volcanic origin, and Tongarino, a peak of Northern Island, 6,000 feet high, is still in a state of eruption. A lofty range of mountains—which on North Island reaches a height of 9,000 feet (Mount Ruapahu), and on Middle Island a height of 14,000 feet (Mount Cook)—traverses them from north to south, covering North Island with alpine regions, and forming tablelands on Middle Island. In all parts of New Zealand the soil is fertile, and the climate is unsurpassed in health-giving properties. The temperature is very even, the difference between the highest and lowest being only twenty degrees. Fresh sea-breezes blow from all thirty-two points of the compass, and rainfalls are abundant. Large tracts, especially of the mountain regions, are covered with forests of evergreen trees, which yield excellent timber for all purposes. The flora of the islands presents many peculiar species, among which is the celebrated New Zealand flax. A botanist could not find a more delightful home. All varieties of European grain and fruits succeed remarkably well there, and develop luxuriantly. When Captain Cook first visited the islands, in 1770, the dog and the rat were the only animals to be found; but, since then, horses, cattle, hogs, sheep, deer, quails, snipe, pheasants, partridges, etc., have been imported and thrive well. The country is in every respect admirably suited for agriculture and stock-breeding, and these occupations accordingly form the chief branches of industry carried on. New Zealand is divided into nine provinces, of which the principal cities are Dunedin, Auckland, Christchurch, and Wellington. It was a pet project of a former Archbishop of Canterbury to make Canterbury, New Zealand, an exclusively Protestant settlement, but the scheme signally failed. Auckland, at which the mail steamers running between San Francisco and Sydney touch, has two fine harbors and considerable trade. It has five banks, four newspapers, and many magnificent edifices. The city was founded in 1840.

In 1838, New Zealand had a narrow escape from becoming a French colony. British and French men-of-war were lying at the same time in the offing, and a boat from the former landed first, the union jack was raised, and the place taken possession of in the queen's name. The French sailed away, and, to compensate themselves for the loss of New Zealand, they seized and effected a settlement on New Caledonia, whither so many thousand communists have been exiled. At first the British Government considered that New Zealand was scarcely worth having, and for a time it was doubtful if the place would be permanently held. In the debate in parliament on the subject, the old Duke of Wellington declared that "England had enough of colonies." In order to retain New Zealand it has cost Great Britain a great many millions of pounds sterling. The Maoris, or aborigines of New Zealand, are a very different race to deal with than the Australian natives. The former are almost semi-civilized. They build houses, cultivate the soil, etc. They never would submit that they were to be considered in the light of a conquered people, or that the English had a right to a rood of land without paying for it. This state of facts was acquiesced in by the British Government, which accordingly purchased, in pursuance of treaty stipulations, all the land it required from the native chiefs. But almost interminable disputes arose. Many large purchases were made; but in several instances, after the land had been paid for and deeds executed, a demand for payment a second time would be preferred, on the ground that the government had bargained with chiefs who had no right to the land in question, and now the chiefs who alleged they were the rightful owners wanted to be paid for the ground. This led to warfare. In all, there were three wars of long duration between the British and the Maoris. The aborigines, badly armed as they were and without artillery, fought with bitter obstinacy, with unsurpassed bravery. They unflinchingly stood bayonet charges, and wrenched the bayonets off the soldiers' rifles. For the British to succeed, it took as many English troops as there were Maoris in the field. One of those wars cost England $50,000,000. This caused the British Cabinet to notify the colonial government that in future the colonists of New Zealand must pay the expenses of defending themselves. What aided the Maoris to make the desperate resistance which they did was the strong and unique character of their fortifications. These are called *pahs*, and are circular in form. They are constructed in an almost impregnable manner, of wood. Very long and thick slabs are driven side by side deeply into the ground, until a circle of any desired size is completed, and the height is very considerable. Circle within circle, about two yards apart, is made, until about nine circles of slabs are finished. All the slabs are perforated to admit of rifle firing. The *pahs* have no covering or roof, and no sally-ports. By underground passages, allowing only one at a time to enter, the Maoris can get between any two circles they please. If the outer circle of slabs be battered down with cannon-balls the natives can retire to the second circle, and so on. These fortifications have withstood some tremendous cannonading. During the three wars only one *pah* was taken. It is impossible to capture them by assault, as there are no gates, and a breach can never be, or at least never has been, made through all the circles. The British only once succeeded in throwing a shell into a *pah;* all other attempts to do so either overshot or fell short of the mark. The Maoris subsequently said that if a second shell had been thrown into the *pah* they would have deserted it. These natives are very intelligent and imitative. They were not long in mastering the manual of arms and the drill, evolutions, and manœuvres of the British troops. The word "antipodes" is familiar to all; but it may not be generally known that the spot is pointed out in New Zealand which is the exact antipodes of London, England.

Before concluding this article, there are one or two matters which appear to demand a few observations. That there is a great future for Australia and New Zealand is too apparent to admit of controversy. The population is now about equal to that of the thirteen American colonies when they wrung their independence from Great Britain; but, unlike them, Australia will not have to fight to achieve her nationality. This has already been intimated by the English Government. In London, an annual dinner of Australian colonists takes place. Those of them who may happen to be sight-seeing in Europe at the time, particularly such as are in the English capital, generally contrive to be present at that banquet, and it is usual to invite some of the members of the British Cabinet. So far back as when the late Duke of Newcastle (he who accompanied the Prince of Wales to the United States) was secretary for the colonies, the English Government foresaw that the Australians would some day desire to sever the bond which cements them to the British crown, and it was decided that no opposition would be given to the movement. At one of the dinners alluded to, the Duke of Newcastle said: "Should a majority of the Australian colonists petition the queen for their independence, the same would be granted without a drop of bloodshed." The duke no doubt spoke advisedly, and gave, not only his own opinion, but also that of his colleagues in the cabinet, and, possibly, the queen's. But the colonists know right well that Great Britain has hitherto been more useful to Australia than Australia has been to Great Britain. The latter has borne all the brunt of having to fight the Maoris, although she will not do so again. England has also provided troops for all the Australian colonies, and the pay of the men was divided between the home and colonial governments. So, likewise, has England kept men-of-war on the Australian station, and would, in the event of a war between Great Britain and any great naval power, provide convoys for Australian treasure-ships to Europe. In these and other respects the gain is altogether on the part of Australia; while, on the other hand, England, except in some matters of trade, gains nothing by having New Holland a dependency of the crown. The colonies collect and disburse within their own domains every cent of their own revenue; not a tributary dollar is paid to England. The only privileges which the queen possesses are to appoint governors for the colonies and to have transmitted to her, for approval or veto, bills of the colonial legislatures which may appear to involve some points touching the royal prerogative, or other matters which should be brought under the royal attention. With this exception the colonial legislatures are untrammeled in their law-making. In all probability the child—perhaps the man—lives who will see Australia an independent nation. That event will happen just so soon — and no sooner or later—as Australia sees that it is for her interest to sever her connection with the British crown.

R. E. Desmond.

THE HERMIT OF TREASURE PEAKS.

In 1858, a couple of ragged and vermin-inhabited prospectors, wandering about one of the spurs of the Sierra, discovered gold, an article for which they had been assiduously searching for some months. Immediately on fixing their hungry optics to the fragment of auriferous rock, they gave a shout of delight, drove down a stake, fixed a notice of location, and announced the birth of a new town, calling the same Treasure Peaks.

When the place was dubbed Treasure Peaks, even the visionary minds of the two unkempt gold-hunters did not for a moment imagine that the mountain-side would ever be graced by any more than one, or perhaps two, miners' cabins. They were not selfish men, and the next time they visited the town of Forks Flat, they proclaimed their golden discovery at the first public bar of the place.

The idle population of Forks Flat was not slow in availing itself of the traveling facilities which led to Treasure Peaks. The trail up the mountain side was a rugged and tedious one, and took the better part of two days to traverse; yet, inside of six months, a passable wagon-road was worn to the camp, and the place witnessed all the scenes of life and activity incidental to the birth of a new city.

When Treasure Peaks contained about a thousand inhabitants, the little town began to swell with importance. The mining prospects were, indeed, flattering, and the quartz ledges in the hills were rapidly being developed. Besides, they were productive, and the deeper the workers went, the richer and wider grew the veins. New cabins went up every day, the prospect-holes became shafts, the bucket and windlass gave way to the donkey-engine, people poured in from all directions, and the village child began to assume the airs of the municipal man.

In the midst of the bustle of business and money-making, the inhabitants of the Peaks did not forget that they had a rival—a small one, it was true—in the shape of the town of Forks Flat, and to wipe out the Flat from all commercial and geographical recognition was their sole aim. Joe Beggs, a man whose opinions had the advantage of considerable weight—as he ran a first-class blue-chip faro game—insisted on a newspaper:

"What we want for this growing camp is a first-class newspaper, that can properly set forth the interests of this mountain metropolis."

One of the crowd suggested that a man named Lightner, in San Francisco, was the party wanted.

"Has he got the classical education necessary to run a newspaper in a town like Treasure Peaks? Is he a man of elevated thought and vigorous expression? Is he a man that's well read?—one that we can refer gambling disputes to with a guarantee of a proper rendering of the points?"

The party who had suggested the name of Lightner vouched for the thorough capacity of the man, and by the next day three thousand dollars were raised, as a bonus, to induce him to come. Lightner was sent for, and in about a month the citizens of the Peaks began to look for the advent of the printing-office.

One sultry afternoon, a horseman came up the grade at a brisk pace, to announce that the printing establishment was on the way, and would arrive in a few hours. This intelligence caused an extraordinary commotion in the camp, and as soon as the first flush of excitement was over, preparations commenced for giving the new editor a fitting reception—something which would glorify the Peaks forever, and correspondingly humiliate the commercial pride of Forks Flat.

It was just at nightfall when John Lightner, with two loaded freight wagons, came in view at a bend of the grade, half a mile below town. The sighting of the teams from the top of the hill was signalized by the explosion of an anvil —a mode of firing salutes much in vogue at that period. In an instant more, an American flag was hoisted to the top of a pole, while on a neighboring eminence the welcoming bonfires were lighted, and there was a general rush to the foot of the main street.

When the teams halted, steaming and panting, at the town level, the journalist was considerably astonished to find a delegation of citizens drawn up to receive him. It had been agreed that Joe Beggs, the leading faro-dealer in the town, should deliver the address of welcome; and, for the first time since attaining his majority, the man of notable nerve and coolness was in a state of excitement which required a stiff horn of brandy, taken every fifteen minutes, to allay. When Lightner got down over the wheel, however, Beggs advanced, and, with half-lifted hat, grasped him warmly by the hand, cleared his throat for the first oratorical effort of his life, and, after a slight pause, began:

"Mr. Lightner: In behalf of the citizens of this growing commercial metropolis and mining center, I bid you thrice welcome to Treasure Peaks. [Here he threw his weight over on the other leg.] I assure you that the fact of my being the first man to be afforded the opportunity of welcoming a writer of your brains and ability to our midst, causes my breast to swell with a pride which would be impossible for me to conceal, even if I so desired. It is the happiest moment of my checkered and eventful existence, and I will not efface it from the tablets of my memory till my dying day."

At this point, the speaker, whose remarks had fully realized the most sanguine expectations of his friends, looked about him in a dazed way, and it was quite evident, to those who knew him best, that his stock of English had given out. Nothing daunted, however, he plunged boldly into the more congenial and familiar parlance of his profession, and struck out as follows:

"You will find the journalistic lay-out in this section a bang-up game to buck at, and with a man of your heft in the look-out chair, we can call the turn on the whole coast. We boys propose to play you open-up from the start, and chip up our subscriptions to the last cove in the camp, and to the full limit of the game. As long as you don't ring in a brace deal, and keep clean cases, you can bet heavy on the square-up support of this camp, and don't you forget it."

Three rousing cheers greeted Beggs's closing words, and one of his admirers critically remarked:

"He made some awful wild play at the start, but called the turn beautiful at the close."

Lightner thanked them cordially in a few quiet, well-turned remarks, and introduced his wife, who had remained on the elevated seat of the freight wagon, curiously contemplating the lionizing of her husband. She heard the three cheers given in her honor, saw the waving hats and bristling hands of welcome, and wished, more than at any other time in her life, that she had a thick veil to cover her beauty and blushes. Then came a fusilade of small arms, as a sort of gunpowder supplement to the cheering, and the boom of another anvil shook the air. A moment later her hand was grasped by the supple fingers of Beggs, who hastened to extend his apologies for the incompleteness of the preparations for the reception, and the utter poverty of their execution.

After having made the speech and chatted with the first respectable woman ever seen at the Peaks, Beggs seriously considered the propriety of securing a municipal charter for the town, and getting elected mayor. When the reception was over, and the ruddy light of the bonfires had ceased to gild the rough crags lying behind the Peaks, the crowd dispersed, and for the rest of the night the public sentiment could be summed up in a remark of Beggs:

"Now we'll make them Forks Flat fellers sick."

It took some weeks to set the little printing-office on its legs, and the constant presence of squads of inquisitive visitors did not materially facilitate matters. Over a hundred men came in to suggest a name, and such names! *The Tidal Wave*, *The Mountain Thunderbolt*, *The Mining Blast*, *The Sierra Snow Slide*, *The Voice of Truth*, *The Forks Flat Crusher*, and *The Treasure Peaks Howitzer* were a few proposed. The excitement incidental to the baptism of the new journal ran so high that one man was shot dead in his tracks, in a street debate over it.

The editor finally announced *The Treasure Peaks Standard*, and the first issue was hailed with a general outlay of enthusiasm, liquor, and gunpowder. The proprietor of the leading saloon purchased the first copy, damp from the press, for twenty dollars, and put it proudly on exhibition in his cabinet of curiosities. The leading article, dilating upon the prospects of the town, its growing industries and inexhaustible resources, was voted "just the business" by everybody. Subscriptions and advertising poured in, and Lightner came to the conclusion that he had reached a spot where a small fortune awaited him.

Time showed that the editor had, indeed, wielded a prophetic pen. Treasure Peaks progressed with a steady development, and the founders of the city began to regret that they had not built on some spot where there was more room, instead of being huddled up in the confines of a mountain, with a precipice below and a wall of rock behind them. Claims increased in value, corner lots advanced, the saloons were crowded, and the gambling-hells resounded with strains of music and revelry; while the abodes of vice and the resorts of commercial industry literally made money "hand over fist."

The *Standard* was a weekly, and Lightner and his wife did the work, both setting type, and each assisting the other in the odd jobs which are found in a printing-office. As business increased, Lightner concluded that his wife was overtasking herself, and finally the following was inserted in the paper:

WANTED—A GOOD, STEADY COMPOSITOR, TO whom the highest wages will be paid. Apply at this office immediately.

Next day a young man called, and said he had come to answer the advertisement.

"I've been keeping cases at Beggs's," he said, frankly. "I could get nothing else to do, except mining, and my health won't stand it."

He said his name was Houghson, and he was from Maine. He was set to work at once, and proved to be a rapid, careful compositor, and just the man for the place.

There was no longer any necessity for Mrs. Lightner working as a type-setter, yet, after a few days, she came down and took a case by the side of Houghson. Presently, Houghson changed his slouched attire for new clothes, and manifested a decided interest in clean shirts.

One day Mrs. Lightner left a composing stick half full, and when she returned from dinner, noticed that the balance of the type had been set. Next day Houghson found some wild flowers on his case. The new compositor assisted Mrs. Lightner whenever she "pied" a line, or fell into any vexatious troubles with the type. She needed assistance quite often, and Lightner was delighted with the thrifty ways and accommodating spirit of his new employee. On one occasion, in correcting Mrs. Lightner's type, their hands touched, but she made no effort to withdraw hers, and they lingered in contact. The woman's eyes met Houghson's, and in her confusion she "pied" a line, and the type, rattling upon the floor, caused her husband to look up. He saw, however, nothing but two people absorbed in their work.

Soon after, the new compositor resolved on a desperate venture. He was setting some reprint, and a fresh piece of copy began with the words "I love you." He set them in his stick, and held it where she could see it. She gazed at it steadily a few seconds, and bit her lip with an angered expression, as if she considered such a liberty unwarrantable. Lightner went out a moment after, and Houghson took advantage of the opportunity afforded to make an explanation and apology, saying that the words he had set were in his copy.

"Then you did not mean it seriously?" she said.

"No."

The anger which Mrs. Lightner had assumed a few moments before now changed to genuine discomfiture. Houghson saw that the point so daringly won had been lost by sheer cowardice. She noticed his troubled face, and a few minutes later they exchanged smiles which spoke louder than the type.

It was a day or so before they began to renew their conversation, and then they did so by touching, successively, the boxes containing the letters, thus spelling words and sentences quite rapidly. Houghson grew bolder every day, and finally, using their system of dumb signals within a few feet of the unsuspecting husband, they talked without reserve; their expressions of affection, born of a finger-touch upon piles of inanimate type, leaving no trace.

One night, the woman contrived to have Houghson invited to the house. After accepting, Houghson gave her to understand that she must search the right-pocket of his overcoat for a letter, when he came. That evening he called, and, taking off his coat, handed it to his employer, who was assisting him. He passed it to his wife, instructing her to hang it up, and, the instant his back was turned, the letter was extracted, and another put in its place. Houghson smiled in the husband's honest face at the idea of making a letter-carrier of him, and Lightner smiled cordially in return.

After that, Houghson spent his evenings at Lightner's quite frequently—the husband pressing him to come, and the wife professing that she considered him a bore. They exchanged letters daily—each seeming to be endeavoring to outdo the other in expressions of affection; and all this time the woman treated her lover so coldly in the presence of her husband that on one occasion he took her to task for it.

"If you don't like the man, you should at least remember that he is a gentleman, and treat him with politeness."

"I can't endure his ways," was the reply, and the subject dropped.

The crisis in events was bound to come, sooner or later, and it came in due time.

One night, Lightner was standing on a knoll, in the rear of the printing-office. It was an evening sweet with the delicious atmosphere which characterizes the mountains, and the strong scents of the pines loaded the breeze with a fragrance so suggestive of woods and glens that one could almost see the splendid scenery with closed eyes. He watched the rush of busy life beneath him. The roar of machinery, the clamor of the stamp-mills, and the cheery songs of the men blended grandly together. As the doors of the furnaces were opened, at intervals, the glow of the fires penetrated the dark recesses of foliage beyond, and lit up the bleak rocks with mellow reflections. Lightner's mind reverted to the business of the past year, while he considered the prospects of the future; and when he thought of his cheerful though humble home, and devoted wife, he was indeed a happy man.

As he sat gazing upon the works below, he fancied that the glare upon the pines and rocks suddenly grew more pronounced. A moment later, the shout of fire rang out; it was the first time that cry had ever been raised in the Peaks, and the camp was a scene of confusion at once.

The main mine of the place was burning; and there being nothing to check the rush of the flames, and no water facilities to speak of, the whole line of works went, one after the other. All night the pillars of fire shot upward from the shafts—as the underground workings communicated with each other—and these pillars rose above the tallest crags, while the thick, dun smoke shut out the sky. Below, the mines were filled with men perishing in the flames that swept from drift to drift, or suffocated long before in the sulphurous gases that on such occasions find their way to the remotest corners.

In the morning, the flames were flaring from the shafts. The town had escaped, but every vestige of the mining industry had been swept away. It would not pay to rebuild. There was no longer any reason to conceal a fact, well known to the insiders, that the vein had "pinched out." Treasure Peaks was already a thing of the past, and the exodus began. The grade was filled with men and horses, leaving the stricken town as fast as possible. They did not even remain to take out the dead from the lower levels.

"Why should we dig 'em up from the ground to bury 'em again?"

No one could answer such a question, and the subject was not agitated. Business men did not sell out, they simply vacated the premises—finding, in many instances, that it was cheaper to leave provisions and merchandise than to remove them—something not at all uncommon in those days. Stores were gutted, and barrels of liquor rolled out for the mob. The streets were filled with howling drunkards, most of them singing snatches of the wild refrains which were born of the rush and riot of '49. Thus the town passed out of existence, with the inhabitants singing, fighting, drinking, and drowning their troubles in a delirium of revelry.

The night after the fire, Lightner's wife advised him to go down to the office and look after affairs. As he left, she remarked that she was indisposed, and would go to bed early, but he need not hurry back.

Half an hour later, as Lightner was sitting in his murky office, he thought he heard the clatter of hoofs, and went to the door; as he did so he saw two figures disappear over the grade, but thought no more of it.

By midnight he had put things to rights about the place, determining to move away with the rest in a day or two. As he went home he thought of the brave little woman who had faced the trials and privations of the past two years, and all for him. He entered the room where she was sleeping, but did not light the candle, for fear of waking her. He sat for half an hour beside the bed, filled with gloomy reflections and miserable forebodings. Then he bent over the pillow where he knew her head lay, and tried to kiss her cheek. He found nothing, and his hands wandered nervously over the bedclothes a moment. Rushing to the window he tore aside the curtain, and let the moonlight stream in. The bed was empty.

Three days later a man wandered aimlessly about the streets of the deserted city. It was

Lightner, gone mad from the events of the past week, and the sole surviving inhabitant of the dead camp. He roamed about the streets all the forenoon, and then drifted back to his little office. Sitting down at his desk, as he had before a thousand times done, he wrote:

> "CHEERING PROSPECTS.—Treasure Peaks was never on a more substantial basis than at present. Its population is constantly increasing; buildings are going up at a rate which bespeaks a population, by next fall, of double that which we can boast of at present. The strike in the Lone Pine, yesterday, is one of immense importance, and more will be said of it in our next issue."

He hung this on the hook, and went out to "rustle" for more items; going from one empty store to another, and returning in an hour or so to scribble his impressions on paper. He moved about all day, and returned home at night, wholly oblivious of the fact that he was the only inhabitant of the dead and desolate city.

Occasionally the Indians would pay the Peaks a visit, but seldom, as the dreariness of the place was to them more lonely than the unexplored forest. These savages, who never harm a demented man, brought Lightner provisions, and treated him with great respect. He usually alluded to their visits as the arrival of New York capitalists seeking investments in mining property.

There was an old hall at the Peaks, which had been occasionally used for theatrical performances by local talent. Not unfrequently, Lightner would repair to this building, and, taking a front seat in the dress-circle, sit for a couple of hours under the supposition that a play was in progress. Here, indeed, was the "beggarly array of empty benches." The moon, shining through the gaps of dismantled windows, threw but an indifferent light upon the stage and over the interior of the building, and occasionally Lightner would allude, in his paper, to the fact that it was a pity that the leading place of amusement in the city was not better lighted. He was always very guarded in his comments, however, as he seemed to fear that, unless he remained on good terms with the manager, he might lose his advertising patronage. Sometimes he would hang about the empty box-office for days, with a bill which he was anxious to collect.

On one occasion he delivered a lecture in the theatre, on the "Life of Charlemagne," and roared and gesticulated for an hour and a half, by the light of a tallow candle, to absolute emptiness, weaving his mad oratory to the irresponsive air, and trying vainly to call down the applause of the silent gallery.

On the Fourth of July he decorated his office with evergreens; pulled out an old American flag, which he hoisted early in the morning; read the Declaration of Independence to a band of Washoe Indians; marched them up and down the main street, and wanted to get gloriously drunk, but lacked the spirituous auxiliaries.

During the next few months the town shrank away like a withered vegetable. The buildings twisted and warped with the summer's heat, and the dry rot set in. Here and there patches of grass could be seen in the streets, a sort of verdigris collecting upon the town. Day after day the signs and awnings were shaken by the mountain winds, and fell to the ground alongside the sinking buildings. Vines and weeds began to mantle and choke the charred and blackened ruins of the hoisting works, and cover the grim wrecks of machinery.

In the midst of all this, the demented editor prolonged his solitary existence, subsisting on the scanty allowance which the Indians furnished him, and occasionally issuing the *Standard*, printing it on odd pieces of paper, and distributing it by throwing it into the yawning doorways. Its circulation was generally about a dozen copies, and it came out as the humor seized him.

When not at work on his journal, he was digging among the ruins for the body of his wife, whom he firmly believed had been burned in the fire. One day he found some bones, probably belonging to a miner, and, believing them to be the remains of his lost helpmate, he buried them in a little knoll back of his office, and began to plant flowers there, watering the spot daily. These flowers soon completely engaged his attention, and, one day, seeing them through the open window, he wrote:

> "The flowers are coming up close by our door again. All hail! As, in our wild and uncertain struggle for wealth, we toil in the lower levels, let us not forget the priceless treasures of the upper earth. The gold of the mine is not half so bright as the yellow buttercups that fleck the sod above it. The cold crystals, the gleaming pyrites, and the many-colored traceries of wealth and beauty that blend in the soulless rocks, make poor compare with the vines and grasses which, a hundred feet above, tell us of God's divine sympathy and Nature's exhaustless bounty. The gold and silver lasts forever because neither have ever lived. The flowers spring up and die because they are immortal. Does not the spirit of the rose, upon the hill yonder, live and breathe as a man lives and breathes? Does it not feel every movement and change of the air which surrounds it, and die as the blast smites it? Does not the spiritual essence of its fragrance haunt the earth, while its seed is quickened for another spring? Let every man have his share, for the treasures of nature are illimitable."

In the fall he imagined that he was nominated for Congress, and for about six weeks he conducted a vigorous political campaign. He went on a canvassing tour through the mountains, and whenever he struck an Indian camp he made a speech—a rousing and ringing Republican oration—which was generally listened to with marked attention by groups of stolid savages.

On election day he distributed his tickets through the saloons, laying a pile on each dusty counter, and covering them with small stones to hold them in place.

In a day or so he imagined himself elected, and thanked the solitudes about him as follows:

> "It is with a feeling of no inconsiderable pride that the editor of the *Standard* is able to announce that he has been chosen by the people of Nevada as their Congressional representative. We did not seek the office, and, in accepting it, we but bend to the royal will of the popular majority, who were determined to do us honor, in return for our labors in behalf of the growing country during the past four years. Our record as a pioneer, a journalist, and a citizen we feel proud of, and shall make it our endeavor to retain the confidence of our constituents in the future as we have in the past."

That night he packed a small black valise, and determined to set out for Washington on the early stage. He went behind the office, and stood for half an hour by the grave which he supposed to be that of his wife, and then turned sadly back to the dingy old printing-shop. Sitting down to his desk, he seized a scrap of paper, and began to write. He wrote slowly for about half an hour, and then, throwing away the manuscript, wrote again. Then he carefully read his copy, and hung it on the hook.

"Julia," said he, "set that up in leaded minion, and then we'll go home."

He looked over toward the case where his wife had so often worked, and his dimming eyes tried to pierce the gloom. Folding his arms upon the table, he laid his head down upon them with a sigh of weariness, and was soon asleep.

Three years later, a man and a woman came up the grade on horseback, and entered the deserted town. They walked where the ruins of the hoisting-works crumbled beneath masses of waving grass, and inert machinery lay in the close embrace of creeping vines. The pair rode through the flowers and weeds in the main street, and neared the office of the *Standard*. The woman's quick eye caught sight of the grave at the top of the knoll, and she walked up to it. On the head-board she saw the inscription cut deeply into the wood:

JULIA LIGHTNER,
MY BELOVED WIFE.
Died April 16th.

The two looked in each other's faces, when the man remarked:

"The day of the fire."

They walked through the office, passed the cases, thick with spiders' webs, the rusty press, and the pied masses of type. They saw something bowed over the editorial table. It was a human figure, half skeleton, half mummy, over which clung some ragged remnants of clothes.

"My husband!" said the woman.

A horrible shiver came over the man, and the woman, ashy pale, clung to him for protection, as if she expected the figure would rise up and confront them.

Presently, Houghson walked up closer, and seeing a sheet of paper upon the hook, took it off, shook the dust free, and, with some difficulty, read as follows:

> "HOME.—Love is a sleep, in which a man dreams of joys which rise before him in the air, in endless architecture which the imagination never tires of rearing upon the clouds. He awakes, is at home, and the unsubstantial castles of his dreams become as solid masonry, when he views the cheerful hearth, hears the prattle of his children, and presses the responsive lips of his faithful wife. This is the glad consummation of all his hopes, and all other joys which wealth and power and satiated ambition tempt us with, pale before the splendor of such a sun as this whose fire the grave itself quenches not, and whose light pierces the shadows of eternity."

As he read, Houghson had moved toward the light which came through the broken window, and his back was turned away from the woman whose affections he had won. Suddenly the crash of a pistol's report caused him to leap back as if the ball had pierced him.

As he turned, the woman fell to the floor at the skeleton's feet, the blood which streamed from her mouth mingling with a bubbling froth which swelled from her nostrils. She made no motion after the fall, except to inflate her chest once or twice.

Houghson gazed, transfixed, upon the corpse for a few minutes, incapable of motion. The sun had set, and the scene was shrouded in the gathering shadows. He made a step to approach the body, met the fixed gaze of the eyes, and, recoiling, reeled through the open door. The two horses were close at hand; one he liberated, and the other he mounted. He turned one more look at the office, and paused, as if he would go back; and then, wheeling his horse about, dashed through the crumbling and rotting city at a pace which made the frail houses tremble as he passed, and in the misty twilight disappeared down the lonely grade.

SAM. DAVIS.

PALLAS.

I sat at home, in easy chair,
Near Pallas with her golden hair.

The mellow lamplight on her tress
Trembled with untold tenderness.

Her eyes, with far-off, distant gaze,
Were penetrating future days.

"Reveal," quoth I, "what vision lies
Within the dreams you catechise?

What wondrous land of love and song
Has tranced my dreaming bride so long?"

She slowly turned her graceful head,
That Phidias might have carved, and said:

"I had a foolish, passing thought—
A vain regret the moment brought.

Our quiet lives have no great needs;
Our kindly friends do no great deeds;

I do not care to walk where kings
Receive the homage power brings;

But long to know those few of earth
Within whose minds grand thoughts have birth;

To breathe with them an ampler air,
To feel with them a nobler care.

But we are chained by circumstance;
We stand, but seem not to advance."

I pointed where the open door
Showed shelves well stocked with motley lore:

"There is the company you seek,
The ancient Roman and the Greek;

There, by the sunny southern wall,
The blind old Homer waits your call;

Imperial Cæsar bows most low
Beside the courtly Cicero;

While, strangely out of place with these,
Mark Twain cracks jokes at Sophocles;

There stands the king of bards sublime,
'Not of an age, but of all time';

Rare Jonson, side by side with Poe,
And Hawthorne chatting with Defoe;

Poor Goldsmith claims our tender heart,
And Fielding charms us by his art.

There Humboldt, erst inspired of God,
Now learns what wilds our Stanley trod;

While Newton bows his mighty head
To catch the last word Tyndall said;

The monarchs of the ages these—
One perfect line from Socrates!

The old world and the new one, too,
Are waiting on those shelves for you."

She spoke intensely then: "A man
Must find his learning where he can;

A woman, in her slightest looks,
Sees what is written not in books;

And I would rather learn to know
By keenly watching one great brow,

When inspiration flashed its light
Like some great meteor in the night,

Than sit, and plod, like common clay,
On what the master cast away."

She rose, and passed from out the room,
Which straightway seemed inwrapped in gloom.

Ere long I heard her rich voice rise,
Breathing angelic melodies.

She sang, with sympathetic tone,
The notes divine of Mendelssohn.

I stole to where the door, ajar,
Revealed her like a glorious star.

I knew she felt within her heart
Impassioned longings after art.

As, mute, I stood to hear her sing,
She was to me a holy thing;

And, as I gazed, I breathed a prayer
And benediction on her there.

CHAS. H. PHELPS.

SHEPHERDS AND SHEEP-HERDING.

II.

It is on the plains or foothills, as I previously stated, in contradistinction to the mountains, that the real work of mutton-raising and wool-growing is performed. The reason of this is obvious. Clean and open pastures are necessary for ewes at the season of parturition, or lambing. The ewe, as a rule, is a good mother, though, of course, the maternal emotion varies with individuals as it does in the human family. When a ewe drops a lamb she will stay with it, lick it clean and dry, cheer it with solicitous bleatings, and conduct herself toward it in true motherly fashion. The maternal instinct overmastering the gregarious one, which at all other times is the strongest, she will not play the Roman parent, and sacrifice her offspring to stand by the community. Thus, Nature, it will be seen, has made no mistake in this matter. Nevertheless, there is one instance in which a mother will forsake her offspring; that is to say, a mother who, in ordinary circumstances, would have stood by it, and cherished it; and this single instance occurs, in the case of bad and average mothers, when grass is scarce. Again, Nature asserts herself, and prefers the continuation of the mature individual that is strong enough to make its living even on short commons, to the weak progeny that requires attention, nursing, and plenty of milk to bring it to maturity. Were the parent ewe to divide its attention between the supplying of its own wants and those of its progeny, it would have full time for neither—it would accomplish neither; and Nature would, figuratively, fall between two stools. This is a course most repugnant to Dame Nature, and one which she carefully avoids; and to suit her own ends, viz., the preservation of *species*, as distinguished from *individuals*, she has made the desire of life stronger than the instinct of maternity. "A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush." And to show how common-sense and practical Nature is in this respect, the selfish interests of man favor and abet her. In very hard seasons, when feed is more than ordinarily short, sheep-owners order shepherds to kill lambs as soon as dropped; well knowing that there is no chance of raising them to maturity, and that they are only a drain on the strength of the mothers. Anything more innocent than a lamb the human mind has not yet conceived, and we fancy that the bestial brutality of shepherds, who pick up the newly-born, fragile creature, and, swinging it aloft by the hind-legs, dash its brains out against the ground or the walls of the corral, cannot be easily equaled among the class of gentry whom one would not care to meet on a dark night; yet it is the commonest and easiest method of destruction, and, sentiment aside, is no doubt more humane, though vastly more repulsive, than leaving the poor thing to perish from hunger or cold. And, after all, "many men have died from time to time" in worse fashion; armies have perished with as little regret; so that, apart from the appearance of the thing, the only point that can be objected to is the cold-blooded, compunctionless brutality which it exhibits in the person of the actor.

But we will now stop speaking generally, and introduce the reader to a particular and generic example of shepherd-life at lambing-time. At this period, shepherds are in great request. It is a period when, in place of the one man who ordinarily takes charge of a band, two, three, or even four auxiliaries are requisite. These are to be found "laying off," or "loafing," about the cheap boarding-houses of country towns, and are hired by the sheep-men at rates varying from twenty-five to forty dollars per month, according to their qualifications. It will pay a "boss" better to give the larger sum to a man who understands his business than the smaller one to one who does not; since the experienced shepherd can save lambs where the greenhorn would simply lose them. Sheep-herders have a peculiarity of dress and bearing well known to the practiced eye of a boss. Men who are hired thus "upon their face" do not generally turn out frauds. It, of course, frequently happens that green hands have to be employed for lack of *bona fide* shepherds; but characters of this stamp are put in positions of trust where there is least of it. It is, let us say, any time, varying from the middle of January to the middle of March; for sheep-owners, like ordinary mortals, have their own ideas and idiosyncrasies as to which time is most favorable for lambing. Some lamb early and others late; all having the best and most sufficient reasons for both practices; and each being perfectly confident of his own superiority in this respect, and of the folly of his neighbor. The lambing of any particular band lasts from five to six weeks, and the bulk of lambing, throughout the State, falls in February and March. We will suppose that our sheep-man has put his rams—or, in the vernacular, bucks—with the flock early in September. The period of ovine gestation being five months, he can tell that his lambs will begin to drop early in February, and so he means to have extra help on hand to be ready for action. Accordingly, the day before he expects the work to begin, he will come into town in his buggy, or wagon, as the case may be, and, drawing up before some cheap boarding-house, enter and proceed to prospect for hands. Perhaps he will call all hands up to the bar—for your true sheep-herder can always tackle his whisky—and if he "spots" any one he thinks likely to suit him, he hires him, tells him to throw his blankets into the buggy, and perhaps engages half a dozen or a dozen more, according to the extent of his business. These are driven out to the ranch, and thence transferred to the various camps—for I am now supposing the case of a large ranch, and one where things are done in style. Three hands, we will suppose, are hired to assist on a certain band, and they and their blankets are deposited at the door of a cabin, at, say, sundown of the day preceding that on which lambing will begin. In the distance is heard the tinkling of a bell, and over an eminence comes the flock, which knows the way to the corral of old, followed by the herder, bringing up the rear. On they come, slowly and leisurely, while the boss, from his "coigne of vantage" in the buggy which brought the new men, inspects them critically, and probably drives round to the herder, asking him some questions or giving him a few orders before going home. The herder pens his sheep, closes the gap, and trudges to the cabin, greets his new *confrères*, and prepares supper. This particular cabin is of modern construction—possesses a floor, a table, four stools, and four bunks, built against the walls, after the manner of ships' berths, two high. There is a stove, but no window—the door answering the purpose of admitting light by day and keeping the cold out by night. The herder in possession has already baked sufficient bread to meet the necessities of the new arrivals—having been previously made aware of their advent. He has likewise prepared a big pot of red beans—a delicacy much esteemed and valued in sheep-camps, on account of their "staying" qualities; an immense jar of stewed apples forms the dessert; and the solid portion of the banquet is obtained indiscriminately from the carcass of a fat wether hanging against the side of the house, and covered with a wool sack, as a protection against flies by day, and dogs or moonlight by night; for, be it known, there is a traditional superstition among all sheep-herders that the beams of the moon taint meat. A big side of bacon is hung up by a nail inside; sacks, containing potatoes, flour, beans, etc., adorn the corners of the cabin; while tin plates, cups, knives, forks, spoons, etc., with bags of tea, coffee, sugar, and salt, occupy an elevated position, consistent with their dignity, upon shelves. Meat is cut with a butcher-knife, aided by an axe or hatchet, from the main body of the mutton; chops are fried in the frying-pan, and a big chunk of meat is shoved into the oven to bake, and in fifteen minutes everything is ready; for your sheep-herder, if he knows his business, is the quickest and handiest cook in the world, though, possibly, not the cleanest. Supper over, shifts are taken in washing the dishes, etc., and then the company either sit upon their stools, or sprawl upon their bunks, which they have previously selected and furnished with blankets, and smoke, tell objectionable stories, or indulge in such remarks and philosophical reflections as are congenial to the race of "silly shepherds."

This camp is what is termed a "dry camp"—*i. e.*, there is no running water in the immediate neighborhood. Selfish and hard-hearted bosses select camps more with a view to the good of the sheep than the comfort of the shepherd. While the feed is green, sheep require no water; accordingly, such ranges as have no water on them, or wells, are eaten off before the grass dies—otherwise they would be useless. Water is packed from the home station to such camps in barrels, or tanks, set in wagons, and the camp-barrel is replenished from these. Consequently, as water implies time, and time means money, strict injunctions are laid to use as little of the precious fluid as possible, unnecessarily. Drinking is a necessity, and understood to be such; what is used in culinary offices is not grudged; but such other little side-issues as washing dishes, hands, or the person in general, pertain rather to sacrilege than sanctity; and the Scriptural *dictum* that "to eat"—yea, or to bake—"with unwashed hands defileth not a man," is observed with a degree of literality (if there be such a word), in some sheep-camps, that might satisfy the most vigorous stickler for letter as against spirit.

The water in the barrels, alas! was nearly done; it was possible that the boss, with the best wishes in the world, might not have time or opportunity to "pack" any more just then. To set against this black lookout there was a tiny spring half a mile higher up the creek—the camp was on a creek, but the creek was dry—and a five-gallon keg, which could be comfortably packed upon the shoulder of any human beast of burden. Here came in the apple of discord, and disturbed an otherwise harmonious family. There is etiquette—aye, the most stringent kind of etiquette, strange as it may appear—even in sheep-camps; and more so than ever during lambing. The herder, who has been taking care of the band before lambing, is considered to be what Confucius would call "the superior man." The hands, who have been brought in to assist at parturition, are mere auxiliaries, adjuncts, aides-de-camp, of the old, original herder. The hands in the present instance consisted of a Greek (sailor); an Italian (cook); and a French *(je ne sais quoi).* The old herder was a white man, these other nationalities not seeming to come under that category. He, therefore, naturally repudiated the idea that he was amenable to the necessity of packing water, in any way whatsoever, for the benefit of his aides-de-camp. What! should he, the Generalissimo, as it were, of the woolly forces, perform menial offices for his staff? It would have been an unheard of outrage upon etiquette, a black derogation of dignity: but, though he carried his point in the matter, the representatives of the Mediterranean nations did not fail to get down on him for it. Water was, indeed, packed every morning from the aforesaid spring for drinking purposes, it being much purer and better than the water packed from the home-station, which was alkaline in character, and voted unfit to drink. The Italian was nominated for cook, and carried by acclamation, owing to his prior acquaintance with the business; but, it subsequently transpiring that he was suffering from a malady of a disagreeable character, he was forthwith compelled to resign office, and his place was filled by the Frenchman. The Greek was, like all Greeks, smooth-tongued, oily, civil, wily, noncommittal: everybody's friend in appearance, but constantly looking out for number one.

It is very pleasant in a sheep-camp, of a cold, frosty February morning, when you are lying in your bunk, and hugging your blankets closer as you watch the keen stars twinkling through a crack in the side of the cabin, to have somebody else get up, and, with chattering teeth, chop up some kindling-wood into splinters, and in half an hour make the room nice and warm to rise by. Then to see another fellow shoulder a five-gallon keg, and in twenty minutes come back with it, shivering and blue, while you meanwhile have been toasting your toes at the stove, while a third fellow has been cooking the grub for your breakfast. "Selfish brute!" I hear some one remark. Mere envy, dear reader, mere envy; it may be infernally selfish, but it is also infernally enjoyable.

The orders of the boss—and, in fact, of every boss, with a few bright exceptions—are to have the sheep out of the corral by sunrise. But your old herder knows better than many bosses—especially that kind of boss who has acquired a fictitious acquaintance with sheep through the medium of his purse rather than his brains. Your sensible but inexperienced boss respects the dictum of your old herder, and defers to him. Your "hifalutin'" and opinionated boss gets his back up, discharges his man, and pays for his folly through his pocket. The sheep in the camp I have referred to were never driven out, during the early spring, until the sun was half an hour high, at least. Breakfast was over, and everything about the cabin in order by sunrise; then the boys sat down for half an hour to smoke. Had the boss come round, like many bosses would have done, and do, and delivered himself of such an expression as "What the devil are you doing sitting there this time of the day? Why don't you get your sheep out?" he would probably have been answered somewhat in this style: "My dear sir, don't get excited. Take a seat, and I'll tell you why. In the first place, your sheep are lambing. The corral is wet with rain, or fog, or the natural discharges of the animals. The mother is by her offspring. If you get into the corral now, bull-headed, the first thing you will do is rush the sheep, and, ten to one, the ewes will be frightened from their lambs, or carried away by the crush. You will get the sheep bunched at one end of the corral, and have ten, fifteen, or twenty green lambs, only an hour or two old, lying helpless and motherless in the mud and slush. Then, because the poor little creatures can not bleat, and the mothers have become bewildered and lost their heads by your stupidity, you will spend an hour, and perhaps more, in trying by various dodges to find mothers for these lambs. Then, if, by some fortunate accident, you *do* succeed in mothering the cold, weak-bleating creatures, what have you gained? Nothing, my dear sir, but a better appreciation, let us hope, of the old adage, 'The more haste the worse speed.' If you would only let your old herder take his own way—the way which experience has taught him to be most conducive to his own ease and the comfort of the sheep—he would wait till the balmy warmth of the sun infuses genial life into the fragile carcass of the lamb; until it can stand up, and feel its legs, and bleat so that it can consistently attract the notice of its mother, who is still beside it; until that damnable mud in the corral gets a little harder: and then he would open the gates of the corral, and let the flock slowly file out, keeping, at the same time, a watchful and expert eye upon the lambs and their mothers—for he has previously been quietly through the band to see that all have mothers—to see that none, in their hurry of appetite, forget their maternal instinct; and, my dear sir, he would get your sheep on the feed just as quickly for his intentional delay, and save more lambs, alone and unaided, than if he was bothered and the sheep bothered by the anxious acclamations and idiotic gestures of a lot of incompetent fools, who think that if they cannot make a show of doing something they are not earning their pay; whereas it would pay you better to pay them for staying away. Smoke another pipe, and then we'll go into the corral."

On going into the corral, the old herder—the boss shepherd, the Confucian "superior man"—directs his aides-de-camp (in their three respective languages—Greek, Italian, and French, giving due seniority to the oldest idiom, and not omitting an occasional good round Saxon oath) to look sharp after the lambs that are with their mothers, and to let no guilty ewe escape; the while he himself stands at the gate like the angel at the Garden of Eden—God save the simile!—with drawn crook to tumble over a little know-nothing innocent, or snatch some blatant fool of a female sheep that has no business with a lamb anyway; for, strange to tell—and yet not very strange, either, in a natural way of looking at the sex—there are many ewes so wantonly absurd, and grossly deficient in all that constitutes good, sound sense, as actually to pretend that a lamb belonging to another ewe is theirs; while the poor, stricken mother flies frantically around the flock seeking for the lost one. Now, while it is undeniable that nice, fresh, young maiden aunts in the human family have a *penchant* for dawdling and coddling babies not their own, they always give them back, in the long run, to the putative mother. And don't sheep do the same? Yes, indeed, they do. They only mean to wreak a little feminine spite upon some sister, cousin, or aunt, who has been persistently snubbing them, getting first on the best feed, or engaging the amorous attentions of the handsomest buck; and so, when the mother at last finds the forlorn youngling, affectionately licks its tail, and tenders the after portion of her frame for its behoof with a low "ba-a-a" of satisfaction, the nasty, mean things slink off with their heads down, sniggering, in sheep fashion, at the neat way they played it on "sissy." But sometimes they don't get off so easily. A good belt from the old herder's crook across the quadrilateral region of their anatomy is very apt to remind them of their duty; and should a more than ordinarily venturesome seeker after knowledge inquire of the "superior man" how he can unfailingly detect, in a crowd, a spurious mother from a false one, save by the Solomonic division test alone, he will answer, and say unto him: "By their bags ye shall know them."

It is the duty of the old herder to guide his band forth upon the green pastures, and, during lambing season, not to suffer them to stray beyond a certain limit known to his own comprehension. During this season the utmost circumspection is necessary—strategy and engineering are both brought into play. From the time of driving the flock from the corral at, say, half-past seven in the February morning, until six in the evening, when they are driven back, his attention is occupied. If feed is short, sheep will wander—a very bad place (unauthenticated) can't hold 'em. Here a ewe drops a lamb, and is itself dropped by the ever-moving band. In the course of the day, lambs are dropped from a single band over, it may be, some five or six square miles of territory. The shepherd must take mental note of all these; remember where he left them, so as to pick them up on the home stretch; for, although a ewe, as soon as her lamb can travel, will make for the main band, should the lamb be weakly she will remain with it where she is. Twins cause the owner to rub his hands, and the shepherd to wring his'n. There are several ways of dealing with twins. If they are dropped far out on the range, you must mark each of them with a similar mark; either by rubbing them with red chalk, or by tying a piece of colored tape on their left fore-leg, right hind-leg—or, in fact, employing as many variations as your ingenuity can devise—always providing that each pair can be subsequently identified by the possession of the same mark. Merely to mark twain is easy, but to mark a dozen different twains requires a knowledge of arithmetical combinations and permutations which a "silly shepherd," with his restricted facilities of lambs' legs and human brains, may be sometimes pardoned for not attaining to. About an hour before sundown, or it may be two hours, if his band is far out on the range, he heads them homeward. His coadjutors, who have been, meanwhile, taking care of the ewes and lambs in the neighborhood of the corral, come out to help him drive the mothers and newly-dropped younglings home. This is a matter of no small difficulty; for each ewe, unless her lamb can travel well, requires to be urged forward; and the moment the urging process is discontinued, her homeward progress is discontinued also. Thus, it is very apparent that to get the ewes—and their lambs that have been dropped upon the range—home, is a matter requiring numbers and patience. The natural method of dealing with them would be to leave them out upon the range all night, but this country is so infested with vermin of all kinds that it would be unsafe to do so. Maternity renders even so timid a creature as a ewe bold in defense of her young. She will face a dog, and even a coyote, under such circumstances, stamping, with one of her fore-feet, forcibly on the ground to give effect to her menace; nay, she will stamp at the herder himself; but her pet aversion is the dog, for whom she entertains a profound and most evident contempt, and who, strange to tell, is usually cowed by her "bluff." Thus Nature gives a preternatural boldness of front to such of her children as do not possess inherent means of defense. When the band has been brought to the corral, those ewes which have dropped lambs are carefully kept back, or cut out of the band, and placed by themselves, with their respective lambs, in a small pen. The main difficulty consists in preventing the mother from losing or forgetting her lamb during the first two days after parturition. A mother recognizes her lamb by the sense of smell. Sometimes, one of a pair of twins is "mothered" on a ewe that has lost her lamb, but whose bag contains plenty of milk. At first such ewes do not fancy the strange *protégé*, but usually, after being kept apart with it a day or two, take it to the maternal breast. The finer the lamb is—that is to say, the more nearly it approaches the thorough-bred merino—the weaker and more sickly is it, physically; whereas, the coarse "mustang" sheep, that has little or no wool on it, and that nearly worthless, generally has twins that can bleat and frisk as soon as born, and no amount of hardship or rough usage seems competent to kill them. This is one of Nature's conundrums which is put to us in every phase of animal and vegetable life; and not a very hard one to answer either.

Meantime, *revenons aux nos moutons*, that were left in camp this morning under the auspices of the three nationalities of the Mediterranean. Ewes, with lambs of from one to six days old, are kept in little bands, grazing in the neighborhood of the camp, though sufficiently far apart from each other to prevent the possibility of mixing. The Frenchman in the case stayed in camp, did the cooking for the boys, and took charge of such lambs and ewes as had to be kept during the day in pens, either for refractory conduct in not taking kindly to lambs mothered on them, or the various other reasons that render such a course necessary. The Italian took charge of the next oldest lot, and the Greek received the residue of all, when they had passed through all intermediate hands. That Spain might not complain of lack of representation in this farrago of nationalities, a Mexican boy was hired at the rate of fifteen dollars per month, to lie on his back on the grass, kick up his heels in the air, chant strange melodies, chop wood, fetch and carry, and look after the twins. All these had their three "squares" a day—their duties lying in the vicinity of the camp; whereas, the old herder, who was out, perhaps two miles off, on the range "from morn till noon, from noon till dewy eve," was fain to content himself with a cold lunch, composed of a sandwich of bread and cold mutton, wrapped up in an old newspaper, and washed down with water that had been churning all day against the sides of his tin canteen. His work was the hardest at first, but was constantly growing lighter, since he was being relieved of ewes at the rate of about thirty a day. As his band grew less, the Greek's grew bigger, until, at the end of some weeks, the whole band had been transferred, except the "dry ewes"—that is to say, those that had not, as it is technically termed, "taken the buck," and consequently were not blessed with offspring. There is aways a certain percentage of this class among all animals, including man, who come under the influence of what is called civilization. In the same ratio as artificial law is substituted for natural, Nature resents the injury, and curtails her privileges. Dry ewes are, no doubt, indirectly the result of civilization.

Sometimes, in the heart of lambing, comes a cold, rough night. It blows boisterously and rains pitilessly. Now comes the herder's really rough work. All hands will be up all night—each taking his turn to patrol the corral, and bring into the warm cabin the poor little half-frozen creatures that have been dropped by their mothers in the mud of the fold. Perhaps a dozen, perhaps two dozen—for sheep are noticeable for their perversity in doing just what they are not wanted to do—will be brought in, and laid on the floor of the cabin in the vicinity of the stove. The warmth will soon revive them, and by morning the cabin will be filled by a mob of six-hour-old sheep, bleating like mad, tumbling and staggering up against everything and everybody. In the morning, two or three of the strongest and healthiest ewes, that have already lost their lambs, and whose bags are turgid with milk, will be caught by the crook by the hind-leg, then thrown upon their sides, and held there by one herder, while another will hold a lamb in his hands and introduce the teat of the prostrate animal into the mouths of the youngsters by turns. This will revive them sufficiently to give them a fair show to bleat and walk, and thus find their mothers, before these latter make their exit from the corral.

Lambing is an art, a trade, a business, a profession; and one, too, that demands a concatenation of very commendable qualities on the part of the lamber for its successful accomplishment—that is, in California. Other countries have no such drawbacks and difficulties to contend with as we have here. The question here is simply, whether it will pay better to leave the mothers and their lambs out on the range all night, and run the risk of their destruction by wild beasts, or put them in a corral, where they will be, indeed, safe, but are liable to get mixed, lost, and killed by cold or neglect. Herein lie the Scylla and Charybdis of the California sheep-breeder. Patience, tact, experience of sheep character, a quick eye and a nimble leg and arm, are the *desiderata* required in a California sheep-herder who goes a-lambing. These qualities are rarely to be found in the ignorant, debased "slouchers" who here pass for shepherds.

There are few prettier sights than a troop of lambs ranging from two to six weeks old. With the true gregarious instinct of their species, they range in flocks, or gangs, and are fuller of life, animation, agility, and grace than any mortal thing on earth. To see a snow-white squadron, two or three hundred strong, suddenly make a dash from a state of repose, and scamper, like mad race-horses, along the edge of a precipitous bluff, until the mad gallop of their twinkling feet is lost in the distance—perhaps a good half-mile away—and the green herder rises from his couch on the green grass, and girds up his loins preparatory to going after the runaway rascals—when presto! here they come again, leaping, and glancing, and darting, and stamping, right back to the place from which they started, and suddenly stop, and look, with wonderful, inquiring eyes, upon the astonished herder; and, before he knows what to make of it, are off on the same "racket" again, kicking, and flinging, and capering, and pushing each other purposely to the edge of the bluff, which, however, they are far too well posted to fall over. There may be prettier sights in the animal world, but we have yet to see them. Then how they stretch themselves upon the grass, and lie in the warm rays of the life-giving sun—sleep till they get tired of sleeping, and then make a break for suction—dividing their time, like good, natural infants, between the two great props of physical existence, sleeping and eating; while their mothers—good, staid, sober, honest souls—forgetting, perhaps, that they were once lambs themselves—crop, contentedly and assiduously, the juicy pastures, and keep strictly to the real business of life—*their* life—viz., converting as much as possible of the vegetable world into mutton for the use of somebody else—a worthless coyote, or a worthless man; but yet recognizing the grand fact that their children are about, and not getting too far away, as they would be prone to do under other circumstances.

This is the rhapsody of sheep-herding; and the California shepherd can indulge in it to his heart's content—if he has the sense or soul to do so—under skies as blue as those of Greece, and beneath as temperate a sun; fanned by zephyrs that would have been as welcome in Tempe; couched upon a bed of grasses and wild flowers that would shame the Arcadia of Theocritus, or Virgil's basin of the Po; and amid scenes of sensuousness and beauty, where life beats in rapturous harmony to the spring-time of the year, and shadows and suns its continuance in the vivid forms of graceful creatures, who have just begun life's battle in the light of sport—whose swiftness, and joy, and innocence, and grace will, in the space of one short year, be changed into a most business-like appropriation of the best grass; and an eternal and unquenchable desire to fool the shepherd if, haply, they should catch him napping. In all these things, verily, consists the poetry of shepherding; but, in view of the change from lamb to mutton just mentioned, even such a poor and quasi-philosopher as a sheep-herder may be excused for quoting a stanza of a sacred and spiritual song, popular by its sonorousness and studied dignity of expression, and still used in some of our best churches:

"What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
Where every prospect pleases
And only man is vile,"

and, with reference to it, say that he does not coincide with the view of Bishop Heber; that if the worthy bishop had known as much about animals as he thought he did about men, his natural modesty and good sense would have forbidden the expression; and that if the virtuous and high-minded—perhaps "high-toned"—ecclesiastical dignitary had handled the real, mundane crook over real, mundane sheep, in as wide-awake a manner as we must give him credit for handling the metaphorical and gilded implement over his spiritual flock, he would have discovered that animals could present a parallel to men that "had not been dreamt of in his philosophy."

ROBERT DUNCAN MILNE.

AT AGUA TIBIA.

It is just twenty minutes past five in the afternoon. My friend is sitting near, industriously studying Spanish. She is making up for lost time, although you would never think so by the way she stops every few minutes to call out to her husband—who is reading in the porch—about some new word. Lucy, the little Spanish half-breed, is lingering at the table, ostensibly sorting out a heap of baby's stockings, but in reality listening, with a gleam of amusement in her soft eyes, to the major correcting her mistress's mistakes.

A warm sun still shines over Agua Tibia, and whitens the lonely belfry of the ruined Mission of Pala. I am writing in a deep-seated window, out of which I look as out of a frame. I see afar the wide reaches of the Valleys of Pala and Pauma, a spur of broken and picturesque mountains almost dividing the two. Directly below, a stretch of wild sage and chaparral extends down to the scattering trees that mark the vagaries of the San Luis Rey River. Those trees are, indeed, so very far away that they are dwarfed to the merest shrubs in the distance.

How soon we adapt ourselves to the present! It has come to be with me the most natural thing in the world to live this free, easy, enjoyable life—almost wholly spent out of doors. I will not think of how short a time it is since I took it up; it would only too forcibly remind me of how soon I must lay it down. Day follows day, and there is not a cloud the width of your hand on the wide, blue sky. In the early morning, the pale mists are unrolled from the valleys, the warm breeze carries their lace-like film up the cañons, leaving it to float for a time on the far, blue hills. Then comes the glad summer day, wakening the birds and bees, the rustling grasses by the brook, the tender-blossomed wild-flowers, the myriad insect world. Across your path a quail scurries with her large family at her heels, a rabbit darts under a bush, a lizard crosses a brown rock, a working bee goes singing past, a large, painted butterfly steadies its wings, and slowly floats on the sweet morning air. The shimmer of light on rock, tree, vale, and hill, the glow of a gorgeous sunset, the orange-tinted rim of the far horizon, the purple peaks of distant mountains—these are our pictures every day.

Our house is nearly one hundred years old; it is more than a hundred feet in length. It is a genuine adobe, full of rooms opening on both sides of the building—of nooks, corners, and passages. It is built on the top of a hill; the ascent is very steep, and it looks like a Spanish fort, perched up here for defense. It is the only dwelling in the landscape, and can be seen many miles away. It is another proof of the falsehood of a statement, made all over the land from Maine to Mexico, that you can never civilize an Indian. A proof, too, of the wit's assertion that if he could get twenty-four hours ahead with a lie, he defied Truth to overtake him. This was the residence of an Indian chief; the old orchard, the oleanders, the passion-flowers, even the fish-pond, all owe their existence to him. His civilization, and that of his tribe, was the result of the self-sacrificing, noble work of the early Spanish missionaries. This work, uprooted and uptorn, in its infancy almost, by the cupidity and greed of the Mexican government, shows what might be done for our Indians if we would change our costly system of extermination—advocated so strenuously by people who count themselves at once Christian and civilized—and try fairly some honest dealing, some effort at keeping treaties and faith with a race whose crime, in our eyes, has been that they were the legitimate possessors of a soil we coveted.

We have no neighbors. Our nearest are at Pala, five miles away. Except, indeed, an Indian rancheria, which may be three-fourths of the distance. I sit under the red-tiled porch, and paint wild-flowers in the mornings. An immense passion-vine has wreathed itself for many a year down and around the pillars, and all over the roof. Lucy, and Adele, the Indian girl, come and go about their work, often stopping to furtively peep over my shoulders to see how progress *las floras*. They are never tired of scouring the cañons in their leisure moments, for some new specimen. I am glad I brought my paint-box. They told me at San Diego that as this is a "dry year," the flowers were all dead long ago. At San Francisco, people said: "You are going to such a bare, barren part of the State that you will not find two trees in a county." There is one thing, however, that is true about San Francisco, and that is, that very few there know anything about their State. I find in this "bare, southern county" trees in every valley, and the valleys behind the Coast Range are often park-like in extent and variety. To be sure, they are not on the coast road, or to be seen from the sea, and these are the routes taken by the average tourist. We find wild-flowers in every cañon, often growing on the mountain-tops; even the wild-sage, with its delicate pink-and-white or pale-blue blossoms, that has suffered most from lack of rain, is now in full bloom.

I said we had no neighbors: I was wrong. We are surrounded by thousands of brown-throated singers. The humming-birds flutter in and out through the tangles of the passion-vine while I work, serenely indifferent to my presence. I saw five on one oleander branch, this morning, all differently tinted. There is a family of mocking-birds who have taken possession of a banana tree, giving us daily concerts.

My friend rushes up to me a dozen times of a morning, in her breezy way, challenging my admiration for her baby, her husband, or her home. She sweeps her hand off over the valleys and the hills, and triumphantly asks: "Where have you seen a view so wide, so wild, and yet so beautiful? Don't you think I ought to be happy here?"

I look into her merry face and see that she is happy. Happiness is sometimes a perilous subject to broach, with a friend whom you have not seen for five years after he or she has married. In novels and the drama, the last chapter closes and the curtain rightly drops at that epoch. The true artist, who always works from life, knows well that there are dangers in making soundings in that mysterious sea.

Our horses, ready saddled, Spanish fashion, are always waiting for us; the ride every day following trails that, like the winds, go hither and thither where they list. I ought to say my friend and I follow trails, for when the major is with us we take a mountain and go straight up it after a manner that, when I first came, seemed horrible. I soon saw that to betray the least terror would be considered a lamentable proof of cowardice. I was mortally afraid of every step. I had a haunting fear that I would soon find myself rolling to the bottom of some frightful precipice. I saw that if our leader chose to leap into the first gulf, his wife would fearlessly leap in after him. I saw her holding on to the mane in desperate effort to keep herself from slipping over the tail of her steed, and heard her, with her pale face contradicting her assertion—as soon as she got back to her faculty of speech—patronizingly assure me that it was nothing when you got used to it. Well, neither was it. Your mountain horse is a sure-footed animal, that, if left to himself, will carry you safely where you could hardly climb; but, as I was neither a cavalry officer, nor a woman in love with one, it took me some time to get used to it. The views from the heights, however, always repaid the toil of ascent. They were a vast panorama, full of valleys, deep cañons, hills, and circled by range upon range of rugged mountains, while the sea, like a blue robe, wrapped the dark coast line; rising out of it, bluer still, an island loomed to the north.

This, then, is what people call solitude, of which the gregarious have such a horror—a lonely life among the hills. I am in love with it. I am in love with the magic mornings, the long, dreamy days, the sweet, summer wind heavy with the odors of mountain pines. Twice a week we catch sounds from the great world, when our Indian boy comes riding with the mail from Pala. We are not at all anxious to hear from it. Unlike the hero of the Abyssinian valley, we know what that great world means, with its noisy streets, its gray and dusty cities, its crowds of human ants forever tugging at the burdens set for human ants to bear; its fever, its unrest, its misery, its sin.

It is a glorious night. All nature lies hushed in profound calm. The atmosphere is so clear, from our elevated position, that the gloom-filled valley seems like space, and I am looking straight up out of it into a vast dome sown all over with diamonds. The planets go on their starry course, leaving broad trails of light; and that bridge of scintillating silver points—the Milky Way—is broader and whiter than I ever saw it before. How deep the silence is! Insect and animal are alike asleep. It is so still that I almost fancy I hear the far-off murmur of the Pacific. But that is impossible, for to-night even the waves are drowsed, caressed to rest by the indolent south-sea wind. What I really hear is the gurgling of a mountain brook, whose sound in the wakeful day is lost, but who takes advantage of the stillness and the night to prattle to the listening pines. Looking across the wide levels of space, there is not a twinkle from the valleys, a gleam from the hills—there is only the "mysterious presence of the night," and the far shimmer of stars. Yes, and something else—the soft patter of the Indian girl's small feet as she ceaselessly, almost noiselessly, walks up and down with the sleeping baby on her arm. How fair the child seems against the dark background of its nurse! Its beauty is not all owing to a young mother's egotism. It lies like a white, drooping flower, of exquisite grace. The soft curves of the rounded cheeks, the long lashes shading them, the silky fair hair, the parted mouth in sleep, are all beautiful. Surely some wild prompting of nature, from her savage ancestry, impels the girl to lull her charge to rest under the stars in such a night as this.

Yesterday, my friend and myself rode over by ourselves to the Indian village of Pauma. We lost the trail in the thick sage and chaparral, and soon found ourselves in a very Slough of Despond in a deep cañon. To make matters worse, her saddle turned and she had to dismount, while a sudden development of the mustang in my beast made it impossible for me to help her. There is always an uncertainty whenever there is a trace of this element, and few California horses are without it. It crops out in a variety of ways. Those who have journeyed on mule, donkey, Indian pony, or mustang will agree with me in ceding the place of honor to the last. He can discount the donkey in Pecksniffian meekness, the mule in pure ugliness, tricks, and obstinacy, the Indian pony in doggedness of character. He has a way of exhibiting his peculiar traits when you least expect it; he will travel along for miles in the most serene mood, then all of a sudden take to kicking out his heels, and going through a series of pantomines as if he were trained for a circus. In my friend's need the animal I rode waltzed around in the chaparral in the most aggravating manner, refusing point-blank to let me go near her. In the midst of our trouble a young Indian appeared on a pony. He went to work vigorously. She mounted again, and he led us into the right trail. There was a cool breeze from the far sea; we had a merry ride, laughing at our mishap and talking Spanish to our improvised guide.

At the village, which consists of a few huts picturesquely grouped among trees on each side of the road, we saw an old Indian woman, said to have been the mother of several children when the missionaries first came to San Luis Rey. The mission was founded in June, 1798. Her relatives claim that she is nearly one hundred and twenty, but this cannot be true. She told me herself that she remembered well when *el padre* Antonio Peyri came first to San Luis. He came there in 1799, but I do not think she is much over one hundred. She is a sight to remember. There was no furniture of any kind in her hut. She was sitting on the floor, which was of earth, and when we first went in she was bending over a stone, with a round hole in the middle, partly filled with wheat. This she was pounding with a kind of pestle made from a smaller stone. There was a *débris* of ashes in the middle of the floor; I looked up, and saw that there was a hole in the roof directly above it. It was very evident, however, from the appearance of the walls, that the smoke did not go out by this hole, but wherever it pleased. A young girl, who had lived with my friend, and who seemed overjoyed to see her, told the old woman who we were. She sat up straight on her sheepskin, and said to our inquiries that she could understand all we said in Spanish, but must answer in Indian, and that her granddaughter would translate for us. She said she had her children taught with the first converts at the mission, but had forgotten a great deal that they told her; that her memory was getting poorer all the time. She looked oldest in her eyes; they were hollow, pale and unearthly, and sunk under the great caverns of her bushy eyebrows. Her features were strong, but good; I think at one time she must have been a fine specimen of her race.

The girl hung about my friend, stopping every few minutes to ask something more about *el chiquito Luis.* They have a pretty way of accenting this name on the last syllable. She took us into their little church, which is in the centre of the village, and of which she seemed very proud. It was a rude, oblong building, of adobe walls, the rafters tied together with strips of sheepskin. The altar was neatly railed off, and made of white, painted wood. They had two drums, and a place for a choir, to which you climbed by a step-ladder. There were no pews—no seats of any kind. On the altar was a small crucifix, and before this was laid a quantity of freshly gathered wild-flowers. We thought this simple offering very beautiful. It showed that in those semi-civilized hearts there is a connection between the beauties of nature and the worship of God. When we consider that the Indians carried all the material for this building themselves, in baskets—that they had no educated priests to guide them with their skill, as in the old mission days—that they had only the remembrance of the now vague past—we must surely conclude that they deserve credit for even this rude architecture.

We looked at their thrifty little fields of corn, which grow everywhere, near the river; at their dark-eyed, dark-faced little ones, that scampered under the fences as we came near, looking back at us shyly from between the bars; at their odd ponies and cattle, contentedly browsing about; at the speckled hens, that scratched around their small door-yards; and we must have been thinking the same thoughts, for my friend said to me, with a trace of irritation in her voice:

"Why do our people always say that no Indian can be civilized?"

We went down under an immense fig-tree,

and sat down on a bench to rest. The women and girls were sunning themselves, seated in groups, smoking and making cigarettes; the men were all away, hunting rabbits. These women interested me; they run riot in color. Their garments were as great a conglomeration as if you should let your palette fall face downward when it is freshly set. There is no picking out a distinctive tone; old and young put on the gayest and brightest hues they can get. It being Sunday, they were all in their finest clothes, from the gray-haired matron, with her sky-blue and red shawl wrapped about her head, like a Turkish turban, to the slender damsel, just passing from childhood, with her orange skirt, red bodice, and as many strings of beads about her neck as a society belle. They are not pretty, these Indian girls—their features are too strong, their skin too dark; but they have graceful, slim, elastic figures, like young Dianas in bronze. And they have eyes that have a soft, liquid, far-off look; dark, large, trusting, as you see sometimes when you look steadily into an animal's eyes. It was easy to see that my friend was known and liked by them. In a dozen little ways they showed their friendliness. There is a Freemasonry among women of all ages, climes, and races; they come very near to each other; and, from the wigwam to the palace, care very much more for each other's good will than men believe.

There was a monster vine that had twined itself around the lower branches of the fig-tree, making a perfect shade of cool rest. Little benches were placed here and there, under other trees, in the leafy places, a good deal like a German beer-garden—only there was no music and no lager, except, indeed, the music of the mocking-birds that carroled gaily in every tree. And instead of the fair hair, blue eyes, and rosy cheeks of the *fraulein*, little forms with dark faces and odd, grotesque costumes met you at every turn. The breeze stirred the large, lazy fig-leaves, and sighed to the sleepy river among the reeds. We were in no haste to go, and sat enjoying the strange, new life until the shadows were growing purple in the cañons and dusky on the roads.

They brought us our horses at last, surrounding us, and all proffering assistance at once. We went to say *adios* to the centenarian. Well, it was pitiful. There she lay, extended on the ground; her poor old gray head pillowed on a block of wood, and fast asleep.

All the evening that sight haunted me. I longed to take the tired soul, and put her, for once, on a soft bed; to let her feel, at last, the luxury of stretching her weary limbs in comfort. I told the major. He said that nothing would be more cruel than to remove her from her present surroundings; that she had known no other pillow from infancy—except, perhaps, a stone—and that I ought to know that sleep did not always come sweetest and deepest to dainty couches.

This has been a gala day, and how thoroughly we have all enjoyed it! It is the Feast of St. John, and from the early morning we could see the Indians, riding in twos, or threes, or sometimes singly, on their way to Pala. You may be sure we were on the alert; for we knew we were all going, from the baby, staring wildly at the unwonted fuss, to *un-poco-poco*, as my friend calls Lucy. Doubtless we each had our special attraction. I knew mine very well. I was going to see a glimpse of the old California life, that drooped and went out after the missions fell, so that it is only at rare intervals and in out-of-the-way nooks that we catch a trace of it to-day. All days are beautiful here, and this was like the rest. The light flecked the brown road, lit up the eddies of the now shallow river, and danced merrily on the still trees; but we heeded neither tree, nor stream, nor glinting sunlight; we had eyes only for the strange groups of gaily dressed Indians who rode beside us, with their happy-faced wives, sisters, or daughters before or behind them. They all made their way to the church; we followed them into a large, rough building, evidently put together from the ruins of the mission, of which only the belfry remained.

A priest, who looked in keeping with the surroundings, celebrated mass. He was a Spaniard, but dark, even for a Spaniard. The congregation was chiefly Indian; the men were in groups on one side, close to the wall; on the other were the women, in costumes odd, varied, strange, and fantastic. Many wore the traditional *rebosa* of Mexico, draped about their heads and shoulders with that peculiar grace that their grandmothers must have caught from the pioneer daughters of the Spanish *presidios*. Here and there a representative of the *gente de ragon* wore a bonnet more or less approximating to a recent fashion-plate; but, as a rule, fashion for once, in a congregation largely composed of women, was disregarded. A young Indian girl knelt near me, arrayed, doubtless, in her own estimation, far finer than the lilies in the field. She wore a Dolly-Varden skirt, a yellow waist, a green shawl, which she coquettishly allowed to drop half away from her figure, a blue hat with bright-red ribbons, and a green veil fastened with an enormous brass buckle.

The choir was a study. It consisted of a first and second violin, a man who sadly and solemnly beat an ordinary-sized drum, and another who, in an equally melancholy manner, beat a smaller one; they were all Indians. There was also an immense fellow, fat, serene, complacent, who had his place at a stand on which was placed a missal saved from the wreck of the mission; from this he sung, with sonorous voice and much satisfaction, the responses. If you could only have seen him when the *Dominus vobiscum* floated down from the altar, how he plumed and spread himself—advancing a step, like a successful *prima donna* nearing the foot-lights, and with the same self-assured air with which she calmly regards the dress-circle and boxes, he surveyed his surrounding neighbors, and, opening his mouth, rolled out in triumph, *Et cum spiritu tuo!*

The clerk was a long-legged, large-boned, hoary-headed old Indian, who jealously adhered to his privilege of serving mass, and will allow no boy to be taught to supersede him. He also made the collection, his manner of doing so being at once novel and effective. He allowed no one to escape; finding an Indian with his eyes steadily fixed on the floor, he would keep his post beside him until the eyes were raised. Then he would put the plate directly under the Indian's nose, and keep his post beside him until, usually, the most close-fisted were shamed into charity. Truth compels me to say, however, that he sometimes failed. Occasionally there was one who looked blankly into distance, doggedly at the floor, or piously at the rafters, or anywhere but at the persevering collector. When we gave our offerings, they were so unusual, I suppose—though none of us put in more than four bits—that he stood for a long time straight before us, shaking the coin on the plate as if to test whether or not it was genuine, while he gravely and slowly eyed each of us in turn. The sermon was, of course, in Spanish. The *padre* preached in a strong, simple, earnest manner, so clearly that I understood every word. The major said that he spoke very distinctly on account of the Indians, to many of whom Spanish is still difficult.

After mass the fun commenced in earnest. From the piazza of the only "inn," and almost the only house in Pala, we watched the various Indian and Spanish games. A vine festooned the pillars, and ran the whole length of the piazza; at a distance from us sat a couple of native Californians, leaning idly back in their chairs, taking no part in the amusement, but quietly smoking cigars and looking on. One was a handsome, broad-shouldered, athletic young man, with flashing eyes under his wide *sombrero*, and the air of *Fra Diavolo*. The Indian women and children were in groups, seated about the church; they were like dashes of bright color against the brown adobe walls and the gray landscape. Far off, the mountains rose, wild and rugged, chain after chain, until their blue peaks were lost against the pale-blue sky; while the ruined white belfry of the old mission towered, solitary, out of the plain, like a phantom of the past.

You that have read Bret Harte's beautiful poem of "Concepcion Arguello" will not wonder that the game that interested me most was the one of which he says:

> "They plucked for her the buried chicken from beneath their mustangs' feet."

About sixty horsemen formed themselves into two columns; a full-grown chicken, with a silver dollar tied to its leg, was buried up to its neck in the middle of the road. Fifteen horsemen entered the lists as competitors in this game of daring and difficult horsemanship. They galloped past in turn, leaning far down out of their saddles, trying to pluck out and carry off the prize. Again and again they rode full tilt at the unfortunate head, sweeping down with astonishing speed and agility—all to no purpose. The chicken, in its frantic efforts to free itself, dodged successfully all their passing grasps. Their riding was wonderful; the horse and the man were as one. Two of the riders were thrown under their horses' feet; and had they been of our race, they would not have escaped without broken bones, at least; but they were mounted and ready for the next run, which they took as coolly as any of the others. At last, partly by its own efforts and their pulling, the chicken got out of the hole and ran away. By all rules of any decent game, I think he earned his liberty. But what humanity does man know in what he calls "sport," whether he be savage or civilized? The terrified bird was followed by the whole screaming horde, umpires and all, yelling like demons. Among them I noticed two youths with blue eyes and fair hair, who, from their light skins and bad riding, I knew must be Americans or English. They soon caught and buried the chicken still more deeply. Then the troop formed into line again and set after him, making the far hills resound with their shouts. It was fully two hours before a dark-faced youth, with a red scarf tied around his head, secured the prize. Immediately, he darted off for a post half a mile distant, with the band racing, like so many John Gilpins, after him. It was his privilege, after passing this goal, to strike over the head with the chicken any person who came near him. No sooner, then, had he reached the post, than the chase was reversed—he was the pursuer; they flew with the rapidity of the wind, amid wild laughter, while he belabored all that he could catch with the mutilated and unfortunate fowl. He was the observed of all observers, as he rode gaily about with the blood-stained chicken fastened to his saddle, and worn with as much triumph as ever his ancestors wore a scalp.

It is all over, now, this day of blended color, light, wild scenes, and wilder people. We were so tired with the excitement of such varied, strange, and absorbing pictures that we spoke very little to each other on our way back. The gray, still twilight has come, and our mountain home, after the hot, dusty day, seems more like a beautiful haven of rest than ever. The cows are drowsily coming up the hill, while the Indian boy stands, pail in hand, ready to milk them; the swallows are gathered to their nests, the shadows are stealing on the pines. My friend has opened the piano, and is playing softly a vesper hymn; as I listen to it, the vesper star gleams suddenly, white and clear, out of the amethyst-tinted sky.

AGNES M. MANNING.

AMERICANISM IN LITERATURE.

The question of whether we dwellers on the western side of the Atlantic are ever to possess a distinctly representative literature of our own has so long been a subject of rather fervid popular discussion, that it would seem to have received the most exhaustive and satisfactory treatment from essayists and critics. It will be safe to say that a very large majority of people who think at all on literary matters look forward with quite as much confidence to the coming of the great American novel as astronomy does to the ultimate return of Encke's comet. But although it has become fashionable, in a kind of careless newspaper sense, now and then to mention, with a spirit of comic prophecy, the future appearance of this work, there is also reason to believe that a great American novel by no means completes, for hopeful observers, the Paradise of rosy probabilities. If we are to have such a novel, it also seems to be tacitly understood that we are to have a great national poem likewise, and a great historical work, and, indeed, some notable example of greatness in all literary departments. An extremely wide belief seems now to prevail, among enlightened people, that our country will, at some undetermined day, possess a literature as nobly distinctive, characteristic, and durable as that of England or France.

Mr. Herbert Spencer is responsible for the statement that a very great deal of the best thinking is done in an irregular way; but there would seem slight doubt that—concerning this matter of a coming American literature, properly so called—the irregularity of the thought is not redeemed by its soundness. There appears to be a sort of prospective analogy drawn between our general national grandeur and that splendid literary individuality which is now thought an undeveloped power of such massive promise. We talk of our unwritten poems as we might talk of so many iron-clads yet unbuilt, or overland routes yet unaccomplished. We have done so many things on a magnificent scale, here in America—we have brought forth so much that no other country has previously brought forth, we have exhibited peculiar traits that are so emphatically the traits of no other country—that this question of producing, in a degree precisely similar, a superb race of characteristic authors, almost appears a pleasantly inevitable *sequitur*. Some Oregonian Dryden, some Californian Byron, and even some Milton of the Pacific Slope, are figures which loom amid the days to be in colors of prophecy that hardly seem indeterminate. It is, indeed, noticeable that the Eastern element usually appears annulled in our visions of a coming literature. It is thought proper to say of not a few authors whose prose and poetry have passed, on both sides of the Atlantic, certain severer critical tests, that, notwithstanding intrinsic worth of the highest order, they fail fittingly to express the spirit of the land which produced them. They do not "smack of the soil." They are not "American," which is admittedly definable as Western, since in the prairies, mountains, and mighty rivers of our West is found that one stupendous feature of geographical immensity, combined with spacious fertility, which forbids comparison between our country and all European civilization. It is certain that the extremists have roundly asserted Mr. Longfellow not to be an American poet, in spite of "Hiawatha;" and that they have even said the same of Mr. Lowell, notwithstanding the "Bigelow Papers."

But thus far it must be allowed that those most clamorous after the American spirit in our literature are the least capable of making their demand assume a simply comprehensible shape. They are, as a rule, admirable at sonorous generalities, but less effective in other methods of self-defense. They are exceedingly fond of talking and writing about breadth, depth, height, and distance; but when asked to express the literary equivalent of these terms, it can not be said that they succeed by any means as well. Now, what has so often been termed "Americanism" is either a clearly attainable end in our literature, or it is not. If attainable at all, it is better to be described than by glowingly vague adjectives of vastness, multitude, and strength. If not attainable, it is something wholly outside the realm of literary art, and therefore, in so far as regards the least practical utility, merely a figure of speech.

That the world has seen much in democracy both saliently novel and profoundly majestic, can not well be denied; that democracy, as an idea, should deeply tinge the thought of many literary generations, and operate with decisive power upon the formation of different though analogous styles, may also be very safely assumed; that its best influences of expansion, elevation, and inspiration should be felt with vigorous effect upon the intellect of any given community whom its watchwords have nerved, and whom its banners have led to battle, is none the less difficult to discredit: but that its latent energies should be able to lay the corner-stone, construct the foundation, and finally complete the edifice of a literature absolutely unique (as, for example, that of Greece or of Germany was absolutely unique), can not be considered by any means a reasonable claim.

After all, there is one positive and insurmountable kind of boundary between all literatures, and that is the boundary of language alone. What we call the "genius" of a language is a prodigiously representative affair. It is not only a nation's thought, but it is a nation's way of thinking; it is the temperament, taste, and habit of the people; it is their worst fault no less than their best virtue; it is their deepest hatred and their most fervid preference; it is their power to divert themselves and their susceptibility of being bored; it is even their eating and their drinking. So closely is the slow development of language wedded to that of literature that the two may well be considered inextricable. From wild, uncouth beginnings the gradual phases of differentiation result. As the people by degrees emerge from barbarism, their rude songs, ballads, legends, *eddas*, and *sagas* give place to more deliberated, conscious, and artistic work; and this consideration, however its mention may strike the reader as unpardonable truism, in our age of philological research and analysis, nevertheless appears to have been quite obstinately overlooked by many contemporary observers. It is, perhaps, needless enough, remindingly, to state that our own country differs from all others on the globe in the matter of its civic growth. Indeed, to speak strictly, we must declare ourselves to have existed without having ever had a true national birth. From a collection of colonies, we were rapidly transformed into a powerful nation. We suddenly found ourselves, so to speak, in possession of a brilliant present, and in confident expectation of a splendid future. But we were strangely without a past. We had no national descent. In a governmental sense, there was a vast hiatus between our English-modeled laws and the savage councils of those painted braves who had built their camp-fires where now stood our court-houses; but in a literary sense we were far less aboriginal. We could not write an address without recalling Addison and *The Spectator;* nor deliver one without suggesting some such model as Burke or Pitt. If our poetry did not reflect the elegant iambics of Pope, it bore pointed resemblance to some English bard of greater or less fame. In our early days we wrote a great deal about freedom, both in prose and verse; and, although very much of what we wrote succeeding generations have been willing to let die, there is no reason to say that these productions were not often thoroughly imbued with the democratic spirit. This statement, however, would doubtless be denied by those critics for whom the democratic spirit has a certain pronounced literary *technique* of its own; but, as before said, the chief difficulty now seems to consist in defining what is meant by that peculiar combination of matter and manner at present demanded of our future "native" writers, on the part of not a few American critics, and of numerous English ones.

There are no grounds for the most earnest conservative to ignore the fact that Mr. Walt Whitman is widely regarded among Englishmen of thought and culture as the emancipator and regenerator of American letters. It would be possible to find statements from noteworthy sources in which this writer has been spoken of as the pioneer of democratic art—whatever those same words may mean. Mr. Whitman has some passionate admirers, and it is safe to state that these will all vehemently claim for him a commanding place, not alone as a poet, but as an artist also. They will tell you that he has overcome the bulky difficulty of founding an American literature—that he is the father of American letters. From him, they will say, is to spring our future race of poets, as from Homer sprang Pindar, Æschylus, or Euripides. If he is not painstaking nor polished, neither, *they* will assert, were the early Greek singers, neither was Chaucer, neither were the remote shapers of German verse. He is, first of all, still further say his admirers, democratic. It is most noticeable, too, that this same "democratic" trait (in some curious way insisted upon as a *literary* one) is declared to overshadow all others. Intense earnestness, a sort of gigantic philanthropy, a universal sympathy and charity, a vigorous adoration of nature, a vastly positive kind of optimism—these are all recorded as some of Mr. Whitman's most prominent minor attributes: provided it be not affirmed that they are all implied through the one first recorded. However this may be, Mr. Whitman's lovers place him—as they will doubtless admit—in some such exalted and venerable position as that just described. "It is as much to be expected," says a past number of an extremely able English review, "that poems and pictures requiring new names should be found in America as that new living things of any other kind—the hickory and the hemlock, the mocking-bird and the katydid—should be found." "'Hiawatha,'" it is further asserted, "might have been dreamed in Kensington by a London man of letters who possessed a graceful idealizing turn of imagination, and who had studied, with clear-minded and gracious sympathy, the better side of Indian character and manners."

It is respectfully presumed that the reader is to some extent familiar with Mr. Whitman's writings. If this be the case, he will no doubt admit that an expectation of novelty, in any one beginning their perusal, can scarcely ever fail of being gratified. Assuredly, *Leaves of Grass* must strike a foreigner as equally new with our hemlocks and mocking-birds. Perhaps it might even strike him with something of the violence of snow when first seen by an Egyptian. But there is one notable difference between the fauna and flora of this country and that special inhabitant of it named Walt Whitman: the hemlocks and mocking-birds are an indigenous natural growth; and it can scarcely be said, on the other hand, of Mr. Whitman's poetry that it is an indigenous literary growth. There even appears something astonishing in the fact of any American mind, equally fortunate as regards the possession of culture and the absence of prejudice, not clearly perceiving the falsity of Mr. Whitman's position before the community which he is said to represent with such colossal ability. On this gentleman's personal sincerity—on his deep belief in the sacred importance of his utterances—on the perfect good faith with which he offers his voluminous musings to his land and his century—we have no intention of casting the slightest doubt. But, unfortunately, it is possible for a man to attitudinize without knowing it. There are such things as unconscious *poseurs*. It does not seem at all improbable that Mr. Whitman is one of these. To believe devoutly in ourselves is a different matter from making others believe in us. When certain scriptural-sounding narratives were first published as the translated work of an ancient, half-barbaric poet named Ossian, the element which these writings contained of shadowy sublimity and antique stateliness only increased their interest, while it made the probability of their authenticity still stronger. A savage abandonment to ecstatic or melancholy moods, a blind groping after artistic form, strength but insecurity of touch, and the hundred other indications of poetic force, no less abundant than ill-managed—all seeemed natural enough to the period from which *Ossian* was said to proceed. But the moment that rumor asserted them to be the genuine work of their supposed discoverer and translator, the pungent atmosphere of anachronism by which they were at once surrounded rendered them almost worthless in popular estimation.

There is a marked similarity between the case of *Ossian* and that of Mr. Whitman. He addresses an exceedingly cultivated age in the artistic language of barbarism. His philosophy is an eminently modern affair, being a kind of prodigious reverence-doing to all creation—an acceptance of all events, whether evil or good, as the only conceivably proper condition of the universe. "Whatever is, is right" could cover, with its brief phrasing, the substance of many resonant pages from *Leaves of Grass*. But this philosophy, as before said, has been expressed with what should be called nothing except an intentional defiance of all literary art. It is not fair to declare Mr. Whitman's method one of powerful originality, for that which deliberately places itself outside of all literature can not be judged by literary canons. He rouses, in a perfectly unbiased critic, something of the same amazement as might result from seeing some native of our great West robed in the garb of an ancient British harper, and chanting, with picturesque solemnity, the most eloquent passages of Carlyle and Emerson. It is safe to say that no such artificiality of effect can possibly be produced in letters as that which springs from a writer's attempt to clothe his thought in the dress of long-past ages; we have seen numerous examples of this, during late years, in the shape of almost slavish mediæval imitations. But if a writer, born in a century when the metrical and rhythmical structure of English verse has reached a most exquisite degree of development, shall present himself as an English-speaking poet, and yet offer as the substance of this claim only ideas expressed with a chaotic lawlessness for which neither art nor nature affords him the slightest parallel, then it must be conceded that we encounter one of those rare cases toward which nothing seems more justifiable than raw ridicule. It will not by any means do to say that Mr. Whitman speaks the language of democracy; for the poet must be above all things an artist, whether he be "aristocrat, democrat, or autocrat." One need hardly fear the charge of dogmatism in asserting that all Mr. Whitman's work, from beginning to end, is absolutely without art. This sort of thing may be Americanism in literature, provided any one choose arbitrarily to give it such a name; but even then the definition would possess a kind of bewildering universality, since, as a well-known American critic not long ago said of Mr. Whitman, he has produced poems that are about as much like poems as a summer morning or an alarm of fire.

Those who have read Mr. Whitman's works must be sensible of how much conscious culture they exhibit on the part of their author. He is, indeed, apparently very well stocked with erudition, and by no means averse to airing it. If it is an exceedingly illiterate thing to talk about

> "Wabash, Miami, Saginaw, Chippewa,
> Oshkosh, and Walla Walla,"

we must admit that Mr. Whitman's books by no means confine themselves to mere American nomenclature. He shows an unquestionable familiarity with

> "Kronos, Zeus his son, and Hercules his grandson."

He represents himself as

> "Buying drafts of Osiris, Isis, Belus, Brahma, Buddha,"

and he repeatedly shows that the records of past civilizations, mythologies, and philosophies are so many open scrolls to him. He glorifies the ignorant masses, but he is by no means one of them. He may have gone about in a red shirt and with trousers thrust into his boots for a number of years, but such costume made him akin in nothing, beyond its own slight limits, to the unlettered Western men whom he calls his "camerados." Democracy may have equality for one of its foremost meanings, but there is not any doubt that Mr. Whitman addresses his fellow-citizens on no such platform. He appears before them with a great deal of European culture disguised beneath an exterior of Western roughness. It is almost as though we should tear the false moustaches from a supposed Italian organ-grinder, and divest the rings from his ears, to find a Yankee Brown or a Celtic McNamara smiling at our deception. Mr. Whitman is so emphatically unrepresentative of the large class whom he "celebrates," that very possibly not one in five hundred of the ignorant masses in this country would have the remotest conception of his aim—philosophic, lyrical, or reformatory—on examining his work.

If any singer could be popular with these same ignorant masses, or could even partially represent their rude life, it must be some poet endowed with the sunny honesty, the candid heartiness, and the appealing simplicity of a man like Robert Burns. The method of such a poet should be one of limpid, unostentatious directness. He should not abandon rhyme, since he would be addressing a community with an immemorial inherited respect for it; he should not separate himself from the restrictions of metre, since to do this would be to chill sympathy by means of an unwarrantable egotism. He could not expect to try the loftier heights of song, but should rather walk among its green valley-lands. Such have been all the great popular poets of all countries, and America, remarkable as she may be in many respects, takes her rightful place, after all, in the fated sequence of things. To cultivated Englishmen—wearied with the scholarly air which so many of them breathe, and wearied, too, with the innumerable historic suggestions everywhere so manifest throughout their own and neighboring countries—it is little wonder that the voice of a Walt Whitman, heard as emanant from vast unknown regions of country, should bring every suggestion of spontaneity and genuineness. But for us, who are not ignorant of the sort of democracy which Walt Whitman addresses; for us, who recognize ourselves, year after year, as more thoroughly the intellectual colonists of the country from which we have sprung; for us, who can clearly note the general tendency of our educational impulses toward a natural process of evolutional improvement—for us, indeed, whose sight is blinded by no ocean fogs, and whose hearing is deafened by no ocean turbulence, the wild grotesqueness, the unbridled extravagance, the deliberated carelessness, and the distressing obscenity of this peculiar writer appear in their proper colors of affectation and masquerade.

It is not intended in the present article to quote largely from the pages of Mr. Whitman, by that easy and somewhat cheap means of selection from his coarsest and most ill-advised passages strengthening a critical argument which can dispense with all such assistance. More just would it be to the author under discussion, if certain detached lines were quoted which possess unquestionable beauty and strong poetic spirit. These lines, which occasionally occur in passages of some length, often increase the effect of intense self-consciousness and meditated *acting of a part*, which has been so widely the verdict pronounced upon Mr. Whitman by his own countrymen. Such lines as

> "A gigantic beauty of a stallion, fresh and responsive to my caresses,
> Head high in the forehead, wide between the ears,
> Limbs glossy and supple, tail dusting the ground,
> Eyes full of sparkling wickedness—ears finely cut, flexibly moving,"

are, beyond doubt, descriptively powerful. The man who wrote them possesses a plainly seen sense of artistic possibilities, however he may have assumed to possess no such sense in numberless other lines. Again, when we read of how

> "The brook puts out of the roots of the old tree and flows to the meadow,"

or of

> "The dusky green of the rye as it ripples and shades in the breeze,"

we clearly recognize that Mr. Whitman knows the difference between true poetry and turgid dithyramb—a knowledge which is somehow fatal to any preservation of our respect for the authenticity of his "barbaric yawp." His picturesque or poetical intervals meet his prevailing rudeness and commonness with an oddly insincere clash. It is somehow as if a terrifying maniac should be suddenly discovered to labor under an ordinary fit of nervous hysteria. His glimpses of perfect sanity are sometimes Mr. Whitman's most unfortunate point. To Englishmen, all this sort of thing is extremely real "Americanism," perhaps, but to Americans it is very strongly like rank affectation. The *Westminster Review* for July, 1871, says, in an article on Mr. Whitman, that "if he had written in England in the period of Queen Anne, if he had written in France in the period of the *grand monarque*, he must have either acknowledged the supremacy of authority in literature, and submitted to it, or, on the other hand, revolted against it. As it is, he is remote from authority," proceeds this reviewer, "and neither submits nor revolts." But the question promptly presents itself, at this point, of whether anything can be considered of the slightest literary value which "neither submits nor revolts" against authority of some sort. For to do neither of these two things undoubtedly is to place one's self outside the arena, and yet wish to be counted in the fight. It is taking a royal road to success with a vengeance; it is laying out a kind of inadmissible by-path toward respectful consideration across regions where "no thoroughfare" puts up an irrefragable veto. Victor Hugo and the so-called Romantic School of France were tremendous originals in their way; they broke through an immense barricade of prejudice, but at the same time they submitted here while they revolted there, and *vice versa*. Such revolt and such submission constitute the substance of all possible progress and retrogression in literature.

With regard to either of these results, it would seem as if their means of accomplishment were in no manner deeply hidden. The vices and sins which tend toward weakening a literature are better known to-day, perhaps, than ever before; and it may also be said that the virtues most desirable in stimulating any improvement within the same field have never been more clearly understood than now. Very possibly democracy will have no more able lyrical representatives than the ethereally passionate odes of Shelley, and the throbbingly beautiful poetry of Mr. Swinburne's *Songs before Sunrise*; but even should a still lordlier development occur within this same direction, it is not difficult to perceive the general features of the change. Increased lyrical largeness will not show itself in the mere material redundancy which escapes all ordering rule. There will be added majesty of rhythm, not disdain of all rhythm whatever. New resources of sonorous magnificence in verse will slowly present themselves. Phrases of richer liberality will be discovered. The splendor and clamor of our bordering seas will find fresh appliances of portrayal, no less than the superb calmness of our sierras, the limitless levels of our sky-touched prairies, the circuitous and radiant breadths of our rivers, the noble expanses of our mighty lakes. The "Americanism" in our unborn literature may be very grand sort of liberty, but there is doubt that it will ever be mere antique license. Its thought, in remembering to be strong, will not forget to be modest. It will be an heroic athlete, and not a convulsive gymnast. It will love the august beauty of repose, and not the grossness of riotous unrest. It will speak with a voice full of solemn modulations, and not waste its force in tempestuous ravings. It will not suddenly be set up, like a circus-tent, but will take years, and perhaps centuries, for the slow building of its solid towers. It will come to us with the gradual benefaction of the great tree overshadowing some homestead whose inmates have, from childhood, followed the protracted growth of boughs and trunk. And, moreover, though this much talked of "Americanism" may be very tardy in coming, the chances are strong that *cultured American men and women* will gladly and proudly recognize it when it really appears. EDGAR FAWCETT.

CAPTAIN MOLLY.

Thaddeus Misgill, of the good ship *Barnacle*, was braving the difficulties of land-navigation without a pilot. Steering for Telegraph Hill, one minute he saw it rising directly before him; the next, it had disappeared, as if by enchantment. Well, at any rate, he was sure of the lamps of Estrada's Auction Store, behind him. He turned—they were utterly gone.

Truth is, this human vessel had a heavy liquid cargo aboard. His veins were throbbing, his head buzzing. The soberest of captains at sea, he was the most maudlin of revelers ashore. Good heavens! where was he? For that matter, who was he? The sudden disappearance of expected land-marks aroused disturbing queries as to his own identity. People in their right minds, finding themselves in unwonted plight, have been upset in some such fashion. The old woman, of childish memory, awaking from her roadside nap, to discover, with Saul, that her skirts have been curtailed, cries out in bewilderment:

> "Laws a-mercy on me, this can't be I!"

There are not wanting happy strokes of human nature in contemned nursery rhymes.

The captain's wandering steps, for the ensuing two minutes, stamped a somewhat intricate braiding pattern in the mud. His indecision which way to turn, and his inability to do aught but turn, were piteous in the extreme. At last he stuck fast in a deeper mire than ordinary, and his glance sweeping helplessly about, he saw two red, bulbous eyeballs staring at him as if they had never blinked. The castaway laughed aloud. Nothing on earth was the matter with him. Those were Estrada's lamps, and he was Misgill, of the *Barnacle*. The mysterious disappearances were due to a natural phenomenon—fog. Had he not been so heated by internal fires, he would have felt its piercing chill.

"Git out o' this 'ere mud-hole, turn your back on them lamps, an' go ahead. You're all right, old chap!"

The proprieties of language forbid exact transcription of the captain's brief soliloquy. Scarce a substantive in it but was doomed to perdition before it left his lips. Obeying his own mandate, he was presently rewarded by finding himself going up-hill.

In reality, the stratum of vapor was not very thick. But a little fog may do a vast deal of mischief with poor dwellers upon earth, shutting out sun, moon, and stars, how splendidly soever they roll and shine. In spiritual things a mere whiff of smoke—the idlest of idle opinions—is quite enough, for a time at least, to annihilate a prospective eternity.

Now and again, Misgill looked around to make sure that the beacons gleamed in their places. As he went higher, they sank lower and lower—seeming to roll up toward him some very sanctimonious glances; and, as he uttered a subdued curse upon the slippery hill-side, all at once the lights went out, as if concealed by vigorously dropped eyelids. A moment later, a pair of hot lips became eloquent in the language of execration. In particular did they cover with infamy, too dire to hint at, the nautical fiend who had advised Misgill to climb the hill and take lodgings with a mysterious individual whose sole attractions were reflected from the wife and daughter he had fetched from the "States." The California of thirty-one years ago was not rich in wives and daughters.

Misgill had been sure, when Porteous had suggested it, that he had far rather enter the magic circle of a home, however humble, than to put up with the gregarious discomforts of a lodging-house. So, armed with explicit directions how to find Ballen's dwelling, and further instructions to mention Porteous's name, Misgill had bravely weighed anchor from the old City Hotel saloon, and had set sail upon what he anticipated would prove a short and successful run. But the fog had pitilessly snuffed out the few scattered lights. The night grew blacker and grimmer. A chill wind, laden with moisture, rushed across the hill-side and swept through and through him. He shuddered to his very marrow, and concluded to retrace his steps. Hardly had he turned to put his resolve into execution, when his feet slipped from under him, and he went down, down, down; until something started belligerently out of the misty darkness right in his way. It was the side-wall of a house, and Misgill beat on it furiously. At length a candle flickered faintly through a small window over his head.

"Who's down there, and what do you want?" said a voice.

"It's Misgill, of the *Barnacle*. If you're Jim Ballen, Porteous sent me. Come, now, don't put me clean through the blasted catechism. Let me in!"

"Next door!" were the uncompromising accents of the reply, and the light vanished with unrelenting celerity.

Next door! He might as well have said next planet. Misgill knocked again, more furiously, but was rewarded by no further parley. Finally, he made another plunge into the surrounding vacancy, and, after groping about in a rage, succeeded in finding, not another shanty, as he supposed, but the very same, which stolidly withstood another assault. The humiliating fact is, that this process was repeated several times before Misgill, astonished that the hill-side was so well built up, devoted all its residents to fiery torments, and gave up in despair.

The following day, he avoided Porteous as he would the plague; but that jolly personage found him at last. A watery twinkle in his bloodshot eyes led Misgill to believe that he anticipated a confession.

"Hallo, cap! Wher' ye ben all day? How'd ye sleep las' night, eh?"

"Fine," said Misgill, laconically.

"Foun' Ballen's, eh?"

"Without any trouble."

"Humph! Didn't expect you would. A man as full as you was, Thad, couldn't be expected to fin' anythin'. Well, I s'pose the young un is jus' what I said, eh?" There was always an alcoholic uncertainty about Porteous's consonants. "She's a splendid gal, she is."

This reference to the "young un" reäwakened Misgill's curiosity to see her. He had rashly vowed never again to set foot on Telegraph Hill; but, having to account to no one, save himself, for a broken resolution, he set out before dark to find Ballen's.

Looking along Kearny Street westward, to-day, the hill is so closely built that it resembles a huge stack of vari-shaped boxes; but Misgill, in climbing, was led over open slopes, green, and soaked by heavy rains. Where he had been wandering the night before, he could not possibly make out. He saw nothing of the clustered houses among which he had imagined himself. Here a rude tent, there a ruder shanty, was all. He began to think that he must have been very drunk, indeed.

Ballen's was not easy to miss by daylight. Porteous's description enabled Misgill to recognize it at once. It was ambitiously whitewashed, and was flanked by a huge hogshead, standing on end; this, having a sort of door cut in it, served to shelter a few domestic animals, all of which latter had, at that time, a remarkable value.

Announcing himself loudly at the front entrance, Misgill was unexpectedly waited upon by somebody who darted around the side of the house like a watch-dog: an angry man, whose fiery countenance was covered by an abundant growth of vigorous red bristles standing out straight from chin, cheeks—ears, even—and radiating heat and choler from every hirsute point.

"What the —— do you want, hammering a man's house down over his head?" was the first impetuous query, put forth like a volley of barks.

"I'm Misgill, of the *Barnacle*. I want a land-rat called Ballen, and go to —— with you," growled the captain in his best chest-notes.

"Well, if you do want me, you needn't come here as if you was in command of the whole hill," replied the other, letting his voice fall an octave. "You're Porteous's friend, I 'spose. Expected you last night. Walk around the back way. We don't put on no airs in these diggin's. No lock on the front door; so it's barricaded. Women folks skeery."

And rabbits were "skeery," too. One fled here, another started there, at the captain's approach, making with long, soft leaps for the sheltering hogshead. This gaining, they turned to investigate, with wonder-stricken ears and tremulous noses.

Mrs. Ballen excited Misgill's profound astonishment. "What a spare rib she is!" thought he, chuckling. "Blast me if I don't think her stays would pinch my thumb!" (A reflection which he afterward repeated to Porteous.) So withered a creature was she, indeed, that her shriveled appearance seemed in some mysterious way to hold toward her husband's inflammable temper the relation of effect to cause. One might be pardoned the fancy that she had undergone a process of physical shrinking so as to present less surface to the fury of his wrathful explosions. For wrinkles, the poor soul's countenance was a marvel; her close-drawn lips looking exactly as if worked round in button-hole stitch. What scanty gray hair she had was twisted into a tight little knob. Going about her household duties with a ceaseless activity, she seemed like a mechanical toy just wound up.

Before dinner-time, Misgill began heartily to regret being quartered there. He had seen nobody save the two disagreeable elders: Mr. Ballen scolding incessantly, and Mrs. Ballen silent; "but that sour," as Misgill also remarked with profane superfluity to his friend Porteous, "that 't would cure a whole ship's crew of the scurvy just to look at her onct."

The young person to whom Porteous had referred came in, swinging a calico sun-bonnet by the strings, while they were at table. A more perfect air of unconcern it had never been the captain's luck to see. A shrewd observer, it struck him that this nonchalance was assumed. Flinging her head-gear across the room, the girl took her place at the humble board, saying coolly:

"Hallo, pa! don't bust your biler."

Then Misgill involuntarily glanced at Ballen, and found himself promptly turning back the cuffs of his rough jacket. He wasn't going to sit by and see a "gal like that" beaten in his presence—"'twas agin human nater." The young person continued in the same strain:

"Let off steam now, before you git too full—do. Ma don't want to pick up my fragments, do you, ma? Whew! how hungry I am!"

That she had been able to say so much without interruption was an evil portent. Ballen's teeth gleamed. He looked dangerous. The last word had hardly left the girl's lips when he fairly flew from his place. But she was as quick as he. With her back to the wall, against which she flung herself, she stood at bay, like some wild creature.

"Don't tech me!" she said, in a low, passionate tone, "or you'll repent of it. I won't be teched!"

The wonder was that her father did not strike the words out of her mouth. The captain sat in tense expectancy, awaiting the first blow.

"You can bully ma, but you can't bully me. I'm not a rabbit, to take a cabbage-leaf or a kick, whichever you choose. You've give me my last beating."

Her courage was something so fine in the face of her father's fury—Ballen was a powerful man, too—that the captain's blood tingled in every admiring vein.

"She could front a mutinied foksl, she could!" he thought, and eagerly watched to see what next.

"How d-dare you stand there a-d-daring me, Molly Ballen!" The man fairly stuttered with astonishment and rage.

"I ain't a-daring you. I'm a-protecting myself, that's all. And"—with a sudden access of fiery resolution—"I'll do that so long as I draw breath!"

"You've been off, nobody knows where, since morning."

"Everybody ken know where, if they want. I've been to Jenny Gregg's. If you don't believe me, ask her."

"You've been a-neglecting your work, an' leaving your ma to peg at it all alone."

"Much you care for ma!" Molly began, contemptuously, when her mother, thinking to soften her husband by siding with him, piped up in a whining tone:

"Yes, you hev, Molly. I've ben hard at it all the livelong day." But she got no thanks. Ballen promptly and furiously told her not to put in her "clack."

"You're only a child," he said, turning to Molly again, "an' needn't be putting on no airs. If you lay yourself out for a flogging you'll git it. She's bare thirteen, cap," he explained, looking toward Misgill, with some hint at an apology in his tone.

"I'm near fourteen," returned Molly, steadily, "and am bigger than sixteen."

The captain was thunderstruck. He could fully endorse Molly's last assertion. She looked every day of sixteen, and finely developed for that. He stared harder, and wished he had more eyes. What a splendid girl she was, to be sure, with her noble curves and dauntless carriage! There was no trace of her mother's pinched features in hers. Her hair was red, but not her father's color—paler, and gloriously soft and abundant.

"Well, well; I'll see to you by an' by," said Ballen, with a sort of deprecatory growl. "This ain't being very polite to the cap'n."

"You should have thought of that before," cried Molly, with a saucy laugh.

"But I'll see that you don't go a-maundering off ag'in."

The scene ended as unexpectedly as it had begun. Captain Misgill resumed his knife and fork, finding opportunity to convey secret glances of approbation across the table to Molly. By the dancing of her eyes she enjoyed her triumph immensely, and she dreaded no later reckoning.

The captain and Ballen lit their pipes, and took a stroll to the top of the hill together.

"That gal thinks she's gittin' too much for me," said Molly's father. "I'd a given her a good whacking if it hadn't been you was strange."

"Try it on while I'm 'round," muttered the doughty captain, "an' I'll make lime-dust o' your bones."

The bed-chamber of those days was a primitive affair. The captain's was hardly larger than his snug cabin on the *Barnacle;* and as the wind tore furiously all night across the bleak hill, the cloth partitions billowed and shook like spread sails. In his dreams Misgill was at sea; and waking with a start in the dead of night, he had some difficulty, owing to the rocking and creaking of the rude shanty, to dispel the illusion. He soon became aware of a flashing and failing of light, not unlike a beacon-fire on a windy headland, but in reality a flickering candle-flame in the next room.

Gathering his wits together painfully, as if each had been on a separate cruise, he listened intently. There was a soft intermittent sound of some rhythmical movement. The floor quivered as if to unheard music. He rolled over on his side, and stared hard at the frail partition separating his room from the next. Whoever was stirring there was unconsciously giving the captain the benefit of a sort of magic-lantern representation. A shadow, now elongated, now dwarfed, now silently posing, now dancing, quivered up and over the cloth partition in fantastic play. That shape could belong to none other than Molly. What was she up to? With a nautical oath, tremendous in quality, if subdued in tone, the captain resolved to find out. Crawling cautiously on all fours to the partition, his vision was cheated by a spreading whiteness, through which the candle glowed like the flame in an opal. In an agony of caution, Misgill possessed himself of his jack-knife, and with it punctured a small hole, to which he fastened an investigating eye. Molly, sure enough—in white night-gear, with a large red bandanna fastened about her waist, and straggling odds and ends of color fantastically knotted here and there; her bright hair flying like a shining mane, and her graceful ankles white and bare. Now she took an attitude of mock supplication, now of command, now of scorn—now polkaed softly, now sank down on one knee, as in the "cachucha," waving imaginary castanets over her head. So childlike, so absorbed, who could believe her the same girl who had flashed out such splendid defiance of her father's brutality? The old captain knelt spell-bound. His palms itched to applaud. Suddenly Molly's steps, light as they were, stepping on an ill-fitting board, made a small earthquake, and a preliminary grunt announced that old Ballen was waking. Instantly the candle went out and the play was ended.

The following afternoon, Misgill climbed the hill earlier than before. He went around the back way, as he had been taught, and found Molly and her mother pie-making on an extensive scale. The disposal of these dyspeptic contrivances to a miners' restaurant was the family's chief source of income. Dozens of shining, empty tins stood in a pile; other dozens had been filled, and with pale, doughy resignation waited their turn in the oven, whence issued spicy odors of bubbling insides and delicately browning crusts. Huge earthen bowls of dried apples and peaches—fresh fruit was out of the question, then, for such purposes—and another of soaked cracker yawned near, the latter so doctored with lemon extract, sugar, and nutmeg, as to meet the palate with a deceptive flavor of green apple.

Invited by Molly's eyes, the captain sat down and tilted his chair back against the wall. The kitchen was hot as a furnace; he perspired profusely, but still seemed bent on studying pie-making processes. Perhaps the rolling and neat fitting of the under-crust; the deliciously pulpy sound, as the stewed fruit was ladled in; the persuasive pat, pat, pat of the spoon, smoothing down the little hillock to a level round: the deft whirl with which the upper-crust was cast like a pall over plate and contents, revived forgotten memories of a far-off home, and of days before the boy had become an ocean-rover; but certainly the display of Molly's fine arms, bared to the shoulder, as she poised the plate in air to cut away the surplus drapery of dough, had a charm peculiar to the moment.

Happily, Ballen was absent on business, and Mrs. Ballen was kept busy tending the oven and plenishing the fire with brush-wood—their only fuel. True, the old lady, relieved from the clogging effect of her husband's presence, made ceaseless complaints in a whining way; but neither Molly nor the captain seemed to care one whit. They kept up a rattling gossip. The captain told his best stories in a characteristic vein of humor; of shrewd tricks played at smuggling; of scrapes he had gotten into ashore in a dozen ports: and he wound up with a bantering description of a burial at sea, where he had officiated, to his own infinite jest and profane use of sacred text. Molly laughed at everything up to this last. Then she flew into a temper, and called Misgill a miserable, worthless old heathen, which so delighted him that he could scarcely speak.

Preparations for dinner having superseded the general baking, Misgill went away to his room. He laid the great-coat he had taken off in the kitchen on its back across the bed, bringing into view an inner pocket, bulging with something done up in a thick wrapper. This, unrolled, revealed to his admiring eyes, as if for the first time, a China crape shawl of vivid yellow, heavily embroidered in colors. Having held it out at arm's length, he went so far as to cast it over his shoulders, where it gleamed in gorgeous contrast to a shaggy grayish beard and rough nether garments. Startled by a step in the hall, he flung it aside with a shamefaced air.

Molly's step. It passed into the adjoining room, whence he presently heard a profound sigh, as of weariness.

"Poor little thing!" thought the old fellow commiseratingly, "a wonder them pretty feet ain't broke clean off, she's on 'em to that degree."

He listened awhile. No sound of further movement. He stood irresolute; his ear toward the partition, his eye on the shawl where it lay in a careless heap.

Another sigh gave him the sympathetic impulse needed.

"Molly!"—softly.

No answer.

"Molly!"

"Is that you, cap'n?"

"Me. Come out in the hall a minute."

Molly's face, still blazing from the hot kitchen, was heightened in color-effect by a generous daub of flour across one cheek. Her hair was still twisted up, carelessly, but picturesquely, off her neck. There was aroused attention, curiosity even, in her expression as, standing in her doorway, she saw Misgill waiting with something exquisitely bright and soft wrapped loosely in his hands.

"It's for you," he said, answering the sparkling question in her glance; and taking a step or two toward her, with a gesture as if throwing it away, he awkwardly cast the shawl over the shoulder nearest to him, instantly turning on his heel, as who should say: "Take it. It isn't worth a thank-you."

How to bestow a gift gracefully is a rare expression of tact. Whether too great carelessness or undue impressiveness be more offensive, who shall decide? But Molly was not critical. She stifled a shriek of delight; and in five minutes had worn the gay thing in every fashion but that conventionally accepted. Now it hung squarely from her shoulders—a court train; now it produced a classic effect in its unstudied falls and folds; now it shrouded her bright hair, her blue eyes peeping through its long, silken fringes. The captain beamed delight as she paraded joyously up and down.

"Give us the cachucha, Molly!" he whispered. "I saw you at it last night."

"Did you?" she cried, with subdued emphasis.

Misgill explained hilariously.

Molly laughed a little, too. "You were so tipsy," she said, "that I was sure you would sleep sound."

"Not last night. I wasn't tipsy last night. I hadn't drank a drop"—so protested the captain mendaciously.

Molly ignored this. A fiery earnestness came into her manner.

"I'm a-going to be a play-actress, that's what I'm a-going to be!"

"A—kicker?" queried the captain, illustrating with a foot never designed by nature or the bootmaker's art for any *pas*.

"Well, I'm to learn to dance, too. But that ain't all. There's some pantomine people a-going to South Ameriky soon. Jenny Gregg knows one of the women. I've most made up my mind to run away with 'em."

These last sentences were safely delivered into the very porch of the listener's ear.

"On accounts of your pap, eh?"

She nodded frowningly.

"I wouldn't a-dared stand ag'in him yesterday, if he an' me was alone. I tantalized him a-purpose so's to have it out before you. But now I've begun, I'm a-going on with it. I work early and late, most days: a pity I can't have one off now an' then. He's give me as much of hard knocks as I'll take, has pa. I kind of dashed him yesterday—I could see it in his eye. It was an expeeriment. Now I'd fight ma's battles, too, if 't would do any good. But she'd only knuckle under!"

At that moment, a strident voice seemed to vault up the ladder by which the second story was gained.

"He's come home," muttered Molly, involuntarily clenching her hands—"the beast!"

The captain did not look horrified. He wished he might fully express his feelings toward Ballen. He considered that the signal had been given for him to slip quietly into his room.

"Stop!" whispered Molly, imperiously. "I haven't thanked you for this beauty."

The captain had wished she would not; he changed his mind when he felt a pair of plump arms around his neck.

"There! you splendid old darling!" cried Molly, with a squeeze, and vanished.

Like one in a dream he stood, feeling her warm breath against his grizzled cheek for full five minutes after. Then he shook himself roughly, muttering: "You old gray ship-rat, you! I b'lieve you'd snivel for the moon!"

Week after week the *Barnacle* lay in port, waiting for a crew. Hands used to ropes had taken to pick and pan. Part owner of his own vessel, such delays commonly made the captain anything but mild-mannered. But now, beyond rebuking his drinking habits and laying an embargo on his worst oaths, Molly Ballen found him both agreeable and entertaining. His sobriety of palate and tongue astonished nobody more than the captain himself. He was convinced, although a bad word did slip out now and then, that he was turning frightfully pious. He loaded his young friend with motley gifts—shells, a Spanish guitar, a dress-length of smuggled English silk, bright enough to gladden any girl's heart, a silver-mounted opium-pipe, a Chinese work-box, full of useless bobbins, and a clumsy ivory thimble, which Molly called a bee-hive; and, besides, countless costly edibles.

She shared all the good things with Jenny Gregg; but would show nothing to father or mother, fearing to lose them. Girl-like, she rejoiced secretly in her treasures, assuring the giver that she would carry every precious one off to South America with her—at mention of which possible journey Misgill's foolish old heart would sink down untold fathoms. He had been introduced into the home of the Greggs—only a rude little tent it was, on Clay Street Hill. Mrs. Gregg was often absent, doing a day's work wherever she could get it, and Jenny—a bright girl, two years older than Molly—kept house. Many a lunch Jenny spread there with unheard of luxuries provided by the captain. Then, too, the trio made a stolen visit to the *Barnacle*, and another, over sand-drifts and wastes of wild lupine, to the old Mission Church.

One fine morning, Misgill was startled out of his fool's paradise. He must bid good-bye to Molly at once—perhaps forever. Some drugged and intoxicated wretches had been smuggled aboard the *Barnacle*, to fill out a meagre complement of sailors, and he must put to sea before they came to themselves. He climbed to Ballen's house as if going to the scaffold. To see Molly an instant alone was the best he dared hope. By token of that harsh voice, issuing from the kitchen, the master was at home; but Molly was nowhere to be seen. Having hastily gathered together his few personal effects and paid his bill for entertainment, Misgill looked around stonily. Was this the last?

"Molly?" he ventured, at length.

"A-maundering off ag'in!" cried Ballen, with a furious oath. "I'll squeeze that gal's brains through her ears but I'll break her of these tricks."

Misgill ground his teeth with rage and pain, thinking "I'll not be here to protect her." But, at the same moment, a ray of hope shot into his heart. Where could Molly be but at Jenny's? And there, indeed, she was. Misgill startled her with an off-hand good-bye.

"What, cap'n! A-going away?"

"Good Lord, Molly! how long would you have me ——"

"Forever!" Molly broke in, promptly.

"Come, I must be off," he muttered, getting suddenly hoarse. "Molly, do you remember how you served me the day I brought you that Chiny shawl?"

"Don't I, though!"

"Serve me so ag'in, dear. That was the first, this'll be the last, time."

She waited no urging, but threw her arms around his neck, and, unexpectedly, began to cry, like the child she was, on his shoulder.

"You've been so good to me, cap'n. Pa hasn't ventured to lift a hand to me sence you've been in the house. There's no telling what he will do, now; and—and I don't want to go with them South Ameriky people. I want—to go with you!"

"Don't, don't, my dear! Dry them pretty eyes. Would to the Lord you was my own little gal, Molly."

"Take me with you, cap'n!"

"It can't be, Molly. It can't be. Leastwise there's only one mortal way, an' I'm too old an' you're too young for that!"

"One way?" she echoed, seizing upon his most hopeful words, and looking eagerly into his face. "Why, you're crying, too, Cap'n Misgill!"

"I know what it is," said Jenny, who had been standing by, patiently waiting her adieu. "It's to marry the cap'n, Molly."

"To—marry the cap'n!" echoed Molly, laughing aloud, with the tears still on her cheeks. "Why, of course! Your mother was married at fourteen, Jenny."

"But not to an old gray-beard like me!" returned Misgill, putting Molly away from him with a rough decision. "You'd repent of it bitter enough before you was twenty."

"No, I wouldn't," contradicted Molly; "I'd think of pa."

Mention of Ballen had brought those evil looks and threats sharply before Misgill's mind. Could he leave the dear girl, whose every glance and every tone were sunshine and music to him, to the dreadful alternatives of submitting to Ballen's tender mercies, or desperately running into heaven only knew what dangers?

"Molly!" he said, huskily, "think well on it, my dear. Don't make up your mind too hasty. I'll go an' find my old friend, Porteous. Expect me back in an hour, at most. I must be aboard in two."

Within the specified time he returned, and with him Porteous, whose jolly, rolling eyes beamed anticipation of wedding liquids.

"Where's the minister?" said Molly, looking impatiently from one to the other. "I thought you'd bring one."

Whereupon Porteous roared with triumph: "Hooray! hooray! Changed her mind, has she, cap'n? Never see a man so sorter tim'rous as Thad, all on a sudden! Parson's waitin' outside."

Then he ran to wave his hat at the opening of the tent; and thus conjured, the Reverend Edward Grass—so Porteous introduced him—entered. For the same reason that he had been posted without, some suspicious black bottles had been left in his keeping.

Porteous apologized for his incongruous presence by telling that although he had been a chaplain in the British navy, he was just back from the American River diggin's—dead broke.

"But he kin tie the nuptual," Porteous declared, "jus' as tight 's if his heels kicked his coat-tails, an' his neck was done up in a pillowcase."

But for Porteous, the wedding would have been a dumb affair. The bridegroom was sober even to solemnity; the bride was silent from intense excitement; Jenny awed, and the Reverend Edward unconscionably stupid. Porteous leered very tenderly at Jenny, and whispered, "Le's us stan' up, too; I'm a widower this twenty year." And the ceremony over, in view of Molly's shining eyes and flushed cheeks, he assured everybody present that she was a "fine gal," and "sech spirits as hers wasn't made to be bottled up by a cruel dad." But his triumph was greatest when he had filled everybody's cup and raised his own, to cry, "Here's to the Thaddeus Misgill! Forty years rust'n an' roll'n in the harbor of old bachhood! now conv'yed through the Golden Gate of Matrimony by the staunch little steam-tug Molly. Drink hearty!"

No doubt Porteous fibbed, saying forty years. Fifty would have been nearer the truth. But he set the example of drinking deep, and looked to see if the captain had done the same. Assuredly the captain's mug was empty; but, to tell the truth, Molly had slyly poured its contents out on the floor, her new-made husband meekly consenting thereto.

Jenny having thoughtfully provided a few indispensable changes of raiment, from her own scanty store, for the bride, she had no sooner brought them out in a neat bundle, than Molly screamed with sudden recollection:

"I never, never can leave all the beautiful things the cap'n has give me. The chiny——"

"Never you mind them, dear," said Misgill. "Let Jenny here git 'em an' keep 'em."

The two girls shed some tears at parting. The two men gripped each other's hand as men only can and do. The *Barnacle* sailed away that very afternoon, and San Francisco saw no more of Molly for full five years.

The girl came back a splendid woman; to be known and honored among Misgill's friends as "Captain Molly." She wore her title gaily; but, with becoming modesty, left it to her husband to tell how she had won it.

"'Twas off the Horn in the blackest kind of weather," so Misgill would begin, with a beaming glance in his wife's direction, "that the worst crew a poor devil of a cap'n ever put up with showed signs of mutiny. Half on 'em was hobbled one way or 'nother, an' all was vicious dogs. My first mate, though, he was a pretty hard customer." Here he would wink, as if to imply that he was none too soft a customer himself. "The poor wretches was badly fed an' half froze, no doubt about it. But if they didn't jump clean out their boots to his orders Parks would play ten-pins with 'em, bowling 'em down so 'twas a mortal wonder any ever got up ag'in. Some didn't. We'd had two funerals two successive days. No chucking fellows overboard careless when Molly was round. She would read the service over 'em out of a Church of England prayer-book she'd found lying about som'ers. I learned her to read myself on our wedding trip. She didn't know *b* from *zed* when we was married. But arterward she studied navigation an' could cal-c'late our course as well as me. Well, she said that if I didn't put a stop to Parks's brutalities she would. An' Molly had a way of keeping her word. This time she didn't.

"One night, when Parks was on deck, the boys, some on 'em, got up an' made hash of him. When I looked inter the faces of them chaps, there was more murder there. I didn't expect to live another blasted twenty-four hours if I didn't get the upper hand of 'em. They was a tough lot surely. Well, I thought it over, serious an' slow. Then I went to the cabin and gave Molly a sharp little dirk-knife. 'Now, my dear,' says I, calm and easy, 'if I'm not here ag'in safe an' sound in fifteen minutes, stick this into yourself. You'd better be dead than at the mercy of them devils. Make a sure thing of it, my dear. No sham suiciding.' I knew the stuff Molly was made of, you see. Did she cry? Not Molly. She did turn a little white, but looked stiddy at the knife.

"I walked inter the foksl with a pistol in each hand and two more in my pockets. Six on 'em was there, with their heads laid together. 'Now, my lads,' says I, 'them that's been making live mince-meat on this ship, just step out here, and go into irons, decent an' well behaved.' Nobody said nothing, but a sort of low growl went around; nobody stirred apparent, but there was a creep, creeping of the hull lot of them toward me. I set my back to somethin', cocked my pistols, an' picked out my men. I thought of Molly hacking away at herself with that knife; I thought of my pistols missing fire, an' of the big nigger with the scar I'd made across his face laying hands on her—an' there, by the Lord! she stood—Molly!—with her head up, an' a light that I'd see afore when she was a little gal, flashing in her eyes. As she stepped into that black den, I turned sick and dizzy; I couldn't scarce hear her, but she was making a little speech about Parks, an' what they'd did. 'But,' says she, 'he was a bad, cruel man. Though you've did a terrible deed, that you must answer for to your God; I'll swear to what Parks was in any court. Come, men, the *Barnacle's* in an awful tight place. This may be the last trip for all of us, unless you git to work. Save the ship, an' save yourselves.' I would 'a' opened my head to swear that no one should stir till they'd done as I told 'em, when Molly give me a look that went clean through me.

"The trouble all blew over for a time; the men turned to; but I was riled. I'm the law an' the devil on my deck, I am. What I've once said has got to be done, if I die for it; the big nigger, he was sulky. I give an order sharp——" here the captain interpolated something unintelligible save to his nautical listeners, "and the black clod didn't stir. The next minute I'd flattened him out 's if a mainmast had fell on him; it was the signal for the hull devilish lot to drop whatever they was at.

"I stepped forward to meet 'em, slipped on the icy deck; my feet went from under me, and there I lay with the spine of my back broke—I believed so then—at their mercy.

"All got dark afore me, an' when I came to I was stretched out in my own bunk, the nigger was in irons, and the rest of 'em was obeying my wife's orders like clock-work. It's a mystery to me to this day how Molly managed 'em. The long and short of it is, I was lying there yet when we reached Valparaiso, where we reported the vessel badly knocked about, the captain disabled, the first mate murdered, an' Mrs. Molly Misgill in command. She's been Captain Molly ever since.

"The big nigger? We took him back to New York, where he was tried for the murder of Parks. Molly, she went into court, and testified to Parks's little pecooliarities, and the black dog would 'a' got off with a light sentence, but some of the others give him away for hatching a plot to seize the *Barnacle* an' make off to some one of the South Pacific islands with her. My back was lame a long stretch. That's all. Thanks to the bravest girl ever trod ship's deck, here we are where we started from, ain't we, Molly?"

And that was all, save a glimpse of a heavy gold medal, which was inscribed:

To Captain Molly Misgill,
Who saved the Barnacle and her Cargo,
Dec. 25th, 1853.
Presented by Many Ship Owners.

E. M. Ludlum.

THE ETHICS OF SUICIDE.

There are survivals, not of the fittest only, but also of the unfittest, of which suicide is one. Of this fact, in the line of social science, Prudon takes note, and says: "Society, through every avenue, is drifting to suicide." Edmond Douay says: "The number of suicides continually increases, especially in large cities." With all the light of science hitherto bearing upon the subject, it still offers grave questions of interest to the philosopher as well as the philanthropist.

Is there, in fact, in communities, through the crowding and jostling, the intrigue and circumvention, the greed and strife, on account of strength or impotence, dishonesty and oppression, or misfortune, and the general course of things, the mutations of condition, hope at one time rising higher and higher, and anon despondency sinking deeper and deeper—is there a law by which the wide and almost ever-widening distinctions of rank, fortune, ease, contentment, and happiness must of necessity prevail?

Must passion and excitement, ambition and pride, envy and chagrin, disappointment and despair, with the prompting to each and all of these, ever continue to hold sway among the teeming masses of men? And more, is it the final, fatal issue out of all these contradictions of "the madding crowd," that utter hopelessness and hate of life must close the scene?

Unhappily, it is not needful to look far for facts proving both the existence and increasing prevalence of this dire evil. In this regard, it must be confessed, the Pacific Slope, and San Francisco in particular, have attained a "bad eminence." Official statistics, extending over the period of seventeen years, from 1862 to 1879, show that in the City and County of San Francisco the average annual increase of suicides has been 21.86 per cent. In the fiscal year, June, 1877, to July, 1878, the maximum increase occurred, which was 35 per cent. more than that of the previous year, the whole number of reported suicides being 103, and, in a population of 300,000, one suicide to 2,912 inhabitants. The increase of population during that year was only about 10 per cent. For the fiscal year 1878–1879, a less gloomy record is made. Its entire number of suicides reported is 86; meanwhile, the population having been only slightly augmented, estimated at about 300,000, the ratio of suicide stands as 1 to 3,488. In New York City the ratio, at the same time, marks 1 to about 8,000 inhabitants.

The Municipal Reports, 1878–1879, of San Francisco, contain the following tables of characteristic features of the suicides of that fiscal year:

COLOR.	
White	80
Chinese	6

SEX.	
Males	76
Females	10

CONDITION.	
Married	36
Widow	1
Widowers	4
Divorced	1
Single	39
Unknown	5
	86

AGE.	
Between 10 and 20	5
" 20 " 30	13
" 30 " 40	21
" 40 " 50	19
" 50 " 60	19
" 60 " 70	7
" 70 " 80	2
Oldest, 78; Youngest, 13; Average, 40.	
	86

OCCUPATION.	
Mechanic	13
Housekeeper	6
Unknown	3

Remaining 38 kinds of occupation range from 1 to 4 persons in each.

The table relating to predisposing causes gives a large percentage of pecuniary difficulties, classed as follows:

Business disappointments, 3; destitution, 11; gambling, 6, (of which 3 were connected with stocks, "poker," 1, and Chinese games, 2); domestic unhappiness, 8; after crime, 5; supposed incurable disease, 14; intemperance, 20.

The greater numbers appear in the classes of the impoverished, the intemperate, mechanics, and as to season, in the months of April, May, June, and July. Only five out of the whole number, eighty-six, are placed as insane. The irresistible conclusion therefore must be, that, in the large majority of cases, suicide is committed in a condition of personal responsibility; and as to not a few others, the disordered state of mind which is its immediate cause is the direct consequence of an irregular mode of life, the voluntary action of free moral agency. Such a state of facts—which, in the general application of rules of jurisprudence to vice and crime, leaves no ground whatever for exculpation—if suicide is indeed a crime, involves its perpetrator in the guilt of a violation of a most sacred law of nature and God.

France has furnished, in different periods of her history, painful examples of the prevalence of suicide. Particularly, the appalling record of Versailles, for the year 1793, during the horrors of the Revolution, bears a dread character of numbers. In that year, among a population of 30,000, in Versailles alone no less than 1,300 suicides were committed. Later French history, and dates embracing the present time, furnish a far more favorable census of the subject, and a better practical estimate of the value of life and the obligation to preserve it.

To the researches and studies of eminent French authors we are indebted for extended statistics and analyses of the facts of suicide. It is the observation of Edmond Douay that "the number of suicides continually increases, especially in large cities." In an elaborate treatise *On Suicide in France from 1780 to 1876*, the author, M. Des Etangs, makes the following summary remarks: "The largest number of suicides belongs to countries in which life is considered happy and comfortable *(heureuse et facile)*—in the kingdoms and duchies of Saxony, notably Altenburg, in other German States, and in Denmark." England ranks in the catalogue behind France in the proportion of 69 to 110. Spain holds about the same position as France.

Tables compiled by M. Douay, giving a proximate generalization with respect to age, sex, married or unmarried, mode, and season, in France, are the following:

I.—NUMBER AND INCREASE.

From 1826 to 1830,	annual mean	1,739
" 1831 to 1835,	"	2,263
" 1836 to 1840,	"	2,574
" 1841 to 1845,	"	2,951
" 1846 to 1850,	"	3,446
" 1851 to 1855,	"	3,369
" 1856 to 1860,	"	4,002
" 1861 to 1865,	"	4,661

Thus from 1826 to 1850 the increase was double; afterward this progression continues.

II.—AGE AND SEX.

	Men.	*Women.*
Under 16	102	39
16 to 21	530	306
21 to 30	2,111	643
30 to 40	2,801	681
40 to 50	3,699	927
50 to 60	[illegible]	922
60 to 70	3,486	803
70 to 80	1,290	435
Over 80	219	32

III.—SEASON.

Winter and cold months:

	Men.	*Women.*
January	1,359	381
February	1,235	318
March	1,616	407
	4,210	1,106
Total for quarter		5,316

	Men.	*Women*
October	1,341	408
November	1,230	346
December	1,210	338
	3,781	1,092
Total for quarter		4,873
Total for half-year		10,189

Summer and warm months:

	Men.	*Women.*
April	1,893	476
May	1,902	482
June	1,839	488
	5,634	1,437
Total for quarter		7,071

	Men.	*Women.*
July	1,844	504
August	1,902	482
September	1,357	282
	4,786	1,258
Total for quarter		6,041
Total for half-year		13,115

IV.—MEANS.

	Men.	*Women.*	*Total.*
Strangulation and hanging	8,413	1,496	9,909
Drowning	4,656	2,090	6,746
Fire-arms	2,462	30	2,492
Asphyxia with carbon	1,112	641	1,753
Cutting or stabbing	795	137	932
Leaping from an eminence	510	274	793
Poison	218	206	487
Other methods	173	19	192
	18,411	4,893	23,304

M. Brierre de Boismont adds the following tables:

V.—FORTUNE.

Rich	126	
Having competency	571	
		697
Earning support		2,000
Embarrassed	256	
Bankrupt	159	
Destitute	760	
Wretched *(misérables)*	464	
		1,583
Unknown		310
Total		4,595

VI.—MORALS.

Good	1,945
Bad	1,454
Unknown	1,196
Total	4,595

VII.—EDUCATION.

Good—Men, 467; women, 106; total, 573.
Reading, writing, spelling—Men, 601; women, 188; total, 789.
Reading, writing, only—Men, 1,145; women, 511; total, 1,656.
Reading, only—Men, 1; women, 2; total, 3.
Summary.—Total—Men, 3,183; women, 1,347; grand total, 4,530.

From the foregoing statistics it appears that suicides are most numerous in the summer months; between the ages of forty and sixty; as to mode, by strangulation and drowning; in sex, of males compared with females, three to one; of the class "earning support," more in number than of the unfortunate and needy; and the same proportion in morals between the good and the bad; and, finally, as to education, the preponderance is on the side of the relatively unlearned. It is further reported that in continental Europe suicide is most frequent in the army.

Among the inquiries which arise concerning the fact of suicide is one, not of mere speculation, but also of practical interest, regarding the question of personal accountability. That ofttimes suicide occurs when the subject has been rendered irresponsible by the possession of a "mind diseased" is undoubted; in regard to which the rules of evidence established in medical jurisprudence are safe guides. But, on the other hand, the plea of insanity is in vain preferred in cases of deliberate suicide. The very fact of deliberate, premeditated suicide, involving voluntary choice, precludes the ground and plea of insanity. The deduction from personal observations, drawn by Dr. John P. Gray, Superintendent of the New York Lunatic Asylum, is, that "suicide is, in a large proportion if not the majority of cases, committed by persons who are entirely sane."

M. Des Etangs, the author already quoted, says: "Of the number who have left, in writing, reasons for the commission of suicide, often these reasons are given with a perfect clearness *(lucidité)*." How slight, in certain cases, is the illusion under which suicide is meditated, is seen in the cases of persons rescued from a watery plunge, or after the first flow of blood. A charitable construction of the fact leads often to the assumption of insanity as the cause of suicide, when maturer unprejudiced reflection leads to a rejection of the cherished theory.

Many cases of suicide fall under one or the other of the conditions of heredity and epidemic imitation. It is notorious, as it is remarkable, that in the same family—as to a parent, child, and grandchild—this sad, unnatural action is seen, in successive generations, to repeat itself at the same age, by the same method, and in the same place. As in other mental and moral, as well as physical characteristics, so in this especial phase, the law of heredity has place. Again, suicide is epidemic by imitation. There are periods in which a suicidal mania, as an infection, spreads through society and migrates from land to land. Such is the potent influence, through suggestion or justification, of the force of example. The proximate conditions being similar, this fearful outcome is the same.

The evil of suicide has existed from early historic periods. It has evoked attention and interposed repressive measures. The Mosaic law enjoined: "Thou shalt do no murder"—a clear interdict of self-destruction. It is the prohibition of the slaying of man. "Self-destruction," said the school-man, Thomas Aquinas, "is more culpable than the slaying of another." Hebrews have consistently held that the sixth precept of the decalogue forbids suicide. Such, too, is the law of Christian ethics, with a comprehensive application: "Do thyself no harm." Such are the eminently strong declarations of the sacred writings on this subject.

The general history and jurisprudence of the civilized world, it must be admitted, present a twofold view of the ethics of suicide. On the one hand, among the ancient philosophers were some who affected to bestow a special honor upon suicide, as it was a part of their teaching to prescribe a proud contempt of life. This form of philosophy arose and played its part in ancient Greece, and was the sentiment of the philosophers of the Porch—the Stoics. And suicide, if not expressly commended, was conspicuous in fact, in the case of Cato and others. Roman jurisprudence, imbued with the principles of the Stoic philosophy, regarded suicide with indulgence. The old Roman law imposed no penalties affecting suicide; but a practice grew up under the Cæsars, justly styled a "monstrous *régime*," by which a compromise was effected, according to which, in order to escape the exactions of a Tiberius and a Domitian, rich Roman citizens, who were in peril of being despoiled of their wealth, determined upon the commission of suicide—first conveying their property by bequest. The government even furnished a surgeon to open the veins of the suicide, on the condition of receiving into the imperial treasury a large portion of the suicide's estate. Between the right of bequest to one's family and Cæsar's liberal participation in the fortunes of patrician millionaires, the genius of the Stoic philosophy was able skillfully to arrange the convenient compromise. A philosophy which supposed an incompatibility between the welfare of the individual and the course of the world, provided for the justification of suicide which ensued.

Opposed to the ancient apologists for suicide were others who forcibly condemned the practice. Cicero and others held and taught such views of life and its duties as were a sufficient antidote to the cold Stoic science. Socrates taught that "the gods are our guardians, and we are a possession of theirs." Plato wrote: "This must be our notion of the just man: that even when he is in poverty, or any other seeming misfortune, all this will, in the end, work together for good to him in life and in death; for the gods have in care any one whose desire is to become just, and to be like a god, as far as man can attain his likeness by the pursuit of virtue."

Questions there are on this subject more of curiosity than practical importance; as, for example, whether suicide is a mark of cowardice or courage. Voltaire thought the action a proof of courage—courage in kind and degree sufficient to overcome the dread of a sanguinary death; and he supposed he put his theory to the test in the case of the ignoble Abbé Dubois, who had told him he was "tempted to commit the act," when he replied: "Kill thyself, then; thou durst not." It hardly bespeaks a true courage to be forced to a suicidal act by a challenge. The further question is mooted as to whether and how far personal honor is involved in the act of suicide; as in the case of a commander of a vessel or of a fort, who, to escape the humiliation of a surrender, resorts to self-destruction; or as in the case of King Saul, who, when vanquished by his enemies in battle, and liable to the suffering of a violent and cruel death at their hands, "took a sword and fell upon it." Neither in the one case is there recorded a favorable human verdict, nor in the other the testimony of divine approval.

At the present time, in the view of the multiplied instances and conditions of suicide, leaving out of view flippant declaimers, it is safe to assume that no respectable authority ventures gravely to espouse and advocate the right of suicide. For studied defenses of suicide it is necessary to go back to former generations, in which appear the prominent names of Voltaire, Rousseau, and Hume.

In controversial discussions of the ethics of suicide, the side of the right of the action has called forth the championship of the ablest minds. Of writers on this subject the intellectual giant, David Hume, historian and metaphysician, is distinguished. His elaborate "Essay on Suicide" supplies for his sympathizers and followers a magazine of arguments from which the common defenses of suicide are drawn. The favorable opinion of his power of logic is not obscurely intimated in the "Dialogues," in which Philo, the skeptic—his personal representative—is made to say to Cleanthes, the believer: "I needed all my skeptical and metaphysical ability to elude your grasp."

The ancients were accustomed to express their countenance of suicide by the sententious saying: "If the house smokes, come out of it"—a form specifically adopted by Marcus Aurelius and Epictetus. Hume enters into extended ratiocination on the subject; and if the number and variety of his positions could be taken as cumulative proofs, to him might be given at least a presumptive victory.

But let his line of argument be seen and examined. The general proposition laid down by Hume is: "If suicide is criminal, it must be a transgression of our duty to God, our neighbor, or ourselves." The negative side of this proposition the author undertakes to defend. The following is a summary of the points of his argument:

"Uniform laws govern all material bodies and all animals.

"The providence of God is not immediate, but general and immutable.

"Has God reserved to Himself the disposal of the lives of men? What is the meaning of that principle, that a man who is tired of life, hunted by pain and misery, and bravely overcoming the fear of death, makes his escape from the cruel scene?

"All animals are entrusted to their own skill and prudence for their conduct in the world, and have full authority, as far as their power extends, to alter the operations of nature.

"The life of a man is of no greater importance to the universe than the life of an oyster, and were it of ever so great importance, the order of nature has actually submitted it to human prudence.

"If it is wrong to dispose of one's own life, if this is an encroachment upon Providence, then is it equally criminal to act for the preservation of life. If one turn aside a stone which is falling upon his head, he disturbs the course of nature.

"A hair, a fly, an insect may destroy life. May not human prudence lawfully dispose of that which depends upon such insignificant causes? It would be no crime to divert the course of the Nile or Danube. Where, then, is the crime of turning a few ounces of blood from their natural channel?

"Should we not be resigned to Providence? The actions of men are those of the Almighty, as much as if my death proceeded from a lion, a precipice, or a fever.

"If my life were not my own, it were criminal for me to put it in danger as well as dispose of it. Yet one is a hero in the one case, and in the other a wretch.

"There is no being who possesses any faculty or power which it receives not from its Creator.

"When the horror of pain prevails over the love of life, a voluntary action anticipates the effects of blind causes.

"Because the old Roman superstition regarded it impious to divert a river—French superstition, impious to innoculate for small-pox—and impious, according to modern European superstition, to put a period to our own life, and thereby rebel against our Creator—then, why not impious to build houses, cultivate the ground, or sail upon the ocean?

"Birth and death are the result of a consent of Providence, and the voluntary actions of men.

"When pain or sorrow so far overcomes my patience as to make me tired of life, I may conclude I am recalled from my station, in the clearest and most express terms. When dead, the principles of which I am composed will perform their part in the universe. The difference is that of being in my chamber and in the open air. The one change is of more importance to me, but not to the universe.

"A man who retires from life does no harm to society; he only ceases to do good, which, if an injury, is only of the lowest kind. If one withdraws from society can he be bound any longer?

"Obligations, if perpetual, must have some bounds. On the one hand is a small good to society, and on the other a great harm to one's self. Why prolong a miserable existence because of some trivial advantage to the public?

"If, on account of age or infirmity, one may resign an office, why not cut short these miseries by an action which is no more prejudicial to society?

"When life hinders another from being more useful to society, a resignation of life must be not only innocent but laudable.

"A conspirator in order to preserve a secret, or a malefactor condemned to death, may in the one case better serve the public interest, and in the other cut short his anguish, by a speedy anticipation of punishment. This is no more an invasion of the business of Providence than is the part of the judge who pronounces a capital sentence, and society is benefited by ridding it of a pernicious member.

"Suicide may often be consistent with interest and duty to ourselves, when age, sickness, or misfortune may render life a burden, and make it worse than annihilation.

"No man ever threw away his life while it was worth keeping.

"If suicide is a crime, only cowardice can impel to it; if not a crime, both prudence and courage should engage us to rid ourselves of a burden.

"By suicide is the only way in which we can be useful to society in such a condition of helplessness or misery, by setting an example which, if imitated, would preserve to every man his chance of happiness in life, and would effectually free him from all danger and misery."

Viewed as a whole, this representation of the case is a strange medley of assumptions, arguments, contradictions, fallacies, begging of questions, antagonisms of fate and free will, confusion of physics and metaphysics, matter and mind: man bound to the wheel of fate, yet by his own will and power detaching himself from it; man supreme in his authority over himself and the conditions of his being; epicurean selfishness, indifference to social ties and interests; man's dwarfed relative importance in the scale of being, and obligation to all around and above himself; bizarre pictures of a frigid philosophy, failures in definition of the essential attributes of man in his actual relations (reversing the order of Hume) to himself, his neighbor, and his God.

Other apologists for suicide might be cited, but this is hardly necessary after the quite exhaustive array of Hume's argument. Yet one more, one of the latest and most fulsome of sensational writers on suicide, the Italian author, Ugo Foscolo, in his *Last Letters of Jacopo Ortis*, may be quoted:

"'Thou art desperately unhappy, thou livest in the pangs of death, and canst have no peace; but thou shouldst bear these things for the sake of others.' In this, philosophy asks of men more than nature can endure. How can he who hates his own life care for the trivial good which he is by no means sure of doing for society, and sacrifice for this years of sorrow?

"'But thou art not alone in thy misery,' they say. And is not this kind of consolation a mere proof of the envy which works in man at the sight of the happiness of others? My neighbor's wretchedness does not cure mine. Who is generous enough to take upon him my infirmities? And who, being ready to do this, could do it? Possibly he might bear them with greater fortitude; but what is mere fortitude to bear without the power to act? He who is borne away by the irresistible torrent is not to be despised; but he is truly contemptible who, having strength to save himself, yet refuses to put it forth. Who is wise enough to make himself judge of our inward strength? Who can give their full estimate to the workings of passion in the various temperaments of men, and to the incalculable combinations of circumstances, so as to decide that this one because he succumbs is base, and the other who endures is a hero? For the love of live is so overmastering that the first may have fought a sterner battle not to yield than the second to bear up.

* * * * * *

"They may claim, indeed, that I am a child of the great family; but I, renouncing alike the common property and the general duties, make answer: I am a world in myself, and I intend to set myself free, because I am cheated of the happiness which you promised me.

* * * * * *

"What is life to me? Time has consumed my moments of happiness; and now I feel my life only in the pains I suffer. And even illusion abandons me; I meditate upon the past, and strive to reach out toward the coming days, and I see nothing.

"I have made up my mind. I do not utterly hate myself; I do not hate other beings. But for a long time I have sought for peace, and reason always points to the tomb. How often, lost in thoughts of the sufferings and miseries of my life, have I begun to despair, when the idea of death came to relieve my sadness, and I smiled with the hope of living no more!

* * * * * *

"Repentance for the past, weariness of the present, fear of the future—these are life. Death alone, to whom is given the sacred charge of things, promises peace.

* * * * * *

"Nor do I feel that I rebel against thee, O nature! when I withdraw myself from life. Life and death are equally thine; though we come to our birth by one road, and pass to death by a thousand.

* * * * * *

"What arrogance, to think my life essential to the world! Rivers of blood are now [Franco-Prussian war] bearing on their smoking waves countless corpses; bodies of millions of men claim a few rods of land; and for a half-century's renown, in dispute between two conquerors, who play with the lives of nations. And shall I hesitate to offer up the few days of weakness and pain which will be soon taken from me by the persecutions of men?"

Such is Hume's philosophic argument transmuted into a poetic imagery, the coloring of whose highly wrought rhapsody is too transparent to hide a hideous, false philosophy.

On the other hand, condemnation of suicide by the wise and good might be indefinitely adduced in censure of the great crime. Let a few suffice. Prudon—whose generalization, "The community is by all ways drifting to suicide," has been already quoted—calls the act of suicide a "fraudulent bankruptcy." The Abbé Bautain calls it "a great absurdity and a great crime." Napoleon, in an order of the day against the practice of suicide, declared "the soldier who destroys himself is a deserter." Even Rousseau, one of its apologists, stigmatizes suicide as "a furtive and dishonorable death—an actual robbery of the human race." Chateaubriand brands it "an evidence of degeneracy." Madame C. Bachi says it is "a proof of weakness, because it results from impatience under trouble." Taine declares its fellowship with the utter darkened reason: "When trouble is extreme, man takes refuge in all kinds of asylums, in suicide, and in madness."

The drift of intelligent moral convictions regarding the criminality of suicide is shown in the various repressive measures which have been practiced with a view to its prevention. Ecclesiastical councils have anathematized it, and fathers of the church have pronounced against it. Hence arose the practice of indignity to the dead body of the suicide by denying to it burial in consecrated ground, and by various other penalties inflicted upon the dead.

By civil legislation, confiscation of the property of suicides was enjoined under civil authority; and the climax of severity was attained by depriving their proper heirs of family honors and fortune. Until a late date, on the continent of Europe and in Great Britain, such measures of ill-judged retribution found place.

A few years since, a small volume, entitled *The Pilgrim and the Shrine*, was issued from the English press. Early scenes in California make a part of the subjects of the book. So life-like are they in the narration—they must have a substratum of real life—that they were read and accepted as real facts. Under the *nom de plume* "Herbert Ainslie," the author is the well-known writer, Edward Maitland. *The Pilgrim and the Shrine* lost its character as history in an entertaining work of fiction. But a moral, connected with one of its descriptive passages, has a bearing upon the present subject. The writer, and hero as well, Herbert Ainslie, became an associate of a company of gold-seekers. In the summer of 1849, the company undertook to divert the course of a branch of the American River, with the hope of finding in the old channel abundant deposits of gold. The summer's work, unhappily, proved a failure. The effect was various on different members of the company. Some, with buoyancy of spirits, turned away to seek fresh fields of adventure. Others had recourse to reckless drunkenness. One poor fellow took refuge in suicide. To such as were lounging about listlessly, not knowing what to do, Herbert Ainslie addressed himself: "I only think if he [the unfortunate suicide] could have looked forward two or three years, he would have found his future self saying how foolish he was to take disappointment so much at heart. At that distance of time, the matter would seem a small one." Some of the miners thanked Herbert for that word. "It is bad enough now," they said; "but we guess we won't care so much about it after a bit, if we can only hold out till then." There is a true philosophy in this simple story. How sure it is, that to take a hopeful view of life will sustain the soul under a heavy burden of present evil; and, as Bulwer has it: "Fortitude is the best philosophy; to bear is to conquer one's fate."

If it is true that the history of California is darkened by a dread array of suicides, it must also be borne in mind that the ordeal of outward conditions has been trying in the extreme. Losses have been many and great. Fortunes have, by fires and other calamities, in an hour been swept away. In few countries have business methods developed so speculative a tinge; and in fewer still have reverses been so sudden and so many. And yet, in untold instances, the spirit has remained unconquered and elastic and with fresh zeal and redoubled vigor, life's work has been resumed. But not all of the class of unfortunates have been so brave and heroic. The load of trouble has been, or seemed to some intolerable; miseries, sometimes exaggerated, sometimes imaginary, but, in effect, none the less real and crushing; and, withal, a secret, morbid despondency, to which no appeals of reason, no expressions of kindly sympathy, no proffer of assistance could prove an antidote. In many, too many, instances, the issue has been that the dark gate of the tomb has proved the final refuge.

And yet, kindly advice and remonstrance often can and do have the effect of preventing a meditated self-destruction. Above all, the authoritative teachings of religion, which enhance the value of human life, are powerful, as they are acknowledged safeguards against temptations to suicide. So high an estimate does religion place upon life, compared with any other earthly boon, that only in extreme, exceptional cases is indulgence shown to abnegation of life, as, for example, under the paramount obligations of patriotism, the motive of saving life, and the fiercest of all ordeals, Christian martyrdom. But, at the same time, these exceptional cases do not disprove the supreme duty of not destroying, but saving one's life, in view of the strongest motives which can address themselves to the human heart and conscience. By both precept and example, Christianity wins the honor of a protector of all vital interests. Thus, in accordance with the natural instinct of self-preservation, and the inner consciousness of right, enforced by the most sacred and solemn truths and sanctions, it holds good that suicide must be ever regarded as a crime against nature, a crime against self-interest, and, above and more than all, a crime against God, the giver and disposer of life.

It is strange, in the view of evident and emphatic teachings of our holy religion, that Hume and others have made the bold assertion that "there is not a single text of Scripture which prohibits suicide." These persons have defiantly proclaimed that it is as easy to prove suicide lawful under the Christian economy, as it was in the ancient heathen world. Under the New Testament authority, say they, resignation to divine providence is recommended, but is proper only in cases of "ills unavoidable." That is to say, according to this theory, the duty of contentment and resignation is binding when all the surroundings are agreeable and satisfactory, and not otherwise. Especially faulty is the inference sometimes drawn, that the precept

"Thou shalt not kill" is applicable only to the life of another, and not one's own; that it is open to modification according to the reason and common sense of men; and again, that this precept is promulgated as a general rule for the guidance of magistrates who punish capitally. To what strange perversities will not the mind of man have recourse to compass a chosen purpose? For, like vapory dreams, and at the same time misleading illusions, are all the alleged reasons and defenses of suicide. In vain can any one look to the philosophies to which Hume and his school refer in order to its justification. It is not found in the analogy of the "course of nature," for all the force of nature in man and his relations cries out against suicide. It is not found in a system of physical law and its normal functions—first, because it belongs to the sphere of morals subject to ever-varying phases; or second, because, if caused directly or indirectly by a physical agency, it is confessedly in an abnormal condition. It is not found in general immutable law, for man is a free, moral agent in the general system of the universe. It is not found in a supposed pantheistic theory constituting the actions of men the operations of the Almighty, which would deny a separate human individuality. It is not found in the relative insignificance of man, for, whatever may be his rank, he has his own place in the universe, and is responsible in proportion to his powers. It is not found in fatalism, which is utterly opposed by free-will. It is not found in so-called "chance," which, according to Hume himself, "has no place, upon any hypothesis, skeptical or religious." It is not found in the liberty to which Regnault has assigned sovereign power when he says "suicide is the last term, the highest expression of man's liberty," for the liberty of man is hemmed in and governed by obligations and sanctions which are imperative and irreversible. It is not found in a fancied right to annul at pleasure any law of being, still less duty to one's self, one's family, society in general, and the Great Supreme.

If there exists, as Hume claims, an analogy between life and death, the parallel proves, if anything, that the time of one's dissolution is subject to the sovereign ordering of the Author and Disposer of all being; and no creature of God can rightfully assume control over his life which his Creator has not expressly committed to him.

It has been the present design to treat the topic under consideration in the light and within the sphere of philosophy, at the same time including in the discussion paramount questions of social and moral obligations and interests which cluster around the pathway of life. Society owes to itself the duty of tracing the causes, direct or indirect, of its numerous and melancholy suicides, and, if possible, providing remedies for them. Natural agencies sufficiently deplete the ranks of life's busy workers. Although in some cases, ere the act is committed, incapacity for useful service marks the unhappy victims, these are few compared with the majority whose mortal career is thus terminated in the prime and vigor of their days, and this the more reprehensibly and pitiably when, as often is the case, the event involves dependent kindred in want and misery. In misfortune the remedy is a cheerful courage. "Of all things that can happen, despair is the direst and foolishest." "Never despair," said Burke, "and if you do, work in despair." To foster and sustain a cheerful hope, religion gives its most kindly aid. An established religious faith is the best help in time of trial. The testimony to this truth is abundant. When all other helps have failed, the assuring supports of religion have won the desired victory. No check upon the reckless venture is so powerful as that bringing to bear upon the conduct of the present, motives drawn from the dread issues of the future life. Instances of this effect are multiplied. The restraining force of Christianity has been witnessed by many a careful observer. In few but very expressive terms, the intelligent Superintendent of the Lunatic Asylum at Stockton, Dr. G. A. Shurtleff, has published his own confirmed convictions on this subject: "I can say positively," remarks Dr. Shurtleff, "from my own extensive observations, that the precepts of the Christian religion, especially as taught in their long established forms, exert a strong influence, even in the disordered as well as the rational mind, in deterring from suicide those who put a sincere and absolute trust in its faith. I have often heard expressed, under suicidal thoughts and temptations, the irresistible conviction of the tried and chaste Imogen:

> 'Against self-slaughter
> There is a prohibition so divine
> That cravens my weak hand.'"

In this brief earthly state the good and evil of life intermingle. Suffering exists as the fruit of moral evil. But, "shall a living man complain, a man for the punishment of his sins?" "Shall we receive good at the hand of the Lord, and not evil?" There is a present entailment, modified and softened by the quality of mercy, of deserved chastisement for wrong-doing; not the full measure—a portion with the mixture of blessing. Shall not the limited degree be patiently, submissively borne? For how can short-sighted mortals know what and how much they should suffer in the present disciplinary state? How do they know that the very experience of trials may not issue in their greatest good? And even in the midst of present ills, may they not, do they not receive in lessons of experience their best personal culture in passive virtues? Shall not considerations of highest moment serve to stay the rash act which would seek revenge upon and intensify self-inflicted miseries?

A suggestive moral is contained in the strain of the Latin epigrammatist, Martial, on the suicide of Fannius:

"Himself he slew when he the foe would fly:
What madness this—for fear of death to die!
Debtors refuse to pay you what they owe,
Or your ungrateful field the seed you sow;
Your faithless maid may plunder you by stealth;
Your ships may sink at sea with all your wealth;
Who gives to friends so much from fate secures,
That is the only wealth forever yours."

Albert Williams.

OUR OPHIDIAN FRIEND.

Cylindrical thing
Without leg, without wing,
Glazed membrane stuffed with motion,
I hold the heretical notion
That because you crawl
Is no reason at all
For laying such odious stress
The whole length of your lowliness.
A walk and a glide,
A stride and a slide,
A trip and a slip,
A skate and a skip,
Are equally proper, for all I see,
Sly, India-rubber iniquity!
I learn, in buildings with bell and steeple,
That you are abhorred by exemplary people
Because in your skin did a villain deceive
The lady initial—ingenuous Eve.
Now take it for granted the story is true,
The fellow inside was the culprit—not you.
But your're mischievous still, at this distant day;
You wheedle lean children's last doughnut away;
And innocent birds, on a tour from the South,
You entice, in a trice, down your murderous mouth.
The sparrow, wee wren, and canary,
A-whistling their solos, unwary;
Bobolink to begin it,
The lark and the linnet,
Bluebird and robin,
Together go bobbin'
To twiddle and spindle,
To diddle and dwindle,
To prance it,
To dance it,
To hop up and pop up and die
'Neath the gaze of your glittering eye.
If this be the case, I am happy to say
That you kill in a very considerate way.

Would man might as gentle be,
Lithe, odizing oddity!
Limp reptile, with head so close to the heart,
How can conscience and reason be counseled apart?
In view of so serious organic confusion,
'Tis idle to censure slight moral obtusion.
After all that I've heard, imagined, or read
Of the woman's seed and the serpent's head,
I can't be convinced that 'twere best to inveigh
'Gainst a creature that harmlessly garters my way,
Or, armed with cudgel, from hickory hewed,
To beetle its limber longitude.

Abused, abjured Ophidian,
Bask on in peace meridian;
The more of the tale of the tempter they make,
The more I shall hold to the tail of the snake.

JOHN VANCE CHENEY.

NOTABLE AUTOGRAPHS.

There was a time, not so long gone in the past, when every lady met you with a volume, in which you were cordially invited to make her compliments. It was the heyday of the unpublished poets; but that day, unhappily, is passing. At this practical period, it is but seldom that one has occasion to make verses for the chief ornament of the centre-table, a ballad for the boudoir, or lines for the critical perusal of my lady's guests. Doubtless much cleverness is nipped in the bud, or grown to seed, in consequence of the decline of the albumania, and the recovery of the albumaniac. To the perfection of recent photography may be attributed the neglect of the once popular and always polite amateur literature. Now—when under the hand of a skillful retoucher a negative of uncommon plainness may be transformed into a thing of beauty—even amatory verses cease to charm, and the elegant periods of the sophomoric flatterer are overlooked and scanned with cold indifference.

I have in my hands an album which the possessor assures me has been unopened for some years. He was a youthful poet when he gathered into its pages some notable autographs. They were not written for his eye alone. There can be no breach of confidence in opening the volume for the entertainment of the public. The well-thumbed pages of the book bear witness to its previous publicity; and I have quieted the conscience of the owner by taking upon my shoulders the responsibility of having unearthed these hidden gems, and rescued from oblivion the lines, which have doubtless, ere this, been forgotten by the very poets who wrote them.

To begin with the dedication. Is it not a model in its way? Did ever a man bend so kindly to the wishes of his friends, or respond more heartily to the sentiment of love and good-fellowship? Without more ado, enter Dedication:

> If I could write verse with a tithe of the skill and melody which my friend who owns this album is able to command, it would be a pleasant task to dedicate his book. But the only expression at the disposal of my rude pen is prose. Yet the soul of prose, as of verse, is sincerity and good will. The most eloquent of the Apostles tells us: "Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not love, I am become as sounding brass." Genius is the light, good will the heat of all literature. May this book be dotted with brilliant thoughts, befitting its beauty and its ornament. But may the friendship to be enshrined in it give the richest value to the lines and autographs it will hold. However charming the thought and utterance recorded here, may genuine love for the gifted owner make each literary offering an apple of gold in the picture of silver. And may every tribute—while it cannot fail to be more worthy in form than the first one brought to its pages—be the sign of an interest in the poet's welfare and future, as sincere as that which accompanies these lines of dedication, by his friend,
>
> THOMAS STARR KING.

A few pages further on, I find a ballad, written before the author had thought to wean himself from the source of his best inspiration. How it strikes at the very root of the album evil!

Sweet Mary—maid of San Andreas—
  Upon her natal day,
Procured an album, double gilt,
  Entitled, "The Bouquet."

But what its purpose was, beyond
  Its name, she could not guess;
And so between its gilded leaves
  The flower *he* gave she'd press.

Yet, blame her not, poetic youth,
  Nor deem too great the wrong;
She knew not Hawthorne's bloom, nor loved
  Macaulay's flowers of song.

Her hymn-book was the total sum
  Of her poetic lore;
And, having read through Dr. Watts,
  She did not ask for Moore.

But when she ope'd her book again,
  How great was her surprise
To find the leaves, on either side,
  Stained deep with crimson dyes.

And in that rose—his latest gift—
  A shapeless form she views;
Its fragrance sped, its beauty fled,
  And vanished all its dews.

O Mary!—maid of San Andreas—
  Too sad was your mistake;
Yet one, methinks, that wiser folks
  Are very apt to make.

Who 'twixt these leaves would fix the shapes
  That Love and Truth assume,
Will find they keep, like Mary's rose,
  The stain, and not the bloom.

FRANCIS BRET HARTE.

If chirography is an exponent of character, what shall I say of these two contrasted pages? Here is a bold, masculine hand, the letters rushing one upon another, the *t*'s crossed with javelins, the *i*'s dotted with bullets, and the signature concluding with a flourish as long and as sinuous as the whip-cord of a mountain mule-teamster. Yet she who wrote it was the embodiment of feminine grace and beauty. A *danseuse*, an actress, a sculptress, a poetess, a being consumed with passion—who said of herself "the body and the soul do not fit each other"—the wife of many husbands, the mistress of many lovers—whose brilliant and erratic career dissipated two or three fortunes and ended suddenly in almost friendless poverty. It is "The Menken," who had exhausted life in her six-and-twentieth year—whose trained horse, on which as "Mazeppa" she had been bound a thousand times, was led her only mourner in the funeral cortege that followed her dust to the cemetery of Mont Parnasse, in Paris. There is no moral to this tale, unless it be that those whose bodies and souls do not fit each other, suffer so intensely that there is small danger of their willfully causing others to suffer. Had her charity been less prodigal, she need not in her latest hour have found her paid domestics her only friends. It was her wish that her tomb-stone should bear these words alone,

"THOU KNOWEST."

And here is her autograph:

The poet's noblest duty is,
  Whatever theme he sings,
To draw the soul of beauty forth
  From unconsidered things.

That, howsoe'er despised may be
  The humblest form of earth,
His kindly sympathy may weave
  A halo round its birth.

For deepest in creation's midst
  The rarest treasure lies,
And deeper than all science delves
  May reach the poet's eyes.

And, with poetic instinct fired,
  He finds his greatest part
In raising Nature's hidden gems
  To set them in his art.

A. I. MENKEN.

On the opposite page a thin, nervous hand has penned a poem in thread-like lines. This is the once-husband of "The Menken"—a humorist, whose letters, written during civil war, woke a ripple of laughter from sea to sea; but, like all or nearly all humor, it wore its laugh out, and "Orpheus C. Kerr" is shelved along with that procession of jesters who have had their day—"Sam Slick," "Doesticks," "Squibob," and a host of the ephemeral funny-men who get hardly a second laugh. Is the quality of humor a fashion, I wonder, to be changed with the season?

Who hath his birthright in immortal song
To disappointment should be doubly strong.
In him 'tis strength to know that man is frail;
And greatness measured by a might to fail.

When by a lofty inspiration driven
His pen appears the lightning tongue of heaven,
He writes a dream, and lo! his lines have caught
The shadows only of a dreamer's thought.

To him all Nature, in the sunshine spread,
Reveals a poem yet divinely dead.
He sees descend through clouds, in summer showers,
The souls transparent of the coming flowers.

Yet when his hand, in mood sublime, would fain
Write out the poem penned in living rain,
All semblance fadeth as the moisture dries,
The rain remaineth only for his eyes.

One verse alone all poetry combines,
Its grandeur perfect in four simple lines—
Earth, air, fire, water, or to bless or curse!
Its writer, God—its name, the Universe!

ORPHEUS C. KERR.

There was a young girl with corn-silk hair and eyes like violets—such hair and such eyes, coupled with a charming manner, could hardly escape the notice of that musical *roué*, the lamented Gottschalk. He escorted her to Europe, and abandoned her when an embarrassing encumbrance was threatening. She returned to America, and took pride in registering herself as "Miss Ada Clare and son." A brilliant conversationalist, she was sometimes known at "Paff's," in New York, as the "Queen of Bohemia." But this did not suffice. A dramatic and literary critic, she made a signal failure in "Camille," and was violently assailed upon the appearance of her novel entitled *Only a Woman's Heart*. The hero of this book is a combination of Edwin Booth and Gottschalk; the heroine, herself. Hero and heroine, driven from a burning ship, perish at sea, locked in one another's arms. It is a pity that the tale did not come true, for Ada Clare, having abandoned literature and adopted the stage as a profession, and with some success, was bitten by a pet dog, and died horribly of hydrophobia.

It is like unroofing graves to turn the pages of this book, and yet the earliest date in it is 1863.

Oh! how can poets sing while all the world
Turns to the deep out-pourings of their hearts
A dull and listless ear. Oh! did they sing
Of trade, of speculation's fierce desire,
Of fields whose greedy veins run thick with gold,
How soon the listless ear would flush with life,
And all these sluggish faces throb and glow,
And upward turn to them with rapt intent
To seize their lightest word. And yet they sing
Of love, life, death, of glory and renown.
Heed not the world's cold pity, nor its scorn,
But ever sing of God's immortal truth,
Aye! like the birds they spread their wings and leave
Our groveling earth—leave all our puny cares,
And ever singing, soar and upward rise,
Still groping for the eternal lights of truth.
And so these plaintive, sweet, insatiate voices,
Shaking their tender music, resonant,
Down narrow lives, and lighting all the dark
With star-like rays—these are the soaring larks
Which herald in the morn and bid us wake—
Wake from our groveling sloth, our ignorant pride,
To greet the immortal morning of the soul,
While all our darkness flits before the sun,
And fulgent day-stars guide our ransomed feet!

ADA CLARE.

The jest has out-lived the jester, and the bright spirit that penned the following lines—who was clever at repartee, a good diner, a capital fellow among fellows—met tragedy face to face, and struggled with her until she overpowered him, and struck him with sudden death. His pun lives after him, but the prophecy has been reversed, and the pun is to the survivor.

No poet I; my heart was ne'er
Inflamed by poesy's fire;
Wretch that I am, vile comic song
I'd play on Orpheus' lyre;
But yet true poetry moves my soul,
I, when I see it, know it.
And though I've not a poet's brain,
I've feet just like a poet—
"*Ne sutor ultra crepidam*,"
Just so I've ta'en my measure;
You write what will endure and live,
I please an hour of leisure.
Press onward; scale Parnassus' heights,
You cannot fear a failure,
And when you reach a muse's home
Remember me to Thalia.
Long may you live. The muses grant
To you, who truly court 'em,
A deathless name, a fame that may
Endure long, long *post mortem*.
I think I'm good at epitaphs—
While others rites most solemn
Perform, I'll to your mem'ry rear
An epigrammic column:
"Now may this bright poetic kid
Browse well in song and story,
And never meet a *but* too big
Until he gets to glory."
Then, mourning 'mongst his many friends,
I'll shed for him a tear,
And midst the laurel wreaths I'll drop
A pun upon his bier.

TREMENHEER LANYON JOHNS.

The allegory that follows has much of truth in it. Theresa Yelverton, Viscountess Aronmore, left her convent in Paris to join a sisterhood in the Crimea. Major Yelverton persuaded her into the celebrated Scotch marriage, which was followed by a dozen or more attempts to procure a divorce. The whole story is told by Lady Aronmore's friend, the Hon. Mrs. Norton, in a novel entitled *Lost and Saved*, and may have suggested to Wilkie Collins the plot of his *Man and Wife*. The lady gives her personal experiences during the Crimean War, in a book entitled *Martyrs to Circumstance*. From the hour when she vainly sought to prove the legality of the Scotch marriage denied by the major, and to secure a divorce and rescue her estate from chancery, she was a waif, blown hither and yon by conflicting winds, and ever haunted by the shadow of some mysterious person whom she believed was dogging her steps to no good purpose. Her unprofitable readings in America, her winter adventure in Yosemite—a novel called *Zan-*

ita was written in the valley—her escape from a bear in the edge of the valley, and her wild night in solitude and snow, were followed by a wreck in a typhoon in the China seas. She is still drifting, alone, from land to land; and perhaps the only quiet days she has passed for many years were those spent in the groves of Saucelito, where she penned this little prose poem:

> The wind, blowing softly west, caught up a waif from her island home, and wafted her across a tumultuous ocean, ever rolling west, until frowned down by the rocks of a western continent. But the wind, heedless of the rocks, and still blowing west, carried the waif over plains and forests and ranges of snow-peaked mountains, always west, until she seemed to reach the very flush where the sun takes his evening rest. The waif thought she had got to the end of creation, and wondered why. But not long. Another wind, blowing from the opposite quarter, brought up another waif, and they danced together, round and round, cheerily, and made merry, as only waifs can, when suddenly brought together. The two winds, contending, gave them but a few short moments to laugh and love and kiss and part. They made a perfect whirlwind between them; then tore them asunder, and carried them around the world again, and will carry them until they meet in the island home, where they will plant themselves and take root, for such is the destiny, even of waifs.
>
> THERESA YELVERTON.

Ralph Keeler, whose personal experiences are well told in a clever volume called *Vagabond Adventures*, ran the gauntlet of good and evil luck, and died a mystery. He had been a clog-dancer in a traveling show, a stowaway, a traveler in many lands, a peddler, a teacher of Latin and Greek, a novelist, a lecturer, and was at one time sub-editor of the *Atlantic Monthly* —"cub-editor," he called it. Writing his novel, entitled *Gloverson and his Silent Partner*, he strove to make it so perfect in every part that its success would be inevitable. His descriptions of architecture were submitted to an architect, and a patent window-case—his own invention—was meant to be one of the hits of the volume. A song, introduced through the medium of one of the characters, was set to music in advance of the publication of the volume, and a foot-note announced it "for sale by all music-dealers." There were humorous passages which were rewritten until the listener was bound to laugh; and pathetic chapters meant to draw the tear. These were for the special benefit of the softer sex; and if, on the first reading, the ladies' eyes were dry, these chapters were toiled over until they rose to high-water mark. What was the result? The book was a failure. Poor Keeler! Fond of adventure, and reckless to a degree, he went to the West Indies as correspondent for the New York press. The steamer touched at a port in one of the islands, and when ready to sail on the morrow, Ralph was nowhere to be found; nor has any clew to his death yet come to light. It was his boast that he had made the tour of Europe on one hundred and thirty-one dollars in greenbacks. He was a laughing philosopher, who, even on this pittance, must have carried sunshine wherever he went. It is said of him, that, having submitted a play to Henry J. Byron, in London, his chief anxiety was to know what manner of hat to select and carry in his hand when responding to the enthusiastic call for the author, at the close of each act—whether a soft hat, crushed carelessly in the hand, or an opera hat, flattened under the elbow, or a tile, such as is worn by the Britisher from his youth up. He consulted his friends with an earnestness that was deeply impressive, but—the play was declined!

The head has raised a deal on high,
  And stratified a deal, I own;
Has wrenched the mental world awry—
Upheaved its crags against the sky—
  Piled Ossa upon Pelion.

The heart is never changing so,
  Or low with grief, or high with joy—
A river, with a ceaseless flow,
With spring above and sea below,
  From Homer's time to yours, my boy.

The heart is better than the head;
  The river grinds the crag to naught;
So let this friendly rill be sped—
Wear for itself a little bed
  Among the granite here of thought.

RALPH KEELER.

The genial and jovial lady who meets adversity with a smile and a curtsy—who, upon giving a friend her travels, called *Haps and Mishaps of a Tour in Europe*, wrote on the fly-leaf thereof: "One of the happiest haps of my life in meeting you, dear friend; one of the mishaps, parting with you so soon"—how could she do other than announce her presence by exploding a pun in your midst?

Amid the poets and the wits
  My lines are "cast in pleasant places;"
I come where muses pose and sing,
  The very least of all the graces.

It is a garden of the gods:
  The Bacchic vine, Apollo's tree,
And Vishnu's mystic lotos-bloom,
And Asphodel—Ah! there's no room
  For Greenwood brambles, wild and free.

"GRACE GREENWOOD."

The next poet can hardly be better remembered than by a couplet, the truth of which must endure forever. No one knew it better than he, no one could impart it to a struggling brother with kindlier voice or more encouraging smile. He says:

Therefore remember, O friend,
That in Art—the true, the eternal—
Genius is sire that begets,
Patience the mother who bears!
BAYARD TAYLOR.

It is needless to preface the lines of one so well known as the writer who follows. He has seized the spirit of the regulation album contribution, and shaken it out of its boots.

Every now and then, since I received your album, four or five days ago, I have tried to think of some subject proper to be treated in its pages—one, I mean, which should be so simple that I might talk about it easily and comfortably, and not get myself stiffened out in the confounded straight-jacket language common to album composition—one which should be learned without being pedantic, dignified without being overpowering, and unpretending without being entirely insignificant. If you have ever exercised your mind in the same direction, you know what the result was without my telling you. I tried and rejected "The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," "The Decline and Fall of Adam and Eve," and "The Decline and Fall of Gould and Curry," and then declined to pursue that style of subject any further, and fell to meditating the perpetration of a poem. I dashed off the following felicitous line:

"How dear to my heart are the scenes of my childhood."

I rather liked that, but I could not get rid of the impression that I had seen it before somewhere. I have been too strictly raised by my parents ever to think of taking anything that does not belong to me, unless it is something I can eat or trade off, or something of that kind, and so I scorned to use that line while there was a shadow of doubt in my mind as to whose property it was. Still, it occurred to me that I might borrow it for a model to build a great poem on, without wounding my morbid conscientiousness, and here follows the result:

"How sick to my soul are the scenes of my beer-hood,
When sad retrospection presents them to view;
The station-house, gin-mills, and deep-tangled railroad,
Which *never* was straight when I walked it at two (A. M.),
With the old soaken bummer, the iron-lined bummer,
The moss-covered bummer[*] that hung to the swell."[†]

After I had discharged this fine production from my system I felt relieved, but not satisfied. I had to confess that I had seen better poems in my time. A conviction of this kind is death to flickering inspiration, and the light of my genius went out. I then went out myself and took a drink. This latter species of inspiration is the safest to depend upon, after all. By its aid I saw (what I might have seen before, had I not been blinded by ambition) that no profound essay, full of clattering syllables and sounding rhetoric, no venerable platitudes irreverently tricked out in the gew-gaws and flowers of fancy, no noble song, fragrant with incense of the Eden Land of Poesy were required of me, but only to stand up and answer "Here," when my name was called. I do it with pleasure. I write no essay, no poem, no sermon; but, instead, I heartily extend the right hand of fellowship, and say, with simple eloquence, "Here's luck." My young friend—[this is only for form's sake, you know; I merely introduce it because an album contribution is necessarily incomplete without a word of fatherly admonition]—my young friend, you stand now upon the threshold of the grand, mysterious future, and you are about to take the most momentous step in the march of your life. Let me hope that you will cast from you the vanities and follies and petty ambitions of the world, and endeavor so to conduct yourself as to merit the continued esteem and approbation of your cordial friend, "MARK TWAIN."

And now we have the *hasheesh* eater, who passed his life in a dream, and whose prose rhapsodies are as beguiling as the fatal drug itself:

I will not wish thy life a tainted bubble,
Floating forever on an unvexed sea;
I will not prophesy the skies whose trouble,
Like sun-smit morning clouds, shall quickly flee;
Life hath great triumphs in its darkest seasons
For him who bids black heavens shed rains of peace,
And he who bears the facts and waits the reasons
Finds dew upon his solitary fleece.

Oh, be it thine, through life's still varying tissue,
To see God's presence, like a golden strand!
Brighten it ever, till the web shall issue
Out of the loom into the Weaver's hand.
May God in kindness grant thee little sorrow;
But, be earth's changeful seasons what they may,
Look through the gates of the eternal morrow,
For there awaits thee an unclouded day.
FITZ-HUGH LUDLOW.

Who is this, with a hieroglyphic that is as blind as a hedge-fence? After much study, we see that the lines are dated: "Cosmopolitan Hotel, Top of the House, Room 138, S. F., Cal.," and that the subject is "Hope." The suffering poet, who leaped out of the wild-wood into the world, found Hope at the top of the house.

Count forward bright years on your fingers,
Count backward black months by the moon,
Till the soul turns aside, and it lingers
By a grave that was born of a June,
By the grave of a love where the grasses
Are as tangled as witch-woven hair;
And where footprints are not, and where passes
Not anything known anywhere.

But the dead shall decay when the culture
Of fields be resumed in the May;
For the days are dark-winged as a vulture,
And they swoop and they bear them away.
It is well, be assured, to bear losses,
And to bear and bow down to the rod;
For the scarlet-red bars and the crosses
Be but rounds of the ladder to God.
JOAQUIN C. H. MILLER.

Pah! it hath a musty flavor—this album of sweet and evil memories. Let us shut it here—for all is vanity! POURQUOI.

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[*] Refers to Emperor Norton.

[†] Refers to myself.

RUBY.

CHAPTER I.

Little Ruby Davis, "pretty as a picture, and her father's idol," the neighborhood said, was at church, cuddled close up by her father's side, with her gypsy hat all awry, and her shining, wind-tossed curls all tumbled about her cheeks. With eyes wide open, brown, and bright as any bird's, she gazed out of an open window, far down a pathway of slowly moving clouds—great ships, full laden with sunshine, sailing away to dark lands, Ruby thought them—and she wished them to move a little faster toward the people who were sighing for their coming. But perhaps 'twas because it was Sunday that they moved so gently; for, to Ruby's thinking, they were self-impelled, free agents. A gold-banded bumble-bee boomed and blundered about the upper window, greatly puzzled by the mysterious barrier that kept him from the sun. Ruby watched him till it seemed as if she must cry out, "Fly a little further down, Bumble! Fly a little further down!" And, as if he understood her thoughts, Bumble did fly a little further down, and away he sped, all joyous, in the sunny air—he had been to meeting, and didn't like it. A bird alighted, and swung upon an elm-bough that drooped before the window; he tipped his head and peered in, as if to see what was wanted; then, looking up at the blue sky, he sang his hymn of melody—Ruby wondered why the minister didn't stop to listen—then he, too, flew away through the sunshine, leaving the green bough gently springing with his motion. Next, a great, gold butterfly sailed gaily along, close followed by a dragonfly on gauzy wings, his blue and silver flashing splendidly as he darted by; and just then, good old Father Parmalee, up in his red-cushioned pulpit, removed his spectacles and laid them carefully down, and leaning over the great Bible, as if he longed to get nearer to his people, said, with a tenderness worthy of the gentle apostle from whose lips the words first came:

"Little children, keep yourselves from idols!"

And, after an impressive pause, repeated:

"*Keep yourselves from idols!*"

David Davis involuntarily glanced at the child beside him, and drew his arm a little closer about her.

With a heart so full of her pretty, childish dreaming that it ran over in smiles upon her dimpled face, she turned at the caress, and looked up at her father with that thrilling sweetness which was her peculiar charm. Father Parmalee, seeing it, felt his old heart stir with fresh inspiration; and he framed a new paragraph for his sermon, to the effect that "the love which sometimes seems to us like idolatry is but God's way of drawing the heart to him; through a child's smile one may find his way to heaven;" and David, with his arm about his "baby," looked up, through a mist of tears, to the benign face of the minister beaming down upon him.

There was a burden upon David's soul. When he glanced at his father's pew, and saw Roxy Wilson, his young sister, sitting there beside their father, her sweet, pale face set around with dismal folds of crape, he groaned in spirit, thinking of her darkened life, for which he felt that he and his wife, Angeline, would be held to account; for had it not been through their machinations that her young husband had been driven away to California, to die there in lonely exile, murdered, it seemed to him, by their evil tongues?

God knew, he thought, he had never meant such harm; he had been foolishly, weakly, led or driven by his wife; yet none the less guilty did he seem to himself for working such woe to his little sister.

Poor Jerry Wilson! How gay and happy he had been, when he had charge of the great farm of which they were all so proud, and how bravely he had worked and planned. Then Angeline had set her evil heart upon the broad meadows and the great white house, and had dropped the poison of her venomous tongue about them; and he—oh shame!—he had basely followed her leading, and helped to drive the young creatures out of their paradise. Jerry, brave and proud, had gone to California, to gather from her golden heart another home for pretty Roxy and her baby, the blue-eyed boy whose face he had never seen. When their father had found out the truth at last, and called the poor boy home—sudden as the flash from summer sky, that smites and blackens some green, waving tree, so that never a bird shall set its boughs a-tremble as he sways and sings, nor happy lovers breathe their vows beneath its shade—so suddenly, so appallingly, came the news to the young wife—Jerry is dead!

His sister, that he should have protected as one of his own children! He had humbled himself before her, in penitence and tears had begged her to forgive him, and she, sweet soul, even in her despair, had comforted him and the self-reproaching father. Angeline was strangely quiet and distraught; she avoided Roxy, she never went to church, and there was a hard, glittering look in her eyes.

"She is filled with remorse," thought David, "only she is too stubborn to confess it."

David and the children went to church without her, and, upon the whole, derived as much good from the service as if she had accompanied them.

Often, on their return, they found Bill Parsons awaiting them. Bill had a light top-buggy and a fast mare; he liked to drive about the country and show them off, and brag of the mare's speed. To David he was an unwelcome guest—he had never liked him; and since he had brought the news of Jerry's death, for some unaccountable reason David fairly hated him. Fortunately for Bill, others regarded him quite differently, and "Mr. Parsons, from California," with no end of money, was popular in the town of Swanton. He had brought five thousand dollars to Roxy Wilson; it had been left by her husband, he said. Some believed that he had given it out of his own overflowing pockets, and his great pity for the little woman to whom he had brought such heavy tidings; but little Alviny White, the sewing girl, scouted the idea.

"My land!" said she, in her vigorous speech, "don't you know Bill Parsons better than that? The leopard can't change his spots. Bill Parsons always was as mean as pussly, and always will be. Ketch him givin' five thousand dollars to any human bein', rich or no rich, sorry or no sorry; and if his money hadn't dazed you all blind, nobody'd ever 'a' thought of it. *I'd* like to know how he come by his money, that's all. Thank my stars, I don't bow down to no gold calf that ever was made;" and the little steel weapon in Alviny's fingers flashed defiance to gilded meanness as it ran down the long seam.

Some such review of the situation passed swiftly before David's wandering mind, that had vainly sought repose in Father Parmalee's sermon. He looked around at his children, a pew full of them, bright and handsome and full of promise, from fair-haired Anna down to little dark-eyed Ruby. He burned with shame at the thought of their father's dishonor.

Darling little Ruby! She was trying to count the fans, but they were such a bewildering lot. There was Mrs. Judge Spooner's great white feather fan, with its painted roses and ivory handle; what a grand, official sweep it had! There was young Mrs. Butterfield's white satin, with a green vine running across it, and a gold tassel that swung languidly to and fro, as the fan moved with slow, aristocratic grace, diffusing its faint odor of musk. Mrs. Butterfield was from Boston. Across the aisle, Miss Louisa Bascom's "laloc colored," patchouly-scented breeze-stirrer waved in genteel rivalry. Miss Bascom's grandfather came from Philadelphia.

Down the aisles were bevies of young girls holding trifles of every shape and hue, which they flirted and coquetted with according to their several characters.

Over in the corner was fat Mrs. O'Donahue, swinging her great palm-leaf for dear life; and beside her sat little Alviny White, in her rose-colored lawn and ribbons, her silk "mantilly," with forget-me-nots wreathing her bonnet, beneath which hung her glossy black curls; in her little cotton-gloved hand she held a rare treasure of sandal-wood, carved in fine and curious figures, and breathing of spicy, sun-bathed isles. She clasped it firmly, she waved it tenderly; sometimes her bright eyes rested dreamily upon it as it lay across the hymn-book in her lap; sometimes she held it tightly closed, and rested her cheek against it as if all love, all hope, all comfort were enfolded in this fragrant foreign toy, which all the world—that is, all Swanton—knew was the gift of Alviny's lover. Of course, child Ruby didn't see all this—she only saw the painted roses, the swinging gold tassel and pretty vine, and the bright colors of all the rest of the crowd of waving, fluttering things that she tried so hard to number.

"If they'd all keep still a minute, dust a minute, I could count 'em: one, two, free, sixty an' a half, twenty, ten—oh dear! one, two, free, sixty, ten, te–en—si–x–ty."

The little fringed curtains dropped softly down over Ruby's eyes, and her head drooped against her father's arm. She was off to the bees and butterflies of dreamland. The next Sunday Ruby remained at home with her mother, who said she was lonely without her; as usual, they were to stay for afternoon service.

"Well," said David, as they drew near home, toward sunset, "I don't wonder mother was lonesome without Ruby; I declare I've missed her terribly all day, for all I have had the rest of you with me."

A chorus of boys and girls joined him in praise of "the baby."

"Somebody's been here," said David, noticing the track up to the front door, and the loop made in turning.

"I s'pose it's old wiggle-eyed Parsons," said sturdy Jamie, "I hate him, anyway, if he is rich!"

David sternly reproved the boy for his rudeness.

"Mamma! Ruby! mother!" They went shouting through the house; it was strangely close and still. A handful of short-stemmed flowers lay on a table, their sickening odor filling the heavy air; a broken toy, a soiled and much worn picture-book lay on the floor.

"Mother! Ruby!" they called, from room to room of the great house, and out of the silence came but the echo of their own voices in weird, fantastic mockery.

"They must be in the orchard." Away they ran, around the hill to the sunny slope where the old gnarled apple-trees cast their strange shadows on the grass—they were not there, nor down by the brook, nor in the maple grove; and the little girls came slowly back to the house.

"It's so lonesome not to find any mamma when you come home," said Bessie, half in tears.

David and the boys had turned away the horses, and were entering the house as the children came up from the grove.

"Where can mamma and Ruby be? We have looked for them everywhere."

"Oh," answered David, "they must be at some of the neighbors'. I wouldn't wonder if your mother had gone over to see old Mrs Carman. I heard her say yesterday that she ought to go. They'll come back by dark. Here are baby's flowers," he added, smiling fondly, as he took up a daisy; the little pink petals shrank away from each other, as if they saw some sad thing in each other's eyes. A vague, uneasy look flitted across the father's face.

"I declare, papa, I feel queer," said Anna, "it seems just as if something had happened to them; mamma never stayed away so late."

"Oh, they're all right," he answered; but the look of uneasiness deepened on his face, and he tenderly gathered up the drooping flowers and laid them on the mantel.

The sun went down; the long twilight darkened toward dewy night; and yet they did not come. David, now really alarmed, set out in search of them. They were not at the neighbors; no one had seen them; but Joe Parker had seen Bill Parsons driving down the road to the depot with his fast mare going at full speed, and he guessed Mrs. Davis was with him—there was a woman and child, anyway, but he "couldn't tell who 'twas, for sure. The mare was just streaking it!"

"He has taken them out for a drive," thought David, "and the fool has let that mare run away with them. My God!" he cried, as the idea forced itself upon him, "they must be killed. Oh, my baby!" and white as death he hurried on.

He made inquiries here and there; several had seen Parsons driving very fast toward the village; one had met him on the St. Albans road; there was a lady and child with him. A fear of something worse than death blanched David's face and set his eyes ablaze. He scrawled a note to his father, begging him to go and stay with the children until he returned; then he pushed on to St. Albans.

Poor little, terrified children, keeping lonely watch in the great, echo-haunted house! The frogs cree-ed and cracked in the pond; an owl hooted in the grove; great frightful shadows stalked along the walls, and waved their long arms from the corners; the mice in the dark ceiling overhead scampered and frisked madly, and their noise sounded to the nervous children like the tramping of an army.

"There they come!" shouted Jamie, as a carriage came into the yard; and seizing a lantern he rushed out to help his father. Anna and Bessie and Tom clasped hands and danced for joy, and bounded toward the opening door.

"O mamma!" they cried, "we thought——" What! not mamma? No, it was Aunt Roxy and the baby, and grandpa had brought them.

"O Aunt Roxy, where are mamma and little Ruby? Papa has gone to look for them, and we have been here all alone, and afraid."

"You poor little darlings," said Aunt Roxy, clasping and kissing them, "Grandpa and I will stay with you till they come. See! here is Neddie opening his big eyes. He don't know where he is."

"You're s'prised, ain't you, old feller?" said Tom, squeezing the little fat bunch of baby so vigorously that Bessie cried out:

"My goodness, Tommy, you'll hurt him—give him here!" Then grandpa came in, and so between them the forlorn children were cheered and comforted and put away to bed. And grandpa and Aunt Roxy took up the vigil; but at last they, too, fell asleep, tired out.

David, meanwhile, had reached St. Albans, only to find that the train was off. There was no trace of the fugitives, as David had begun to call them, only that the mare and buggy were found at a livery stable; the proprietor said he had bought them several days before; Parsons had delivered them that night, as per agreement. Parsons told the man that he had driven deuced hard to catch the train, and the mare was reeking, panting.

David telegraphed to New York, to stations along the route, to conductors—no trace. At last he was led to believe that they had gone to Chicago, and after a few hurried arrangements, including a brief letter home, he embarked upon the next train going west. His heart was filled with despair. Not for the woman, false and cruel—let her go! But little Ruby, his darling, his baby—he must find her! With a shriek and a bound the engine rushed along the track; every hiss of the panting thing, every wild, demoniac cry that pierced the summer air, and reached across the plains, and echoed among the hills, gave intense relief to David's overburdened brain, which seemed to be bursting with repressed excitement. He slept at last, exhausted by all he had endured. He awoke refreshed, and with a clear brain, but his heart—oh, heavy burden that it was! He spoke to no one, noticed no one, but sometimes the sweet prattle and laughter of a child would smite him with such anguish that he would bury his face in his hands and groan.

Once, a little dark-eyed creature stopped beside him, and looking up with sweet anxiety on her pretty face, said:

"Is 'ou sick, Mr. Man?"

"No, dearie, I'm not sick—why?"

"Oh, tause 'ou offle tweer, offle white, like my papa does when he's sick. Where is 'ou doin'?"

"I'm going to Chicago," said David, lifting the little chatter-box to a seat beside him.

"Oh my! dust like us! Well, now," said the little thing, looking very serious, "be offle tareful; Secago is the baddest place to det lost in. When you det lost a man does up and down the streets and says, dust as loud, 'tild lost! tild lost!' An' nen, when 'ey find 'ou, a pleeceman brings 'ou home. Nen 'ou' mamma laughs and cries and hugs 'ou; and everybody kisses 'ou and divs 'ou dandy. I dot lost once," she said, confidentially—"wunned away; but," she hastened to add, "I ain't doin' to do so any more. Has 'ou dot any little dal? What makes 'ou cry?"

Poor David, scarce knowing what he said, or to whom, burst forth:

"My little girl is lost, too, my darling baby!"

"Oh, my doodness!" said the child, with great, pitying eyes and clasped hands. "Oh, my!" and, slipping down from the seat, she ran to her mother. "Oh, mamma! he's lost his little dal; he's lost his little dal, and he's cryin'. Oh, tome and see him," cried the little excited creature, drawing her mother along.

Seeing David such an image of despairing grief, the lady sat down beside him, with her child upon her knee, and made him tell her all his sad story.

"It seems to me," she said, "that the man would be most likely to return to California. I don't believe there is any place so favorable for concealing one's identity as that strange, new land. Still, I can honestly encourage you to hope. I believe they will be found."

But what need to prolong the sorrowful details? The mystery was not fathomed. Further and further David's idol was borne. His idol! The thought came to him like a blow. Could it be that God was punishing him for his idolatry? But who said it was idolatry? Only the neighbors in their foolish talk. God knew that the purest, holiest feeling of his heart was his love for his children—no greater for Ruby than for the others; only more tender in its showing toward the lambkin of the flock—the petted darling of them all. And oh! to fold her once more in his arms; to feel the little dear head upon his breast; or to hear the sweet ripple of her laughter, sounding through the noisy mirth of her brothers and sisters! But they, too, were sad and silent; their young hearts stood affrighted at the awful thing that had befallen them. A terrible shadow, a thick, appalling gloom, seemed hanging over them.

Aunt Roxy stayed with them awhile; and Baby Ned seemed to be leagued with the sunshine in trying to chase away the gloom.

"But, oh, auntie!" sobbed Bess, "we want our mamma so bad, and our little darling Ruby. How could God let that bad man take them away from us?"

Ah, little Bessie, that was a hard question. Aunt Roxy couldn't answer it; and she had some unspoken questions in her own broken heart.

Then, David's aunt came to live with them. Her grandfather, an old Dutch dominie, had named her "Benedicta;" but this was too fine for the country folks, so they shortened it at both ends, and left it "Dic." "Pretty Dic Rosenblum," they called her in her girlhood; but when youth and beauty had faded she was only Auntie Dic. Only! If I could but tell all the sweet and loving thoughts and tender blessings that clung to that name and shone around it like a halo! For if ever an angel got possession of an old maid's form, that was Aunt Dic. Not that she looked beautiful—as I have just said, her youth and her beauty ran away together, and left her with a mass of faded gold hair, well mingled with white; faded blue eyes, with a curious squint; and her nose that was, as she said, "a good enough nose to smell with," was not beautiful; her tones came by way of this same great nose, and were wedded to a very old-fashioned speech—not to say anything about grammar. But it was in her heart that the angel dwelt, and made it just a heavenly home of love for the little mother-deserted children that she gathered into its almost boundless realm. And how they loved her! how they pulled her about and hugged her half to death, and nearly teased her out of the other half! And she hugged her chains—this much-enslaved Aunt Dic—and comforted her heart with their abundant love. It was a sight when, surrounded by her family, she set out for the barn on a winter's day, in her homespun flannel gown, her thick, quilted hood shading her quaint, thin face, a bright shawl crossed upon her breast and tied behind, to look after a young lamb or calf, or to inspect the chicken-house and see that the hens were all snug and comfortable; for Aunt Dic's motherly care spread itself over and around every living thing that came within her dominion. In summer, she had her flower-garden, famed throughout the land for its rare, sweet bloom. She taught the children the gentle lore of these, God's lowly darlings of field and wood, and led them in the quiet ways of peace and love and sweet content. And David blessed her out of his sorrow-stricken heart. Poor David! he grew bent and old and silent; gentle and loving with his family, and at peace with all about him; but always with the gray shadow of grief upon his face—his heart always wandering out among the hills in search of the lost lamb.

So slipped the years away, with no more startling changes at the Homestead. Anna was a young lady—indeed, almost an old young lady—only that she was of the kind that "don't grow old, if they live to be a thousand," as Alviny White expressed it. She was the real housekeeper, though giving sweet deference to Aunt Dic, who still reigned supreme, though her office was but a sinecure. Her only work was in the garden, now superb in its perfected loveliness, under years of careful culture. James and Bessie and Tom had all come swiftly along the way of girlhood and boyhood to the earnest life awaiting them, just over the fairy borders; and all at once, as it seemed, the boys were young men and little Bess was a young lady. Grandpapa was dead, and Aunt Roxy lived alone with Ned, now almost a young gentleman, like his cousins; and next year he was to enter the university at Burlington. Ned had fairly spun through his studies; his strong, quick brain had made sport of it. It was good to see a student so strong and ruddy and full of gayety. Ned was a great favorite at the farm; his cousins were fond and proud of him, and Aunt Dic counted him in with her flock.

The farm, the "Homestead," as they called it, as if it were the only one, belonged to Roxy, though David had always lived upon it, paying but little rent. They were both "well off," with money at interest.

"David ought to have a little the best chance," Roxy used to say, "he has so many to provide for, while I have but one, and a boy at that. And David's children deserve all that can be done for them; they're good children, every one. Oh, poor little Ruby! Where on this great earth can the precious child be?" Alas, the silence had but deepened with the years, and no cry of their heart had been able to pierce its mystery.

Busy at their work, one summer morning, were the "good children" of the Homestead; Jamie and Sam were with their father in the field, Anna and Bess were brightening up the house. Bess, with her brown hair tucked under a dainty sweeping cap, had just finished "doing" the rooms, and was sitting in the porch with a feather-duster in her hand. Bessie was "good to look at," Aunt Dic said. Oh, such laughing, sweet, gray eyes, such deep dimples in her rosy cheeks, such merriment in voice and laughter! Golden-haired Anna, tall and graceful, with a faint, sweet rose-bloom on her cheeks, stood by the mantel, arranging some of Aunt Dic's flowers, just under a smiling, sweet Madonna. Anna, too, was smiling, with her head a little turned toward Bess, who was telling her some droll story. The ring of Bessie's merry laugh reached to the garden, where Aunt Dic, with her "shaker" pushed well back from her face, was stopping to rest her back—also, to get the effect of her trimming on a geranium. She had a fashion of talking to herself, or rather, to her flowers.

"Now did you ever hear anything like that Bess! forever a-laughing, and as bright as a buttercup. But who in the world is that, comin' up the lane so early? Looks suthin' like Roxy and Ned," she said, shading her eyes with her hand, as she looked down the elm-shaded lane. "But who in time have they got with 'em? I don't s'pose Ned is bringin' any more old bachelors to see Bessie," and the dear old soul laughed at the memory of some of Ned's pranks, and, wiping the mirthful tears that rose into her eyes, she left a smirch of earth on both cheeks—the geranium had its revenge.

"That Ned is such a mischief," she continued, "but Bessie's up to him, now, I tell ye!" By that time the visitors were well in sight. "Yes, that's Roxy and Ned, and I think it's likely that's the new minister. They say he's a nice man, and an awful smart preacher, but *I* know he can't come up to Father Parmalee—

never. Well, I'll take off my big gloves, and go in and see 'em. I must take a nosegay to Roxy, though. There wouldn't nobody else git *this* rosy"—cutting a tea rose—"and here, she's so fond of mignonette; now, some of these sweet-scented violets; now it needs some red—well, oh dear! yes, it's got to go," and she snapped off a carnation that was bursting with the weight of its sweetness. "There, I guess that'll suit her; now I'll go in." Aunt Dic moved as she spoke, with gentle deliberation.

"Why, what upon earth! everybody in highsterics! David droppin' into a chair, as white as a sheet, and starin' at the new minister, and the girls cryin' round Roxy's neck! Neddie, what on earth's it all about?"

"Oh, Aunt Dic! come in, come in! it's my father!"

"Oh, Aunt Dic!" cried the girls, "it's Uncle Jerry."

"Oh, Aunt Dic!" said smiling Roxy, "it's Jerry—it's my husband—don't you know him?"

"For heaven's sake!" said bewildered Aunt Dic, faintly, as she dropped into a chair beside the door, and pushing back her "shaker," took a long look at that weather-beaten, smiling face, trying to find in it a trace of Jerry Wilson's bright, youthful looks.

"It does look *suthin'* like him; but ain't you dead?" she said, with the bewildered look still on her face.

"No, Aunt Dic, I ain't dead."

She arose, and strode across the floor, seizing him by the shoulders, and kissing him on both cheeks.

"You old scalawag!" she cried, all her wonder, surprise, and joy concentrated in those words; and, retiring to her seat by the door, she buried her face in her apron and wept.

Poor David sat mute, white, and trembling; an avalanche of emotions had fallen upon him and overwhelmed him. He was stunned beyond all wondering.

Roxy motioned them all from the room.

Ned, taking Aunt Dic's arm, led her out. "We'll tell you all about it, Aunty, only let me call the boys so that we can have it all together; there's more good news yet, Aunt Dic, most too good to believe. I expect every minute to wake up."

Roxy, alone with her brother, told him the wonderful story: how Jerry had been told, by Parsons, that they — she and the baby — were dead, and he had letters from Angeline to prove it to him; how Parsons had left him dying, as he must have thought, and had probably robbed him of more than fifty thousand dollars, since he had found himself penniless on his recovery, and he had carried that much when he met Parsons. How, at last, without a suspicion of the truth, Jerry had started to come home, only to see the old friends, and return again to California; how, upon reaching his sister's, he had learned the fact that his wife was living, that Parsons had come home very rich, and finally eloped with Angeline; and at last she told him that he had learned, on his way home, that Parsons and Angeline were in Virginia City. At that David cried out:

"Ruby! O my God! shall I find her?"

The fountain of that great deep, that unutterable sea of woe in David's heart, was broken up, and from it came such sobs as must have broken from old Jacob's heart when he knew that Joseph, his son, was yet alive.

Oh! to wrest a treasure from the very arms of death! Out of the silence of years, to hear the beloved voice speak tender words of welcome! To clasp the precious form, all warm and palpitating with joyous heart-beats! This was already given to the long-tried, faithful wife, and was waiting for the desolated heart of the father.

CHAPTER II.

Deep, deep in the soul of little Ruby, sank the mysterious horror of their flight from home. From the first wild drive to the train, on through the whole wretched journey to Buffalo, back to New York, and thence by ship to California, and, finally, to Virginia City — a weary, weary wandering for the little home-sick child, pining for her father, her brothers and sisters — for *home*. She had her mother, to be sure; but so strangely she appeared, such a fearful, glittering light was in her eyes, Ruby felt afraid of her sometimes. And there was always that man! she shrank from him. They tried to make her call him papa; she thought she would die rather than do it; but she obeyed at last, because of that look in her mother's eyes.

But, oh! who can tell all the long-continued misery of her life?—the ever-increasing horror of it?—the hatefulness of that man's presence, and that of the companions that he forced upon them? There were wild scenes of discord between him and her mother, who at times became a fury fearful to behold. At last, they knew that she was insane. Sometimes she was filled with deepest melancholy, murmuring over and over again: "Forgive!—forgive!"

She would cling to Ruby, imploring her piteously to save her from the evil spirits that possessed her.

She came to Ruby's room one night, her long black hair hanging in disorder about her shoulders, her eyes gleaming wildly. Ruby, then in her fifteenth year, had all the dark beauty of her mother's youth, enhanced a hundred fold by the gentle spirit she had received from her father. Her little room was her place of refuge. Brightly curtained and quaintly furnished, it shut out all hateful sounds and sights; and there she nursed her vague memories of home—that is, of that other life that she had lived somewhere—the father who had borne her upon his breast, where she lay in happy rest. There had been brothers and sisters, too; she dimly remembered them. Oh, how hard she tried to recall it all! She was sitting before the open fire thus, thinking and thinking, when her mother entered, came slowly toward her, and seated herself beside the fire, gazing into it without a word. Little lurid jets of flame leaped up from the pine wood; shadows flickered on the hearth. Suddenly, the mother bent forward and gently touched Ruby's hand.

"Child!" she said, slowly, solemnly, "I have something to tell you. I have wanted to tell you for so long; but they wouldn't let me. *They*—you know who I mean," glancing with terrified eyes over her shoulder. "I've got away from them for a little while; I don't think they can get in here; there's an angel guarding the door, you know; he wouldn't have let me come in, only he knew I wouldn't hurt my baby," and a glimpse of the mother-soul flitted in a smile across her face and faded, leaving the same terrible, soulless look.

"You know I am naturally—but don't look at me when I say it—*a viper*. It's awful, isn't it? You know the one that sprang out of the fire and fastened on St. Paul's hand?—don't look at me—*that was I*—a venomous thing! I tried to be good after that touch; child, for hundreds of years I tried to be good; and I did get to be almost human; people thought I was. Then I married your father—not him!" she whispered, pointing downward, "he's a devil!—curse him! Your father was pure and good, and my little children were like him—you, too—just angels, all of you. I thought you would save me; but I got careless, and one by one, *they* all slipped back into my heart. You know what they are, don't you? But you can't see them; I'm so glad you can't. *They're awful, child!—they're terrible!* They led me on and on. First, I hated Roxy Wilson, because she was an angel. I sent her husband away, then I tried to kill him; but the devil I sent"—pointing downward again—"didn't do it. He lied to me," and, arising, she went close to Ruby, and whispered in her ear: "*He's alive*, and he may come at any minute and take you from me, and then I shall be lost!" She sat down, with terrified eyes.

"But don't you be afraid, child; they can't make me hurt you; not the whole legion of accursed things; only you mustn't come too near me; I'm too vile. You know I have no soul," she added, looking intently at the poor, terror-stricken child. "No—no soul, child! I lost it ages ago; and now they've worn away my heart. You think people can't live without a heart, and they can't; but I'm a devil, you know. It's fearful—you burn so; your brain burns, your eyes burn, and yet you are like ice—see!" and she touched Ruby's hand with her cold fingers. "But don't you be afraid of me, child; they can't make me harm you. I should like to stay here;" she looked wistfully about the little room; "it seems like heaven here; but they're calling me. I don't want to go, but I must. I should shriek, only it would frighten you. I must go quick, or I *shall* shriek," and she almost ran from the room—turning at the door and looking back with piteous yearning in her eyes.

"Oh, mother darling, come back!" burst from the child's breaking heart. "Stay with me and let me comfort you. Oh, mamma, if you'd pray!"

"Pray—*I pray!*" and with a laugh that almost chilled the life out of Ruby's heart, she closed the door. Down the passage rang the soulless laugh; and from the rooms below came sounds of revelry that were almost as terrible. Presently Angeline returned, smiling, radiant.

"Darling," she said, "I have such a wonderful thing to tell you! The angel at your door called me back again, and told me this wonderful thing. Listen, now: at the last, when I seem to be dying—and I think it will not be so very long till then—there will be a moment, child, *just one moment*, when, if you call on Him ——you know Whom I mean, don't you? I can not utter His name."

"Yes," murmured Ruby, "I know."

"Then watch for that moment, and call upon Him, and He will give me back my soul; then I can pray, and die forgiven. But if you miss that moment, I am lost. Child, watch!"

And again she left the room, with her hand raised in solemn injunction.

Poor little, terrified, heart-broken Ruby!—she fell upon her knees and prayed. Such prayers are wrung only from despair, such faith lives seldom but in childhood; and surely God is very near to such souls. Her father, her brothers and sisters, and Roxy Wilson, all these the mother had spoken of, that night, for the first time. Roxy—*Aunt* Roxy—surely she had heard that somewhere. Oh, how maddening it was, to *almost* remember! would it ever come clearly back to her memory? Should she ever fathom the mystery of her life?

The days dragged by, but not so terrible as before; there was a new sympathy between her and her mother, a new hope in their hearts, and Ruby could always soothe her mother by whispering it to her. Parsons avoided them; he was afraid of Angeline, and Ruby was thankful for it.

"I always hated him," her mother said to her—"I hated him like poison, but I didn't dare to lose sight of him; and I couldn't stay there any longer, I was in torment. But it's been worse here, until the angel spoke to me——you know, darling."

For an instant such a smile illumined her face that Ruby thrilled at her mother's beauty.

The time came at last when the worn tenement of her tortured spirit failed, and, as she had said, she seemed to be dying, slowly, quietly—just wasting away. Day and night Ruby watched beside her, scarce ever leaving her, sleeping with her mother's hand clasped in hers, that she might waken at the least movement; but the heavy sleep of the invalid was unbroken. Ruby, remembering her mother's longing, had caused her to be removed to the little angel-kept room. "She will be calm if she awakens here," she said.

"Keep close watch of your mother to-night," said the physician, one evening, "I will return about midnight."

"Now," thought Ruby, "the time has come." Seating herself beside the bed, with a calmness pitiable to see in such a young creature, since it can come only through suffering experience, she took up her vigil. How she watched! how she prayed! Around and around slipped the long, gleaming fingers of the clock; nearer and nearer came the hand to the mystic hour; the fire glowed red upon the hearth, now and then sending up a fitful, quivering tongue of flame; the hired nurse slept heavily in her chair; but love kept faithful watch. From a distant room below, at times, came sounds of wild debauch, at which Ruby shuddered—surely the little room needed to be angel-guarded.

Midnight at last—and He had come: His name was on the young girl's lips. With a soft sigh, like that of a child turning in its slumber, the mother turned her head upon the pillow and unclosed her eyes; they looked wonderingly upon Ruby.

"O God," she prayed, "O Lord Jesus, bless my mother's soul—forgive and bless!"

At that her mother smiled, and murmured:

"What are you saying, darling?"

"I was praying, mamma," she answered, making an almost superhuman effort to control herself. "Pray with me, won't you, mother dear? Let us say 'Our Father' together."

"What! do you remember it yet, my sweet? Well, mother will say it with you once more. Come close beside me."

Softly blended the two voices:

"Our Father, who art in heaven, hallowed be thy name——"

On to the reverent "Amen," the mother prayed gently, calmly.

"And now, dearest, let us say your little evening prayer."

Again softly blended the voices and the souls of mother and child, in that all-comprehensive prayer, framed for infant lips, yet fit for any weary soul on earth:

"'Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep;
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take;
And this I ask, for Jesus' sake—Amen.'"

"How it rests one to pray," said the mother, scarce above her breath. "Sweetheart, how lovely you are," she said, after looking at Ruby a little while, "I didn't realize that you were growing so; but why are you watching with me—am I ill?"

"Just a little, mamma darling, but you will be better now."

"Yes, I hope so; I have had such bad dreams, oh, terrible! I am glad to be awake. David, is that you?" she called sweetly, hearing the heavy breathing of the nurse; but seeing no one she said:

"I thought it was your father, sleeping in his chair. Why don't he come? I suppose he is with the other children. Darling children! it seems as if I hadn't seen them for years; I feel impatient for the morning. My thoughtful Anna will be sure to come to me early; and Bessie, with her dimples, bless her! and Jamie and Tommy, my two young bears, will be bounding in to hug their mother!" She said it slowly, tenderly, with a blissful smile on her face, her great eyes moist the while with happy tears. "I dreamed that I was going away from you; wasn't that absurd? What could make me leave my treasures? I love you all so dearly, so dearly! Come here, my little, faithful darling, my arms feel empty without you; I am so used to having you here, and the light is dim, I can't see you plainly. There, my precious, mother's own blessed baby," she murmured, pressing her lips to Ruby's tear-wet cheeks; "we cry just for happiness, don't we, darling?" And again she murmured sweet words of mother's love. "Now we will sleep; I should like to die just so, with my baby in my arms—'I pray the Lord my soul to take.'"

The physician drew Ruby from her mother's unresisting arms. "Child," he said, tenderly, "your mother is in heaven."

Jerry Wilson and family had moved to California. They had established themselves on Mount Pisgah, a name Jerry had given the hill where he had lived with the Stevenses, of Humming-bird Hill, the adjoining ranch. Mount Pisgah commanded a glorious view; it had a fine climate; it was endeared to Jerry by many an association, and it was near the Stevenses, as I have said. They didn't expect to make their living from the soil; Jerry's days of hard work were over. They had money enough for their modest way of living, and something over for Ned, even if Jerry failed to recover his fortune, of which he firmly believed Bill Parsons had robbed him.

Leaving Roxy and Ned to oversee the building of the house, Jerry and David pushed on to Virginia City, to look after Parsons—or, as he was called there, Peterson. To their dismay, they found the family broken up.

"The woman died a couple o' years back," said one, "and Peterson took the gal East, to a boardin' school; prettiest little gal you ever sot eyes on; the mother was hansum, too, but kind o' queer—wrong, you know; too bad. Peterson didn't use her none too well, mean critter he is! He sold out his saloon business a spell back, and invested in mines; but he run short buyin' mills, and one thing and another, and he's gone to 'Frisco, or mebby East, to raise capital; guess he's tryin' to get up a mining company. I reck'n he's got a good thing in them mines."

David's heart sank within him; but of one thing he had assured himself—Ruby yet lived, and he should find her. As for *her*—ah, yes! there was her grave, that little, neglected heap of earth. Neglected? No tears fell there, but in winter weather the soft rains fell upon it, and sank into the brown sod, and nourished into life the green and blossoming grass; all day the summer sun shone there; the wild flowers budded and bloomed, and dropped their petals gently on the sacred earth; there, the long grasses waved in the sighing wind, and at their feet, against the marble slab, a meadow-lark made her nest and reared her young, with none to disturb; in the dewy morn, she sat upon the gray stone, and sang her song of love; and through the darkening night the stars shone down upon the grave where no one came to weep.

But there, at last, came David, the betrayed, forsaken husband. On the stone he read her name—one only: "Angeline," with the date of her death. Alas! there was no other name for her—no sweet, "beloved wife," nor sacred text, nor fond word of praise from tender hearts. No! a false wife slept there—an unnatural mother. But, oh, the pleading silence of the grave! David's gentle heart was struggling with memories, like the heart of Arthur over Guinevere, when he cried:

> "I did not come to curse thee, Guinevere—
> I, whose vast pity almost makes me die
> To see thee laying there thy golden head—
> My pride in happier summers—at my feet."

Before him rose the sweet days of her young love, of wifehood, and of motherhood, when her beauty was in its perfect flower, and their life had never a cloud across its summer sky. Oh! what was it that so drew him on to bless her? Could it be that her spirit was beside him, pleading? If she could but utter that one word —*forgive;* if he could even know that she had repented, and longed for his love and for the touch of her children's lips, he could forgive her.

Seeking out the physician who attended in the last illness, David eagerly besought particulars, and the good old doctor gave him the whole sad story of the erring wife's last years, and of her gentle, happy death. As he ended, David sobbed aloud.

"Oh, my poor wife!" he cried, "thank God, who set her free!"

"Your wife!" said the doctor. "I suspected as much. We physicians have strange experiences, sir."

When Jerry and David left the town to pursue their search—one for his fortune, the other for his child—there was a new stone at the grave, and it read:

Sacred to the Memory of
ANGELINE,
beloved wife of
David Davis.

J. H. S. Bugeia.

ARIZONA.

Much difference of opinion prevails concerning the derivation and meaning of the word "Arizona"—the most probable being either *ari*, few or small, and *zoni*, fountain; or *arida*, dry, and *zona*, zone. Either one conveys a correct idea; as the fountains are both small and few, and, generally speaking, it is an arid land. By this it is not intended to say that it is without water or verdure, for that would be very far from the truth; but that there are large areas devoid of water, and almost so of verdure; and that the general impression, from a contemplation of the landscape, is that of a blistered, sun-scorched country. Hundreds of thousands of acres, in bodies, are sandy and dry, upon which gleams the sunshine and alkali. Covering this land, and adding a weird interest to the landscape, is the most unique of all combinations of vegetation. Of grass there cannot, strictly, be said to be any, except at those times when a sporadic rain falls, when a fine crop springs up, thick, tender, and juicy; but, as the air is dry, and the soil is light and full of sand, between the sinking and evaporation, it is in a few days as dry as ever. Then the grass dies.

The most pleasing in appearance of all this vegetation is the *palo verde*—a tree growing frequently to the height of twenty feet, and with long, sweeping branches. The bark is smooth, and of a greenish hue, from which it gets its name. Its fibre is porous, and decays after a few months' exposure. The iron-wood grows about the same size, is of a darker hue, gnarled and hard, and does not readily decay; while the grease-wood is a bush chiefly noted for its objectionable odor, and seems to subserve no purpose whatever in the economy of nature. These, together with the well-known cotton-wood, constitute the wood-growth of the *mesas*, and they—save the grease-wood—are rare, except along the rivers, where cotton-woods attain considerable size. Of course the sage-brush is everywhere. After the woods proper come the cacti, of which there are over twenty distinct varieties.

In the landscape of the *mesa* the *cactus gigantus* forms no inconsiderable item of interest—its tall, fungus-shaped stalk rearing aloft its rounded, leafless form, covered with prickles in rows, and about two inches long. It not unfrequently attains a diameter of one and a height of twenty feet, and its branching is but the outpushing of an arm as leafless and prickly as the parent stalk. In the centre of this stalk is a hard, woody, cylinder-shaped formation, varying in diameter from one to four inches, which encloses the pith, and is itself enveloped by a cushion of spongy material, strongly fibrous. A few strokes of an axe will fell the largest of them; and in a few weeks, owing to the rapid decay, nothing but the cylindrical sheath of the pith can be found. Though the stalk is heavy, the roots are small and short—striking out only a few inches from a large, bulb-shaped termination of the stalk, that rests scarcely under the surface of the ground. It is of a slow growth, and many of them have held aloft their heads on these plains to the bleaching rays of the sun, growing so slowly that years scarcely make any perceptible change—loving the dry winds and the sun-bath—demanding, as the condition of existence, a cloudless sky, a parched soil, dry, hot air, and a century in which to develop.

The *cactus gigantus* is the emblem of sterility. The ingenuity of the nineteenth century, however, has found a use for this plant, and the stalks are cut and shipped to the paper-mills at Santa Cruz, where they are so manipulated as to make a strong, useful paper. Those engaged in its manufacture claim that the finest and best writing-paper can be made of this cactus-pulp. However, when a crop is cut away, it will require half a century to grow another. Yet the commercial world may console itself that when the cactus is cut away something better may take its place. With the lights before us, it is difficult to divine what this may be, unless the mooted question of sinking artesian wells is successfully solved, and the *mesas* furnished with water for irrigation.

Next in point of interest are the cacti known in common parlance as "*choyas*." These are scrub—scarcely ever attaining a height of five feet—and branch profusely; the limbs, particularly toward the ends, bearing large bunches of thorny leaves, whose sharp prickles penetrate the thickest clothing on a slight impact, and the unfortunate who runs against them generally carries away every burr that he touches, whether he wants them or no. If these *choyas* are of any utility, it has never been heard of, nor, in fact, are the other and smaller varieties of cactus, some of which are found in the hot-houses in other latitudes—petted because exotics; here they are damned because they are native.

The soil formation is as variable as that of California, ranging from the white pebble to the red clay and black alluvion. Differing greatly from geological rules in other sections of the Union, the various deposits seem to defy, in their juxtaposition, manifest reasons, and appear with most unexpected surroundings. Sands are found along streams when fine soil might be expected, while the dark, strong formation is often found upon the *mesa*, where only vegetation of semi-sterility grows. This results not from any want of vegetable nutriment in the soil, but from the absence of water, streams being scarce and rains scarcer. All the evidences seem to point to the formation of this country at a recent date, that of the *mesas* being what is known in common parlance as "made land," and in some places is of such depth as to go beyond the reach of the artesian drill.

Tourists who have braved the scenes of more happy localities, and come here to spy out the wonders of "The Land of the Sun," have all observed the suddenness with which the mountains rise from the plains without the ordinary foot-hills, and their bleak, blistered appearance. True, the cactus, especially the *gigantus*, clambers up to the apex of such high ranges as the Santa Catarinas and Santa Ritas, but they only give to the landscape the jagged appearance they each present in miniature. A mountain carpeted with the purest emerald, and mantled with the purple mist that hangs over the Contra Costa hills of an afternoon, presents quite a different picture in a landscape to the whitish-dun boulders, of this land, piled high on each other, bristling with the cactus, and gleaming in the white glow of a southern sun in high altitudes. So far as landscape beauty is concerned, Arizona can not properly be said to have any; the "magnificent distance" constituting the only element that charms, even for a moment. But the scene changes when at sunset the eye sweeps the expanse of Arizona's sky. Thin clouds drifting like waifs and estrays of infinity up toward the zenith, in a grand transformation of colors, at once the poetry of heaven and the despair of the artist. From the white, scarcely less fleecy and pure than the snow, they catch the blue, yellow, scarlet, and cardinal in rapid succession, and then take on the imperial purple as if to rule in royal grandeur over the night. This results from the remarkable purity of the atmosphere. As on most of the plains of the Union, dead bodies for the most part desiccate in the air.

Fifteen years ago, the Apaches attacked and destroyed a mining camp near the Sonora line, killed nearly all the workmen, and broke the machinery to pieces. Years passed on till the event was almost forgotten in the recurrence of similar troubles, till twelve months ago, when a gentleman on a prospecting tour came across the ruins. Though years had flown by, though thousands of suns had poured their heat upon them, though rains had washed and snows had enveloped them, and they had been exposed to all the changes of the weather, the fragments of the machinery, when found, were as free from oxydization as when first broken and scattered there. The rods and joints that were kept bright and polished did not disclose the least trace of rust, accumulated during all these years of exposure.

In the northern portions of the Territory the climatic conditions are somewhat different, but this is substantially true of all southern Arizona. Perspective is more nearly destroyed here than even in California, owing to the clearness of the air. As a counterpart of this, distances are exceedingly deceptive. Looking toward the Santa Catarinas from Tucson, to the novice of the plains they appear only two or three miles away, while the stunted trees on the apex stand out clearly defined against the sky beyond. Though apparently so near, many miles lie between Tucson and its foot. Trees can be seen on a clear day on the Santa Ritas, thirty miles to the southward, and *cactus gigantus* stalks can be easily seen on the Sierra del Tucson, six miles away. During winter, the air generally has that even temperature that makes one forget that there are such things as extremes of heat or cold. But with summer the conditions change, and the heat becomes intense. A temperature of 110° in the shade is not uncommon during midday of July and August. It is then that the peculiar virtues of the adobe house become apparent. Floors are sprinkled copiously in the morning and the doors closed, thus keeping the air inside cool during the day, while it is nearly blistering outside, the thick mud walls resisting the heat. By evening, however, they have become so heated through that it becomes almost out of the question to sleep in-doors, and the spectacle is presented of hammocks and cots in streets, yards, and porches, and a city sleeping out of doors. Those who have spent summers in Tucson say that all, from dome to pit of social relations, adhere to this custom, and while the *gamin* "lays himself down to pleasant dreams" on the sidewalk, and covers his dusky limbs with mere imagination and starlight, the dark-eyed *señorita* swings in a hammock on the back porch, where the amorous night-winds play with her luxuriant wealth of tress, black as the wing of night. The great heat during the day would render a wooden house uninhabitable, and, besides, adobe is cheaper than building wood in southern Arizona.

This Territory has been the scene of a certain species of civilization as early as one hundred and fifty years ago, as is well-known by the ruins scattered over this section. Of course the mound-builders and cliff-dwellers have been here, as in every section along this latitude across the continent; and their foot-prints still live when even the names of their people have been lost in the Lethe of ages. But actors of more recent date attract more interest still. The ruins of the old missions constitute quite a feature in the history and landscape of the country. Of these, more hereafter.

Not only were the original inhabitants of this country possessed of unique ideas—other days, and those within the memory of men yet in the prime of manhood, have witnessed as queer, and, considering the age, still more startling intellectual peculiarities. Near the town of Florence is Primrose Hill, a solitary, cone-like peak, that rises from the *mesa* to the height of many hundred feet. That queer genius, Chas. D. ~~Porter~~, who some years ago was a delegate in Congress from this Territory, for some reason best known to himself conceived the idea of building upon its apex a temple to the sun, and establishing the religion of the Gheber or Parsee, and went so far as to spend several thousand dollars constructing a road to the top, upon which he planted a flag, bearing a huge sun-disk upon its ample folds. At this point, funds gave out, and the project ended. Though the flag is gone, the road may be seen to-day, winding around, a trailing niche in the precipitous sides of the hill, making a complete circuit before the top is reached. He was, for a time, in correspondence with the Parsees of India on the subject. It is known as "Porter's Folly." This was not all. Primrose Hill stands on a *mesa* more than usually sandy and bleak. Coupled with this scheme of the sun temple was another, not less startling and original. It was to establish here, upon the *choya*-cursed, sand-made *mesa*, an ostrich farm. What the birds were to eat, besides pebbles, tarantulas, and *choya* burrs, is a problem Mr. Porter never divulged to the public. Two as wild whims never entered human brain, and the regret is that he was not able to carry them out, so that the world could have seen the logical end. With their completion, his professions would have been sufficiently varied, embracing delegate in Congress, ostrich farmer, and Parsee priest.

All this country was the prey of the Apache, from the earliest times of which we have any traditional or written account, a fierce, relentless, cunning, blood-thirsty tribe, that laughed at civilization, and sneered at human rights. The neighborhood of Florence was for a long time the scene of Apache troubles, till a decisive issue was made, a few years ago, in which their power was forever broken in that region. General Stoneman was stationed, with several companies of United States soldiers, at Picket Post, the present site of the celebrated Silver King mills, thirty miles north of Florence, in the Superstition Mountains. The post was in a valley, on Queen's Creek, easily overlooked from a high ledge of the mountains known as Tordello Peak, and all of Stoneman's movements were noted in the inception. On top of this mountain was a rancheria of Pinal Apaches. These occasionally poured down some unknown pathway upon the settlers along the Gila Valley, stealing, burning, and killing, and when pressed by the troops, would vanish in the cañons. The location of the village was suspected, from a solitary Indian now and then seen perched upon these peaks, watching proceedings at the post, from which his station was inaccessible. All attempts by Stoneman to get at them were fruitless. At length, emboldened by their successes, they raided a ranch near Florence, and drove away a band of cattle. The Florentines armed and followed, till, after several days of patient pursuit, they found the trail that led to the rancheria. The Indians, doubtless feeling secure in this fastness, neglected to post videttes, and thus the Florentines were enabled to steal upon them by night, and at day-break attacked the rancheria, which was situate only a few yards back from the brow of the bluff, overlooking Pickett Post. Seeing they were surrounded, they fired a few shots, then threw down their guns, and went to meet the approaching Florentines, with hands raised, in token of surrender; but the latter, seeing the advantage, and remembering that mercy to them was cruelty to the defenseless families on the Gila, determined to make the most of the situation, and continued firing upon them. When about two-thirds had fallen, seeing no chance for quarter, the remainder ran to the bluff, where their videttes had been so long stationed to watch Stoneman, and threw themselves over, striking the rocks two hundred feet below. The Florentines could see their mangled remains from the place where they sprang over. Not a single warrior escaped, but the women and children were turned over to General Stoneman. About fifty bucks went over the bluff. In January last, the writer was there, and, after much and troublesome climbing and clambering over boulders, and cliffs, clinging to jutting rocks and stout bushes, he reached the place where they fell. A number of bones, including half a dozen skulls, lie bleaching there still. This ended the troubles with the Pinal Apaches.

Tucson, the most important place in the Territory, has nine thousand inhabitants, and is on the Santa Cruz River, which is here a small, inconsiderable stream, stealing its way along a broad valley, northward, to traverse thirty miles of subterranean passages, and emptying into the Gila. The only agriculture in this region is in this valley, where the fields can be irrigated, and where good crops of barley, wheat, and corn are raised. Tucson is by no means a young place; it was formerly, and for a long time, the capital of Arizona. In the days of the Apache wars it was then, as now, the largest town in all the region inhabited by Mexicans north of Hermosillo. Originally a Mexican town, it still presents the appearances of this nationality. The streets seem to have been laid out on the plan of summer lightning, and have more angles, acute and obtuse, than the character of an old bachelor whose roseate hopes are dead. No street lamps adorn Tucson, no names of streets are up, and not a door is numbered. In seeking any place, directions are given as in the country: "You go up this street to the third one, down that to a house with green blinds, and it is the third door below." To a stranger all the houses are alike—he only learns the way by observing small peculiarities. Up to a short time ago, all the houses were one-story adobes; now, however, there are three or four of brick, and of more pretentious height. Over half the rooms in the town have dirt floors, covered with carpets or *petates*, a kind of mat made from palm, and some have nothing on the dirt. The streets are generally wide apart, and in the rear of the houses is the inevitable and convenient corral. The sidewalks are so narrow and badly paved that it is safer to take the middle of the street, with the ass solemnly trudging along with his huge pack, or a swarthy Mexican astride him.

Probably a few days' experience in Tucson would convey a better idea of the difficulty of finding a place than in any other way. Two days after my arrival, I took a room off from the business part of the town, and at night started off, weary and sleepy, from the hotel, to retire. I could not find the place. Every one I met spoke nothing but Spanish, not a dozen words of which were to me intelligible. It seems, at this distance, at least one hour that the fruitless search was kept up, when at last, in a fit of desperation, I tried the key in a door that looked a little familiar, and, to my great delight, found that it fitted. It opened upon a young Mexican, reading by the fire, who very politely told me, in good English, that my room was next door. Next day a Chinese laundry-man was sent for, who, when he was going out with the soiled linen, whipped out a pencil and wrote something in the quaint hieroglyphics of his tongue upon the door outside. It was his private mark, perhaps, and perchance my door has on it the latest and most aristocratic witch-exorcising quotation from Confucius. It may be not very complimentary, could it be read.

But the street scenes at midday constitute the most interesting feature of the town to the new-comer. A more complete admixture of races and nationalities could not well be gotten together anywhere else—Jews, Swedes, Irish, English, Germans, French, Yankees, Chinese, negroes, Spaniards, Indians, and all conceivable crosses among these. The Mexicans largely predominate in numbers. You see them with eight or ten pairs of mules hitched to the wagon train of the freighter, on *caballos*, or scrubby ponies, with the *reata* coiled about the pommel of the saddle, and spurs that would wake to activity the solemn dignity of the *burro*. When one gets "corned" on *mescal*, he rides up and down the streets at a variety of paces that defy classification, stopping now and then at a group of men to discourse on the fine points of his *caballo*. The sober-minded asses amble along in groups, with loads of wood as large as they are, or with the "pack" of a prospector going to the mountains. Not long ago, while at a ford of the Santa Cruz, some distance above the city, the pack-train of a woodman, consisting of several *burros*, came down the declivity on the opposite side. The Mexican drove them into the stream, sprang up behind the pack of wood on the hindmost one, and, in this amusing attitude, forded the river, yelling "Yah! Yah! Yah!" at the other donkeys. At the same time, a Papajo Indian came up, riding his pony, with a child in his arms, while his wife followed on foot, with a huge bundle of hay on her head, twice as large as she was. Though not quite the style of civilization, it was unique enough to attract attention. It was a market day, and scarcely had this crowd passed beyond the hedge of mesquite, when a dusky Mexican, with a *sombrero* as large as a lady's parasol, and spurs twice as large as Mexican dollars, mounted on a donkey not much bigger than a large Angora goat, crossed over. Thrown across his pack-saddle were the old hide panniers of the style of three thousand years ago—certainly of the style of Sancho Panza, in the memorable campaigns of the crack-brained Don. With the regularity of clock-work, he buried the rowels of the large spurs in the long, thick hair on the donkey's side, while he sang—with lusty and not unmusical voice—a song that perchance had done service beneath a *señorita's* window, in the bowered courts of old Granada, centuries ago. The spirit of the dead troubadour must have been indignant at this plebeian appropriation of the song of chivalric days, but little this fellow cared for the sentiments of those who have been ashes for centuries.

These street scenes are a study, where almost every phase of life is presented. Kid-gloved men, fresh from Eastern cities, are here, full of the idea of plundering Arizona, and going back to enjoy the results; brawny, broad-shouldered stock-men from California, inquiring quietly for large land-grants on the San Pedro and in Sonora; rough, hardy, open-faced miners and prospectors, who talk of nothing but leads, lodes, claims, chlorides, sulphurets, free-milling ore, thousands, hundreds of thousands, and millions; swarthy Mexicans, with dark eyes and gleaming teeth; jolly, rollicking negroes, the same under all suns; almond-eyed Chinese, shuffling along; *burros*, dogs innumerable, and Indians, with an occasional woman hooded to the eyes, with the glaring, white sunlight over all, soft and warm, make up the street scenes of Tucson.

West of the town, the Santa Cruz slowly steals its way northward; while two miles beyond, rise the Sierra del Tucson mountains. Toward the north, the peak of Pacocho springs from the *mesa*, and at this distance reminds one of the cathedral of Strasburg; while to the eastward are the Santa Catarinas, trending away to the south-east, to be succeeded, further south, by the Santa Ritas. Southward lies the upper valley of the Santa Cruz, along the western side of which is the Papago Reservation, where they plow with crooked sticks, as did our ancestors four thousand years ago. Near this reservation stand the ruins of the Mission San Xavier del Bac—the most noted of all the relics of the church's dominion in Arizona; though not so old by centuries as the Casa Grande and Cliff Castles, whose people have been lost, even in the tracery of tradition; though not so tumbled down as that of San José of Tumacacori, near the town of Tubac—still, it is the greatest wonder of them all. Over one hundred years ago, a German *padre* began to build this mission by the contributive labor of the Papagoes, who had embraced the cross some years before. It is of the Byzantine style of architecture, and, on approaching it from a distance, has quite a mosque-like appearance. A heavy, low dome rises over the walls, which are twenty-five feet high; while on either side of the front entrance, looking southward, are two towers twenty feet in height. Around and above the roof of the main building is a wall cut in panels, in which huge and rude imitations of wolves' heads glare at each other. Approaching the front, through the broken outer wall, the bas-relief ornamentation of the architrave first attracts the attention. Four statues, in adobe, fill each a niche—two on either side of the door-way—one of which lost his head a few years ago; a barbarous American tourist or plainsman did it with his little pistol, perhaps to see, by practice on a saint, how he could "drop" on a "road-agent" or Apache. Over the door-way the *façade* presents mouldings of no particular significance, except clusters of grapes, indicative either of the wine the priest loved, or that the church was the patron of husbandry. A balcony of wood, opening from the choir-loft, hangs broken and crumbling to dust over the front entrance.

Following the Indian guide through this door, we are in the chapel, once paved with cement and stained in mosaics, in which thousands of devotional knees have worn furrows and holes. Opposite, and about forty feet away, is the altar, just back of the rotunda, under the dome, into which the chapel merges. Under the first arch, against the wall, are the broken fragments of the guardian cherubim of the sanctuary. One has only his head and shoulders remaining, and looks down upon us with straining eyes, and creates the impression that he has not yet recovered from the fright gotten at his breaking up, and that perhaps he was choked during the trouble. The other is not quite so badly crippled, but has a sympathetic look. Under the next arch is the covered wooden pulpit, placed high against the wall. Between these arches were once rude frescoes from the life of Christ; but the subjects can not well be distinguished, so dim and defaced are they by the hand of time. The crown of light in the centre of each, over a dusky and dimly defined human face—as dimly as the shadows of the "separate dying ember" that "wrought its ghost upon the floor"—suggests the Feast of Cana and the Last Supper. The rotunda rises thirty-five feet above the nave; while on either hand, as you face the altar, are shrines—the one on the left, to the twelve Apostles and the principal saints of the third order of Saint Francis; that on the right, to Santa Maria, thus making the chapel in the form of a cross, with the lateral shrines constituting the arms and the altar the head. Back of the altar in a niche is an image of the patron saint of the mission—San Francisco—robed in priestly vestments. Statuettes and paintings, crude and expressionless, clamber up on all sides, from the still flashing sign of the Host, in a maze of once gaudy and glittering but now time-stained trumperies, up to the very apex of the dome. Guarding the approach to the altar are two wooden Mexican lions, holding candle-sockets between the paws; and though one of these limbs was broken, it mattered not—they tied it on with a string. The Virgin Mother stands in a niche over her altar, dressed in the nun's white robe, a reddish-brocade dress, pea-green mantilla, and lace bordering, her hands tipped together in front in the regulation orthodox style that makes one tired to look at. Passing to the right of the altar, we found a little room in which the priestly vestments have been kept since the foundation of the mission, and where numerous saints in wood and adobe, crippled, crooked, and battered, reposed in stacks after their years of service. They remind one of old soldiers in hospital after the dawn of peace. Through a side-door, near the main entrance, a low, narrow, vaulted stair-way is reached, leading to the choir-loft, just over the entrance. Here can be had a good view of the nave below. Then, for the first time, we saw the angels or women who climbed the rope of hope or faith, it was not clear which. They are painted in costumes suggestive of cheap prints, in long, straight waists, and short skirts, reaching but little lower than the skirts of the modern ballet-dancer.

There is nothing reverential or devotional in the attitudes or expressions of these figures, and in fact the imagination has hard work to place them in the apotheosis of the church. Here the egotistic American had been before us and written his name. "William Gray" and "Henry Swatland," both of Vicksburg, Mississippi, had recorded the fact that they were here on Christmas day, 1857. Subsequent events cast a doubt over this statement. The walls are stained in diagonals, and remind one of the ten of diamonds. Every space had a name written on it. While rambling among these relics of egotism, we heard voices and footfalls coming up the stairs. An inspiration was born. Seizing a pencil, I wrote in a bold hand "Peter Funk, January 20, 1792," and when the two ladies and gentlemen entered, was innocently studying the names on the opposite wall. One of the ladies was a correspondent, and was taking notes in a pretty little book. She soon found the foot-prints of Mr. P. F., and with an exclamation worthy of the spirit of the antiquary, hovered over it with fluttering heart and trembling fingers that rapidly took down the precious item. Something like the following paragraph will be read in an Eastern journal:

"Among the items of deepest interest was a name written in bold characters that bespeak the soldier-pioneer's hand, the name of one who came here in 1792. That hand so bold now lies under the sod—dust and ashes beneath the gentle daisies and tender violets years ago; and this tracery of his career, perhaps all now remembered of him, remains to tell the wondering traveler the mere story that he lived. Bold pioneer! great soul of Peter Funk, farewell! Soon this frail thread that binds thy memory from earth to eternity will be severed, and then the curtain will fall to rise no more upon the light of our 'poor candle' put out forever."

How she hovered about it! how her little heart fluttered, and her vanity congratulated itself! It was mean, but there is a grim satisfaction in fooling any one—even a woman. I moved away, wondering if all curious stories are made of "whole cloth."

Then we went up into the belfry in one of the towers, where hang the chimes that have sent out their solemn peals all this hundred of years to the generations since the sunlight first kissed their brazen lips. Here a fine view in any direction can be had, the best, however, being out over the straggling Indian town and up the valley. Not a breath of air stirred; the sun came down, white and dazzling, but with a pleasant temperature. Leaning against one of the columns, we were lost in the dream of by-gone ages, with the stories whose scenes cluster about these voiceless walls. Back drifted human fancy over years of blood, while savage and semi-civilized surged about these walls in a century grapple for supremacy, till we saw the stern-visaged but kind *padre*, who came first, standing here and looking out over the town and fields sleeping in the soft sunlight, and heard him in soliloquy murmur to himself the grand command: "Go ye into every land and preach the Gospel to every creature." Then a long train of cowled and gloomy priests, with their tithes, their mummeries, their dark tyranny over ignorant, trusting, innocent men and women, came here to gloat over their dominion while the sun was shining in mockery, the winds whistling in the trees, far off in the valley, and the dusky devotees toiling in the fields out yonder, and with the brutal spirits of McKenna, murmur:

"They shall have mysteries—aye, precious stuff
For knaves to thrive by—mysteries enough;
Dark, tangled doctrines, dark as fraud can weave
Which simple natures shall on trust receive,
While craftier fain belief till they believe.

* * * * * *

"That prophet ill sustains his holy call
Who finds not heaven to suit the tastes of all;
Houris for boys, omniscience for sages,
And wings and glories for all ranks and ages.

"I love mankind?—I do. I do
As victims love them; as the sea-dog doats
Upon the small, sweet fry that round him floats,
Or as the Nile-bird loves the slime that gives
That rank and venomous food on which she lives."

The devotees toiled on, happy in bringing their fruits as an offering to the mystic priest of this vaguely splendid religion, and join their voices in the weird chant with the tyrant of the death-sceptre. What dark deeds were committed here under the shadow of this strange pile of San Xavier, with those who came to trust as in God, and passed out cursed and stained by craft! They come up in a thousand haunting visions to live again.

As we came out through the broken gate-way, a long-limbed Mexican, with jingling spurs, rode by on a wiry pony, and with a graceful wave of the hand and "*Buenos dias, señor!*" dashed on. A woman, whose dark eyes looked out from a swarthy face, half hid by a bright *mantilleta* drawn over her head, upon which was poised an *olla* of water, strode by, and passed into one of the small adobe houses. They looked oriental, while dead years hung their drapery on the crumbling front of San Xavier. We drove away while the vesper bells were ringing, and when far across the valley we turned, once more to see the dome and towers standing out in the clear, sharp light of sunset, while the few clouds in the great expanse of heaven caught the last kiss of day on their lowest drifts, lit up in a crimson flame—and then the sudden darkness that knows no gloaming fell upon the valley of the Santa Cruz.

Birds are fewer in Arizona than in any section of the Union. The raven—the bird "from the night's Plutonian shore"—is seen everywhere—lazily musing from the limb of a dead tree in solemn stateliness—gazing long and attentively upon the sun-blistered landscape, as if it were the dearest scene on earth—then, with a croak, flapping away in the quiet air. Of insects, we boast the tarantula, and that is enough. It is the "black cat" of every new-comer to the territory. It lives everywhere—in the mountains, *mesas*, and even in houses. In the summer, this ugly bundle of repulsive legs and bright eyes invades all places; the weary sleeper turns down the sheet at midnight, and finds the tarantula waiting for him; the plainsman has only lighted his fire for the night, when he finds himself in a colony of them, and they all come out to greet the visitor. Its bite is sometimes as fatal as that of the rattlesnake. Campers on the *mesas* come in close contact with both, but a few drops of boiling water in his house puts the tarantula out of the way. Their houses are models of instructive art. They are constructed of much the material of an Eastern hornet's nest, set in a hole in the ground, and provided with a lid or shutter, which, when down, closes up the house, with a contrivance in principle not unlike the hasp and staple. While the plainsman is dreaming sweetly, after the usual slaughter of tarantulas, not unfrequently the rattlesnake glides his cold length across him, or steals in under the blankets to share the warmth. This latter situation is not enviable, for an incautious movement may rouse the guest to plant his fangs in the sleeper, the result being not unfrequently death. A yell of "Snakes!" at midnight, in camp, with the lights all out, arouses a form of terror surpassing anything in the spectral visions of Dante.

JAMES WYATT OATES.

A GLIMPSE OF THE UNUSUAL.

The office-boy approached my desk, and said: "The city editor wants you."

I entered the private office of that gentleman.

"Sit down," he said.

I obeyed.

"Read that." He handed me a note, which ran thus:

"CITY EDITOR 'FOG HORN':—I shall take one of your reporters with me next Sunday, if agreeable.

"J. H. WHITESIDES."

"Well?" I interrogated.

"Will you go?" he asked, with a fixed look.

"Certainly."

"You are not afraid?"

I smiled.

"I knew it," he said.

I blushed.

"That will do."

I left the office. There must have been an unusual expression on my face, for a reporter asked me:

"What did he want?"

"Oh, nothing," I replied, carelessly; but my face evidently belied my words.

"I believe it was——"

"What?"

"The balloon."

"Yes."

"And he selected you?"

"Of course."

There was doubtless an accent in my tone that conveyed an idea of my importance; for several, who had overheard the conversation, gathered around me in a state of excitement tinctured with envy. I was calm, proud, superior; which proves that some reporters have sensibilities—of certain kinds. Two of our corps had already made ascensions.

"Bah!" they exclaimed, disdainfully, "it is nothing."

Nevertheless, I had a triumph. The news soon spread. I was overwhelmed with congratulations, condolence, pity, praise, adjurations, advice, solicitations, warnings, dire forebodings. I was called brave; several persons took the liberty of saying I was a fool. Some predicted that my heart would fail at the last moment; others contested the point, and bets were made, with the odds against my nerve. Why should I fail? it was argued. Had I not frequently concealed myself under the table at a caucus—been shot at—gone disguised into gambling hells—tied the knot at hangings—had my nose smashed and my jaw broken? Oh, yes, it was answered; but those adventures proved merely the fact that I was endowed with physical courage. I was sadly lacking in moral courage; for instance—but I decline to publish others' opinions of my depravity. I was the egg in this boiling pot, and was hardened.

"I will show you," I thought, but said nothing.

There were but three incidents connected with the ascension that are worthy of mention.

The first incident: I was introduced to Professor Whitesides, late of Chicago, now of San Francisco. He grasped my hand and remarked:

"I am glad to meet you."

"Thanks."

"What do you weigh?"

"Hundred and twenty-five."

"Good."

We were standing under the balloon, which had been inflated, and which the high wind caused to tug at its fastenings. The professor asked:

"Ever been up before?"

"No."

"We shall start in thirty minutes."

"All right."

He looked me straight in the face and asked: "How do you feel?"

I experienced a feeling of shame in admitting that the question seemed strange. I reflected that it is customary to ask questions concerning health at the commencement of a conversation. I had no idea that he meant anything else. Furthermore, the form of the question seemed irregular. Why had he not asked me, in the usual way, if I were well? Still, I reflected that perhaps the method he had chosen was current in Chicago, so I answered:

"Very well, thanks."

He actually stared at me. I saw I had committed a blunder, and, to repair the damage, added:

"How are you?"

This made matters worse.

"Oh, never better."

As he said this he turned away to conceal a smile. When he had recovered his composure he again looked me full in the face, and said:

"You'll do."

The second incident: I was chatting with a reporter for a rival paper. He had made an ascension. In the course of conversation I asked him quite naturally, quite idly, and for no reason whatever, that I can imagine:

"How did it feel?"

A strange look came into his eyes, his under lip quivered, and he did not answer the question, pretending not to have heard it. This conduct, more than anything else, involved the science of ballooning in a profound mystery.

The third incident: We were sailing along bravely at an altitude of five thousand feet. The professor pointed out familiar landmarks. Suddenly he regarded me with a degree of interest, and repeated this remarkable question:

"How do you feel?"

I was confused. He was shaking the curtain behind which was concealed the mystery. I remembered that I had committed a grave indiscretion on the former occasion, doubtless through misunderstanding him. In the latter instance, with that self-complacency that characterizes reporters, I made the unpardonable mistake of neglecting to inquire of him his meaning. Many thoughts flashed through my mind. It was a supreme moment. I became desperate, and answered in one word—

"Dry."

He stared more fixedly than in the first case, then burst into laughter. I was offended. He noticed it, and made the same remark as before:

"You'll do."

I mention only these three incidents, as they all touched on something which I could not comprehend, and which has affected my whole life—even though I came afterward to understand its purport and its frightful consequences. I may here write that there is nothing remarkable in a balloon ascension *per se*, unless it produces results more terrible than death itself. I do not mean such results as having a fight with a crazed aeronaut, being dropped into the ocean, or torn through mud, or beaten against the ground until few sound bones remain. I consider such contingencies absolutely trifling. As to the sensation experienced by a novice, there is more of that in *hasheesh* or an opium pipe. I cared nothing for the waving of handkerchiefs, and the shouts of the multitude, and the band music, as the aeronaut cut the guy-rope; nothing for an encounter with trees, as we cleared the ground; nothing for our having been practiced upon with a Winchester rifle, while we were not three thousand feet in the air; nothing for having sighted the balloon containing Professor Colgrove and Miss Allison, hovering over the Bay of San Francisco, nor for the racy experience they had; nothing for sundry adventures, nor for having been dragged through the trees, knocked about, torn through the branches, as we were landing; nothing for the quiet remark of Professor Whitesides, after we had housed the balloon, that he believed he had two or three bottles somewhere in the bottom of the basket—all trivial. I shall explain. No sooner had I regained the city, than a host of friends, acquaintances, and strangers surrounded me. They welcomed me as one returned from the tomb, and showered attentions upon me. I was polite, condescending—even majestic. Strangers sought introductions; some grasped my hand without one. Fond mothers pointed me out to their children, and said:

"That's him—look at him."

Some said: "Remember him."

A friend requested me: "Tell us about it."

"Oh," I replied, "the earth presented the appearance of a beautiful panorama—a perfect work of French topographical art. The ground was carpeted with brown velvet, green satin, and gray silk. San Francisco was a vast pile of crystallized alum, dazzling and grotesque. Oakland was a partridge's nest, filled with eggs."

"How did it feel?"

I felt myself choking. The old horror—for it had become a horror—confronted me. I would be discreet this time. I asked him:

"What do you mean?"

"The sensation."

"I don't understand."

"Were you frightened?"

"No."

"Did the ground seem to drop from under you?"

"No."

"Felt no desire to jump out?"

"Assuredly not. Do you think I am insane?"

"Were you dizzy?"

"No."

And then a great light dawned upon me. I remembered then of having read that people had been affected in those ways. A weight was lifted from my breast. The question of the professor was understood; the quivering lip of the reporter still remained a mystery. I immediately sought the professor, and apologized for my stupidity. He laughed, said I was the best he ever saw, and engaged me for the next ascension.

The days passed by, and I had explained a number of times in what a balloon ascension consists. It was not unpleasant at first—it rather flattered me; but it soon became wearisome. People would stop me on the street, and ask:

"Went up in the balloon, didn't you? Saw it in the paper."

"Yes."

"How did it feel?"

For several hundreds of times I courteously answered the question as best I could. It may be inferred that it was particularly obnoxious to me, who had felt nothing. A few asked me how it looked. My politeness never deserted me in such cases, though I made the same answer that I did to the other question. I did not know, before this, that I had so many friends, so many acquaintances. At first, I was naturally proud to discover that hundreds, whom I did not know, knew me. The number swelled; it multiplied enormously. Men, women, and children appeared before me, as if by magic, and asked:

"Been up in a balloon?"

"Yes."

"How did it feel?"

The number soon ran up into the thousands. My patience was exhausted, and I wrote out a short statement and committed it to memory. This afforded temporary relief, as it required little mental exertion; but it was a tax on my nerves, and eventually became wearisome. I condensed it one-half. They met me on the highway like brigands; they made me stand and deliver:

"Been up in a balloon?"

"Yes."

"How did it feel?"

I delivered, bowed, and passed on. Matters daily became worse—hourly became desperate. The thing spread like a contagion. I went, in order to secure comfort, consolation, and rest, to one being who was more sacred to me than life, dearer than my happiness—in whom my soul was absorbed—whose pale, thoughtful, girlish face was more holy than a hope of heaven, more enchanting than a vision of paradise—who held my heart in her slender hand, and who, I believe, loved me dearly. She met me at the door. I shall never forget the wistful expression of her beautiful eyes, as she asked, tenderly:

"You come at last? How rash you were! How did it feel?"

I stammered out something, for this blow had nearly broken my heart, and then I left her. I see her now, standing at the door, surprised at my sudden departure; a tear upon her cheek, and a great anxiety in her lovely eyes; but I went away, and did not visit her again.

I became morose, made short and surly answers, and avoided the more public streets as much as my business as a reporter would allow. The bells became infected, their sonorous tongues clanging out:

"How did it feel? How did it feel?"

Mysterious whispers from unseen persons asked me:

"Been up in a balloon?"

"Yes," I whispered.

"How did it feel?"

The whole world was against me, and I became timid, thoughtful. I shuddered to meet any one, and abandoned them all, and became a recluse. I could not sleep. Strange and ghostly shadows appeared at my bedside. Some asked me the terrible question in a kindly way, while others grasped me by the throat and demanded:

"How did it feel?"

I told them that the ground was a panorama, a piece of French topographical art. I explained it all, but they came again the next night. After a few days, they no longer confined their incursions to darkness. They met me in the street; they lurked behind corners, and darted out at me; they crouched on piles of grindstones and grinned. I became pale; my strength and youth departed; my eyes had a hollow, anxious, dreading look. Matters soon came to this pass: when the terrible question was put to me, I swore and raved; I dashed my hat on the ground, and walked back and forth, entwining my fingers, or pulling my hair; I yelled at the phantoms, and hurled stones at them.

The mystery of the quivering lip was laid open to view, and it confronted me now, a horrible reality.

The city editor of the *Fog Horn* told me I was overworked; that I was broken down, and must have a vacation.

To escape the more violent depredations of the phantoms, I was compelled to resort to the thronged streets. I soon noticed a man watching me. He was a detective, and I had known him long. He followed me two days. On the third, I suddenly collared him, and demanded to know his intentions. He trembled, and used persuasive language. I cursed him, and threatened to kill him. He left me.

About two hours afterward, he approached me in company with another detective. They got on either side of me, and asked me to go with them—each taking an arm. I indignantly refused, then resisted. They threatened handcuffs. I yielded, cursing. They conducted me to the city prison, and led me to the register.

"What is this for?" I demanded.

They said it was all right; that I had committed no crime, but they required me for something. They endeavored to pacify me; I called them horrible names. The clerk stood behind the register, writing. I said to him:

"If you ask me that question, I will brain you!"

He turned pale, and, after writing my name, hesitated to write the cause of arrest. He then made a sign to the officers, and handed them a bunch of keys, remarking:

"Forty-three."

The detectives took my arms, and were leading me toward a corridor. I suddenly sprung from their grasp, and ran back to the prison register. The clerk had written opposite my name that most fearful of all words:

"INSANE."

The detectives seized me; I fought like a madman. They handcuffed me, dragged me to a cell, and locked me in.

That night a million spectres visited me. They crept through the bars, small as pigmies, and dilated to enormous proportions. They sat upon me, pulled my hair, overpowered me, pressed me against the wall, dashed me violently upon the floor. I struggled fiercely, yelling and screaming with all my strength, waking the echoes in the lonely corridors. Every moment the demons hissed into my ear:

"How did it feel?"

Occasionally I would tell them that it was a beautiful panorama—French topographical art, velvet, satin, silk, crystallized alum, a bird's nest. But this never satisfied them; they shrieked:

"How did it feel?"

Then I cursed them.

Presently one demon, gigantic and hideous, with eyes of fire and a skin of scales, emitting a stifling stench from his nostrils, seized me in his grasp and pressed his iron thumbs into my temples. The blood spurted from my ears and eyes. His other hand grasped me by the throat; he threw me down and crushed his knees into my breast. I remember that his hot breath poured into my ear this question, burning as molten lead:

"How did it feel?"

My struggles became more faint; they ceased; I slept heavily without dreaming.

I awoke, and found the warm sunshine streaming through the bars. I was exceedingly weak, but my mind was clear. My hands trembled; I was bloody. When the keeper appeared at the grating I begged him to give me a basin of water and a cup of strong coffee. I washed, drank the coffee, and was refreshed.

The detective appeared, and regarded me closely. I looked at him calmly, bade him good-morning, apologized for my conduct of the evening before. He looked gloomy, and asked me to follow him.

"To the Insanity Commission?" I asked, with a feeble smile.

He made no reply.

"Very well," I continued, "I am ready."

On leaving the cell I found two men outside, waiting. They followed us to a carriage the detective had procured, and entered it behind us, taking the rear seat. They were the guard.

"I am dangerous, then?" I asked the detective.

"I believe not," he stammered.

A tremendous task confronted me. I must outwit those shrewd, cool, deep, penetrating men composing the Insanity Commission. I must be daring, yet always on my guard; patient, self-possessed, watchful; grasping at every straw; attentive; concealing under the mask of ingenuousness the profoundest cunning; alert; not over-learned; evincing no anxiety; irascible, if I could turn it to account; desperate, if driven to a last extremity; caring nothing for my life, everything for my freedom; dreading the insane asylum more than death; and, above all, grandly unscrupulous.

There were three physicians and a judge, the latter holding the examination in chambers. They asked me to take a seat. I obeyed, saying:

"Gentlemen, I know that my appearances are against me; I am pale and haggard. Yet I have a powerful will. The examination will be long and tedious. My will shall sustain me through it all, however much I may be humiliated or exasperated. But it may also prove an obstacle to even your creating in my conduct the least semblance of insanity. So I thus disarm myself by placing you on your guard. Remember that I can direct my thoughts, purposes, actions, desires, as well as I can control my muscles. I can restrain impulses, padlock fancy, bury inclinations under a mountain of reason; I can burn the decrees of Destiny, and strangle Fate. Proceed."

They asked me a thousand questions concerning my birth, life, education, habits; examined into minute details, and then led back to them. I readily confessed my ignorance of that which I did not know, and never became entangled in that which I did know. I astonished them with my knowledge of human nature and the world, and explained that my journalistic education had made me acquainted with so wide a range of topics. They were perplexed. One physician whispered to the other:

"This is the profoundest cunning of insanity."

"You are mistaken."

I overheard them, alert as a fox.

"What do you think, gentlemen?" asked the judge.

"A spark may explode a mine, sir."

"Very true."

The detective whispered something in the ear of the physician who conducted the examination. His face brightened, and he asked me:

"Did you ever make a balloon ascension?"

"No," I replied, with a shade of anxiety in my voice.

A quick look of intelligence passed between the physician and the detective. I understood it. I was treading on hidden mines.

"Positively you have not?"

"Yes," with the least hesitation.

"Tax your memory; search it thoroughly."

"I have."

"And you find there is no trace of the event?"

"None."

The physician said to the judge:

"I have found the spark."

"And applied it?"

"Yes."

"And the mine?"

"Has exploded."

"Then you think——"

"He is perfectly conscientious; he has forgotten."

I conscientious! Now I knew the temper of my antagonists' steel. They had exploded one mine, but I was wandering amid others. Perhaps this catastrophe had ruined me; but I waited patiently, reserving my strength.

"Still, that is not sufficient," said the judge.

I thought not. The detective again whispered something in the physician's ear, and, after asking me a few desultory questions, he came to this one:

"In the prosecution of your business as a reporter, no doubt you are frequently thrown in contact with persons who charge you with misrepresenting them in your report of an interview had with them, are you not?"

"Yes."

"Well, does it not sometimes happen that these persons assume a brusque or threatening attitude, ascribe dishonest motives, throw out unpleasant insinuations, even in some cases openly insulting you?"

"Yes."

"On such occasions your manhood and inherent dignity rebel, do they not?"

"Always."

"If I am any judge of human nature, you cannot brook an insult—am I right?"

"Perfectly."

"You would strike a man for calling you a liar?"

"Undoubtedly."

"Or asserting that you are not a gentleman?"

"I would break his neck!"

"Certainly! I admire you; but suppose that he should evince a disposition to resist?"

"Then there would be a fight."

"Precisely, precisely! Of course there would be a fight. Have you ever had a rencounter of that nature?"

"Several."

"With deadly implements?"

"Pistols, knives."

"Indeed?"

"Yes."

"Were you ever shot?"

"Twice."

"How did it feel?"

At that question something seemed to strike me a heavy blow on the head, sending a flood of boiling poison through my veins. I looked toward the ceiling, and there discovered a narrow piece of stucco that ran around the room at the juncture of the walls and ceiling. My eyes slowly traversed the entire length until they reached the starting point. Then I answered:

"Well, it was a beautiful panorama, an exquisite piece of French topograpical art. There was brown velvet, gray satin, green silk. San Francisco was an elaborate rosette of crystallized alum; Oakland——"

Great God! it had stolen on me unawares. I checked myself and blushed deeply; then I became ghastly pale. The judge looked thoughtful; the physicians contented; the detective triumphant. I had been led degradingly by the nose into a shallow, pitiful trap. The last extremity was surely near at hand, yet I would make one more effort, into which would be concentrated all that remained of shattered strength and dying hope; the fear of the asylum, the presence of death by suicide.

I rose to my feet, folded my arms, and bowed my head.

"Gentlemen," I said, "I have in reality made a balloon ascension; the memory of that disastrous event has never escaped me for a moment."

The commissioners looked somewhat puzzled, but paid the closest attention. I continued:

"I denied the fact a moment ago, and I dreaded the question that I knew would follow."

"Does it always follow?"

"Invariably. Knowing that the answer which an almost invincible habit might wring from me would surely establish a presumption of my insanity, and having a nameless horror—as all persons have—of the insane asylum, I endeavored, by a denial, to change the current of the investigation into another channel."

"I see, I see."

"The answer to that question is stereotyped in my brain; it has become a part of my nature; it is the one rock on which my will may be driven. It has harassed me, lacerated my nerves, driven me to desperation. You may imagine that I am acquainted with a greater number of persons than any but a reporter would know, and that this number is quadrupled by those who know me, and with whom I am not acquainted."

"That is perfectly reasonable; and they——"

"All ask the same question."

"Ah! Yes, yes."

"That is all."

There was a pause. It was evident that their former suspicions were shaken to their foundation.

"But," said I, remembering, "I neglected to answer your question — I will not repeat it. Here is the scar on my wrist. I shall simply answer that a gunshot wound is not pleasant."

There still seemed to be a lingering doubt. The detective and physician again whispered together, and the latter asked:

"Can you explain your conduct of last night?'

"Certainly. Nothing is more simple. My conduct was the culmination of exasperation, the triumph of anger over will. I was humiliated, degraded, and in a condition to commit murder as well as suicide. I would have hesitated at nothing."

"But your conduct for several days has created a universal conviction of your—your——"

"Insanity," I suggested.

"Thank you. Yes—insanity."

I smiled, and answered:

"It was the very impression I wished to create, so that no one would have the nerve to harass me. I am somewhat surprised that I should have succeeded so well as to mislead the detective."

I made this explanation with an open countenance, and a twinkle of the eye that indicated immense self-satisfaction. It had a powerful effect, and might have cleared me; but at this moment the detective requested that I should enter the anteroom for a moment. My heart sank at this; they would have me at a great disadvantage. Nevertheless, I obeyed cheerfully, and they locked the door upon me. I then heard the detective making an earnest explanation. After the lapse of a few minutes, they unlocked the door, and I immediately saw in their faces that my doom was sealed.

They had summoned a deputy sheriff, who stood in the room, waiting. The judge was writing—a commitment. The physicians endeavored to avoid my looks, and were preparing to leave.

"Gentlemen," I said quietly, "I see your decision in your faces. This compels me to do that which I earnestly hoped I might avoid. You force me now to place you in a strange position—I shall not say a ludicrous one."

With that they all regarded me half-wonderingly, half-pityingly. The judge continued to write; then signed his name, and pressed a blotting-pad upon the paper.

"Well, what is it?" inquired the interrogating physician, in what seemed to be an impatient tone.

"But it might anger you."

"Not at all; we would like to know."

"I beg you, then, to accept my apologies in advance. I warn you that it will be unpleasant news to you."

"Tell us, by all means."

"Remember that I am forced to say it as a last resort. I can not go to the insane sylum. I must protect myself, however disagreeable to you may be my plan."

They looked at me with considerable curiosity. Then the judge remarked, as he handed the commitment to the deputy sheriff:

"Let us hear it."

"Well, you know that, as the examination of a candidate for insane honors is held with closed doors, it is impossible for persons who wish to utilize, in a literary way, the peculiar methods of procedure in vogue with an insanity commission, to produce a pen-picture, as it were, of such procedure, and of the principal characters connected with it."

Their eyes began to open. They were almost stupefied. I continued:

"It has long been my desire to write a sketch portraying an examination, and I could gain entrance only by feigning insanity. My wish is now gratified."

I laughed as I finished. It fell like a bombshell among them; it annihilated them; they could not find utterance.

"I must admit," I continued, "that I am greatly flattered at having succeeded in deceiving you into a belief of my insanity. As to the detective, I am not surprised at his stupidity, for the ignorance and blunders of detectives are proverbial. I must further add that the gratification I experience at this moment, in having so successfully assumed the cunning of an insane man, is almost unbounded. I allude, as you may imagine, to those palpably weak assertions I have made as to my desire to appear insane for the purpose of frightening people out of an inclination to ask me a very silly question."

"Then all this you told us before——"

"Proceeded from a desire to shield myself from the displeasure, and you from the mortification I was sure would result if I had stated facts."

They were completely paralyzed—then angry. Presently, however, mirth succeeded anger, and there was a general laugh.

"I ask your pardon," said the physician, "for now making the remark that I consider you profoundly skilled in hypocrisy."

"I take it as a compliment, sir," I replied, laughing; "but you must remember that I am a reporter."

"I think it is time the farce should end," said the judge, as he reached for the commitment and tore it up. "We can hardly forgive you for trifling with us in this manner."

I picked up my hat, bowed, and left the room. As I reached the hall the physician tapped me on the shoulder, and whispered:

"My dear sir, you know it was all your own fault—but you did it well, surely! Now for God's sake don't say anything about it, and, above everything else, don't put our names in your sketch, nor write anything that may fasten ridicule upon us. Will you promise that? Here—take this Havana."

"I promise faithfully," I replied, laughing at him.

I overtook the detective on the steps. He looked quite sheepish and dejected.

"You are a fool," I said.

He replied:

"And you are the Devil!"

W. C. Morrow.

OUTCROPPINGS.

ABOUT PETS.

I am about to utter a heresy. I am a woman, and do not like canaries in a cage for pets. Nothing seems a pet to me that I must keep caged up, and can not stroke and pat and lay my hands on. A dog, for instance, or a horse, seem to appreciate one's affection so much more than a stupid mite of a thing that will flutter and flop around in its cage as if it feared you as its worst enemy, after you have fed and tended it for years. I know there are exceptions. I have seen canaries so tame—so trusting, rather—that they would fly to the shoulder of their owner and stay there contentedly. And I knew a lady once who went around the house all day long with a Japanese sparrow enfolded in each hand. But the moment she opened her hands, they flew away, and perched, if possible, out of everybody's reach. A dog, however—I mean a dog that you own and have raised, perhaps—really loves you, if you treat him well, and has a hundred ways of showing it. A horse, if he likes you, will whinny and stamp and neigh, if he can not come up to rub his nose on your shoulder. They have sense, too, and a very fair understanding of what fun is. I had a horse, once, that objected seriously to being caught up again after he had been turned into pasture, and he would give all the trouble he possibly could. If I took the halter and attempted to catch him, he would let me come quite close up to him, but just as I was about to throw the straps around his neck, he would lower his head, throw up his heels, and dart off, looking back to see whether I followed. After his repeating this manœuvre half a dozen times, I would turn to leave in disgust, and walk rapidly away. Then compunction always seized the horse, and he would come trotting up behind me, set his teeth carefully in the sleeve of my dress, and jerk at it, as much as to say: "There—can't you take a joke? I was only in fun, and I'm ready to come with you now." And it takes only so short a time to make a horse love you and lose all fear of you. At one time, I was acquainted with a horse in Alameda, whose reputation for gentleness did not equal his beauty. He was a large, handsome bay; and when I first approached his keeper, a big, burly English hostler, with the purpose of taming the horse, and with a handful of sugar, he refused to let me go near him. "Couldn't allow it, noways, miss," he said; "that 'orse would bite your 'and right off, if you 'eld it out to him with the sugar." I persevered, however. The "'orse" didn't "bite my 'and right off," but took his sugar like a lamb; and in less than two weeks from that time he would whinny and paw the ground with impatience if he heard my voice in the stable and I did not come directly to him. To be sure, he had nearly squeezed me to death one day, against the side of his stall; but it was sheer good will and affection, not viciousness; for William, who had hurried up, pale and scared, stood speechless to see that he neither struck at nor bit me.

Then think of dogs. Can not all of us think of some instance where a faithful, honest-eyed dog has given us striking proof of intelligence and devotion? Yet how often we ill-treat them and hurt their feelings; for they are sensitive as well as loving—which is more than we can say of the shallow-pated little things that are pampered and made much of in their gilt cages. How grieved a dog can look I once saw, years ago, when mother lived on a little farm near St. Louis. Among the rest of the live-stock was a magnificent black Newfoundland dog, "Cruiser," the distinct and separate property of a younger sister. During the summer months I spent much of my time at mother's place. One afternoon, when Cruiser's mistress started out on her usual ride, it was found expedient, for some cause, to keep Cruiser, who was her constant attendant, at home; and for this reason I half-coaxed, half-dragged him back to the kitchen, but not before he had seen the black horse, as always, trotting out through the side gate into the highway. In the kitchen I shut both door and window, which convinced him that I was in earnest about keeping him there, and he threw himself on the floor in a kind of passive despair. I felt sorry for the creature, and cut him a large piece of home-made bread, of which he was very fond. But there was no comfort in it this time, and, after idly tossing it over with his snout, he suddenly laid himself full-length on the floor, stretched out his paws before him, raised his head and his voice together, and gave the most mournful howl that dog can utter. I scolded and petted, but it was no use; he howled no more, but little short moans came every few seconds, like the sobs of a child that has been punished for crying. Toward evening he was released, and made straight for the side gate, looking eagerly up and down the road; but his dog-sense told him that, as it was nearly time for the rider to return, there was no use running out on the highway, so he laid himself patiently inside the gate, to await her coming. It so happened, however, that she entered the grounds through the main gate in front, and he did not see the horse when it was taken to the stable. At night, we missed Cruiser, and concluded that he was suffering for having been held in bondage, and thought no more about it. Early the next morning, when the man went down to the stable, he saw Cruiser lying in the wet grass by the side gate, but failed to coax the dog to him. When he returned to the house, he told us where the dog was, and we all felt quite a lively remorse to think we had not hunted for the poor beast the night before; for he had naturally stayed there to await the return of his mistress.

She instantly started to bring the dog home; but do you suppose he displayed any pleasure at seeing her? No, indeed. He opened his eyes wide in astonishment, made quite sure that it was the person for whom he had vainly watched all through the long night, and then, with an injured air that spoke plainer than words could speak, walked slowly past her, and crept into his kennel.

Some time after, when it had been decided that mother and sister should join my brother in California, it was agreed that Cruiser should be a legacy to me. But he was stolen—by some one whom we knew, I am sure, for he would not go with a stranger. As the dog had often been at our house in town, however, I consoled myself with the thought that he would escape from the thief and hunt me up. And so he did, one cold, sloppy, rainy day. I knew the scratch of his big paw on the sitting-room door, and instantly admitted him, wet, muddy, panting, and thin. He was overwhelmingly glad to see me, and I hugged him and patted him, made him comfortable by the fire, and then changed my dress, for it had become as wet and muddy as his coat. But he would not stay in the corner by the fire—he seemed uneasy, and scratched at the door to get out. I took him to the kitchen, but he would neither eat nor drink; he only whined in an appealing way, and scratched at every door we passed. I understood him, and let him hunt through the whole house. His search was fruitless, of course, and, when he returned disheartened to the sitting-room, I said, patting his head: "Poor Cruiser! they are all gone away;" and straightway he laid himself full-length on the carpet, stretched out his fore-paws, raised his head, and howled—just as he had done the day he had been so hurt and grieved at Wood Farm. From the people then living at the old place, I learned afterward that the dog had been there early in the morning, and had come to my house only after having hunted all over the farm.

If that was a dog's devotion, let me give you an instance of a dog's intelligence. A little mongrel, Spitz-and-terrier mixed, had a trick of working himself out of his collar, because the fleas got under it and he could not scratch. This little trick had nearly cost him his life. One warm, summer afternoon, "Woolly" came tearing into the room, as if shot from a cannon, yelping, cavorting, and acting like mad generally. We called to him, and scolded him, but to no purpose. He turned somersaults, he threw himself on his back, he leaped, he wiggled, he writhed, he twisted, keeping up an incessant din of barks, squeals, and yelps. The more we scolded the more frantic he grew, always going through that same performance of tumbling head-over-heels, pulling back, writhing on the floor, leaping, and struggling. To my great relief, he lay down by his basin at last, to drink his fill of water, and then we knew at least that he was not mad. In an hour or two his conduct was explained; a neighbor came in to tell us how nearly we had lost our dog. The dog-catcher had been around, and Master Woolly, having no collar on, was thought legitimate prey. But no sooner did the little beast feel the noose about his neck, than he commenced a desperate defense of life and liberty. The lady said they had all hurried to the window, attracted by his piteous cries first, and then amused by his clever struggle with his captor. She said he had tugged, and leaped, and writhed; had stood on his head, and had tumbled over; had struggled, and bitten, and clawed, till at last—to the great joy of the quickly-gathered crowd—the plucky dog had wrenched himself loose, and made a shoot for the open basement-door. So he had come straight to us to tell his story, you see; had told it with dramatic effect, too, only we hadn't the key to his language.

Does any one know anything smart or loving of canaries? I wish they would tell it, then. But I do not dislike birds at all—far from it; only I seem to have no luck with them. I bought a broken-legged plover one day—at least, the boys from whom I bought him said it was a plover—and I made a martyr of myself trying to keep his little maw filled and make him happy. His favorite food was worms, and, as I never could bribe the girl to dig for them in the garden, I had to do it myself, with all the flesh on my back "crawling" a good deal worse than the worms ever crawled. The little thing always seemed so grateful when I set the tin box down on the carpet for him, and he had such a charming way of wiping his bill on my dress when he had finished his feast, that I filled the box up again as often as he seemed to want it. A surfeit of worms, however, or the want of out-door exercise, hastened him to an early grave; and I found him lying stiff and stark, under my bed, when I came in from the garden with the tin box filled for the sixteenth time that day.

I tried to tame a pair of partridges, too, and I am not sure but that I might have succeeded, if one of them had not escaped through a window, inadvertently left open. The lonely, frightened cry of the deserted bird, as soon as it missed its mate, grew so heart-piercing, so humanly full of anguish, that I sat flat down on the floor, covered my face with both hands, cried like a big baby, and called for some one to come and kill the bird, or drive it out, at the risk of its being torn by the cats. Those were the last birds I ever had. J. C.

WAITING FOR THE GALLEON.

Padre Serra and Don Cæsar
De Portala stood one day,
By the church at San Diego,
Gazing o'er the tranquil bay—
To the mystic line where ocean
And the sky were linked in one,
Waiting for a sign or token
Of an absent galleon.

This same galleon departed
For San Blas three months before,
To return with food and raiment,
For fast dwindling was their store;
And yet, since the time she vanished
From the dim horizon's line,
To the Mission San Diego
Came no token or no sign.

Then spoke Jasper de Portala:
"Padre Serra, since the day
That the galleon departed
Full three months have passed away;
Now the only safety left us,
Since our store is running low,
Is to leave this barren Mission,
And march back to Mexico."

Serra stood awhile in silence,
And his eyes welled up with tears.
In the moment seemed to vanish
All the toil and hope of years.

Then he answered thus: "Don Jasper,
You may go, but I remain;
For I know that Heaven will bring us
Back the galleon again.

"But I beg of you, Portala,
For awhile your march delay;
Stay at San Diego's Mission
Till at least Saint Joseph's day."
Then the Governor made answer:
"As you wish it, be it so;
If she come not on the feast-day
I march back to Mexico."

Then the Padre and the soldier
Stood and watched, day after day,
By the church at San Diego,
Gazing o'er the tranquil bay—
To the mystic line where ocean
And the sky were linked in one,
Waiting for a sign or token
Of the absent galleon.

'Twas at last Saint Joseph's feast-day,
And Portala, as he passed
From Presidio to Mission,
To the sea a long look cast;
Cloudless, clear, and calm the sky was,
And he smiled, as well he might—
For the ocean lay all tranquil,
And there was no sail in sight.

At the church the mass is finished,
Tears and prayers do not avail;
Heaven has sent no sign or token,
In the offing is no sail;
And the little congregation
On their several ways have gone,
And before the humble altar
Padre Serra kneels alone.

Thus he prays: "Though all desert me
I will stay, whate'er may come;
Be it fire, or sword, or famine,
Tears, or pain, or martyrdom.
In my every act, O Father!
I would seek Thy guidance still—
If I fail to do Thy bidding
'Tis I misconstrue Thy will,

"And am like the weary sailor,
When the landmarks all are hid,
And the lights on shore that guided—
Night, and fogs, and mists amid—
Seeking still to make the haven;
And—all anxious though he be
To reach home, and love, and shelter—
Wanders farther out to sea.

"Let me journey not in darkness,
Show a light, O Father mine!
Stretch Thy guiding hand still earthward,
Give my doubting heart a sign;
Grant that prayers, and toil, and watching
May not all have been in vain;
If it be but for a moment
Bring the galleon again."

As the Padre Junipero
By the altar bended low,
Suddenly a cannon thundered
From the near Presidio;
Then "A sail! a sail!" was echoed
By the watchers on the shore,
And a ringing cheer of welcome
Hailed the galleon once more.

From the church-door gazed the Padre,
And lo! in the noonday sun,
He beheld, on far horizon,
The long-wished-for galleon;
From her peak the red-cross floating,
With her colors bright and gay,
And her white sail broadly swelling,
As if making for the bay.

While the Indians gazed with wonder,
And the Spaniards cheered or wept,
And the Padre knelt, thanks giving,
Still the galleon onward kept—
But the mists rose from the ocean,
While they wept, or prayed, or cheered,
Hiding from their view the vessel,
So she strangely disappeared.

Then the Padre Serra, rising,
Pointed to the mystic line,
And addressed the wondering gazers:
"Children, saw ye not the sign?
Yet the galleon it was not—
It was but a thing of air,
Penciled on the sky by angels,
As an answer to our prayer."

Then he spoke unto Portala,
"Do you still intend to go
And desert our struggling Mission?"
And the Governor answered, "No;
Though my troops now all are ready
For the march, yet I obey
The command sent down from heaven,
And here with you I will stay."

Then the Padre and Portala
Stood and watched, day after day,
By the church at San Diego,
Gazing o'er the tranquil bay;
Till the third day had passed over,
When there suddenly appeared
The good galleon, long wished for,
And now straight to land she steered.

Hours and hours her course still holding,
Scarce a breeze her sail to swell,
From the dawning, through the noon-time,
Till the shades of evening fell;
Then the *San Antonio*, laden
With supplies, in safety lay,
By the Mission San Diego,
Anchored in the tranquil bay.

Then told Don Juan Perez, Captain
Of the *San Antonio:*
"From the ocean rose this Mission
In the noon three days ago;
Yet, though wind filled up our broad sail
When we tried to reach the land,
Something seemed to intercept us
That we could not understand.

"But we steered with broad sail swelling
For the tranquil bay, when lo!
The adobe white-walled Mission,
And the gray Presidio;
And the soldiers, Spaniards, Indians,
And the green and pleasant land,
Faded like mirage, or day-dream—
And we could not understand.

"Then we feared, by fogs surrounded,
Still to hug a dangerous coast;
So we drifted out to ocean,
All our course and reckoning lost;
And for three long days we drifted,
While we thought that nevermore
We should see the white-walled Mission,
And our loved ones on the shore.

"On the third day passed the fog-mist,
And the sun gleamed bright and clear,
And the wind filled up our broad sail,
And we knew no longer fear;
And we floated on a current,
Swift as swallow in its flight,
Till the Mission San Diego
Rose again upon our sight."

Thus the Captain, Don Juan Perez,
Told about his long delay
While the *San Antonio*, anchored,
Lay in San Diego Bay.
And said Serra: "God has surely
Brought this galleon again,
As a sign that at this Mission
'Tis His will we should remain."

By the Bay of San Diego,
Still the aged Spaniards tell
How the vessel on the feast-day
Was shown by miracle;
How the California missions
Were preserved by God's command,
And the *San Antonio*, laden
With blessings, came to land;

How each year, at San Diego,
As a proof of this true tale,
On the feast-day of Saint Joseph
There is seen a phantom sail
On the dim line of horizon
As the sail was seen of old—
But the gossips hint those only
Who are pure of heart behold.

PENCIL-SHAVINGS.

It has been said that a woman can not sharpen a lead-pencil, and I think I know why. In the first place, she doesn't attack it boldly enough; she is afraid of soiling her fingers. Then she never has a sharp knife. If Adam the husband, or Adonis the brother, or even Johnny the son, lends a knife for the purpose, he first opens the dullest, brokenest blade, and then sneers at the result. If Eve has a knife of her own, nobody will sharpen it for her. I *have* seen a woman sharpen a pencil with a carving-knife, but that was an extreme case.

My own pencil is a pointed application of the foregoing remarks. It has a hump-backed, rough-hewn appearance, and the lead sticks out too far. I like to have a pencil that is *en regle* as to finish, but life is too short to worry over pencil-points. There are so many better things to make fret-work of. And it is possible that as noble or graceful things might be written with an awkwardly whittled as with a smooth crayon-end. What do the great minds use, anyhow, as a first copy? Who will write the ethics of lead-pencils? and who will read after it is written?

The fine, red chips which I have made in my abortive attempts to be masculine, catch in the lace of my sacque, bestrew my lap, and fall on the narrow hearth. The wood-grate is almost red-hot; the last stick, now turned to a huge dark coal, has flaming eyes which make it look like a human thing, and, as if to complete the resemblance, has come to the front of the grate and leans its head sleepily on the bars. Presto! now it has fallen apart, and a pale flame goes up from the ruins. I get up and brush my pencil-chips off into the fire, where they make tiny points of blaze among the coals. These same chips represent the waste of life—if such riotous simile can be permitted. The wood and lead were cut and put together and joined; now the one is rubbed away in word-waste, and the other goes into shavings, into the fire, into nothingness.

Saccharissa, whom I love, is a human lead-pencil. She was married to a man. *That* was not curious; but the world, or some higher pencil-power, rubbed her life away without giving anything back, and the worthless stuff which should have protected her went into cedar-chips, and, finally, something reft the invisible welding, and the pencil was a thing of parts. Both were made for use, and they had been used, but the result was disappointing. The lead was too fine for its cover. It doesn't seem as though anybody in particular was to blame. Saccharissa and her husband are only part of the waste matter which goes to make up time.

I know a great many human lead-pencils, and, I *fancy*, a great many inanimate ones. My friend Don Quixote's pet novel is not unlike the tool which brought it to paper. It seemed put together stoutly enough; but it has been rubbed away on the teeth of sharp critics, and whittled down to suit the occasion, until it is only a stubby fragment—it has gone to waste. And the fine inventions of my other friend Loftus, the eagle ambition of Icarus, the patient love and persistent toil of Vesta for her family—what are they all but lead-marks and cedar-wood chips? They melt away, they are chopped off, and the world knows them no more. It takes up another pencil, and—pshaw!—what foolish fancies for a workaday world!

I wonder if other people chew the tops of their pencils as I do? It is like burning the candle at both ends.

I have a ravishment (not French) for clean, fresh pencils. Endless possibilities lie hid in their smooth ends. Turn the smooth ends into slender, tapering points, and the call is clearer than that which comes to a pious Methodist circuit-rider. I would not, if I wished him well, dare present to a young fame-follower a bunch of Faber's No. 3, newly cut. He would go instantly burrowing into the mole-holes of his mind for something to write about. So that lead-pencils represent, not only present waste, but also original sin.

That opens up a fresh path; but my pencil has grown too blunt to follow any more whimsical beckonings. It is blunt, and I have nothing—no, not even a carving-knife—to sharpen it. Moreover, my fire-demon has slid away into coals, and they, in turn, have been weaving for themselves a winding-sheet of their own ashes. I can almost follow the shape of a dead thing under the velvety pall. I might disturb the illusion and stir up the hot glow and breathe underneath, but it looks too ghostly to be touched. I shiver, partly with the cold, partly at the wind and rain outside, partly at the phantom I have conjured up. Its body lived a brave life—how much braver than going into pencils for amateur philandering. The wood that makes my fire is a sort of deity, and I bring to the shrine all my loves and hates and ambition—to say nothing of basking in its heat. (So that firewood is not waste, even though pencil-shavings be.) And in the morning its remains are laid solemnly on the ash-heap, and its spirit—where does that go?

Saccharissa, who is as matter-of-fact as I am fanciful, says there *are* no ghosts. I can't argue with her, because I am a woman; but I venture to subscribe, with my blunt pencil, something which our sentimentalist wrote once to put Saccharissa to shame—wrote it, too, on just such a night as this:

No ghosts, do you say? Why, fool, the days
  Are thick with visions of the dead;
And the earth is but a samite shroud,
  Folding them in its creases red.

Out of the full-fed winter fire,
  Frowning behind its mask of flame—
Out of the embers, dying low,
  They come to ask me for a name.

Who is it that clamors at the pane,
With restless hands, with foolish tears?
You call it the beating autumn rain,
But *I* let in the buried years.

Even the heart of summer's rose
Prisons the wraith of a sultry day,
When some of my fairest towers in Spain—
Hall and turret—crumbled away.

And the green renewal of the spring,
Bird-flight and lilac's purple bloom,
Is but the ghost of seasons past,
A shadowy presence of perfume.

The earth is sweeter for all her dead;
And it were slender sin if I
Prayed her to give me place among
Her friendly phantoms when I die. Q. T.

IKE GIVES HIS OPINION

ON TOTAL DEPRAVITY.

Wa'al, stranger, prehaps you are right, arter all;
But the forty-years' rastle I've had
Ter live in this world hez about made me think
That no man is entirely bad.
Let me tell ye a sarcumstance, stranger (that seems
Ter me ter be squar ter the pint),
I seed at Sad Gulch, on the Yuba, about
Fifty-three—'cept my mind's out uv jint.
The boys that wuz thar they wuz pretty much like
Them diggin's most gener'ly claim;
They'd work like a sluice all the week in the gulch,
Jest for Saturday night's little game.
But still they wuz jest as good-hearted a set
As ever you see—nothin' less.
No poor, hungry cuss ever come ter that camp,
Thet they didn't relieve his distress.
One day, though, thar come stragglin' inter them parts
A chap uv a different kind;
Fur relievin' uv us wuz the noble idee
Thet burdened *his* generous mind.
And he did it in sich a genteel, han'some way
Thet the boys really wa'nt much ter blame.
Poker, faro, or monte—made no differ'nce to him—
Ye cud jest nominate yer own game.
Though a mighty sweet talker, his eye hed a look
Thet made all the boys take a vow
Ter be purty dead sure they'd good reason afore
They pitched on Sid Blair for a row.
Wa'al, Sid pleased the boys, and things went mighty gay,
All except now and then an affair
Uv spottin' sluice-robbers, which, if they wuz caught,
We gener'ly shot 'em right thar.
Hank Bideman's claim had about the wust deal;
Fur, though we watched night after night,
We never could ketch the durned skunks, yet they cleaned
Out them boxes quite regular like.
So Hank took, on the quiet, a nugget he had—
Part quartz, uv two ounces or more—
And planted it thar, thinkin' some day he'd see
Thet thar nugget turn up at the store.
One Saturday night, Hank and Sid and the rest
Uv the boys had a poker game goin',
And any smart trick them boys didn't ring in,
Ye may bet your sweet life wa'nt worth knowin'.
Yet still, one by one, all got cinched, and dropped out,
Until Sid and Hank hed it alone;
And, strangely, it didn't quite seem ez ef Sid
Wuz exactly a-holdin' his own.
At last Hank wuz given three queens in the deal,
And thet made him chip purty bold;
But when in the draw he got hold uv the fourth,
He jest pungled down with his gold.
Whether Sid put it up so, no one ever knew,
Fur the game never finished, ye see;
But he must a-held purty good keerds for himself,
Or he wouldn't a-backed 'em so free.
The bets rolled up fast, and it seemed kinder tough
Ter reckon whose bull'd be gored,
When, as Sid shook his buckskin ter call fur a sight,
Hank's nugget rolled out on the board!
At fust Hank's eyes seemed ter bulge out uv his head,
And he shook like a wind-beaten spruce;
Then he held up the nugget, and hissed out: "Sid Blair,
You're the thief that's been robbin' my sluice."
Sid didn't say nuthin'—he saw t'wan't no use,
But he pushed back his stool like a flash,
And went for his shooter, but afore he could draw,
He was jumped, and cum down with a crash.
Fur a moment it looked mighty dusty fur Sid,
Though like a wild varmint he fought,
Until Hank, who stood by, hollered out: "Let up, boys!
Jedge Lynch'll take charge uv this court."
Then the boys all kept still, and they listened to Hank,
Till he told the hull yarn, fa'r and squar.
And Jem Blodgett rose, and he said: "Now, then, Sid,
We'll hear your account, but take car',
Fur yer life's at stake; and though we mean ter be jest,
We mean to be *that*, and no more!"
Sid glared at the crowd like a wildcat at bay,
And then he bust forth in a roar:
"And this ye call justice! Ye hold a man's hands,
And then bid him fight for his life!
Ye cowards! Ye wouldn't dar' come in arm's length,
Ef I hed a fa'r grip of a knife!
Ye're all too white-livered to give me a show,
Even though ye *are* twenty to one!
But ye'll find thet some uv ye will pass in yer chips
Afore any hangin' is done!"
Then he strained like a giant to get himself free,
But the boys held him tighter than death,
While Blodgett, right solemn, said: "Hark ye, Sid Blair,
Ye're wrong ter be wasting' your breath.
Ye ought ter be makin' yer peace with yer God—
Not addin' fresh crimes to the roll.
The vardict is: 'Hanged by the neck till ye're dead,
And may Heaven marcy hev on yer soul!'"
A stillness like night fell on all in the store,
And the driver's voice just broke the spell;
Fur the Grass Valley stage jest then stopped at the door,
And he says: "Them air fellars kin tell."
Thar stood in the doorway a sweet little gal,
Who smiled on the crowd gathered thar,
And the terrible job they wuz doin', and said:
"Please men, won't you find my papa?"
"My God! It is Maggie! My child!" shouted Sid,
As he sprang to her side with a bound.
"What brings you here, darling? Your mother, dear? Speak!"

And he lifted the child from the ground.
"Oh, papa!" the little girl sobbed, "mamma died,
And the kind people sent me up here.
But I got, oh, so tired! and I'm ever so glad
That I've found you at last, papa, dear!"
Sid bent his head over the child in his arms,
And the big sobs come rollin' up fast,
And the boys stood around, with eyelids that shone
Like the grass when the rain-storm hez passed.
Sid looked up at last, but, oh, what a change!
The tears falling fast down his cheek,
Ez his eyes seemed so mutely fur mercy to plead,
Fur he didn't seem able to speak.
Hank muttered an oath, as he picked up Sid's hat,
And brushed into it all uv the gold
On the table, and, stridin' across to the pair,
Said: "H'yar, little gal, take a-hold!
The boys h'yar's a-makin' a present ter you;
This stuff in the hat and—yer pa.
And ef he's one spot in his soul that is good,
From these scrapes he'll allers steer cl'ar;
And take both away, for we mought change our mind;
Fur we're none of us much like a saint,
And we ain't often givin' sich presents as these—
Your pa knows durned well that we ain't."
Sid's face give a promise, as he slid out the door
With the child in his arms, and they say
Thet he's settled down steady in Frisco, fer good,
Doin' all that he promised that day.
And this makes me think there is allers one spot
In the meanest, despicable cuss,
Which, ef it don't make him clean honest, it saves
His bein' a tarnal sight wuss.

H. B. W.

A STROLL THROUGH CHINATOWN.

Good, simple, old Oliver Goldsmith, in his *Citizen of the World*, describes the effect which the streets of London, their show, their display, their shops, their queer life, and their fashions had upon the Chinaman who constitutes the figure-head of that part of the story. The good-natured satire which Oliver indulged in at the expense of the humors, the foibles, and the abuses which he flogged with a tender hand, does not certainly find a parallel for its indulgence in the little Chinese quarter of San Francisco; but yet a good deal that is strange and interesting, and interesting because it is strange, may be noted by the casual observer as he strays through Chinatown of an evening. It is not the intention in this connection to moralize or philosophize upon the Chinese as a race, but simply to give a slight description of what may be seen superficially, as it were, "upon the side." As you walk along the Dupont Street sidewalk, you pass shops of every variety, on the inside of the windows of most of which are pasted strips of red paper, bearing those remarkably regular hieroglyphics which are an open letter to four hundred millions of the human race, but look to the eyes of the uninitiated balance like a series of photographs of dislocated skeletons on a jamboree. Inside the window of one you espy the counter, with a staid, sober-looking old Mongol, with spectacles on nose, and a velvet pork-pie hat, with little red button on top, looking seriously at the leaves of a straw-paper account-book, bound in blue covers by means of strings running through and around its hinges. In the lank, delicate, nervous, yellow, blue-veined, long-taloned right hand he holds a stick or *stylus*, the point of which he dips in some black pigment, and then makes it execute erratic and angular manœuvres upon the pages of the book aforesaid—the *stylus* being held well in hand and preserving a perpendicular attitude during the process. A "pard" is engaged in weighing out medicines, if one may judge from the little brass scale swung by three threads at the end of a short, wooden steelyard, and the nonchalant manner in which he dives into one of the little drawers upon the shelves, slings a handful of stuff upon the scale, poises the steelyard for a moment on his finger as a matter of form, and dumps the result upon a flat piece of brown paper for subsequent folding up. But stay: an accountant at the desk seems puzzled; his face wears a thoughtful, absorbed expression; but, without hesitation, his hand seeks the abacus at his elbow, the beads are swiftly and silently moved up and down the wires, and the product of the primitive calculating machine is transferred, by the aid of the *stylus*, to the account-book.

We pass by meat shops where everything is sold, from pork to rats; we pass fruit stalls, by which sit the patient venders waiting for the chance customer—five oranges, on a plate, for ten cents, five apples for five, an indeterminate quantity of pea-nuts at its own proper figure; bulbous roots, in shallow pots, existing upon pebbles and air; everything, in short, but she-asses, making a living by snuffing up the east wind. Now we come upon a window where the tiny wheels and works of watches, evidently of "Melican" construction, are set forth to view in little cardboard boxes; other boxes, containing very tiny and humble jewels of the ruby and diamond genus, would seem to corroborate the idea that the party inside persuades erratic time-pieces into the path of law and order. As we pass on, we are accosted in a private and surreptitious manner by a bloused and blandly smiling individual, with the words, "You likee cigar? Me sell belly cheap." Should curiosity tempt you to wink at this contraband business, your interlocutor will "move in a mysterious way his wonders to perform," and, in a manner worthy of Hartz or Hermann, will call cigars from the vasty deeps of his loose sleeves, and furnish you with five for ten cents, which you can unload upon the small boys at the next corner, on the time-honored principle of doing evil that good may come. Fearful of the fate of that mariner who bade the gallant crew good-morning, and got unceremoniously dumped overboard and keel-hauled as a reward for his politeness, we shall prudently abstain from any description of a wash-house. An opium-den demands a more solid recognition, as it is the dominant vice of one-third of the human race, and, as such, entitled to respect. Still, the delicate action of that wonderful drug—whose child, Imagination, is as rainbow-hued as its parent, Poppy, which seems to penetrate those inmost cells of the cerebral system, where lies that awful and unmeant-to-be-scanned boundary between matter and spirit—must surely require its own influence to be its own delineator, and we therefore abstain from the description as we do from the vice. A barber-shop is a pleasanter theme. Your Chinese barber has not yet reached that stage of appreciation of comfort which employs the sybaritic back-lounge and the luxurious leg-rest. The customer sits humbly on a common cane chair, while his neck and cheeks and brain-pot—all except the roots of the top-knot—are relieved of hair. The shaver does his part of the business soberly and conscientiously, as if time were no object. The shavee gives himself up to the process with all the *laisser-aller* of a white man. While the writer was admiringly looking on at the operation, through the window, his curiosity was supplemented by that of a couple of *je-ne-sais-quoi* loungers.

"Well, what do you think of that business?" said the writer; "doesn't it strike you as coming up to the point? There are four hundred millions more where these came from."

"Yes, and forty on the top o' that," responded the latest arrival.

"With power to add to their number, like bank directors," suggested the writer.

At this moment the inmates of the shop, comprehending that they were objects of scrutiny and attraction, with that instinct of privacy which has always been a distinguishing trait of the Flowery Kingdom, came and hung red curtains over the door-panes, so as to obscure our vision; and, as the group passed on with the remark, "Gentlemen, this is no free theatre—it costs money," a couple of bright-eyed, rosy-cheeked, health-tanned "middies," just off ship, and bound to see the sights of 'Frisco, came past, and, in appreciation of the remark, gave a loud guffaw.

The "middies" passed on, saw the sights, etc., while the writer continued to wend his way southward, deliberating on men and manners. The almond-eyed, blue-bloused heathen swarmed along the sidewalk, with an easy, swinging, devil-may-care swagger, bred of an independence unknown to him in his place of birth, but arguing his appreciation of the advantages he here enjoyed. There was not the same cringing servility, the dog-like obsequiousness, with which he used to get out of the way of the "Melican man." No, not much; John's acute, ready, and practical apprehension recognizes the fact that in this land he is a "man and a brother," and determines, with his usual sagacity, to make the most of it. The smile of perfect security illumines his bland, vacuous face; for he well knows that the thunders of the sand-lot have produced no lightnings, and his confidence that they will continue to *not* do so in the future approaches the sublime.

It is very apparent that the fierce agitation which causes capital to flee and pessimists to howl, fails to affect his eminently practical inner consciousness. He feels he can afford to take it easy. Still, it occurred to the writer, must not this parchment-skinned pagan be sensible of his vast inferiority in the progress of all that constitutes life? Must he not survey the thundering locomotive, as it flies past, drawing with the ease of perfect power loads such as he never dreamed of seeing moved before; cars steadily and majestically mounting hills without the apparent aid of horse or engine; telephones, by which he communicates with his business partners at a distance?—for your Chinaman uses and appreciates the value of the telephone—must he not survey all these things with a withering sense of his own inferiority?—feeling that his race is morally and mentally dead, and knowing that if a vast aerolite should fall from space and obliterate the Flowery Kingdom at a single blow, and leave nothing but a rocky excrescence upon the face of the planet where it once existed, that the world would go tranquilly on as usual, and never feel the loss of its four hundred millions of human ants; that no art, no science, no polity, no human hope, no form of progress would suffer, or be concerned at such a happening.

INTAGLIOS.

ELSIE.

Wending her way, with footsteps light,
Amid the autumn foliage bright,
Where, on all sides and overhead,
The maple's torch gleamed vivid red,
Soft-eyed Elsie came again,
Through the woods, to Lovers' Lane.

Yellow as gold were the meadows still,
Tyrian purple the sunset hill;
The wind breathes up, like an undertone
From some great organ softly blown;
The heart of the woodland throbs and heaves,
And a shower of beauty, whose drops are leaves,
Comes floating down in the maiden's path—
The forest's wonderful aftermath.

Fair Elsie lifted her pensive face,
Pausing in sweet, unconscious grace,
Yielding her winsome loveliness
To the bright leaflets' light caress;
The beaming gold of the red sunshine,
The buoyant glow of the air's rich wine,
Made all her youthful pulses thrill,
And her soft eyes with quick tears fill.

"All hail to thee, fair autumn time!
Bring peace to this sad heart of mine."
Her voice was like that of a wounded bird,
Trembling and low, but her lover heard;
He, too, had come to that Lovers' Lane,
Where the summer had brought him joy, then pain;
Clad in garments of russet brown,
He lay where the bright leaves floated down,
And the thorn-bush dun held its berries red,
Drooping and nodding above his head.

"He's gone!" fair Elsie softly sighed,
"Far, far away, in the world so wide!
Ah me! why did I say him nay?
Would he could ask again to-day!"
"Elsie!" That voice made her faint heart leap;
"Elsie, my darling, why do you weep?
The friend who in June you sent away,
Returns and pleads at your feet to-day."

The soul of the dead June roses burned
The maiden's cheeks as she, startled, turned;
The breeze once more the branches stirred,
The leaves again through the air were whirred;
But the love which the dainty June had tried
In the golden October was glorified.

A. A. P.

THE VOICE OF THE SEA.

The day hath lain down on the hills to sleep,
Cradled with winds from the limitless sea,
The sound of whose murmurs cometh to me
As a restless call from the soul of the deep.

I dream that the heart of the deep, strong sea
Hath gathered the longing of those who died;
And given their prayers to the sobbing tide
Which evermore struggles to set them free.

There are prayers of hope and bodings of doom
Which crossed white lips as the ships went down;
But the whirling waters enwreathed their crown
Above lips that are mute in the ocean's tomb.

And the words are drowned on a sinuate shore,
And the tide moans out in its wild despair,
For the grief of those who have perished there,
And struggles to utter it evermore.

M. N. H.

UNDER THE SMILAX.

Under the smilax we plighted our troth,
Low drooped the smilax everywhere—
Music throbbed through the lofty rooms,
Violets breathed in your fragrant hair.
Outside, the pitiless winter storm
Beat and raged in its fury vain,
Little we cared in those happy hours
For storms or calms—sunshine or rain
Under the smilax.

In the summer nights, by a summer sea,
Over us still the smilax swung—
Roses drooped in the perfumed air
While under the smilax we danced and sung.
Oh, for those days on the bay's blue rim,
Drifting slow to your slow, sweet song!
Oh, for those nights with their vanished bliss—
We two alone, 'mid the shifting throng,
Under the smilax.

Under the smilax, with folded hands,
Smilax and white flowers everywhere—
You lie to-night, O lost, lost love!
With violets still in your tendriled hair.
One swift, sweet year of passion and hope—
Then *this*—O God! must I say it is best?
For me, the pitiless storm of life;
For you—thank God—only peace and rest
Under the smilax.

R.

A VAQUERO'S LOVE SONG.

Last spring you owned that you loved me,
When the blue-eyed flax was in flower;
Now the flax fields lie bare and you scorn me;
Can love, then, grow cold in an hour,
Pancha, Panchita?
Ah, no, *chiquita*.
Love lives, though the flowers lie dead.

I sung at your lattice last summer,
When the stars shone less bright than your eyes,
And you threw me red roses and kisses;
Now you give not a glance for my sighs.
Pancha, Panchita,
Ah, my *chiquita*,
Must I lose love and you in a breath?

Ah, no! turn your starry eyes toward me,
And your cheek where the red rose blooms sweet,
One kiss—you are mine again darling;
One more, and I lie at your feet!
Pancha, Panchita,
Ah, yes, *chiquita*.
Love lives, though the roses lie dead.

I. H. R.

WINTER RAIN.

O weary, homeless, sobbing winter rain,
Coming at midnight from the mountains lone,
Dash not so wildly 'gainst my window pane,
With fitful storm-winds making loud thy moan.
Art thou the tears that faded eyes have wept
Unchecked by hope amid their mournful flow?
And the mad gales which bear thee on their wings
Are sighs and moans from deepest human woe?
No flower in garden bed, no bud on tree,
No singing bird is in the valley's bound,
And from below the swollen torrent's roar
Blends with the far-off breakers' moaning sound.
No moon or star lights up the sullen sky,
'Gainst which the tall, black pines rock silently.

San Mateo.

THE CALIFORNIAN.

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FIELD SPORTS IN AUSTRALIA.

Every country is famous for its indigenous plants and animals. While what is called the antipodes—though not antipodean in respect to California, or, indeed, to the United States—has contributed thousands of new specimens to the science of botany, it is no less interesting in the study of the animal kingdom. But, although climate, food, and all the other conditions for the existence of savage beasts are to be found in Australia, yet that vast continent is entirely free from lions, tigers, leopards, and all those other quadrupeds which, in Asiatic and African country life, are a standing terror to the inhabitants. The only dangerous creatures of the kind have been imported from the United States and Europe, and have been re-embarked after the adventurous proprietors of the menageries had glutted the curiosity of our Australian cousins. A person may there travel from ocean to ocean—so far as is known of the explored portions of New Holland—without encountering any danger from the lower order of creation, except from the fangs of the snake. This reptile—from which not even the Garden of Eden was exempted—has made its home in every lovely clime of the earth, and its hateful presence is occasionally found in the sunniest bowers of what has been facetiously termed the great South Sea "Island."

There the wild animals of the chase are, so far as the safety of man is concerned, of the harmless type, and will turn on their pursuers only when closely pressed and beset, much on the principle adopted by the trodden-on worm. Until deer were imported and allowed to extensively propagate, the kangaroo and dingo (wild dog) were the only quadrupeds hunted by regular packs of hounds. The wombat, or tailless bear, is a very inoffensive but mischievous creature. It constructs broad and deep, well-like holes in the ground, which are dangerous to man and horse when engaged in the chase or mustering cattle, most of which are as wild as the proverbial Texas steers. Men and horses have been killed or badly maimed by falling down wombat holes, as the apertures are designated. The wombat, however, unlike the bears of other lands, can scarcely be called an animal of the chase, as its locomotive capacity is of an extremely limited description. Instead of running for liberty it climbs a tree, or takes refuge in its subterranean abode. It may therefore be said to afford similar sport to "opossum-hunting" in this country. So far as the chase is concerned, our observations must be confined to the kangaroo and dingo, of which much may be said of interest to those unacquainted with the habits and modes of pursuing these animals. It is true that deer are now hunted by the many Australian sporting clubs and private parties; but as this sport is followed in the same manner there as in this country and Europe, it is deemed unnecessary to describe it here.

The reader must not suppose that the element of danger is absent from kangaroo-hunting. Human life, but more frequently that of dogs, is often sacrificed, sometimes from the attacks of the animal when brought to bay, and sometimes from other causes which will presently be described. Of course the risk to life or

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limb is small, compared to that in tiger or even elephant-hunting. But in both there is abundance of the sportsman's charm, excitement; while more activity on the part of man and horse is required in pursuing the kangaroo than in hunting the savage animals of Asia and Africa. A steed of the swiftness of the race-horse, and dogs of a peculiar breed—known as kangaroo-dogs—are requisite. The Scotch staghound is too heavy and slow for the pastime, and the English or Italian greyhound is too light, and lacks endurance for the sport. The kangaroo-dog is of a breed between the Scotch staghound and the English greyhound, possessing in a high degree the strength and hardiness of the former, combined with the fleetness of the latter. Like the stocks from which he has sprung, he follows his game by sight, not by scent. This is the proper method of hunting the animal, as from its peculiar mode of progression—a series of long leaps—the scent is left at only distant intervals. Nevertheless, the kangaroo is likewise hunted by packs of fox-hounds, which follow by scent. Although this is constantly lost, yet the great number of the dogs causes it to be speedily recovered. The jump of a full-grown kangaroo ranges all the way between ten and thirty-five feet, the longest being made down hill. The chase is usually short and swift, seldom extending over four miles, which are generally run in nearly as good time as a running race of that distance. The staying powers of horses and dogs are tested to their utmost, and not unfrequently the kangaroo defies the speed of his pursuers, and successfully bounds out of their sight and reach. This he can all the more readily do in a thickly timbered country, where the trees both obstruct the view and render fast riding dangerous. Many a hunter has been killed or swept from his horse by coming in contact with broad-spreading limbs of trees, and many are so venturesome as to ride at full speed through a wood where occasionally both knees will graze trees at the same time. This practice amounts to foolhardiness, and is by no means the common rule.

The animal is found only in those regions of country where a peculiarly sweet herbage, known as "kangaroo grass," exists in large quantities. Nor is the kangaroo discovered where the general feature is prairies or plains. It must have timber and undergrowth for shelter from the sun's rays; but before and a little after sunrise, and a little before and after sunset, it seeks the plain or "open," where it indulges in its morning or evening meal. These and a few more details it is necessary to give before describing a regular hunt and its accompanying incidents. As many as a thousand or more kangaroos are found in a herd, varying in size, from the "joey"—as a young one, a foot high, is called—to the "old man," from six to seven feet in height—as a full-grown male is designated. The swiftest are the females, termed "flying-does." On the approach of danger, they at once pick up their joeys and place them in their pouch—the kangaroo being a marsupial animal. When pursued, they bound off with their young at a tremendous speed, and, if possible, will save their own and joeys' lives. But if a flying-doe finds the hunters and dogs gaining on her, she does not hesitate to throw her young one out of the pouch, as a sort of offering to her pursuers, and, by being rid of its weight, to increase her own chance of escape. This may not exhibit the highest type of maternal affection; it is, however, kangaroo morality. Nor is the apparently unfeeling act without justification. The casting adrift of the young one by no means—as instinct may tell the mother—consigns it to certain destruction. Being fresh, it jumps off at a great rate. The dogs, not unwisely, generally refuse the apparently tempting bribe offered to them, and continue their chase after the flying-doe as the easier to catch of the two. If the hunters should determine otherwise, and take after the joey, in order to capture it alive—for young kangaroos soon become great pets on a lawn, and continue such when they grow old—they are likely to be led a very tiring race of three or four miles before Miss Joey surrenders herself to death or bondage. In order to get within gunshot of a herd of kangaroos, it is necessary to proceed with great caution. While the main body of them are browsing, there are sentinels regularly stationed at the outposts to watch for danger, and to give an alarm at its approach. The sight and hearing of the kangaroo are very acute. It can hear at a great distance the breaking of a twig, the rustling of trees, or a tread on a dry leaf. No sooner is an alarm given by a sentinel than the whole herd are "over the hills and far away," almost in the twinkling of an eye. The sedate "old men" rarely mingle with the herd. They hold themselves aloof at a considerable distance, and consort in twos, threes, or fours, like a solemn deliberative body, or stand far apart, alone in solitary dignity.

It is a common practice for professional men and others, living in the large Australian cities, to take a run into the country every year for three or four days' kangaroo-hunting. For this reason the hotel-keepers of the interior, in order to attract custom, generally keep a few good kangaroo-dogs. Let us suppose that a party of four gentlemen of Melbourne have arranged to depart together to indulge in the sport. A very usual place to hie to is Western Port, situate on the banks of the bay, between forty and fifty miles from the Victorian capital. The first step is to telegraph to a hotel-keeper on the spot, announcing that the party will arrive on such a day, to have accommodation in readiness for them, and to have the dogs in order. On receiving the telegram, the landlord directs the dogs to be locked up and kept without food for a day or more before the arrival of his expected guests, as hungry dogs hunt better than those which are food-satisfied. Moreover, the best kangaroo-dogs are apt to become lazy, and to lose all interest in the chase, except so far as it affords a prospect for a hearty meal. For this reason one of these canines will occasionally remain from home for a week or so. No alarm is felt that he has been lost or stolen. What he has done was merely that he had chased and killed a kangaroo on his own account, and had remained and gorged himself until the flesh had given out. The weather being warm, he had no need of home shelter; the long, dry grass afforded a comfortable bed, and a neighboring brook supplied all the draughts his moderate tastes required for washing down tender morsels of kangaroo. Satisfied with this sort of "dog's spree," he would not just then repeat it, but would slink home, and, by his guilty look and depressed tail, stand a self-convicted canine criminal. Of course, he is duly sentenced and punished. But to return to the hunting-party of four. In order to have their horses fresh for the chase, they send them to the hotel a day or two before they start thither themselves in a drag or a *dos-à-dos*, in which they also bring guns and fishing-tackle. They arrive shortly before sundown, and just in time to behold the glories of an Australian sunset beyond a majestic forest, and one of the largest bays in the world. The locality is chosen for a threefold reason: it affords good hunting, fishing, and shooting. The bay is at their feet; the woods and marshes, alive with game of various kinds, are close by; and a ride of two miles brings the party to where kangaroos abound in vast numbers. It would be impossible to fill up the entire summer's day with hunting; no horses or men could endure the fatigue. As will presently be seen, by about ten o'clock in the forenoon of each day, men and horses come in from the chase, and are glad to seek repose until after an early dinner. Then shooting may be indulged in for two or three hours in the shade of the woods, and in the cool of the evening, fishing in the bay is found a pleasant recreation. The day's amusement is thus satisfactorily wound up, the evening repast is partaken of, and a dreamless sleep renews the frame for a rising at three o'clock in the morning to pursue another day of pleasurable excitement, not unaccompanied with considerable fatigue.

The party, as stated, having arrived in the evening from Melbourne, devote the remainder of it in perfecting arrangements for the morrow's sport. They are in the saddle at early dawn, and depart for the hunting ground accompanied by a guide from the hotel. This adjunct is necessary for several reasons. The guide knows the favorite haunts of the game; he knows the names of, and can control, the dogs; he secures and carries, hung to his saddle-bow, the tails of the kangaroos that are killed, as the tail is usually the only part that is thought worth bringing home; he places the carcasses of the animals in forks of trees out of the reach of the hounds, else they would embrace an early opportunity to desert and return to the meat; and, finally, the guide prevents the party from being lost in the "bush," as the wild country is there called. It is no uncommon occurrence for a party, unprovided with a guide, to be lost for several days. The early morn is selected for the commencement of the sport, because, as already mentioned, the kangaroos choose that time for feeding on the plains, and remain until they are driven to seek the shade of the trees for protection from the sun's rays. On the plains or "opens" there is a fairer field for hunting than among the trees, and two or three hunts may be had on the prairies before the sun is much above the horizon. On sighting the game the party ride abreast toward it at a walk, the dogs following or being at the sides of the horses. This slow approach is continued until the kangaroo will tolerate it no longer without breaking away. It may be remarked that it is easier to approach near the animal on horseback than on foot, because kangaroos are more or less accustomed to see horses and cattle grazing near them, the stupid marsupial not always calculating the very serious difference which prevails between a horse alone and a horse with a rider on his back. On the kangaroos making off, the hunters and dogs follow in rapid pursuit, and the excitement of the chase begins. Racing speed is kept up for a considerable time, the game, if surprised on a small prairie, fleeing to the shelter of the nearest timber. If, before being run down, it should gain the trees, the chase is still continued, the horses, if necessary, jumping over the trunks of fallen trees, wombat holes, and other obstacles in their path. The kangaroos lead their pursuers over the most difficult accessible ground, which, like Jordan, is occasionally found a hard road to travel. The game has even been known to spring over the brink of a precipice and to be killed on the rocks beneath, rather than be captured. During the first hunt or two, however, in the morning, while the dogs are fresh, they generally overtake and kill their game. The foremost hound seizes the kangaroo by the throat, and both roll over on the ground; other dogs speedily come up and assist in dispatching the animal, which is not very tenacious of life. But before dying the kangaroo frequently obtains at least partial satisfaction by badly wounding one or two of the hounds. Scarcely a hunt terminates without their being scratched deeply by the long nails or claws of the hind-feet of the kangaroos. The wounds may heal, but the dog bears traces of them to his death. Every old hound is covered with honorable scars, the results of rips obtained in a hundred battles. On the death of the game the hunters dismount, and give the horses and dogs a long "breathing spell." The guide hitches his horse to a tree, and manipulates the carcass of the dead animal. The tail, which may weigh twenty pounds or more, is secured to the saddle-bow, and each of the hounds is given just one mouthful of the flesh. This is the reward for the capture, and is given after every death. To satisfy the hunger of the dogs would probably deter them from continuing in the chase, or they would run only a few hundred yards, stand stock still, and watch the game until it was out of sight. The remainder of the carcass is, as stated, placed in the fork of a tree out of the dogs' reach.

While the horses and hounds are taking their rest before starting for another hunt, we may state that only the aborigines of the country, whose taste is not remarkably delicate, eat the flesh of grown kangaroos. It is exceedingly dark-colored and tough, the sinews almost resembling wire. But the flesh of the joeys is white and tender, is, in appearance and taste, rather like that of a cooked rabbit, and is considered a luxury by white people. The tails of old kangaroos are prized on account of the soup which is made from them, it being much richer than oxtail soup, and by many considered a rival of turtle soup. Hence, after returning from a hunting expedition, those who participated in it make the very acceptable presents of kangaroos' tails to their housekeeping friends. Ordinary hunting parties do not go to the trouble of taking off and carrying home the skins of the animals; but shepherds and stockmen make much money from this source. The tanned skin of the kangaroo makes a leather nearly as soft as velvet, almost impervious to water, and boots and shoes made with it are much sought after. The wear is so soft and pleasant for the feet that many Australians who have removed to Europe send to Sydney or Melbourne for kangaroo-skin boots.

Hunters, horses, and dogs having rested, a remount takes place, and a walking pace is resumed and continued until more game appears in sight, which is usually within ten minutes from the start. Second and subsequent hunts are very similar to the first, diversified occasionally by falls sustained by horses or riders, or both, but seldom with fatal or serious result. It is a favorite manœuvre for an "old man" kangaroo, when hotly pressed, to make for a lagoon, if there be one within reasonable distance. He wades in breast deep, faces the dogs, which soon arrive at the margin of the water, looks at them resolutely, as much as to say: "Now come on; I am ready for you." Woe to the hound that then approaches him! Where the kangaroo is standing the water is probably more than four feet deep, and a dog can reach him only by swimming. The experienced hounds know too much to hazard the undertaking, and they content themselves with yelping, at a safe distance, defiance at the "old man." But young dogs, which have all their experience to gain and all their fame to win, frequently spring boldly into the water and swim toward the kangaroo. With his short fore-arms, or legs, he seizes by the back of the neck the first hound that comes within reach, and holds his head under water until he is drowned. The kangaroo occasionally holds two dogs under water at the same time. Of course, if the hunters, who are generally much outpaced by the hounds, reach the lagoon in time, they do their best to prevent them from taking the risk of following the "old man" into the water. But a great many dogs lose their lives in the manner just related.

After a few hunts of a morning, the sportsmen discover that the dogs have had enough of the pastime for the nonce, and they are allowed to go home by themselves, which they will do when dismissed. But this dismissal occurs only when the hunters have determined to enjoy the chase a little longer without the assistance of the hounds. If the horses are fresh enough, it is generally decided to run an "old man" to bay before returning to the hotel. A leisurely ride soon brings the horsemen in view of the desired game, and, as before, the kangaroo—one of the largest being selected—is approached at a walking pace. The "old men" are not so easily scared as flying-does or younger kangaroos. When the chosen old male is approached by the horses he unconcernedly gazes at them until he considers they are obtruding too closely on his privacy. He then moves leisurely away—the hunters meanwhile slightly increasing their speed, so as to keep the game well in sight, but by no means pressing him. The kangaroo, occasionally looking behind him, and finding that he has not got rid of his enemies, bounds on a little faster—his example being followed by his pursuers. This plan is adopted in order to both tire the animal by degrees and to let him gradually expend his breath. If a trial of speed be invited at the start, the "old man," being fresh, will frequently outpace the horses and escape. But by the time he is really put to his mettle, he is tolerably exhausted, and generally has to succumb. When about to give in, he jumps "wild," in zigzag fashion, and makes but little headway. Finally, if no lagoon, his place of refuge, be nigh, he boldly plants his back against a tree, and seems to dare his foes to come on. It is then positively dangerous to approach him. The sportsmen usually dismount, hitch their horses to a tree, and endeavor to devise some method to dispatch the "old man." When they advance to within about twenty yards of him, he makes a show of attacking them without really meaning to do so. He makes a bound of eight or ten yards toward them, and then returns to the tree. If he only knew it, he has them at his mercy. Singular to say, revolvers or pistols are seldom if ever carried when pursuing this sport; and, if without arms, a man, or two men, would stand no chance in an encounter with a full-grown male kangaroo. The centre claw or nail on each hind-foot is more than three inches long; and, with one stroke, the animal can seam a man or dog deeply the whole length of the trunk, as if it were cut by the slash of a sharp knife. By this means hounds are frequently disemboweled. The hunters, however, now destroy the "old man" by stratagem. While his attention is engaged in front by one or two persons, who throw pieces of wood at him, another, by a circuitous route, reaches the opposite side of the tree where the animal is at bay, and takes an opportunity to deal him a stunning blow with a stick from behind. The blows are repeated until the "old man" ceases to exist. Having secured the tail, the hunters return to the hotel, well satisfied with their morning's sport. They reach their quarters about ten A. M.—having been out about seven hours, during which they had ridden probably fifty or sixty miles. The horses are permitted to rest until the following morning, while, as mentioned, the remainder of the day, not given to rest, is devoted to shooting and fishing.

We have known a party of as many as seventy—about half of them ladies—to be formed for three or four days' kangaroo-hunting. In such cases, the preparations are on a grand scale. The weather being warm, the party camp out in tents all the time—the days being devoted to the chase and other sports, and the evenings to dancing, singing, and feasting. The caterer for the party provides a large stock of choice wines, and all that the markets afford in the shape of edibles. The journey of Rosalind and her companions through the forest of Ardennes was scarcely more romantic, and not a tithe so well provided for as the sojourn of such a hunting party in an Australian wilderness. The last word, however, is scarcely a fair description of the hill and dale, valley and stream, wood and knoll, and all the picturesque nooks, alive with paroquets and other light-plumaged birds, which form the surroundings of the adventurous seekers after sylvan sports. The Diana Vernons of Australia can more safely pursue the chase there than their sisters in England, Ireland, and other countries can join in the hunt, because—unlike those old countries, which are partitioned, for the most part, into small fields, etc.—in Australia it is seldom necessary to face a horse at high stone walls and five-barred gates.

The aborigines have a unique way of capturing kangaroos. The creeks and rivers of Australia are very serpentine in character. In making a journey through some parts of the country, and keeping on a road formed in a straight line, the traveler finds that about every mile or so the way is traversed by a stream. He appears to be crossing a series of miniature rivers, whereas it is the same stream which is making a number of detours and continually crossing his path. A long line of natives drive the kangaroos into one of the horse-shoe shape bends of a river, and then, armed with spears, they form a cordon, fifty or sixty feet apart, across the only outlet. The animals are not swimmers; they never take to deep water, or go out of their depth in a lagoon. All being in readiness, other aborigines enter the river's bend, and the kangaroos have no other alternative but to submit to being speared by them, or to endeavor to break through the cordon mentioned. In doing so, numbers of them fall victims to the natives' spears. This kind of slaughter is not pursued for sport, but for food; as the black natives of Australia are the most besotted race in the world, and possess no aspirations above satisfying their animal wants for the time being, and are without a thought of making provision for the morrow.

The dingo is the color of the fox, with a tail like the brush of renard, but with the head of a dog. In a hunt, he affords a longer but a slower chase than does the kangaroo. Indeed, there is very little difference between fox and dingo-hunting. Either will afford the hounds a run of from five to fourteen miles. The dingo, however, does not possess the cunning of his foxship; and, unlike the latter, he "gives himself away" by heralding his coming by a peculiar howl, the authorship of which it is impossible to mistake. He is the sheep-raiser's deadliest enemy; he commits such wholesale destruction among flocks that all men are up in arms against him. Nearly every city in Australia has its hunt-club and pack of fox-hounds, and no game is more welcome to them than the dingo. In starting for this kind of hunt, however, the sportsmen are never certain of a "find," any more than they are when out after a fox. Both animals usually prey by night, and are not readily unearthed by day.

An ostrich-like bird, called the emu, is occasionally hunted by individuals; but it is never made the subject of a chase by regular packs of hounds. The bird, so-called, has no wings, but only a pair of flappers, which it uses, when pressed, to assist its locomotion. The emu may almost be said to be "all legs," with one of which it can give a kick as severe as that of a horse. The animal is easily domesticated, and it is a pet on many a private lawn. It is, however, very treacherous; it remembers an affront for a long time, and is apt to seek revenge at the first opportunity, although the period may be very distant.

The disciples of Izaak Walton are "in their glory" in Australia. In thousands of picturesque nooks they may be seen watching the fish

> "Cut with golden oar the silver stream."

The finny tribe are there in infinite variety, and are exhaustless in quantity. Bay-fishing is also much followed—the favorite bait being shark's flesh. In five minutes a young shark can always be captured in the Melbourne bay. On the whole, field-sports and out-door recreations and pastimes of most descriptions are probably found as abundant and diversified in Australia as on any other continent; and perhaps it is a gain rather than a loss that the country is free from those savage animals, which, if their chase and capture are attended with great excitement, are also accompanied by more than ordinary danger.

R. E. Desmond.

THE FIRST LEGISLATURE ON THIS CONTINENT.

De Tocqueville, in his work on the *Old Régime and the Revolution*, very profoundly remarks that, in order to comprehend the causes of the peculiar political and social development of France, "it is necessary for a moment to forget the France that we see, and go and interrogate in her tomb the France that is no more."

In this spirit let us look for a moment at the records of the first legislative body that ever assembled on the North American continent. Very strangely, this record disappeared, and so completely, that some of the colonial historians were ignorant of the meeting of the Burgesses of Virginia at so early a date. No trace of this interesting document was found for two hundred and thirty-seven years after it was drawn up. At last, in the year 1856, the historian Bancroft, in his researches in the British state-paper office, came upon the document, and subsequently copies were prepared and published, by direction of the State of Virginia, in 1874. I have one of these copies before me. It is the record, in the quaint style of those old times, of the first session of the Assembly of Virginia, extending from Friday, July 30, to Wednesday, August 4, 1619—only five legislative days in all.

At the first blush it may seem a very insignificant thing; but if we reflect a moment upon the social and political condition of the present country and the other nations of Europe at that time, and upon the character of the colonists in the southern parts of our country, we cannot but be struck with the vast importance to the whole future of our land of this early turning of the currents in the direction of popular representative government.

It must be borne in mind that this first legislative body was formed nearly seventeen months before the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth. Virginia, therefore, is the pioneer in American representative government. We must also remember that it was then one of the unsolved problems, which of the two—kingly prerogative or parliamentary freedom—would overtop the other. It certainly seemed highly probable that the king would gradually absorb the powers of the State. In truth, it was not until seventy years afterward that parliamentary government was assured in England.

James I. was on the throne; though a weak prince, and in many respects pusillanimous, he yet was not afraid of popular opinion, for he pressed his claims of prerogative with great pertinacity in the face of a questioning House of Commons, which was becoming more bold in the assertion of its privileges. The Tudors had been strong sovereigns, grasping and using every royal prerogative; and when Elizabeth died, it seemed as if the balance of power was fast and firm on the side of royalty. Possibly, if James had possessed the commanding personal characteristics of his predecessor, he might have held the balance on that side during the twenty-two years of his reign; and perhaps from thence would have grown a consolidation of royal power which might by degrees, or at the close of a revolution, have crushed out representative freedom. Fortunately, however, for English liberty, the four Stuarts were possessed with a deceitful perversity and obstinate stupidity that wrought their own ruin, and led directly to the subordination of the kingly office to parliament. But when the colonists landed at Jamestown in May, 1607, and when the first assembly met in 1609, the struggle of parliament for its privileges, though it had been going on intermittently for three hundred years, was still but feeble. The great principle of the correlation of taxation and representation had, it is true, been established; but, as yet, the money supplies by the commons were only considered as subsidies, granted by dutiful subjects to their gracious sovereign, to be expended by him as suited his royal pleasure, and not to be accounted for to parliament. Most of these money grants were in the nature of considerations paid by the subjects to obtain redress of grievances. The modern custom of making specific appropriations for specific purposes did not prevail. Usually a liberal revenue was settled upon the new sovereign for life, collectible by him through officers of his own appointment, from tonnage, poundage, and other dues. Poundage was a certain number of pence, usually twelve, out of every pound sterling in value of exported or imported goods. This, with tonnage, the duty upon vessels, gave the king a lien upon the foreign commerce of the realm. Parliament had always in advance fixed the tariff, but James imposed a duty, of his own volition, in addition to that previously imposed by parliament, of five shillings per hundred weight upon dried currants. One Bates, a Turkey merchant, refused to pay the extra duty, and was sued in the Exchequer Court. The judges, in deciding in favor of the crown, announced the extraordinary doctrine that the king's power was double—that is, ordinary and absolute. The ordinary was the common law, which could only be changed by act of parliament; the absolute, which was to be applied to the general safety, was not governed by the rules of the common law, and could be entirely moulded by his will.

But James went further. He asserted in a message to the commons that their privileges were not inherent and inherited; but were derived from the grace and permission of his ancestors and himself. This extraordinary doctrine, it is true, met with a vigorous protest from the lower house; but it is evident that the open assertion of such a despotic tenet from the throne would not have been made had it not been in harmony with the views of an influential portion of society. The church was constantly preaching the doctrine of the king's absolute power above and beyond the law; that it was impious to seek the source of the royal office in popular choice; and that passive obedience in all cases, without exception, was due to the reigning monarch. The prevailing tone of society was aristocratic. Literature gave expression to the temper of the times. It is high-born gentlemen and ladies—princes, dukes, and queens—who are the mouth-pieces of Shakspeare's magical poetry and philosophy; his humor and wit run riot in the low-born Launce, or Pistol, or Dogberry, and he slurs the rabble and "base-born mechanicals."

To be sure, there was a yeomanry and merchant class which was beginning to be heard, and also feeble glimmerings of democracy, under the guise of puritanism; but neither could be accounted a factor in the formation of public opinion. Outside of the British islands, the outlook for political freedom was certainly very gloomy. In France, when this first Virginia assembly met, the death of Henry IV. had thrown the kingdom into a bloody disorder, which was later repressed by the stern hand of Richelieu, and turned to the account of centralized despotism. In Germany, the upheaval of the Reformation had ended in reaction and the commencement of the Thirty Years' War, the outcome of which was the utter extinguishment of all hopes of civil freedom.

It is well to recall these conditions, existing at the time the English race planted itself upon this continent. The principle and practice of representative government was transferred to the new world at a time when, in the mother country, it was about to enter upon a deadly struggle for its existence. Fortunately, or unfortunately, as the case may be, it met here with new and peculiar circumstances, which fostered its growth to a degree which only the security of one hundred and fifty years of colonial freedom could have accomplished.

James I. treated the new world as a part of his private domain, or at least as an appanage of the crown. The three charters to the Virginia Company of 1606, 1609, and 1611 proceed from his royal bounty alone, and are framed upon the theory that the king is the owner of the fee to all the lands in the new country, and that he can prescribe the form of government. These charters, which are substantially alike, are grants to a commercial or speculative corporation, composed of noblemen, knights, and also fifty-six companies, or guilds, of traders and workmen. There was to be a council appointed by the company, and to remain in England, which central body named all the officers and made all the laws for the settlers. The organizers of the scheme pretended that one object of the enterprise—as an address to them says—was "to advance the kingdom of God, by reducing savage people from their blind superstition to the light of religion;" but cupidity, no doubt, led most of the shareholders to invest their money. They expected great gains from the cultivation of the new lands, but more from the anticipated discovery of mines of gold and silver. The scheme was to carry on the colony as a joint commercial and speculative adventure for a period of five years, during which time it was to be substantially a single plantation, under the supervision of the home company, the shareholders of which were to receive and divide the whole net product.

The company being organized and the shares subscribed for, the next step was to obtain men who would go as servants of the company, to open up and explore this almost unknown land. The object was gain, the risks were great. Naturally, it was from the adventurous or broken-down class that the servants must be sought. The first expedition consisted of one hundred and five men, of whom only twelve were laborers, and a very few were mechanics; the remainder were idle, worthless fellows. Two years afterward, an address to the stockholders says: "Two things are especially required herein: people to make the plantation, and money to furnish our present provisions and shipping now in hand. For the first, we need not doubt; our land abounding with swarms of idle persons, which, having no means of labor to relieve their misery, do likewise swarm in lewd and naughty practices, so that if we seek not some way for their foreign employment, we must provide shortly more prisons and corrections for their bad conditions."

In a year, the numbers of the first emigrants had decreased to sixty. A second lot of one hundred and twenty was sent out, chiefly gentlemen and goldsmiths; then came five hundred more, who were mostly impoverished gentlemen, bankrupted tradesmen, and dissolute youths. Indolence and vice reduced the number in 1610 to only sixty persons, who were on the point of abandoning the colony, when Lord Delaware arrived with aid and recruits. It was not, however, until 1619 that the colony became more than an uncertain experiment. The system of working in common had been abandoned, or rather it had broken down from its own impracticability, and the attempt to govern the unruly settlers through laws made by a little board of corporation trustees in England had also proved futile. Smith, in his history of Virginia, published in 1753, describes the character of the emigration, which up to the year 1619, and indeed for scores of years afterward, poured into the colony:

> "And I cannot but remark how early that custom arose of transporting loose and dissolute persons to Virginia as a place of punishment and disgrace; which, originally designed for the advancement and increase of the colony, yet certainly has proved a great prejudice and hindrance to its growth. For it hath laid one of the finest countries in British America under the unjust scandal of being a mere hell upon earth—another Siberia, and only fit for the reception of malefactors and the vilest of the people, so that few people, at least few large bodies of people, have been induced willingly to transport themselves to such a place; and our younger sisters, the northern colonies, have accordingly profited thereby. For this is one cause that they have outstripped us so much in the number of their inhabitants and in the goodness and frequency of their cities and towns."

As already stated, the larger proportion of emigrants had gone out as mere servants of the corporation. A few, however, had received patents for tracts of land upon conditions, such as taking out with them a certain number of settlers, and these had settled themselves at various points along the shores of the bays or rivers, and became the nuclei of settlements, which were called "plantations." In the early part of 1619, there were about six hundred men, women, and children scattered among the plantations and in Jamestown. In that year, James I. ordered the company to transport to their territory one hundred dissolute persons; and later in the same year, and probably after the assembly had adjourned, twelve hundred settlers came over, of whom eighty were tenants for the governor's land, one hundred and thirty for the company's land, one hundred for the college lands, fifty for the clergymen's glebe-lands. Ninety were women, and fifty servants; the remainder, seven hundred and fifty, were probably distributed as indentured servants among the settlers. We thus find that when Sir George Yeardley arrived in 1619, and assumed the governorship, there were plantations, or distinct settlements, and individual ownership in land; but that probably the major portion of the population were in the condition of servants. We also find that the colonists had not been drawn from the industrious or very intelligent classes in the parent country.

Governor Yeardley's administration inaugurated a new era in the company's policy. It gave up the attempt to make laws in England, and permitted the colonists to take that function upon themselves, subject to the right of the directors at home to accept or not, as they chose, the laws thus framed.

The assembly met at Jamestown on Friday, July 30, 1619. It consisted of the governor, his council, and two burgesses, as they were called, elected by each of the eleven plantations. They all sat together in the choir of the little church. Among the names of the twenty-two burgesses appears that of a Mr. Jefferson, possibly the progenitor of the great Thomas. A speaker, clerk, and sergeant-at-arms were appointed. Prayer was offered, after which each member took the oath of supremacy. Then began the serious business. It should be remarked here that the body thus convened seems to have acted both as a legislative body and a court of law. The first thing was an objection by the speaker to the presence in the assembly of one Captain Warde. This gentleman was commanded to withdraw, which he did, and the remainder thereupon resolved that Captain Warde had planted himself in Virginia without authority from the company; but, considering that he had been at great charges to augment the colony, and had brought home a great quantity of fish to relieve the colony by way of trade, the assembly was willing to admit him and his lieutenant as burgesses, provided he should, with all expedition, procure from the company in England a commission lawfully to establish and plant himself and his company as the chiefs of other plantations had done. Captain Warde, consenting to this condition, was with his lieutenant admitted to sit in the body.

This matter being settled, the governor complained that the patent to one Captain Martin —who was, however, not a burgess—contained a clause which made it lawful for him to govern all persons whom he should carry over to Virginia, or who should be sent to him, free from any command of the colony, except for the purpose of aiding against foreign or domestic enemies. The governor asserted that this clause exempted the patentee from the operation of any laws passed by the assembly. Upon this, two of the burgesses—Boys and Jackson—from Martin's Hundred, were ordered to withdraw; and the assembly, having before them a copy of the captain's patent, ordered that if he would agree to submit himself to be governed by the general laws, then he and his colleague should be re-admitted; otherwise, they should be excluded, "as being spies rather than loyal burgesses."

Having this matter of Captain Warde before them, they proceeded also to hear a complaint that some of his people had robbed an Indian canoe of corn; and, to settle both matters, it was ordered that a written summons to appear be sent to him.

Then the speaker, who, as the record reports, "had been extreme sick, and therefore not able to pass through long harangues," stated briefly the object of their meeting, and read the commission for establishing the assembly. Thereupon, committees were appointed to examine the charter brought by Sir George Yeardley, which was reported upon the same afternoon and debated, and the assembly adjourned for the day.

On Saturday, July 31, the committees further reported, to the effect that certain petitions should be addressed to the company in England. *First*—To send men to occupy the lands of the four corporations. *Second*—To send men to manure the glebe-lands of the clergymen, in order that the allowance of two hundred pounds sterling per year might be more easily raised. *Third*—That the first planters may have their equal share of lands; and that all male children born in Virginia may have a single share of land apiece, "because," as the report expresses it, "in a new plantation it is not known whether men or women be the more necessary." *Fourth*—That the company employ a treasurer in the colony to collect rents, as it is impossible to pay the same in commodities, as there is no money in the colony. *Fifth*—That they will send workmen to assist in the erection of the university and college.

The assembly then debated the question of regulating the price of tobacco, and finally passed an order that Mr. Abraham Persey, "Cape Marchant," should accept tobacco, either for commodities or bills, at three shillings for the best and eighteen pence per pound for the second best. (This cape merchant was, no doubt, the officer placed in charge of the magazine or general storehouse of the colony, where all exports were sent, as the company had the monopoly of trade.)

The next day, Sunday, a Mr. Shelley, one of the burgesses, died.

On Monday, August 2, the assembly convened again, when Captain Martin appeared in answer to the summons of the previous Friday; and, upon being asked whether he would abandon that clause of his patent which authorized him to govern all persons on his plantation free from any command of the colony, except against foreign or domestic enemies, he declined to do so. This decided negative of the captain presented a problem too knotty to be solved by the members, and, after considerable debate, they directed the speaker to obtain the advice of the company in England upon the obnoxious clause.

The assembly then proceeded to enact a number of laws, in conformity with instructions from the council in England. These enactments are in substance: To prevent the settlers oppressing Indians. To abate idleness, gaming, drunkenness, and excess in apparel. If any one was an idler, "though a freedman," he should be put out to serve for wages. Every one was to be assessed in church according to his dress; and if he was married, according to his own and his wife's apparel. That every householder should have a certain store of corn yearly. That each borough obtain a certain number of Indian children to be converted to Christianity and fitted for the college. To compel every landholder to plant at least six mulberry trees yearly; also, to plant and dress one hundred plants of silk-flax; also, to try English flax and annis-seed, and to plant grape-vines. To compel all mechanics to work at their trades, and, if not contented with their pay, to receive so much as the governor and officers shall adjudge. To enforce the performance of contracts made in England, between the owners of land and their tenants and servants sent to the colony. To prevent the enticing away of tenants and servants from one plantation to another. To regulate the bringing to and sale of goods from the colony magazine. All the tobacco and sassafras had to be brought to the magazine until all the goods in it should be disposed of, and the magazine should make no more than twenty-five per cent. profit.

On the following day, Tuesday, August 3, they proceeded to consider the laws proposed by the members, which were all referred to committees. Then a Captain Powell presented a petition "to have justice" against one Thomas Garnett, "a lewde and treacherous servante of his," who had made a false accusation against him. In response to the petition, the assembly ordered that the servant "should stand fower [four] days with his ears nayled to the pillory," and, in addition, should be every day publicly whipped. Then the laws which had been adopted the day before were again thoroughly examined, and once more adopted; after which the committees appointed that morning brought in their reports, which were debated. Then Captain Rolfe (probably the husband of Pocahontas) complained against Captain John Martin for writing to him, Rolfe, a letter, wherein he charged the latter with certain wrong doings, beside casting some aspersions upon the colonial government, "which," as the journal complacently adds, "is the most temperate and juste that ever was in this country; too milde, indeed, for many of this colony, whom unwonted liberty hath made insolente, and not to know themselves." The petition was referred to the Council of State.

On the next day, Wednesday, it is recited that in consequence of the extreme heat, which had affected the healths of the governor and members, it was resolved that that should be the last day of the session. They then passed what they call "a third sorte of lawes, suche as may issue out of every man's private conceipte." They were: Permitting every man, except servants, to trade with Indians, but no one shall sell powder, shot, or arms to them under penalty of being hanged. That no one shall go more than twenty miles from his dwelling-place, or be absent for the space of seven days, without first acquainting the governor or commander. That every one, by the 1st of January next ensuing, shall enter with the secretary of state his name, together with the names of his servants and their terms of service. That all ministers shall yearly, in March, bring to the secretary of state an account of all marriages, births, and christenings. That no one shall, without leave of the governor, kill any meat cattle, and every one shall bring his steers and oxen to the plow. That to steal boats or oars shall be a felony. That all ministers shall conduct divine service according to the ritual of the Church of England. That all persons who shall swear, after three admonitions, shall be fined five shillings for the use of the church, and for the same offense servants shall be whipped. That no man coming by water from above, as from Henrico, Charles City, or any place west of James City and bound for Kiccowtan or any other part on that side, shall presume, either day or night, to pass by Jamestown without first touching there to know whether the governor will command any service from him, and the same duty is required of every person going the other way. That all persons shall attend divine service and sermons on Sabbath day, both forenoon and afternoon, and all such as bear arms shall bring their pieces, swords, powder, and shot. That no maid or woman-servant shall contract herself in marriage without either the consent of her parents, or of her master or mistress, or of the magistrate or minister of the place. That every servant who shall contract, in England, to serve a master in Virginia, and shall abandon the service and contract with another, shall not only serve out the terms of his first contract, but also his second.

These are stated to be all the laws, and the house, after disposing of two petitions, proceeded to provide for a reward for the speaker, the clerk, and the sergeant. For this purpose, it was ordered that every man and man-servant of above sixteen years of age should pay in to the burgesses of every incorporation and plantation one pound of the best tobacco. A share was also to go to the marshal of Jamestown, for his attendance. In conclusion, the assembly commended the speaker to present its humble excuse to the company in England "for being constrained, by the intemperature of the weather and the falling sick of diverse of the burgessess, to break up so abruptly," and also prayed that, though the company had power either to allow or disallow the laws passed by the assembly, yet that they would allow these laws to stand until they made their pleasure known "for otherwise this people—who nowe at length have gott the raines of former servitude into their own swindge—would in shorte time growe so insolent, as they would shake off all government, and there would be no living among them."

Then the governor prorogued the assembly until the first of the ensuing March. From this simple beginning grew the House of Burgesses of Virginia, and it is the germ from which has sprung its political framework. It only remains to add that the members of the first assembly were elected by general suffrage, which, however, I do not understand included servants, who composed the greater part of the population.

W. W. CRANE JR.

IN SHASTA.

Where the torrent winks in spray
Past its pebbles worn and gray—
Where the mountain slopes to meet
Waves that fret about its feet—
Where the glance can sweep across
Rifted rocks and fading moss,
Groups of clinging chaparral,
Manzanita, rooted well,
Edges of deserted mines,
Set around with blasted pines—
Where the autumn sun is clear
On the sleepy village near,
On the long black bridge below,
On the orchard's leafless row,
And, across the narrow trail,
Slowly pass the fearless quail—
There's an alcove. Overhead
Droop the dogwood clusters red,
And I find a snow-white stone,
Set in fern, as royal throne,
Thence to look on height and stream,
Sunlit woods, and autumn's gleam.
So, to this long-waiting nook
I have brought a well-worn book,
Full of autumn's windy gold,
Full of music long untold,
That I may, in this fair place,
Meet the poet face to face,
And, while low the river beats,
Read the mellow verse of Keats.

CHARLES H. SHINN.

SAND.

CHAPTER V.

"Now, lads, 'ere be a chance for them as 'ave sense to show it a bit," said "Cussin' Jack," in the saloon, as he sat over his moderate beer, on the evening of the battle between Maydole and Blethers.

"How d'ye mean, Jack?" asked the man sitting opposite.

"It daan't taike no gret sense to coom at my meanin'. 'Ere's a bit row—a feight—a bust-oop among bosses. Wot's to come on it? Wot's to come on it? Shall t' moine stop? Shall aw on us tak' blankets and go stumpin' down t' cañon road?" And Jack sipped his beer.

"No, we'll wait here for a new deal. The company a'n't goin' to give it up so," said another workman.

"Not if they know theirselves," confidently asserted another.

"Gosh! I daan't think company's had much to do with this bizens sin' ivver I com'd 'ere. It's aw been Blethers an' t' store, more loike."

"Well, how're we goin' to show sense, Jack, s'posin' we got any?"

"I'll tell yo'," said Jack, taking out his short pipe and tobacco-pouch preparatory to filling one from the other. "I'll tell yo' 'ow we can show a bit o' sense i' these days. Let ivvery mon work forthright ayead, same as thoft nowt was misplaised. Let t' clark an' Blethers feight it out wi' fair play o' both sides, an' best mon t' win," and he put his now filled pipe to his mouth, struck a match, and proceeded to add his quota of smoke to the hazy upper atmosphere of the room.

"Your head's level, Jack."

"But I saay!" exclaimed Jack, as if calling special attention to his next remark, "theer is to be no comin' between by folk o' t' store. 'Ands hoff, aw round. That's wot I saay."

"Hands off, goes," said several of the men.

"No chap can tell wot's t' next moove o' Blethers. Certain I be t' clark means fair aw round, and moar certain I be that ee is our boss fro' this day forrid; but ee weant say so wi'out paipers to show for it."

"Are you runnin' the clerk now, Jack?"

"No. 'Adn't yo' better try t' run un?" responded Jack, in the sarcastic tone of the other's question. "I'm no way in his confeydance. Ee nivver tell'd me a word o' 's bizens; but I be'ent bloind. I can see a owse i' broad daylight."

"A boarding-house?" mischievously muttered by some one.

"Ay! A boardin'-owse."

"Er a brury?"

"Ay, lad, or a breewery. I daant go back o' a good bite or a fu' glass—i' moderation."

"Does anybody know what Blethers is doing, about now?"

"Yes, he's to his room at the store, in bed."

"What's t' matter wi' un? Ee be'ent cut or shot, be ee?"

"No, but the little devil nearly broke his neck. So Woolsey says."

"Ee be'ent daingerous 'urt, be ee?"

"No. Woolsey says he can't hardly move his head. Says he holds it to one side's if a mule'd kicked him under the ear."

"Is his face bunged up much?"

"No, there ain't nothin' much the matter with his face. That little feller ain't fool enough to spile his long hands on no face when he's got a better show."

"Well, Tony Maguire says he has got a face on him like a sick sea-lion."

Here the men laughed all round—not at the remark, but at the man who made it. The idea of giving Tony Maguire, the bar-keeper, as authority for the truth of anything, was a joke that had not been perpetrated for years anywhere in the mountains.

Thus the men discussed, in their own rough way, the situation of affairs, and with their sagacity, rather than with the reasoning power, came to their own conclusions—which are apt, all things considered, to be about right.

"Well, lads, I be goin' whoam to go to bed, an' the word is: Fair play an' no interfeyrence," and, knocking the bowl of his pipe upon his thumb-nail, he left the saloon.

On the morrow every department of the business went forward with, if anything, more than usual quiet, regularity, and promptness.

There was no arrest, no filing of complaints or charges. The quarrel—at least before the public—was a strictly private matter. But Norman Maydole Jr. knew well enough that his position was not made easier by his late combat. He also knew—or, if he did not know, he felt—that, having set the ball in motion, he must follow it up, or give it up. Therefore, after breakfast, he put some papers into his pocket, left his office, and walked carefully and leisurely down to the store.

"I wish to see Mr. Blethers," he said to the proprietor of the store.

"Mr. Blethers will see you soon enough," said the store-keeper.

"I want to see him now," said Norman, not choosing to notice the covert threat.

Several of the men, having noticed Norman going to the store, now came in.

"You can not see Mr. Blethers until he is ready to see you."

"I wish to see him upon business as important to him as it is to me; you will be good enough," said Norman, taking a card from his pocket and rapidly penciling upon it, "to permit this message to be taken to him while I wait his answer."

"I am not carrying messages at present."

"I did not ask you to carry it. I asked you to permit it to be taken to him;" then, turning to the little crowd of men who were watching the proceedings, he said: "Gentlemen, might I ask one of you to carry this message to Mr. Blethers?"

Instantly a trio of brawny right hands was extended, into one of which Norman politely placed his missive. This hand happened to be that of Long Johnson.

"Bring the answer to the office, please, Mr. Johnson."

"If I git one," said Johnson, departing on his errand. As this errand took Mr. Johnson through the length of the store-room, it seemed for a bare instant that he would be denied a passage; but the presence of an increasing crowd of witnesses, perhaps, silently cleared his way.

Johnson was but a minute gone when he returned and followed Norman. Overtaking him before he reached his office, he brought him back with him and escorted him through the store, despite the lowering face of the keeper. It was some time — nearly an hour — before Norman appeared again. The men standing around the store-door began to grow uneasy, and to mutter among themselves.

"I think it's all right, boys," said Fitzgibbon, who happened, he best knew why, to be one of the company. "I don't think there is anything about this store that can get away with the clerk and Long Johnson, in ary spot or place."

By and by, Norman came out, bowed to the men as he passed through the crowd, and hurried away to his office alone.

"Gone fer his gun," whispered one to the other.

"He never goes that far for his gun," said the other.

Here, Long Johnson appeared, coming from the store into the crowd, with an unusually wide-awake expression on his face.

"What's up, Jonse?" asked one, as they all closed around him, and, with one common impulse, moved up street toward the saloon.

"I dunno what's up; I never see sich a thing in my life. You see, I went in ther' with the keard, an' Blethers was layin' down on the outside of his bed, with his wearin' clothes an' dressin'-wo'mus on, and his right hand under his stiff neck. I give him the keard, an' he tuk it in his left hand an' looked at it, then says to me: 'Where is Maydole?' Sez I: 'He's out in front.' Sez he: 'Bring him in yer.' Well, then, you know, I come out and brung Maydole in. 'Maydole, have you anything agin' me more'n what passed yesterday?' 'No, sir, not personally,' sez the clerk. 'Are you satisfied with our game as far as we've got?' sez Blethers. 'I regret the whole thing, but I have nothing to take back—yes, I am satisfied,' sez the clerk. 'So am I,' sez Blethers, taking his hand from under his neck an' offering it to Maydole; and, dang my skin, boys, if the tears didn't come into the clerk's eyes when he tuk that man's hand. I never see nuthin' like it—never."

"Well, what did they do then?"

"Maydole hill on to his hand, an' nary one of 'em said a word fer about two minutes. Then sez Blethers: 'Why didn't you make it known before?' 'You didn't give me no chance,' sez the clerk. Then I see it was all smooth sailin' between 'em, an' I stepped out back; but I didn't go fur away, 'kaze I thought ole Blethers *mought* be playin' 'possum."

"Both of 'em found out they b'long to the 'Union,' I reckon."

"Dern if I know what they found out; all I know is, that Maydole tuk a seat 'longside o' Blethers, and they talked for about a half hour straight as a string. I think they wuz talkin' about the mine, but I dunno. Ther' wuz papers between 'em."

"Well, now, old Blethers ain't sich a bullhead, after all," said one of the men, as the crowd passed into the saloon.

"He's come to his senses. He had the bighead bad, an' a poultice o' bones cured him."

"Blethers is not sich a bad feller. Ther' is other fellers behind him in this biz that's wuss'n he is. Old Nosegrinder, down ther' at the store, is a meaner man than Blethers dare be, only Nosegrinder is a damn old coward, and Ben Blethers isn't. He picked the wrong man when he bounced the clerk; but it's no use talkin', Ben'll fight."

"All right, boys, peace beats war. Let's all take a drink," said Charley Fitzgibbon. "Set 'em up, Tony!"

"What shall it be, gentlemen?" said the affable Tony, as he kimboed his white-shirted arms on the counter, and looked into the faces before him.

"Tony, you get purtier every day—that topknot o' your'n is a reg'lar Conklin'."

"Them brass-mounted dog-collars on his arms sets him off bigger'n a Piute belle."

Tony winked and grimaced in response to the general chaffing, but kept down to his business until he was able to say, with a flourish of his napkin: "All set, gentlemen."

"Toast, boys," said Fitzgibbon, elevating his glass:

> 'Yer's to peace an' quiet an' right;
> To the man that knows when not to fight;
> To the gentleman born with a quiet jaw—
> Bones in his hands, and sand in his craw.'"

The sentiment was unanimously imbibed; and, as each man placed his empty glass upon the counter, each man also wiped his mouth with the ball of his thumb, and emphatically remarked: "You bet your boots."

"Gentlemen, you should not use such expressions as 'You bet your boots,'" remarked the affable Tony, as he gayly cleared away the line of glasses.

"What ought we to say?"

"You should have said, in response to the gentleman's toast—you should have said: 'Heaw! heaw!' or 'Hip! hip!'"

"'Hip! hip!'" said the other speaker, scornfully; "ther' ain't no sense in that—more'n ther' is in kioty barkin'."

"I'll leave it to Burton; he's a college-bred rooster."

"How is it, Burton?" asked Tony, of a tall, slender person who had just joined in the drinking, and sat down by the stove.

"Ah, well!" said the man addressed, in that softer accent found among the educated English, "both forms are proper enough, I dare say. One is as much slang as the other. 'You bet your boots!' is very emphatic, clean English, I fancy, and has a much healthier origin than such exclamations as 'Hip! hip!' which is a feudal idiocy got by mispronouncing the old crusaders' cry of 'Hep! hep!' which is borrowed from the initials of '**H***ierosolyma* **E***st* **P***erdita*—Jerusalem is lost.'"

"Thar, Tony! that lays over you. That thar's the difference a-tween larnin' and gas," exclaimed a volunteer by the stove.

"There is certainly more sense in saying 'You bet your boots,' as endorsement to a social sentiment, than there is in shouting 'Jerusalem is lost!'" said Burton.

"Of course ther' is. Whoonhell cares whether Jerusalem is lost or not?"

"I hain't lost no Jerusalem," said a sententious listener, as he heaved his feet up on the railing round the stove.

"I fancy," continued Burton, "that Jerusalem is a bit of a humbug. I was there once myself. The country is very much such a place as this is. Rugged mountains, bits of green valleys, where there is any water, and after that, greasewood deserts, alkali flats, etc. The city itself is a nawsty old camp—very dirty and uncomfortable. I dare say the old 'shebang,' as you boys would call it, has cost more blood twice over than its memories are worth. It is stoped out—there is nothing in it. But to put up one's boots as social 'collateral,' there is something in that. It means business, and it is strictly American. Therefore," added Burton, assuming a severely forensic aspect, "the judicial mind is clearly on the side of the boots. Henceforth let the unlearned not cry 'Slang!' until they cease to borrow pet exclamations from the frantic fury of the shouting rabble who cut Hebrew throats with pious knives, ground on Christian grindstones, in the twelfth and fourteenth centuries."

"Dony, sed 'em ub again. Shentlemens, auf you blease, drink mit me." So said, so done; and, as the gentleman of Jewish descent paid for the imbibations, the party again sat down around the stove.

"Well, it gets *me*," said Fitzgibbon, as they were sitting down.

"What's that gets you, Charley?"

"Old Blethers's new dodge. Somehow I can't just take it. I didn't think he'd cave so easy. Must be something," said Fitzgibbon; "something behind all this."

What further discussion would have ensued may not be known; for just at that moment Norman Maydole Jr. opened the street-door and called:

"Mr. Fitzgibbon."

"Allrightsir," with the curious rapid utterance, up-and-down inflection, and independent manner of a mountain miner.

"Step this way, sir," said Norman, still holding to the outside knob of the door.

Fitzgibbon passed out; and, as Norman closed the door behind them, he said:

"I am going to the mine. Would you object to a walk that far?"

"Not much," and they walked away together in the dirty melting trail through the snow.

"Winter's settin' in pretty sharp," remarked Fitzgibbon, as they walked along.

"You do not have much winter here, do you?"

"It's mightily mixed. It's hard to tell, sometimes, if a man summers here all winter, or winters here all summer. A man'll get his nose peeled with the sun, and his toes froze in the same day."

"Well!" exclaimed Norman, with rather incredulous emphasis.

"It's a fact. The nearest ever I was to being dead with cold, in broad daylight, was on the 4th of May, 1867. And I could show you the mountain where it happened, if we were up out of the cañon."

"Was it so cold as that?"

"No; I didn't think it was so very cold. I've seen lots colder weather in York State, and I've camped out colder in war time, in old Virginia; but somehow this high atmosphere thins a feller's blood."

"How high are we?"

"Upward of seven thousand feet above the Pacific Ocean; so Lieutenant Wheeler said, when he was surveying round here for the Government."

"Many of the silver mines are high in the altitudes, are they not?"

"Yes, sir. You can't get too high for them, because the country rocks you find silver mines in are as high rocks as there is. Granite, quartz, porphyry, black-slate, and the old limes makes about the highest bumps on earth."

"How low?"

"Never saw a silver mine worth a damn below four thousand feet."

"Do you think none are lower than that? I have read of silver at Lake Superior and in New England and elsewhere, and it seems to me the altitudes were lower."

"Well, then, they was not *mines*—they might have found some silver; but I'll take the chances on there being no good mines in them lower places."

Thus conversing, they arrived at the mine-mouth, where Mr. Maydole presented a written paper to the man at the engine, and, after some delay and change of clothing, etc., they disappeared into the bowels of the earth in that noiseless, sinking way that always seems to the casual observer like a quiet "farewell forever."

"Now," said Fitzgibbon, as they stepped off the cage, "if we are going to know all about this mine we've got to look out."

"I do not see much opportunity for looking out," said Norman, gazing about him upon the glittering edges and lowering corners of the hundreds of feet of solid darkness between him and daylight.

"No, not that kind of look out," responded Fitzgibbon, with a chuckle; "but there is plenty to look out for down here—mighty sharp look out, too, at that—as we will find when we get to crawling through the old stopes and sliding down old winzes."

"The men don't seem to mind it," said Norman, as he trudged, with hollow, echoing tread, behind his companion.

"Well, they know just where they are going—they go there every day; but it takes more sand to explore old works than it does to open out new ones. A mining expert, if he's a good one, has to take lots of chances in crawling around in mines."

"I suppose so," said Norman; "but I want to see all there is of this mine. I think I can crawl or climb anywhere that you can."

"Do you?" said Fitzgibbon, holding his light aloft to scan the upper timbering. "Come ahead, then. We'll see the men at work first; then we will look through the reserves and wastes."

Thus they tramped through the more modern and scientific working; then crawled and climbed and slid through the older parts, where the workings were rudimentary and dangerously primitive; until, tired and sore, they returned to upper earth and daylight by the way they came. At the surface the explorers re-adjusted themselves in the habiliments of ordinary citizenship, and proceeded down the cañon, conversing by the way.

"I shall want to go through the mine again, some day, soon, and make such survey and measurements as will enable me to map out the whole workings."

"All right," said Fitzgibbon, "I'll go with you when you please, if you want me."

"Do you know anything about surveying under ground?"

"No; but Cussin' Jack does. He can map a mine better than anybody—with instruments or without them."

With this high compliment to Jack, Fitzgibbon turned off to the saloon, while Norman pursued his way to his office, where he rested himself awhile and reflected, then proceeded to write to Colonel Holten a long letter, of which the following is a portion:

> "You will remember that I wrote you in my last of trouble with Mr. Blethers. There is reason to believe that trouble over and passed away. I think Mr. Blethers has been 'more sinned against than sinning.' He has carried a load for other people. That is what he gives me to understand, and I believe him. I do not wish to say he has not been a willing spoke in the wheel of misfortune as to this business—I know that he has—but the hub of the wheel is in your own city. He is no

longer at enmity with me. Like 'Uncle Damas' in the *Lady of Lyons*, he 'likes a man after he has fought with him.' He tells me that he will offer his resignation in a few days. You may, therefore, expect to appoint his successor. But I would caution you to consider whether it is necessary to fill his place with so high a salary—at least, so long as I am here. There are many experienced, careful, practical miners who could do all that he actually does. There are men here now, at miners' wages, who know the character and capacity of this mine as well as he does, or, in fact, as well as it can be known. All that is needed here is a practical underground boss, at least until the mine yields more heavily, or ceases to yield. The general business and moral force I will assume to wield without present increase of salary, if it suits the owners of the mine to have me do so. Please call the attention of your coöwners to the slightly improved yield of this month over last; also to the shrinkage in expenditure, and the schedule of supplies on hand to date. I have made a careful and minute preliminary survey of the mine. I can not promise any sudden 'bonanza,' but, unless we strike some unlooked for barrenness, I think I may intimate a gradual improvement. If there is anything in which I may suspect the sincerity of Mr. Blethers's repentance it is in his willingness to quit; but if it should be that he thinks I may follow out his methods, and so come to grief by going blindly in the wrong direction, where he went purposely, I hope he is mistaken."

Having finished this letter, and having gone to and returned from his supper, he wrote the following to another person:

"MY DEAR MADAM: It was very kind of you to ask me, some months ago, to write you a letter—a sort of family letter I think you said—from this part of the world. If I only could write real intelligence of the common things which throng about me every day—that is, if I could materialize constant eventuations so that you could truly see the life that is in them—I might make you something interesting; but, failing in that, I have my reward in the pleasure of the duty, and my gratification in the daring of the endeavor.

"There is none of what would be called society here, and if there were, it would be presumption on my part to become its historiographer; but there is here an interesting people. They are of all lands under the sun, and they are not the 'home-staying youths who have ever homely wits' of the lands they hail from. They are all or nearly all males, more or less mature. Each has his own peculiar individuality, but they have one common characteristic, and that is quickness of comprehension. This characteristic seems to be climatic—owing mayhap to altitude—and is consonant with the clearness, dryness, and purity of the atmosphere. They are not good people in the Sunday-school view, but there is a spirit of charity and a Saxon sense of fair play about them which is a substitute for goody-goodness, worthy respect from the righteous. So far as I can observe, sanctified hypocrisy is nearly unknown up here. Whatever of vice there is, is open to the sun—there are no screens, no green and leaf-like lattice-work to stimulate scrutiny. Everything is open, or, as the inhabitants express it, 'Everything goes.' And yet, when one considers the absence of all the gentle and softening influences of home-life, it is wonderful how little we have of the petty crimes and lower immoralities. Our crimes here are mostly homicides and highway robberies; which, if there is ever any virtue in crime, may be classed among the manliest in the books. While we have here our criminal element, as every place has, I would be willing to stake my life on it, that a woman, a child, or a disabled person is safer here, day or night, than upon any street in San Francisco. A deliberate or gross insult by a man to a woman or child—particularly a female child—is a bid for instant death, and the general verdict on the remains of the insulter is, 'Served him right.' Still, among themselves, in their customary haunts, these people are not sparing of each other. Every man who makes a claim to self-sufficiency is called upon at the gaming tables, in drinking bouts, and in business to make his claim good. No man here is any other able-bodied person's guardian. Whoever wishes to go to the dogs, goes to the dogs. There is no restraint, or, as they express it here, 'There is nobody holding you.'

"Of course, it is all what may be called mining life. But it is not the California mining life which I have seen and known somewhat all my days; nor yet is it at all like the coal and iron-mining of the Eastern States, which we read about. It is not like any other life, because it is the result of climate, soil, topography, and environment in every way different from other mining regions. Here is no class of men in high top-boots and broad felt-hats, with piratical whiskers and ponderous pistols. There is here a curious, broadly humorous, or quaint burlesque use of the King's English; also, a cropping out of dialects, with a grotesque commingling of idioms; but there is little, or rather none at all, of that uncouth, sprawling awkwardness and dullness of apprehension, which we may call gawkery, so commonly depicted in our Pacific-slope literature as miners' characteristics. The 'frontiersman' is here, but the 'backwoodsman,' if he ever was present, has been eliminated. The miner here is a modestly—sometimes elegantly—well-dressed, cleanly male person of polite address, who changes his clothing at least twice in every twenty-four hours—once as he goes down into the mine, and once again, eight hours afterward, as he comes up out of the mine. He is, in fact, a sort of underground aristocrat, if I may so express it; and, like a physician, or priest, or other exclusively professional person, he almost scorns the humiliations of ordinary employments as beneath his dignity. His occupation being to all appearance a dangerous one—certainly one demanding strength of muscle and steadiness of nerve—makes of him a responsible person. Not only is he responsible to the superintending power, but also to the fellow-workmen who follow him in the chambers of the darkness. The life of one miner may be said to hang on the thoroughness and honesty of another miner's work; where an ill-adjusted prop, a defective timber, a neglected precaution, may bring down tons of solid calamity, oceans of water, or a deluge of dead air, it behooves the workman to know what he is doing, and to do it well.

"These conditions bring the miners into a rather 'close communion,' which they call the 'Miners' Union'—an institution of which I know nothing, save by report, but which makes of the miners a separate guild.

"No matter where born or how bred, each man, upon coming among this people, be he old or young, seems to fall into the ways and adopt the tone of the country. Therefore, there is a peculiar flavor to the humor, an oddity to the wit, and a general character of not unpleasant surprise in the individualism that abounds here. This character of surprise—this unusual quality of the unexpected in the rendering of common things—is what, as I think, gives the charm, the irrepressible charm, to the writings of Mark Twain. It is a sort of climatic, desperate buoyancy; or perhaps it might be called the funny devil-may-careism of hard common sense.

"Considering the wild excitement of business risk which often prevails here, the expansion and contraction of hope, the elevation and depression of great expectations, one would look to find the people addicted to suicide, but I do not find it so. There are men working here as day-laborers who have gained and lost life-competencies, which were, save in the modern millionaire sense, quite large fortunes; yet these men, and all men here, seem endowed with an undismayed spirit of humorous buoyancy.

"Altogether, they are a great and peculiar people, and I must beg you to excuse my feeble and tedious effort to depict them.

"Herewith I send some brilliant specimens of how Nature paints and arrays her glittering chambers in the solid depths. They are not valuable, but they are curious, if not beautiful.

"Tell Miss Ellen and little Miss Mary that I have a pet. It is a lizard—a funny little fellow. He is a kind of sentimental *comique*. His dress consists of an ashen-black coat of delicate mail, which changes to a bluish-gray as it comes around from his back, until it connects in a cream-colored blending on his breast and abdomen. Then he has white lips and a blue blending into black nose; but, most grand of all, he has a vermilion stripe, about as wide as the edge of a half-dollar, which starts at each corner of his mouth, and continues along his neck and down the inside of his arms (or fore-legs) till it ends in each thumb on his hands—for he has hands. He has a very long tail, as long as he is, which is about four inches. He has gentle little eyes, which are nearly human in expression, and he can wink them in the cunningest way that ever was seen.

"Every day, when the room is warm, and while I am writing, he comes in at a hole in the floor, and climbs nimbly up the leg of my desk to perch himself in front of me, on the top rail of the book-rack; and there he watches me by turning his head cutely, first to one side and then to the other. If I stop writing to look at him, he immediately begins pumping himself up and down on his fore-legs, as though he were saluting me in the most profound manner known to reptilian etiquette. When he salutes me in that manner, I always think of the little rhyme about the old man clothed all in leather:

'He began to compliment, I began to grin,
With a how-d'ye-do,
And a how-d'ye-do,
And a how-d'ye-do again.'

"If a stranger enters the office room, my pet darts away, down the corner and leg of the desk, in a most sudden and surprising manner, and disappears through the hole in the floor. When the weather was warmer, there were flies abroad in the air, and then I put some damp sugar on a piece of paper and placed it where my pet usually stationed himself. Did he eat the sugar? Bless us, no! But the flies came to eat the sugar, and my pet devoured the flies. He has nice little creamy-blue hands with vermilion-lined thumbs, but he does not use his hands to catch flies. He has a machine made on purpose for that business. I guess it is his tongue, but I do not know. Anyway, he darts it out of his mouth so quickly that you can scarcely see it while you are looking, but you see a fly disappear. Then the lizard snaps his eyes, and pumps up and down once or twice on his arms akimbo, as if he thought it a good joke on the fly.

"A bad man threw some tobacco dust in my pet's eye one day, and my pet scampered away, and did not come into the office again for several days (the man has not been in since), and when he did come back to his accustomed place, he looked at me and wiped his eye with the back of his little hand, as much as to say: 'Please don't do that again, it hurts.'

"The roaring and jarring of the stamps in the mill near by do not disturb my pet in the least. He seems to enjoy it.

"Please tell the girls they must not think it too strange or eccentric in me to make a pet of such a creature. It is not my fault. He was here when I came; though I failed to take any particular notice of him for several days after I arrived. He is a very cleanly, well-behaved and highly respectable, harmless character, and a member of one of the most ancient families in the land. His ancestors are renowned among the names which adorn our scientific annals. If it were not too cruel an act I would secure him and send him into captivity to amuse my gentle young friends; but I have not the heart to remove him from his sterile haunts,

'Whose rude winds
But bind him to his native hills the more.'

"My health is very good, but then, as it was never otherwise, that is no news; although for some days after my arrival here I had difficulty in getting sufficient breath. There is plenty of breath here, but I could not inhale enough of it at first. Now, however, I take in vast supplies of it. It is the pure ether of the altitudes.

"Please make my kindliest remembrances to the young ladies of the household, and tell them that the 'cruel war is over,' and now, like Dominie Sampson, I am a man of peace.

"My letters from home inform me that my parents and all our family are well and contented, which I hope, dear madam, may ever be the case with yourself and with all in whom you are interested.

"Your very respectful servant,
"NORMAN MAYDOLE JR."

Having written these two letters he immediately mailed the first one, but, though he carefully folded and enveloped the second, he did not mail it that day, nor the next day, nor yet for several days. He was fearful that this latter letter was not what should be expected of him. He wanted to say more on one topic and less upon others, yet he did not wish to appear as pressing, in the letter, the point most dwelt upon in his mind. Several times he thought of re-writing the letter, but at last, as much hesitation was never in his disposition, he sealed it and sent it.

During these days in which he carried the letter in his pocket, he was no inactive dreamer

—on the contrary, he was more thoroughly engaged than he had ever been before in his life. Blethers had left the camp, his friends saying that he had gone down to San Francisco on important business. But the absence of Blethers had worked no perceptible injury to the general business.

The men and all parties directly concerned found an acting head to affairs, also a prompt paymaster, and they did not much trouble themselves as to the rank and title of that head. They also found that the clerk was everywhere, always respectful, constantly civil, but always driving. With "Cussin' Jack" and Fitzgibbon he ransacked, measured, and mapped every accessible inch of the mine, and wrote out, from notes taken among the men, the history of all portions which, from various well-known causes, were no longer accessible. Late into the night the shifting men, going to and coming from the mine, saw, through the office window, the clerk's head under his lamp-shade, and they said to each other: "He's a worker."

The batteries in the mill still kept up their roar day and night; the engine in the mill whistled the hours on and off; the other engine at the mine further up the cañon piped the calls back again in shriller tones, and the music of industry knew no cessation amid the surrounding solitude of the hills. The men still made merry or quarreled, or philosophized in their odd ways at the saloons.

"Well, lads," said "Cussin' Jack," over his beer, "Blethers be gone, an' t' world still goes round."

"I hain't felt no yethquake, nor seed no shower of stars," remarked a gentleman, who, with others, was playing a careful social card-game near by.

"Oh, play yer ace, and never mind about the stars! If you don't stop tryin' to make friends with Rumsey's dog you'll see stars enough."

"If I was Rumsey and had as purty a daughter as he has in this camp of old stags, I'd hire a mountain lion and go to hatching rattlesnakes."

"You fellers needn't mind about me and Rumsey's dog, for Shakspeare sez: 'Love me love my dog.' It's my pitch."

"I tell yo' wot—it's a 'undred thousan' dollars i' company's powkit, getten rid o' Blethers."

"Blethers never made no big thing out of this mine."

"Damn it, *play!*—stop yer chinnin'! Git it printed—git it printed!"

"I dunnot say ee did make a big thing out o' this moine. It's that as ee didn't get, an' wot's forthcomin', as I allewds to. Ee 'adn't the yead for this bizens. So long as t' moine was nobbut a prospec', ee did well enow. That's aw ee's good for; but this clerk chap is 'igher up i' the figgers."

"Oh, yes, a new broom sweeps clean."

"Theer was need o' a bit o' clean sweepin' 'ereabouts; an' it's bread an' meat an' money in ivvera mon's powkit that we be now but getten it done."

"I don't want any bread and meat in my pocket. Play, Jim."

And though these random sayings came in cramp, careless expression from various persons in Jack's immediate neighborhood, the general assembly was of nearly one mind in endorsing the approach to truth in his remarks. The apparent half-hostility to his speeches arose from the fact that while he took no interest in cards and a deep interest in serious conversation, his auditors were just the other way; and when they were playing, or watching the play, they had but little mind for anything else. Which should lead a moralist to remark that no external action dries up the spontaneity of the human intellect like a frequent recurrence to social card-playing. The professional gambler, who works at the card-table in cold blood, calculating for a livelihood, has an alert, active brain; but the social devotee becomes like a hen sitting on an addled nest, good for nothing but to squawk out and peck at all who disturb the useless incubation.

"Well, lads," said Jack, good-humoredly, when he had finished his beer, "go on wi' paiste-board thumpin'. I be goin' whoam to bed."

"Remember me in your prayers, Jack."

"An' chuck in a extry 'jackelation fer me."

"All right, lads. There's been a deal better prayin' done for most on yo' than ivver I can do, by them as loved yo' nex' hand to God Almoighty," and Jack passed out of the saloon.

There was nothing more said among the card-players at the tables, near where Jack had sat, for some time after his departure, till, at length, one of the players, as he shuffled the cards, looking around the circle, remarked:

"That was a heavy shot the old boy got off as he went out."

"Oh, he's right dead on it! He's a faithful follower of the Meek and Lowly, and he means it. Didn't you never hear him preach?"

"No."

"He's a purty good coarse-hand preacher."

"An' he don't talk much hell nuther. Mostly muscy an' squar' dealin' and good behavior."

"Jever hear him preach a funeral?"

"No, never did."

"Well, ye jist ort to. He's a damn big feelin' man, ye know, and he cries like a son of a gun when he gits down to his Scriptur' alongside of a coffin. Why, he made Tony Maguire cry, time we buried Jim Peters. Didn't he, Tony?"

"Och! wher' 'er ye drivin' to? Ask leave to print the rest of it, and go on with your game," responded Tony from behind the bar, where, in a lull of alcoholic amusement, he was absorbing the contents of a San Francisco newspaper.

It may be remarked here that exemplary piety and moderate alcoholic potations are not considered incompatible in clerical life on the west coast of England—particularly in the mining regions of that coast. Also, that professional goodness goes for nothing—absolutely for nothing—among the silver-miners. Silver-tongued oratory is too plentiful in that region to be esteemed much beyond its actual worth. What has he *done*—what can he *do?* is the only test question in that region. Unless a man assumes to be rich—and the immediate question then is: "What's he *got?*" And whatever it is that he has, if he don't look sharp, he will not have it long.

While the change in the administration of the mine was going forward, and was being discussed in the camp, the quiet young man, whose head and brain were at the bottom of this change, was a very busy as well as a very wary person. For, though the chief impediment was out of his way, there was still a remnant of designing discontent. And this discontented remnant was busy, with tongue and pen, ingeniously striving to show a reason for expected failure, while hoping for some accident, either to the mine itself, or to the accompanying works. But, inasmuch as "Fortune favors the brave," and success is synonymous with "sand," no such accident occurred. The business ran smoothly and successfully under the careful management of the young man, until one snowy evening, when the cry of "Stage! stage!" which always echoes in an outlying mining camp upon the arrival of that important vehicle, heralded the coming of another young man, who, upon his arrival in the office of the company, handed to Norman Maydole Jr. a brief epistle, the contents of which were substantially as follows:

> "This will introduce to you Mr. Martin Rossine, a competent book-keeper —— "

"How do you do, Mr. Rossine—pleased to meet you," said Norman, glancing from the letter and extending his hand—"have a seat," then he read on:

> "Make such arrangement with him about the books and business, immediately after pay-day, as may be necessary to carry him along until the following pay-day. Then, after doing among the men whatever you may judge best to regulate the working in your absence, gather together your maps, papers, vouchers, etc., and come to the city, prepared to give a strong account of your stewardship. Make haste slowly, but do not delay. There is no cause of alarm. All well at home.
>
> "Yours, HOLTEN."

J. W. GALLY.

THE PRESENT CRISIS IN SAN FRANCISCO.

San Francisco to-day presents to the civilized world a strange and most unaccountable spectacle. Hitherto deemed, from its extraordinary development during only thirty years' growth, to be one of the wonders of this wonderful age, it has been the boast of the Pioneer, the admiration of the tourist, the theme of the editor and bookmaker. Its population—already three hundred thousand—the splendor of its great hotels and private palaces, the energy, enterprise, and wealth of its citizens, the large number of its sudden fortunes, its large commerce, its commodious harbor and forests of shipping, its railroads and lines of ocean steamers, its public schools, its freedom from municipal debt, its steady growth, its solid gold currency and magnificent banking system—all these and many of its minor peculiarities have been worn threadbare as topics of praise and congratulation. Why not? Where else in the wide world (unless, perhaps, it be in the city of Chicago) have there been concentrated in so short a time so many of the elements of metropolitan greatness? Where else has there been assembled so cosmopolitan a population of vigorous and ambitious people? What but continued and irrepressible growth was to be predicted for a city having such advantages of situation—the only port for a territory of more than three hundred thousand square miles, a territory whose population now is not five per cent. of the number it can support, whose productions are peculiar to its soil and climate, and are everywhere in demand, and must increase in proportion to the growth of its people?

Yet this growth *has* been checked during the last two years by causes wholly distinct from any that have heretofore interfered with the prosperity of any American city. No fire like that of Chicago has devastated San Francisco. No pestilence has driven away our people, as from Memphis or New Orleans. Our trade has not been diverted by a successful rival. No war has interrupted our commerce, no floods or droughts have destroyed the staples in which we deal. Yet our banking capital and deposits were reduced during 1879 twenty-three millions of dollars. The loans made on mortgages in the city have fallen from twenty-four millions in 1877 to fifteen millions in 1878, and nine and a half millions in 1879—the releases exceeding the amounts loaned. Our rich men are fleeing to the East and to Europe. No new enterprises are being undertaken. Old ones are winding up, or curtailing their business. Money never was so abundant for loans upon or the purchase of securities of undoubted character, like United States bonds, now quoted at one hundred and seven, though paying only four per cent. interest per annum; but it is not to be had at any price, where the slightest risk is involved in its use, or for loans on country property. Real estate is everywhere unsalable, or will bring but a fraction of its recent value. Building has almost ceased. Many poor are out of employment, and parade the streets by hundreds, demanding work or bread; and the charitable are called on daily, almost hourly, to contribute toward the support of those who, even in this State, with the mildest clime and most productive soil on the face of the earth, are unable to give an equivalent for their living. Probably half the people of the city are brooding over the wrongs, real or imaginary, inflicted on them by the other half. The poor are exasperated against the rich, and Sunday after Sunday, in mass-meeting assembled, they are accustomed to gloat over the blasphemy, the ribaldry, and communistic threats of the leaders of the sand-lot. The rich have learned to fear and hate the turbulent class, thus banded together, apparently for their destruction. We seem to be trembling over a mine or volcano, and to expect the momentary annihilation of all we hold dear. We hear of military companies, perhaps regiments, organized and drilling, to fight for they know not what. All other classes have now massed themselves for defense against the expected *émeute*. The Federal Government is assembling troops in the same behalf, and the eyes of the press everywhere are riveted upon us, in confident foreboding of speedy bloodshed and civil war. What is all this about, and how does it happen that our hitherto flourishing State has drifted into such an epileptic condition?

We hear much of Kearney and Kearneyism, yet what is Kearney but the exponent of a state of public feeling, the outcropping of the ledge that has for years been crystallizing beneath the surface? The short-sighted and sensational press which has made him an object of such prominence, without whose daily trumpetings he would never have left his dray, would now have us believe that if he and a few of his followers were quieted or removed, the existing agitation would cease. And so seem to think the twenty thousand citizens who have recently formed themselves into a committee for the maintenance of law and order. But "the wish is father to the thought." They forget that a new Constitution, ratified by a majority of eleven thousand votes in city and country, has sanctioned the principles of the Workingmen and Grangers as the fundamental law of the land. They forget that this document, for the first time in American constitutional history, has formulated the claims of labor against capital, and proclaims to the world that *unlimited freedom of acquisition is here recognized as an evil, to be curbed by the strong arm of the law!*

Time was when inequality among various classes of society was everywhere recognized as the law of nature, and enforced by the law of the land. Authority was the privilege of the few. Power emanated from God only, through the divine right of kings and the sacred prerogatives of the church. For the masses was reserved only such happiness as remained after their powers were exhausted in the service of their masters, in the church, in the army, or in the state.

But the bloody revolutions of the last three centuries, culminating in those of France and the United States, have swept away these systems of the past, and made the Golden Rule a fundamental maxim of politics, particularly in the United States. For in what does the precept, "do unto others as you would they should unto you," differ in principle from the definition of political liberty, "that every one is free to do as he pleases so long as he does harm to no one else"?

Behold, then, our American population recognizing the great fact that all men are born free and equal, and with the rights of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. A century ago, when these principles were first published to the world as the corner-stone of a government, the social and economic condition of the American people was, like their political status, a remarkable example of equality. For the remnants of aristocratic pretention—the few large landed estates inherited from their colonial condition—were rapidly dissipated under the influence of the new order of things. No apprehension was entertained by the fathers that by the adoption from the common law of England of the most rigid protection of the rights of property, danger would accrue to the future equality of the people. So our laws, like those of all civilized countries, sanction the absolute title of every man to his inherited property, as well as to the fruits of his own industry and talent. Hence is supplied to every man the highest possible motive so to exert and demean himself as to become an independent and useful citizen. While the country was new, and population sparse, a degree of prosperity was developed in the United States, under the law of *laissez-faire*, far exceeding that of any other country during any similar period. In fact, so great has been our progress, that under the concentrated brain-power of the whole people, all bent upon the acquisition of a fortune in the shortest possible time, ten thousand new devices have been brought to bear upon that object, until the size and number of individual capitals has been increased beyond the conception of the most sanguine economists of the eighteenth century. The *corporation*, then a rarity, and created only by royal decree or special enactment, has become a spontaneous growth everywhere under free corporation laws, and furnishes a means of aggregating wealth in any desired interest, such as our ancestors never dreamed of.

It is now more apparent than ever before that wealth—even more than knowledge—is power. Comparatively unnoticed in former ages as but one among many mountainous inequalities of society, the subsidence of all the others leaves the power of wealth predominating, like Mount Diablo, over the vast level of American institutions. Our laws, indeed, confine the equality of our people to the equal protection of the rights and property of each citizen, yet their very operation protects the inequality of condition arising from the diversity of natural gifts among the people.

But this is not the worst aspect of the case. The power of the despot may have crushed the spirit of independence of the subject, but it often developed personal courage, loyalty, and devotion to country among the people. The power of the church destroyed free thought, but often cultivated purity of morals. But the power of wealth is the most demoralizing of all.

"Where wealth accumulates, there men decay;"

for its exercise, when opposed, as it too often is, to the mandates of law and the interests of the masses, can be made available only through the stimulation of all the meaner vices of human nature.

Is it, then, to be wondered at that the astonishing accumulation and combination of capital—especially in corporate form—should, for years back, have excited the apprehensions of thoughtful and patriotic citizens throughout the republic? Is it strange that counter-combinations of labor have everywhere organized strikes and lock-outs, until the condition of warfare between capital and labor has become chronic? Is it anything but natural that Tar Flat should deem its rights invaded by Nob Hill; that the *ideal* equality taught by our laws should sharpen the popular perception of the *actual* inequality resulting from those laws; that the ignorant foreigner should think but lightly of the right to vote, unless it secure him the right to eat; that the independence taught by our system should cause the gorge to rise at the idea of dependence upon another's capital or favor as the condition of livelihood; that equality of the means of living should be deemed a natural right, as well as equality before the law; and that the American system should be adjudged by one class a mistake, opposed to the natural stratification of society, and by another class as at best an expression of but half the truth, and requiring communism or coöperation to supplement it?

And so society is divided against itself as to what *ought to be* the *rights of persons* versus what *are* the *rights of things*. This controversy, like an earthquake, shakes the very foundation of government; for all existing institutions are based upon the right of every man to keep whatever he can lawfully get, in the nature of property, and the corresponding necessity of doing without what he can not lawfully acquire, though it be food for himself and a starving family. The hard natural laws of evolution and the "survival of the fittest" prevail here to the fullest extent. As these laws place no limit to their own operation, so our political economy, as shaped in the cast-iron mould of statute, does not prescribe any limit to the acquisitions of the money-maker. We are accustomed to rely upon death, the law of divided inheritance, upon competition, over-trading, and commercial failure to restrain or dissipate undue acccumulation. But in these days of steam and electricity these processes move too slowly for popular impatience, nor are corporations affected by the laws governing human life. And so the power of money goes on increasing, overriding public opinion, overshadowing all departments of government, and holding all classes of individuals in the iron grip of its universal, inevitable, yet degrading and polluting despotism.

For the purpose of formulating the popular desire to do something toward curbing the power of wealth, the statute-books of other States have been burdened with enactments, generally of a superficial and transitory character. Rates of fares and freights have been fixed by law, but no such law has ever been executed. Legislative enactments regulating banking, insurance, and all other moneyed corporations are found in almost every State; yet nowhere, outside of California, has it been found expedient to assert any more radical principle than the right of the State and Federal Governments to *regulate* corporations. But in our State, though our Solons are yet groping in the dark for the key wherewith to unlock this most intricate of problems, we find certain maxims engrafted in the new Constitution, and others studiously omitted, which indicate the will of the people on this point—which permit, or rather command, double and treble taxation of capital—lay unheard of responsibilities on the officers of corporations—permit unequal taxation, leaving it in the power of the legislature to discriminate in this matter between persons or interests—and positively ordain interference with certain private interests, to an extent that may crush them altogether. While the Constitutional Convention was in session, we narrowly escaped the incorporation into its report of several of the wildest and most impracticable of schemes against capital. And there are members of the present legislature, who, if they could have their own way, would make it impossible for any person to hold more land than would make a farm, or at most a sheep range; would destroy the power of conveyance or devise of more than a certain area; would tax both property and incomes at a percentage increasing with their amounts. The Constitution has made penal any attempt at the diffusion of taxes among the community, by treating them as part of the cost of production. The Workingman's party would treat the millionaire and the corporation as public enemies, deny them freedom of action, ride rough-shod over their rights, as well as the experience gained in their business, and give them to understand that the public interest would be promoted by their total destruction. Consequently, capital has ceased to flow hitherward, and New York is exulting in the access of our money and moneyed men to the crowded exchanges of that metropolis.

If it be asked why California happens to be just now the favored arena of communistic discussion, the answer involves many considerations. Previously to the two years last past, our city was in receipt of the princely income of twenty-four millions of dollars per annum, in dividends from only two mines. The gross revenue from these mines, which exceeded one hundred millions, added to the produce of other mines, and to our regular income from agriculture, commerce, and manufactures, gave an inflated value to all kinds of property, especially to mining stocks. Enormous individual profits from these uncertain sources stimulated building, attracted population, furnished work for all industrious people, filled the savings banks with coin, which loaned some seventy millions of dollars on mortgages in all parts of the State. The whole people—never celebrated for the small economies of living—became wildly extravagant in their expenditures, and completely infatuated with the spirit of speculation. Four stock-boards had all the business they could attend to. The profits, not only of the mines, but of many other of what are generally called more legitimate branches of business, were all ventured in the grand lottery, with the necessary result. How fares it with the stocks to-day?

The dividends have long since ceased. Assessments continue and increase, until now they drain the city of fifteen millions of dollars per annum. The stocks have shrunk to a fraction of their former average value. The multitude have lost enormously. Ten banks have failed or discontinued. Of the few individuals whose successful manipulations once enabled them to monopolize the small fortunes of the many, the majority have found their possessions turn to ashes, like the apples of Sodom. Old mines, once quoted at millions, have disappeared from the list; new ones, in their places, have as yet only the small value that hope confers upon them. And here is one great element of discontent affecting the poorer classes, whose natural unwillingness to blame only their own bad judgment seeks consolation for their losses in blaming somebody else.

Meantime, the industrial classes have suddenly waked up to the fact, long ago patent to thoughful men, that while they were wasting their substance with riotous living, the patient, abstemious, and plodding Chinese were gradually monopolizing all branches of labor by which the poor could live, or in which the career of our own rising generation might receive its first impulse. Yet this evil, wide-spread and firmly rooted as it is, is founded on a Federal treaty with a foreign power, protected by the

United States Constitution, and guaranteed by the public sentiment of the great body of the nation, whose ears were long deaf to all our facts and pleadings against it. How long and earnestly we have striven for relief herein is now matter of history. Let us hope that the worst of this danger is over, and that the suspension of Chinese immigration, resulting from our long-continued agitation, will shortly culminate in its entire prohibition by the Federal authority.

Again, years ago, ere the progress made in any department of the business of a new country had resulted in any large accumulation of property, or in the stratification of a society then remarkably homogeneous, a few far-seeing men, trusting the future of our State and risking their all upon that faith, conceived the project of monopolizing all the transportation of the coast. By a rare combination of fortuitous circumstances with uncommon sagacity, perseverance, and energy, they have accomplished their object, and have so bound the commerce of our people with bands of iron that escape by way of competition or otherwise seems now wholly impossible. During ten years past a ceaseless and bitter warfare has been waged against this monopoly by the press, in party politics, and in the legislature. In 1872, the once famous Committee of One Hundred thought for a while that they could establish a successful competition. The Independent party, throughout the State, for several years tried to control the railroads, and rallied under the banner of opposition to monopoly during the whole of its brief career. But all in vain! The railroads have beaten all their enemies, converted their foes into friends, and to-day rest secure under the well-grounded belief that not even the new Board of Railroad Commissioners, clothed as they are by the Constitution with power to ruin the roads if so disposed, will cause them the slightest inconvenience.

Similar to this is the history of the Spring Valley Water Works, with its monopoly of supplying San Francisco with water—on a smaller scale, that of the Contra Costa Water Company. And by the side of these huge corporations has grown up a corresponding monopoly in country lands, under which the size of private estates has grown to proportions never previously dreamed of in other parts of the republic.

The dissatisfaction felt by the poorer classes in our State, during years past, at this growingly uneven distribution of wealth, finds freer vent here than elsewhere. For in older States and countries the weight of traditional conservatism keeps down revolutionary ideas with a weight proportioned to the age of the society. Here there is no such element in existence. No leading citizen of California was born in the State. There is no feeling of State or city pride among the people, not one of whom, especially of the successful classes, feels bound either to live here, or to recognize his obligations to our public in the final distribution of his estate. We have here no leisure class—men of means and culture, who own allegiance to no other country, and are anxious to benefit the people by their studies, writings, and active participation in public affairs. In fact, this class are apt to leave the State and enjoy their incomes in other countries. Doubtless the California colony in Paris represents millions of California capital, whose revenues, drawn from our resources, are expended abroad. Furthermore, as the whole world has contributed to make up our cosmopolitan population, so there is an undue proportion of isolation among the individuals composing it. Hence, great difficulty in the formation of public opinion on any subject. Business men, occupied with their own affairs, have no time or inclination for public matters. Hence politics, in all parties, are abandoned to the control of professionals. Hence a feeling of indifference to all public utterances, whether by the press or from the stump. Hence the continual nomination and frequent election of unworthy men. In what other State could Kearney have escaped conviction for two and a half years? The weeds in our soil are not kept down by a pavement trodden hard by the travel of centuries, but they spring up like tares among the wheat, by virtue of the same cultivation. Hence the head of the communistic cancer uprears itself in our free atmosphere, while its roots lie deep out of sight, under the soil of the older States.

Notwithstanding all the excitement, talk, and bluster at and about the sand-lot, it is not reasonable to expect that the result will be a riot. The issues are not clearly defined—no fixed object is before the mind of any party. The leaders may be never so vehement in their efforts to fan the flames of discord, but what is there to fight about—who is there to fight against—what but confusion worse confounded can result from the shedding of blood? The great mass of the working people of this State are too well educated, are too good citizens, to be compared with the mobs of Belfast or Montreal, or even of New York. Their leaders will be now soon disposed of by the operation of law, and when they are provided with private quarters, it is to be hoped the sand-lot will disappear like the foam from waters restored to rest. But not so with the Workingman's party. Not so with the communistic clauses in the new Constitution. Not so with the popular desire to "cinch" corporations, to curb land monopoly, to prevent or confiscate large accumulations wherever found.

It is a little singular that, notwithstanding the hue and cry that went up from all parties and presses against the adoption of the Constitution, not a motion has been made by any member of the present legislature for the purpose of amending it. No politician yet dare make such a movement. The governor dared not recommend it in his message. It seems, then, that the obnoxious clauses must run their course, be the effect what it may upon the prosperity of the State. The revenue bill, just enacted into law, distinctly affirms double taxation, as if it were to be the penalty imposed even upon the poor for placing their money in corporations, though so beneficial as savings banks. The result will necessarily be resistance to the tax, or if not that, the withdrawal of large sums now on deposit, and their investment in United States bonds, or beyond the State. When we consider that the sums heretofore deposited in savings banks of this State have reached fifty to seventy millions at a time, and have furnished the great resource of borrowers on real-estate security, it can be readily seen how severe is the blow thus dealt to the commercial and industrial interests. I do not look for returning prosperity until the present madness has burned itself out; for our people are the most violent of alarmists and extremists—sensational, short-sighted, and easily discouraged, excited, or misled. Grant has been credited with saying that "the best way to get rid of a bad law is to execute it." Perhaps that is now our only pathway out of our present difficulties. We shall probably go on annoying capital and corporations until the hundreds now out of employment shall become thousands; till real estate has dropped to a third of its present prices; till everything is for sale, with no buyers; till the population, moving eastward, northward, southward, outward—any way, except inward—has shrunk twenty-five per cent. If it shall then please providence to send us one or more editors who understand something of political economy and social science, who can present the truth in those departments in popular and readable shape, and are patriotic enough to do so, regardless of the effect upon their circulation, then, possibly, the tide may turn, and the old current, restored by amendments to the Constitution to its old channel, may once more reach high-water mark. We *must* go backward or forward. If backward, then the old liberty of unlimited acquisition being restored, guaranteed, and fortified against future attack, capital will again concentrate here and employ labor; again devote itself to the development of the boundless natural resources of this great State. If forward, then must the limit of accumulation be fixed so certainly that he who runs may read. It is the present uncertainty that, like the fog in navigation, renders all progress impossible, except at frightful risk. We must tie up our craft to the wharf, or drop anchor and bank the fires, until the mists of universal doubt shall have cleared away, and the strong, clear sunlight shall once more enable us to lay our course for the haven of prosperity.

C. T. HOPKINS.

A HOLIDAY IN BOSOBOSO.

The Philippine Islands—so named in honor of the celebrated Philip II. of Spain—lie about four hundred miles to the southeast of China. Some one thousand five hundred islands compose the group, and easily give support to about seven million persons. This population is Malayan in character, and signs are not wanting that the large islands to the south, Java, Borneo, and Sumatra, have been invaded and taken possession of in the same manner, viz., by hordes from the Malay peninsula on the main land. Spain claims the Philippines by right of discovery. Magellan landed on one of the islands in 1521, and here his renowned voyage ended, as he was killed on the island of Mactan, after having fought all day, with sixty men, against six thousand savages.

Manila is the capital city, and is now some three hundred years old, having been founded soon after the discovery. The ancient city still exists on its old site, in the heart of modern Manila, surrounded by lofty walls, bounded by a moat, and entered only by draw-bridges, which can be hoisted in case of need. The trade of Manila was restricted for many years to a yearly ship to Acapulco, bringing silks and East India goods, and taking back silver bars. It hardly merited the name of trade, but it was all that the Madrid government would permit. A naval vessel was set apart for this service. A general had command of the expedition, in addition to the ship's officers. The whole company numbered some five hundred men. The round voyage occupied the whole year, one monsoon bringing them and the other taking them back. Their route and course of conduct were minutely laid out for them. Every night they took in all sail, and lay to. Permits to ship goods on this vessel were to be had only from the captain-general, in Manila, and as each bale paid three or four hundred per cent. profit, some very extraordinary methods for gaining the desired permission were often resorted to. This colony, lying so far from the mother country, was only preserved to her by the cautious policy pursued; and it was in accordance with this policy that trade was so restricted. The English and Dutch were turbulent neighbors, and made various attempts upon Manila. Indeed, the English once took the place, and held it for a year. The country was conquered and governed by the church, and is so governed to this day, the number of Europeans being a mere handful as compared with the native population, and the power of the church being consequently very great.

Up to the year 1820, the yearly budget of the Philippine Islands was only five hundred thousand dollars, and they had never found the means for raising more than half this sum in the islands themselves. The other two hundred and fifty thousand dollars were charged to Mexico, or New Spain, as it was then called. On the declaration of Mexican independence, it became necessary to make the islands self-supporting, and with that view trade was encouraged slightly, till now the yearly budget has swelled to thirteen millions of dollars, and, of this, two millions are remitted directly to Spain, in the shape of leaf tobacco.

The soil is as fertile as volcanic action can make it, and the face of the country is beautifully diversified by a range of mountains running through the center of it. I am now referring to the largest island of the group, Luzon, on which Manila is situated, and which is about half the size of the State of California. The mountains are green the year round. The woods seem to begrudge the sea even its usual strip of sand beach, so closely does the vegetation approach the water. Most of the streams give indications of gold, and even at this day, in the salt-water creeks which intersect Manila in all directions, gold is found, and collected in quills. In spite of these frequent and constantly recurring indications, gold has never been discovered in quantities sufficient to pay for the expense of mining it. But, in truth, it really has never been intelligently sought. I have seen an old Californian, who did some prospecting there, and he said that if it were known in Australia and California what the promise of gold really was, there would most certainly be a rush. The climate is against the miner, as the heat of the sun—only fifteen degrees north of the equator—renders outdoor labor by the white man well nigh impossible. The natives have an invincible objection to working under ground, derived from traditions, in all probability, of the cruelties suffered by the Peruvians, who were worked to death in the mines. No mining worthy of the name has ever been attempted, although numerous spots show gold in greater or lesser quantities.

The trade in Manila hemp, which is now so extensive, is due to American enterprise. As far back as 1626, the Madrid government sent to Manila to inquire if it was possible to make hemp ropes in the islands, and, in response, the captain-general loaded a ship with hemp-trees, and sent several natives skilled in making it. The hemp was utilized in a rough way through the country; whenever the people wanted a little rope they cut down a hemp-tree and made it on the spot. It is easily managed, as the plant is a species of plantain. But the cargo of hemp-plants all rotted away long before they reached the Cape of Good Hope, and the matter was suffered to drop. In 1818, an American made a trial shipment of fourteen tons to Boston, and from this modest beginning Manila's hemp trade has reached forty-two thousand tons, exported during a single year.

Manila is a large city, embracing a population of about three hundred thousand, chiefly made up of natives, with twenty thousand Chinese, six thousand Europeans—almost entirely Spanish—and a large sprinkling of creoles, resulting from the mixture of these races. "John" is numbered as soon as he comes ashore here, and is given a license allowing him to exist, and for which he has to pay. In fact, he has to pay roundly for all his privileges, from keeping store to making a pack-horse of himself; and it is by this means that Chinese immigration is kept stationary at about thirty thousand for all the islands. An influential Chinaman is appointed governor over the rest, and is then supported in his authority and held responsible for all that may occur. Europeans are entirely untaxed.

The Pasig, a narrow river, runs through the city. As there are no railroads, the river is a great highway for traffic, and many craft are constantly passing up and down, bringing produce from the great inland lake, where the stream has its source, or carrying up loads of cigar-girls, after their day's work is done. Morning and evening, great numbers of these girls are met in the streets, going to and from their labors. They do not walk but shuffle along, as they are shod with little heelless slippers, which are kept on by wearing the little toe outside.

The country is either green with standing rice-crops on the fields, or yellow with stubble, and invites one to wander where he will. The bright colors which the natives love are very becoming to their ruddy-brown complexions. Here comes a couple, a man and a woman, carrying corn to the Manila market. They keep up a running trot, carrying their loads on their heads, keeping time by step and gesture to a refrain that the man is whistling. The buffalo is the beast of burden, and is either in the water, with only his horns and the tip of his snout showing, or else lazily feeding in large groups, up to the knees in mud, with a white crane or a crow, and sometimes both, perched on his back. Here we see a native house, the walls and roof of which are built of thatch, and all the rest of bamboo — the whole establishment being raised about five or six feet from the ground. Underneath lies the wooden mortar and pestle used to pound the daily allowance of rice; some chickens are roosting on it now. A few pigs are lying in wait for whatever may fall through the floor. The owner, although unknown to us, salutes, as is customary throughout the islands, and politely asks us to come up—literally to "come up," as the only means of entering the house is by a ladder of four or five steps. The little children, on seeing me approach, run crying to their mother "*Castila! Castila!*" the term by which they know all whites. Their older sister, more experienced, takes me for a priest, as I am dressed in a black rubber coat, and, advancing demurely, raises my right hand and kisses it. On being informed of her mistake, she laughs merrily, disclosing beautiful teeth, which she is very careful to keep white, although given to chewing the betel-nut. Her long black hair is pushed back with a comb, and streams down her back, almost touching the ground. A bright-red skirt, an exceedingly simple and scant white cotton jacket, with a few charms hanging round her neck, make up her simple costume. Her name is Zeli, and, taken altogether, she is charming. She is no darker in color than a gypsy.

Furniture in the house there is none. The floor is made of split bamboo. A bench of the same material runs the length of one side of the house. In the corner is a flat box, with ashes and a few embers in it, where the meals are cooked. One or two colored prints of saints hang round the walls, and a diminutive box in one corner contains the family finery. This is all, and answers their simple wants. Such a house could be built for ten dollars. Supper being ready, we all sit round on the floor; boiled rice is handed about on plantain leaves, a few eggs are boiled in my honor, and with fresh guavas and plantains the repast is ended. At bed-time each individual takes a roll of matting from over head, and unrolling it finds a pillow within. Stretching out the mats, all lie down to sleep, with feet toward the center. As soon as it is light the still morning air is vocal with the birds, twittering and singing in the magnificent mango-tree that overhangs the house. No tree is more beautiful than this. The large, yellow, oval fruit forms a beautiful contrast with the thick and shining dark-green leaves. Standing in the doorway, the house is seen to be surrounded with a light fence of split bamboo, enclosing a small and cleanly swept yard. A few bright-red flowers trail over the fence, without any particular order, but with artistic effect. Three screaming cockatoos fly restlessly about, disturbing the quiet morning with their strident cries. That distant booming noise comes from the throat of a large pigeon. The traveler in the islands has little to fear from wild animals, although the wild pig will show fight if cornered, and the buffalo in his native woods is still more ready for offense. The most frequent mishap, to the native traveler, is from crocodiles. These lie in wait for the unwary at the river crossings—there are few or no bridges in the country.

A cup of chocolate, a glass of water, and a cigar make our breakfast. The accommodations have not been sumptuous, but they have been freely given, without a thought of compensation. The native is very hospitable, and one could travel for weeks without any hotel bills to pay. Bidding good-bye to the fair Zeli, we get on our horse and ride on. Now we hear a strange noise like shrieking and groaning, and on looking about to discover what it can be, we find that it proceeds from carts loaded with hemp, each drawn by three buffaloes abreast. The noise is caused by the creaking of the wheels. These are of one solid piece and made of heavy hard wood, the axles of the same. We count sixteen, lumbering slowly and noisily along. The road rises now, and we go up a gentle hill. A grove of cocoa-trees lies on each side of us. The tops of the trees are connected with each other by bamboos, which serve at once as airy bridges from tree to tree, and convey the palm-juice to a common centre, where it is distilled and made into cocoanut whisky. A cocoanut-tree does not bear fruit till seven years after planting, that is, after the planting of the nut. A grove, all fruit-bearing, is estimated to be worth one dollar per tree per year. Now we pass groups of houses all similar to the one where we stopped last night. In front of each, several fighting-cocks are tethered by the leg, just out of each other's reach. On the left, and not more than two miles away, is a volcano, quiet just now. The morning breeze carries away a thin streamer of smoke, and at night a dark-red spot on the apex shows that the fires are alight, to burst out no one can tell when. To the right we catch glimpses of several bays that the Pacific sends far into the land. Now we hear shouts and happy laughter, and here we see a group of women and girls washing and bathing. All the streams along the road present very much the same scene of a pleasant morning. These girls will undress before your very eyes, and do it without any feeling or knowledge of impropriety. The body-cloth, that confines the skirt to the knees, they slip up to beneath the armpits, and then, pulling the jacket over their heads and stepping out of their shirts, they are ready for the bath. A native passes us on horseback, legs turned widely out, the big toe only in the stirrup, no girth to the saddle, and nothing but a bit of hemp, noosed over the lower jaw, for a bridle. A woman follows, sitting on a straw side-saddle with no pommel, a bundle of nice white hemp in front of her, and a little girl behind her, carrying a bag to fill with rice in exchange for the hemp. Still another horse comes in sight, carrying a rider, and also a bushel-basket of cocoanuts on each side.

Here we leave the road, and, after some miles through the woods, come out on a level green spot above the village of Bosoboso. All around, and as far as the eye can see, grows the sensitive plant, more than fetlock deep. As we look back, the horses' tracks are as plainly marked as though we had come through snow. Down below, in the valley, the village shows through the trees, the white-washed church and convent contrasting with the brown thatch of the houses. The convent is the parsonage, and usually is connected with the church.

A procession is coming, accompanied by a band, and we catch the familiar strains of "Yankee Doodle." What can it mean? The *cura* is heading it, and behind him come the acolytes. We discover, at last, that it is a *funeral*. All covered up with ribbons and flowers, the corpse is carried on a man's head, on an ordinary tea-tray. The relatives come straggling along behind, without any demonstrative signs of grief, but with the contented expression that people wear when they are satisfied that they are doing the correct thing. These Indians are exceedingly musical, and there is not a village in the land that does not boast its brass band. The priest generally owns the instruments, and so has free music for the church, and turns an honest penny by hiring out the band for funerals, as in this case. A family will mortgage themselves for a year in advance in order to make the necessary display. Once out, it makes no difference what the tunes are, so long as the bass drum and cymbals are kept busy. They are quick to catch anything they once hear, and from the different national men-of-war, that have visited Manila from time to time, they have learned the various airs common to each country.

This is the feast-day of the patron saint of Bosoboso, and that it is a holiday is evident from the gala dress of all who pass, going to the village. Here is a real dandy. A natty straw hat, a blue-figured shirt—through which is seen his well-developed figure—worn outside the pantaloons, and plaited from the neck down; white pantaloons, patent-leather gaiters, with a fancy cane, and he is complete. The houses are all gay with red hangings, streaming out of the windows. This bare-legged fellow, with two animated bags in his hands, is evidently a servant of some well-to-do Indian, and is carrying his master's fighting-cocks to the cock-pit, where there are fully a thousand already on the ground. No need to ask where it is, as each bird strives with all his might and main to make it known.

Father Remigio is the *cura* of Bosoboso, and is a jolly good fellow, though not very clerical. He swears like a pirate. If the good bishop could only know all his peccadillos, he would certainly put him in the calaboose under the episcopal residence. But the bishop is far enough away to-day, and the object of all assembled is to enjoy themselves as much as possible. It is about ten o'clock when we ride in under the welcome shade of the convent. Going up a low flight of stone steps, we enter a large and unfurnished room, utterly cheerless, and so large that there is not furniture enough in the Philippines to fill it. Scattered about are many friends and acquaintances, some clerical and some lay. "Let's have a dance!" shouts Father Remigio. No one objects, and Angel and Juan are sent out for the girls. No one else in the village could induce the girls to come at such an hour, and at such an off-hand invitation; but the *cura* of a Philippine village is a despot, willingly obeyed, especially by the ladies of his flock. Soon they come trooping in by twos and threes, and are ranged on chairs, round against the wall. All the men and old women smoke. Cigars are scattered about in profusion. French and Spanish wines, brandy, gin, and bottled beer are to be found in the remotest corners of the islands, and are invariably offered to all guests. The band is back from the funeral by this time, and with the *habanera*, the "Banks of the Pasig," the dance begins. Father Remigio ungirdles his blue Franciscan habit and—it's well the bishop doesn't see him—appears now as a stout young man, dressed in a gaudy green shirt, worn outside, in the style of the country. The room, before so cheerless, is now entirely changed. A "Virginia Reel" is in full progress. Strange to say, this dance has become naturalized—introduced by some wandering American, probably. Some of the girls are very pretty, and all dance divinely. All dress in bright, striking colors, and the effect is picturesque.

I go out through the kitchen to look down into the stable underneath, and see how my horse fares, well knowing that convent servants are none of the best. Here I find Father Remigio, greatly excited, and upbraiding Juan in a loud tone of voice. The rascal deserved it. It seemed that he had been ordered to harness the horses to the carriage, and bring to the scene of festivity some very particular lady friends of the *cura*. These, on arriving late, had complained to him that there was something the matter with the horses, as they were unable to keep the road. Investigation had extorted from Juan the confession that he had stolen their rice for the last month, and had spent the proceeds in gambling. Having got thus far, Father Remigio went to get his rattan—every housekeeper has this in reserve. Of all dirty places, a convent kitchen, in native hands, is the worst. As there are no chimneys, the soot accumulates over everything. The kitchen, to-day, is in an unusual state of hubbub, in preparing the feast for the dancers. Father R. appears, and orders Juan to lie down. This precious specimen is married, has a family of his own, and is at least thirty years old. The other servants go quietly on with their work, or look rather pleased to see the victim wince. After two or three strokes he starts up on his feet, but is ordered down again, and extends himself on the floor, face down. Two or three more whacks, and he is up again. "For mercy's sake, father, I've had enough!" But no, justice is still unsatisfied, and he has to get down again, and receive the remainder of the twenty-five, well laid on. He does not even whimper, but goes off quietly, and, for that day at least, may be trusted to do what he is told. Slavery has never been known here, but servants recognize the right of their employers to flog them. The housekeeper's rule is, "the wages in one hand [$4 a month], and the rattan in the other;" and it is impossible to be fairly served on any other basis.

After a hearty dinner, the ladies take themselves off. Then each guest provides himself with a pillow and a straw mat, and all enjoy a *siesta* till four o'clock. Then chocolate and cigars, and we are ready for more amusement. Two horses are matched to fight this afternoon for five hundred dollars a side, and Father R. says he will take us to the spot, on the outskirts of the village. This is a common form of amusement in some of the provinces. After a pleasant walk through shady streets, past little blue and white houses, some tastefully carved with various designs, we see quite a crowd under a large mango-tree, on the edge of a paddy-field. The crop has been gathered and the water turned off, and the result is a smooth surface covered with a short, yellow stubble—an excellent place for a contest of any kind. No women are to be seen here; all are men. The rivals are kept as distant as possible, and each is surrounded by a knot of admirers as "backers." The nearer, and the favorite in the betting, is a bay. He is the larger, and looks sufficiently vicious. Each is accompanied by a favorite mare, with whom he has been running for some weeks. The mares are fastened to a stake on their champion's side of the field. The other contestant is a white, and does not look very formidable. Horses are not indigenous to the islands, but were introduced by the Spaniards. Neither of these is apparently worth over twenty-five dollars, so their owners can afford to sacrifice them. Father R. had sent word that he was coming to the spot with some friends, and they only waited our arrival, as everything was now in readiness. The stallions are brought up head to head, held by their owners, who, at a signal, slip the halters and get out of the way as soon as possible. Fired at the sight of a possible rival, they rush at each other without the loss of a moment. Thundering kicks rain on the ribs, but do not seem to affect either combatant. They keep head to head as much as possible — each endeavoring to get a good hold with the teeth. Though they have not been engaged five minutes, both of their noses are streaming with blood. Finally, the white gets a firm hold of the bay's nostril, so firm that it can not tear out, and the pain makes the sufferer fairly shriek for mercy. When loosened, he had no further desire for contest. It is noticeable that here the white horse possesses the greatest endurance—his color absorbing less heat from the sun.

From here we stroll back to the centre of the village, not far from the church, proposing to visit the cock-pit. In passing the church-door, we notice a body on a bier — coffins are dispensed with — placed squarely across the entrance-way. It seems that the family have no money to pay the burial-fees, and take this method of bringing it to the notice of the *cura*. After dark, the sexton will convey it to the burial-ground.

The cock-pit proclaims its locality by the loud shouts of the spectators and the incessant crowing of the cocks. The Spanish Government at one time proposed to abolish this amusement; but, in doing so, it was found that the main incentive to labor had been taken away. The native would not work unless it was to gain something to wager in his favorite pastime. So, very wisely, the business was legalized, and the right sold to the highest bidder. Each country town has its cock-pit, and no fighting is permitted outside of it, and here only on Sundays and regular holidays. We meet a few disappointed ones carrying home their dead birds; but most all the travel is in the opposite direction. We pass in with the rest—the nice-looking creole girl who keeps the gate smiling and bowing and admitting us free, as Europeans are not generally seen at this place of resort, and are therefore treated as guests. The entrance-fee for natives is about three cents, when they come as spectators. Those bringing cocks are charged a *real*, or twelve and a half cents. We find ourselves in a large shed, where the noise from the crowing is deafening. Each bird is pegged down with a cord of about ten feet in length, and walking through this maze is a difficult matter. On one side is a stand for the sale of sweetmeats, and on the other is a sort of out-door restaurant. Crowds of natives, principally men, move about or keep guard over their charges. The birds, from being constantly handled, are very tame, but resent a push from your foot with an angry cackle, or perhaps a good sharp blow, delivered in fighting style. The matches are almost invariably made on the spot. The owner brings his cock to the pit without the least idea with whom he is to fight; but firmly resolved not to engage unless he thinks the advantage is on his side, be it either of weight, age, or size. His patience is most provoking. If he can not compass any of these objects, he will go home when night comes, and patiently wait for the following Sunday to repeat these tactics.

We soon come upon a pair that are really matched to fight, each commanding a little coterie of admirers. His owner lifts him from the ground, takes off the string, and extends his left leg to have the knife bound on. The natural spur has been cut down to a stump, and to this is bound a sharp steel blade about three inches in length, curving inward. When this operation is finished, a sheath is carefully fitted on the knife. The judge, a dignified native armed with a rattan, is in charge of the ceremonies. He politely offers us seats near the money table. Now the owners come forward and lay down their bets. These are limited by law to fifty dollars on a single fight, but they often go much higher. Then, stepping into the pit, each holding his bird by the tail, they place them on the ground, and allow them almost to meet. Then they take them up again and, covering the head with the hand, each allows his adversary a tremendous peck at the gills. The judge waves his hand as a signal to uncover. The excitement is now at fever heat. A perfect babel prevails. Betters are dancing all over the ring. Some wish to back one, and some the other. Some even offer odds, but never seem to give more than five to four. Now the sheaths are off, and the fight is about to begin. Not a whisper is heard, and all eyes are riveted on the champions. The supreme moment, to which months of care and preparation have tended, has now arrived. Each owner endeavors to animate his pet to the utmost. He pulls the joints of his toes, spits on his head, tickles his tail, and finally pulls out a feather, which he carefully holds in his mouth for luck, and then puts him on the ground about a yard from his adversary. With such weapons, as may be imagined, combats are short and decisive. On this occasion, my favorite, whose bold eye and scaly legs had induced me to wager five dollars on his prowess, after one or two sharp passes stood without his knife before his opponent, and without even his natural spur, as that had been cut down. A chance blow had neatly relieved him of his knife, and there he was, like an unarmed man before a swordsman. There seemed to be no doubt about the result. But, to the surprise of all, he forced the fighting, and skillfully avoiding the murderous blows aimed at him, he pounded his adversary with his stump to such good purpose that he was soon pursuing him in triumph around the ring, and won the fight and money amidst the most enthusiastic shouts.

The day's festivities conclude with fireworks on the plaza, and at just nine o'clock an enormous fire balloon, carrying a small pig, is sent up. The shouts of admiration from the assembled multitude are answered by the fainter and fainter squeals of the hapless animal as he sails off into the still night air.

Arthur T. Marvin.

HIGH JINKS.

On the twenty-third of February, 1872, a number of journalists met in an office in San Francisco, and organized themselves into an association for "the promotion of good fellowship among journalists and other writers, and the elevation of the profession to that place in the popular estimation to which it is entitled." The name adopted by this organization was "The Bohemian Club," but the belief that a wider field for membership was essential for its prosperity led the gentlemen who composed it to reconsider the steps that they had taken, and on the first day of April, 1872, the present Bohemian Club was organized, by substantially the same persons. The objects of its existence were defined in its first constitution to be: "The promotion of social and intellectual intercourse between journalists and other writers, artists, actors, and musicians, professional or amateur, and such others not included in this list as may, by reason of knowledge and appreciation of polite literature, science, and the fine arts, be deemed worthy of membership. And, also, the collection and preservation of records, mementoes, and archives, illustrating the progress of literature, science, and art on the Pacific Coast, and calculated to perpetuate the memory of those who have been or who shall be instrumental in promoting such progress." The last clause of Article III. of the by-laws, adopted at the same time, reads: "An informal reunion shall be held on the evening of the last Saturday in each month, under the direction of a member, to be selected for the occasion by the trustees."

The constitution of the club was remodeled in 1875, and the objects of the club were then defined as follows: "It is instituted for the association of gentlemen connected professionally with literature, art, music, the drama, and also those who, by reason of their love or appreciation of these objects, may be deemed eligible." The reunions on the last Saturday evening of each month are continued in the by-laws, but they are designated in the margin as "High Jinks"—a name which had in the meantime been adopted without formal action on the part of the club—and are described as "social" instead of "informal."

From the early days of the club, these meetings attracted much attention, and invitations to them were eagerly sought for. They have been kept up from the time of the adoption of the first constitution until now; and while no two of them have been alike, there has been a certain general resemblance running through all. Ever since the christening of the meetings as "High Jinks," the presiding member has been known as the "sire." He it is who selects a subject and arranges a literary programme. To his assistance comes some member of the musical fraternity, and prepares a musical programme, which, under the direction of the "sire," is sandwiched in with the other. To the artists, in the distribution of parts for these entertainments, has fallen the duty of perpetuating their memory by means of cartoons illustrative of the subjects, to be hung upon the walls of the club. Not every "sire" has found a friendly artist with leisure on his hands to work up the subject; but great numbers of these paintings and sketches adorn the walls of the club. Some of them are of great merit as pictures; some are valuable in illustration of their subject; some are humorous; and some are dear to the members because of their grotesque and good-natured exaggerations of peculiarities of past members of the club, whose presence the rooms can never see more; others, again, illustrate incidents in the history of the club.

In addition to the wealth of resource which the club has always had within itself for the purposes of these meetings, there is to be added as a constant element of variety the fact that from its foundation it has been a favorite resort of all the star actors and musicians who have visited this coast, and many of the "Jinks" have been made doubly interesting by the brilliant contributions of the guests of the club. On such occasions it may well be believed that the strong bonds of sympathy between the performer and the audience have caused those favored ones to hear our visitors at their best.

As the club has grown older, no great stress has been laid upon the amount of "love and appreciation of literature, art, music, and the drama" which should render a candidate for membership eligible. With greater liberality in the construction of these qualifications there has come increased membership, and, in corresponding degree, an increase in the number of guests from at home and abroad who have been present at a Bohemian "High Jinks;" till the number of those in whose memory lingers a couplet from some bit of original poetry, a fragment from some brilliant description of travel, a snatch of delicious song, the harmony evoked by some master of a musical instrument, a flash of sparkling wit, perhaps a touch of tender pathos, planted there at some "Jinks," has become very great. Many of these have doubtless asked: "What is the history of 'High Jinks,' and whence comes the name?" In what follows the writer proposes to furnish what information he possesses on the subject.

The phrase "high jinks" is occasionally used by English writers, and generally in such a way as to convey the idea of a convivial gathering. The impression made by the word "jinks" upon the household language of Scotland betrays its origin. Burns uses both the verb "to jink" and the nouns "jink" and "jinker," and Jamieson gives similar derivatives. In the later editions of Webster, in the *Slang Dictionary*, and in the *Dictionary of Phrase and Fable*, "high jinks" has a place, and its definition in those works is directly referred to Sir Walter Scott's description of the Saturday evening amusements of the Edinburgh lawyers, as given in *Guy Mannering*. Most encyclopedias and dictionaries neglect the subject. In the unabridged edition of Dr. Jamieson's Scottish dictionary, however, under the alternative title of "Whigmeleerie, or Hy-jinks," a game which was occasionally used at Angus, at a drinking-club, is described as follows:

> "A pin was stuck in the centre of a circle, from which there were as many radii as there were persons in the company, with the name of each person at the radius opposite to him. On the pin an index was placed, and moved round by every one in his turn; and at whomsoever's person's radius it stopped, he was obliged to drink off his glass."

So feeble an amusement was hardly worth the record, and is not to be confounded with what the great novelist speaks of in *Guy Mannering* as "the ancient and now forgotten pastime of 'high jinks,'" the rules of which he proceeds to describe as follows:

> "This game was played in several different ways. Most frequently the dice were thrown by the company, and those upon whom the lot fell were obliged to assume and maintain, for a time, a certain fictitious character, or to repeat a certain number of fescennine verses in a particular order. If they departed from the character assigned, or if their memory proved treacherous in the repetition, they incurred forfeits, which were either compounded for by swallowing an additional bumper, or by paying a small sum toward the reckoning."

It will be remembered that at this point in the story of *Guy Mannering*, chance had brought Colonel Mannering and Dandie Dinmont together — both being in search of Counsellor Pleydell; the former to procure his aid in protecting the rights of Lucy Bertram, the latter to gratify his native taste for litigation. They had succeeded in ascertaining Pleydell's whereabouts, through his servant and the chairman, and had penetrated to the apartment where the "high jinks" was in progress. The astonishment of Mannering at the discovery of the learned lawyer whom he sought "enthroned as a monarch in an elbow-chair on the dining-room table," was not perhaps greater than the chagrin of Pleydell at being thus discovered; but both, as far as they could, concealed their feelings. It is in the lively play of wit which pervades the brilliant description of the scene which follows that we recognize how far apart are the watching the turn of the index in "whigmeleerie" for the slight excitement of determining who should next "drink off his glass," and the "high jinks" of *Guy Mannering*. After Mannering and Dandie Dinmont have fairly entered the room, the former, dropping at once into the humor of the situation, says:

> "'And now, since we have unwarily intruded upon your majesty at a moment of mirthful retirement, be pleased to say when you will indulge a stranger with an audience on those affairs of weight which have brought him to your northern capital.'
>
> "The monarch opened MacMorlan's letter, and, running it hastily over, exclaimed, with his natural voice and manner:
>
> "'Lucy Bertram, of Ellangowan, poor, dear lassie!'
>
> "'A forfeit! a forfeit!' exclaimed a dozen voices. 'His majesty has forgotten his kingly character.'
>
> "'Not a whit! not a whit!' replied the king; 'I'll be judged by this courteous knight. May not a monarch love a maid of low degree? Is not King Cophetua and the Beggar Maid an adjudged case in point?'
>
> "'Professional! professional! Another forfeit,' exclaimed the tumultuary nobility.
>
> "'Had not our royal predecessors,' continued the monarch, exalting his sovereign voice to drown these disaffected clamors, 'had they not their Jean Logies, their Bessie Carmichaels, their Oliphants, their Sandilands, and their Weirs, and shall it be denied to us even to name a maiden whom we delight to honor? Nay, then, sink state and perish sovereignty! for, like a second Charles V., we will abdicate, and seek in the private shades of life those pleasures which are denied to a throne.'"

There is an apparent hibernicism in Sir Walter's speaking of the game as "forgotten," and then giving such a graphic description of it, which can only be accounted for upon the theory that the *Guy Mannering* "high jinks" was practically an invention of his own. The fact that Strutt makes no mention of the game tends to confirm this view. In one of the notes to the centenary edition of the Waverly Novels, which would appear to have been written by the author himself, we obtain our first information of the extent of his knowledge on the subject. He there says:

> "I believe this strange species of game, or revel, to be the same mentioned in old English plays, and which was called 'Coming from Tripoli.' When the supposed king was seated in his post of elevation the most active fellow in the party came into the presence, leaping over as many chairs and stools as he could manage to spring over. He is announced as a Post.
>
> "*King*—From whence?
>
> "*Post*—From Tripoli, my liege.
>
> "He then announces to the mock monarch the destruction of his army and fleets. This species of 'high jinks' was called 'Gerunto,' from the name of the luckless general. I have seen many who have played at it.
>
> "Among the rest an excellent friend and relative, now no more (the late Mr. Keith of Dunottar and Ravelstone), gave me a ludicrous account of a country gentleman coming up to Edinburgh rather unexpectedly, and finding his son, who he had hoped was diligently studying the law in silence and seclusion, busily engaged in personating the king in a full drama of 'Gerunto.' The monarch, somewhat surprised at first, passed it off with assurance, calling for a seat to his worthy father, and refusing to accost him otherwise than in the slang of the character. This incident—the more comic situation of the two—suggested the scene in the text."

Brand's *Popular Antiquities* and Hone's *Year Book* both give a description of a game called "hy-jinks," and the authority in each case is Allan Ramsay, a Scottish poet, who died in the middle of the last century. His works, although but little read, have been recently republished in England. In a poem entitled "Elegy on Maggy Johnston, who died in the year 1711," the following verse is found:

> "When in our pouch we fand some clinks,
> And took a turn ower Bruntsfield Links,
> Aften in Maggy's at Hy-Jinks
> We guzzl'd scuds,
> Till we could scarce, wi' hale out-drinks,
> Cast off our duds."

A foot-note tells us that—

> "Maggy Johnston lived about a mile southward of Edinburgh and kept a little farm, and had a particular art of brewing a small sort of ale, agreeable to the taste, very white, clear, and intoxicating, which made people who loved to have a good pennyworth for their money be her frequent customers; and many others of every station, sometimes for diversion, thought it no affront to be seen in her barn or yard."

"Hy-jinks" is described in a note as—

> "A drunken game, or new project to drink and be rich; thus the quaff, or cup, is filled to the brim, then one of the company takes a pair of dice, and, after crying 'hy-jinks,' he throws them out; the number he casts up points out the person must drink—he who threw beginning at himself number one, and so round till the number of persons agrees with that of the dice (which may fall upon himself if the number be twelve); then he sets the dice to him, or bids him take them; he on whom they fall is obliged to drink, or pay a small forfeiture in money; then throws, and so on; but if he forgets to cry 'hy-jinks,' he pays a forfeiture into the bank. Now he on whom it falls to drink, if there be anything in the bank worth drawing, gets it all if he drinks. Then, with a great deal of caution, he empties his cup, sweeps up the money, and orders the cup to be filled again, and then throws; for if he err in the articles, he loses the privilege of drawing the money. The articles are: (1) Drink. (2) Draw. (3) Fill. (4) Cry *hy-jinks.* (5) Count just. (6) Chuse your doublet man, viz: when two equal numbers of the dice are thrown, the person whom you chuse must pay a double of the common forfeiture, and so must you when the dice is in his hand. A rare project this [adds Ramsay], and no bubble, I can assure you; for a covetous fellow may save money, and get himself as drunk as he can desire in less than an hour's time."

Such are the various descriptions of "high jinks" which we find on record. When the phrase occurs in the writings of a modern English author, we naturally associate it with a gathering somewhat in the spirit of the *Guy Mannering* "jinks," and whether the "high jinks" of that novel may or may not trace its lineal descent from the "hy-jinks" of Ramsay, we feel that the transition from the debauchery at Maggy Johnston's to the easy nonsense of Pleydell and the grave humor of Colonel Mannering at Clerihugh's is too great to reconcile them as one and the same game. Ramsay's description of the manner in which the choice spirits of his day passed their time, couched in the strong, coarse language permitted then, brings before us a scene which would scarce be tolerated to-day in the "Barbary Coast." We seek in vain for the historical link which shall connect the two. It is plain that the word "jink" or "jinks" had a strong hold upon the popular affection of the Scotch. Nearly every change is rung upon it of which it is capable. It figures in the vocabulary as a verb, noun, and adjective, and to fit it for children's use, diminutive terminations are attached to it. Its primary function seems to be to express exuberant, irrepressible fun and frolic, and all secondary meanings which we find are readily traceable to this fountain-head.

"High jinks," as we find the phrase in use in the works of English writers to-day and as Scott described it, means more than a mere frolic—it means a *convivial* frolic. Had the game no other claim to popular favor than is to be found in the low bacchanalian orgies in which it first presented itself, it were far better that Sir Walter had spoken truly when he said it had been forgotten. But the great writer weaves around it a web of wit and jollity which converts it into an attractive and enjoyable scene, and revives anew our speculations, whether he himself was aware of the dividing line between history and imagination in the fictitious scene which he was describing. The note to the centenary edition furnishes only a partial answer to these doubts. The differences between the game described in the note and that in the text are so marked that we must look farther, even when aided by the anecdote of Mr. Keith, to discover the material which he has moulded into such a powerful scene. Records of other sports of far less merit are preserved to us in full. There is no lack, for instance, of descriptions of the annual revels connected with the installation of the "Lords of Misrule" in England. The formula used on one occasion by the person conferring this title is given by an old writer as follows: "Whom we invest with that title to no other end but to countenance the bacchanalian rites and preposterous disorders of the family where he is installed." In Scotland, the equivalent of this mummery was to be found in the "Abbot of Unreason," and Sir Walter himself gives an excellent account of this ancient burlesque ceremony. Into the mouth of this mock dignitary he puts the following language:

> "Play out the play, and he that speaks the next word of sense or reason, or bids us think, or consider, or the like of that, which befits not the day, I will have him solemnly ducked in the mill-dam."

The abbot issuing his mandates in lordly tone, and holding to its work the mischievous mob in command of which he temporarily finds himself, might almost step into the extemporized throne upon the table in Clerihugh's tavern. What he lacks of courtly dignity is more than made up by the manner in which he sustains his part. Pleydell lapses into his profession, and it requires all the adroitness of a special pleader to justify, but we know the abbot only in his holy character so long as he maintains the disguise. The very differences of the situations in which the leading motives are so similar—the quaint mixture of drollery and conviviality to be observed in the two scenes, and also in the descriptions given to us of the brief reigns of the "Lords of Misrule"—all unite to suggest that the "high jinks" of *Guy Mannering* was but a mixture of an old-time drinking-bout with the drolleries of the game of "Gerunto," flavored, perhaps unconsciously, with the follies and humors of the "Lords of Misrule" and "Abbots of Unreason."

"Who lists, may in their mummery see
Traces of ancient mystery."

The pen of the author refuses to delineate the witty counselor engaged in "guzzling scuds." The ill-temper developed in the short sway of the abbot, and many of the grosser absurdities perpetrated by the "Lords of Misrule," would be equally inappropriate. Feats of agility, such as characterized the game of "Gerunto," would be entirely out of place. The banquet must be intellectual as well as sensual. At the magic touch of the "Wizard of the North," conviviality supersedes debauchery; wit replaces satire; humor supplants buffoonery: what was repulsive becomes fascinating, and the mind rises from the contemplation of the scene, quickened and amused.

As one reads of these meetings, where wit, humor, and pathos were allied with good cheer, the mind recurs to the great prototype of them all—the scene at which "mine hoste" proposed the plan for enlivening the Canterbury pilgrimage:

"Great cheer made our hoste us everich on,
And to the souper sette he us anon,
And served us with the vitaille of the beste.
Strong was the win, and wel to drinke us leste."

* * * * * * *

"And after souper, plaien he began,
And spake of mirth, amonges other thinges."

We have dwelt at some length upon three distinct descriptions of "high jinks." The intervals between them, in their chronological order, are nearly one hundred years each, and the character of each is typical of the period of its existence. Even the pen of the worthy predecessor of Burns can arouse no higher emotion than curiosity in his "Elegy on Maggy Johnston." In the interval between the "turn over Bruntsfield Links" and the scene at Clerihugh's tavern the progress is great, but we could not to-day, even for the sake of the ready wit of a Pleydell, tolerate a sire of "high jinks" with "his scratch-wig on one side, and his head crowned with a bottle-slider." Through the smoke and the steam from the hot whisky, the form of Christopher North looms up conspicuously in the *Noctes Ambrosianæ*, but it would be hard to imagine the Autocrat of the Breakfast Table depicting a similar series of fictitious sessions of contributors to the *Atlantic.* We can, without disrespect to the author, enjoy a laugh at Dean Aldrich's five reasons for taking a drink:

"Good wine, a friend, because you're dry,
Perhaps you will be by and by,
Or any other reason why."

But the Church of England would not entertain the same respect for him, were he contemporaneous with ourselves, that it did for the contemporary of Counselor Pleydell.

The meanings of words and phrases change from day to day. The etymology of "high jinks" in the works of an English author must be referred to *Guy Mannering*. But there is a new class of authors, who occasionally use the phrase, whose definition of it must be based upon the happy hours that they have spent within the walls of the Bohemian Club, perhaps in company with the mothers and the wives and the sisters of the members of the club. This difference is of importance to some persons, and represents the advance of "high jinks" during the second century of its history.

ANDREW McF. DAVIS.

REMINISCENCES OF COLONEL E. D. BAKER.

Colonel E. D. Baker was of English birth. When he was about four years of age, his parents, who were educated English people, (although the reverse has been stated, probably to illustrate how it is possible for one to rise from humble origin), came to this country, and settled in Philadelphia, where his father introduced the Lancastrian system of schools. There the lad resided for some time, attending his parents' school, and amusing himself during his leisure hours in wandering about the city, observing, with the quick eye of youth, everything. The looms of the weavers were to him great objects of interest; and he spent hours watching the weavers, as they deftly shot the shuttle from side to side. Becoming quite a favorite with the workmen, they sometimes allowed him to try his hand at the looms, which fact probably gave rise to the story that he worked at that trade when a boy.

It is related that when he was ten years old he had become quite familiar with our form of government; and that one day his mother surprised him in his favorite resort, reading the Constitution of the United States. He was crying bitterly. Upon being questioned as to the cause of his grief, he replied, between his sobs, that he "could never be President of the United States, because the Constitution prohibited it; but," said he, "it does not say that a foreigner can not be a senator, and I shall be one before I die." This was his leading ambition, and he accomplished it but a short time before his untimely death.

A few years later, his father joined the great caravan of westward bound emigrants, and finally settled in Carrollton, Green County, Illinois. At this place young Baker continued his studies, and even at that early age evinced remarkable natural powers as an orator. His father sent him one day to look for a favorite mare, which had strayed, and told him not to return until he had found her. The youth started forth and soon obtained trace of her, trudging along on foot, carrying the bridle over his shoulder, hearing of the animal here and there, until, just after nightfall of the second day, he found himself entering the little village of Lynville, thirty miles from home. As he passed up the single street of the town, looking for a hotel, his attention was attracted by lights and sounds in the school-house. He approached the building, and, hearing voices, boldly entered, thinking to gain some information within. He soon discovered that he was in the midst of a debating society—a popular method of amusement in the Far West in those days. Nearly the entire population of the place had assembled to listen to the arguments of the rustic speakers upon some political question of the day. Young Baker was a Whig, and soon became interested in the proceedings. He had, quietly and unobserved, taken a seat near the door of the school-house. After a dozen bucolic Ciceros had aired their views on each side, an old, gray-haired Bourbon majestically arose, hemmed, cleared his throat, took a drink of water, and proceeded to demolish his Whig opponents absolutely, with his torrents of homespun eloquence. It was evident that his arguments were considered unanswerable, and the presiding officer was apparently about to decide in favor of the "Locofoco" side, when young Baker arose, and modestly requested permission to reply to the aged gentleman. All eyes turned and beheld a strange young man, apparently about sixteen years of age, with the bridle still over his back. His request, however, was kindly granted, and the future senator made his *début* as a debater, and for half an hour handled the disciples of Jefferson without gloves, completely turning the tables. At the close of his speech the question was quickly decided in favor of the Whig side, and the audience gathered about the young orator in admiration. The old gentleman whom he had vanquished grasped him warmly by the hand, and said: "Young man, who air ye, and whar did ye come from?" After his presence there had been explained, the old villager continued: "You come over to my house and stay all night, and to-morry the boys'll go an' help you hunt the mar." The invitation was accepted. The "mar" was found, and Baker went his way home, leaving behind a host of friends.

Years passed on. Baker studied law, was admitted to the bar, became the firm friend of Abraham Lincoln, practiced in the same courts with the lamented President and such men as Douglas, McDougal, and others, was elected to the legislature, to Congress, served in the Mexican war, went to the isthmus in connection with the railroad, there contracted Panama fever, which nearly ended his life, and finally, in 1852, came to California. All old Californians are familiar with his life and experiences here; but, nevertheless, the following incident is related, as it is believed that it never was in print before. Starr King, shortly after his removal to this coast, was engaged by some society to deliver a course of lectures in Sacramento—among others, one on the "Life and Death of Socrates." In the afternoon of the day this lecture was to have been delivered, the chairman of the committee received a telegram from Mr. King saying he was ill, and could not fulfill his engagement for that night. The committee was in a quandary. The lecture was advertised, tickets were sold, and it was too late in the day to announce a postponement. Finally, one of the committee said: "I have it. Colonel Baker is in town; he can assist us, if we can persuade him." Thereupon, the committee started in search of the colonel, whom they found at his hotel, playing billiards, of which he was passionately fond. The chairman made known his errand, and the colonel assented; but proceeded quietly with his game, which he continued playing until about six o'clock in the evening. The member of the committee who had been left to remind the colonel of his promise, if he saw any signs that it had been forgotten, approached him and said: "Colonel, haven't you forgotten about that lecture you are to deliver to-night?" "Oh, no," said he, "that's all right; I'll be on hand." The committeeman retired, rather doubtful. After playing half an hour longer, the colonel went to his room, arranged his toilet, and proceeded to the church, which he found filled with a large and fashionable audience. He mounted the rostrum, and made one of the most eloquent and brilliant efforts of his life, on the very subject Starr King had chosen—"The Life and Death of Socrates."

"Colonel Baker," said the chairman, at the close of the lecture, and after he had received the congratulations of his friends, "tell me how it is that you can play billiards until an hour of the time you are to lecture, and then deliver such a masterly effort. What time had you for preparation?" "Oh," said the colonel, good-naturedly, "that's nothing. I have made the life of Socrates a study from my youth, and I needed no preparation. I was already primed, and only wanted a chance."

Every one remembers his great speech in reply to the scholarly and eloquent debater, Senator Breckinridge. This is how he happened to make that speech. The California regiment (seventy-first Pennsylvania volunteers), which Baker commanded, was encamped at the foot of Meridian Hill, about a mile from the capitol, having just returned from Fortress Monroe. Riding into the city from the camp, the colonel arrived at the capitol, and throwing the reins of his horse to an orderly, sauntered carelessly into the senate-chamber, expecting the usual routine of business. To his surprise, Breckinridge was speaking. Taking his seat, he listened to the adroit Kentuckian's argument in favor of the right of the States to secede. When the senator was through, Baker arose to his feet, his tall, commanding figure negligently attired in his colonel's uniform, and his white hair waving and glistening in the light. Then he uttered the stirring, eloquent words which cheered desponding Union men, and strengthened the courage of the "doubting Thomases." When he had finished, and after receiving the enthusiastic congratulations of his Republican colleagues, he quietly mounted his horse and rode back to camp, as if he had not just performed the herculean feat of hurling the champion of "polished treason" into the dust.

Shortly after, Senator Breckinridge, accompanied by Senator McDougal, visited the camp of the California Regiment, and after partaking of the hospitalities of the colonel's tent, went forth with him to witness the dress-parade, which was then forming. As they walked along the line, the men recognized Breckinridge. Suddenly there was a low murmur, as of an approaching wind. It gradually increased in volume, until it deepened into an unmistakable groan from the throats of sixteen hundred men. As soon as the colonel realized its import, he sprang forward, almost ten feet, it seemed, at a single bound, and said, with flashing eye, and in a loud, commanding voice: "Men of the California Regiment, I hope you will remember the courtesy due your commander's guest." Then, turning to the senator, he said: "I trust you will pardon the seeming rudeness of the men." Breckinridge did not stay very long after that, however. In fact, it was but a short time until he joined the Confederacy.

On another occasion, President Lincoln, accompanied by William H. Seward, visited the camp of his friend. The men had not been paid for two or three months. They had erected a stuffed image near the entrance to the camp, and had labeled it "the defunct paymaster." As the carriage which contained the distinguished visitors rolled up the avenue of tents toward head-quarters, a number recognized the President; and thinking, probably, to give him a hint in regard to the Government's delinquency, dragged the "defunct paymaster" from its elevation, formed an impromptu procession with the effigy at their head, and marched, some five hundred in number, behind the carriage, singing an old camp-song, running:

> "Poor old Robinson Crusoe,
> What made you do so," etc.

When the carriage, followed by this motley crowd, arrived at the colonel's tent, he came out to greet his friend. When he caught sight of the procession in the rear, his eye twinkled, and he said: " Mr. President, allow me to congratulate you on the fine appearance of your body-guard." Mr. Lincoln turned, and for the first time saw the effigy of the "defunct paymaster." A broad smile spread over his genial countenance, and he said: "Men, I take the hint. Your case shall be attended to." They broke ranks, giving three cheers for Old Abe. The next day a live paymaster came and paid the troops in yellow, shining gold, the last of that metal the regiment saw during the war.

While the regiment was encamped at the little village of Hampton, near Fortress Monroe, it was drilled every day by a certain officer detailed from the regular army for that purpose. He was a strict disciplinarian and a good drill-master, but given to the habit of swearing terribly, at men and officers alike, much to their disgust. Colonel Baker concluded to rebuke him for this, and did it as follows: One day the officer was drilling the regiment in battalion manœuvres, and appeared to be particularly ferocious. The colonel was sitting astride his gray horse, looking every inch a soldier, watching the proceedings. The oaths and expletives were flying about in quick succession. The men were tired of drill, tired of the ceaseless profanity, and for that reason, probably, a little careless. Immediately after one of his worst bursts of blasphemy, the colonel spurred his horse up to the valiant officer, and said: " Captain, stop," which the captain did, in mute surprise. Thereupon the colonel galloped fiercely up and down the line once or twice, waving his sword, and in a mock-tragic manner threatened the soldiers with all the torments he could think of, lavishly interpolating his threats with an imitation of the captain's abusive language. Then, turning to the astonished drill-master, he said: "Captain, don't you think that is a fine way to drill a regiment?" The captain looked crestfallen, and no more profanity was heard from him after that.

A few days after, there came up a terrible thunder-storm. The rain came down in torrents. Colonel Baker and his staff were comfortably ensconced in the house of a certain Dr. Wood, which was used for head-quarters. Out on the lawn, which sloped gently down to the banks of Hampton Creek, the faithful sentinel, drenched to the skin, paced up and down with his musket on his shoulder.

"I expect that man is dry," said the colonel. The officers looked at him inquiringly, for it was apparent to all that he was very wet.

"This is what I mean," said he, and, seizing a bottle of stimulant which stood near, he filled a glass, and before any one could interfere, marched solemnly out into the driving rain, and said: "Here, my man, take something to keep you from catching cold." The man looked at him wonderingly for a second, then tossed it off. This was not exactly in accordance with military rules; but Baker was always doing some little thing of this kind for the comfort of the men, which endeared him to them.

The friendship existing between Colonel Baker and President Lincoln has heretofore been alluded to in this article. It was warm and strong, and began in early life, when they were young men together. It existed uninterruptedly until the colonel's death. Mr. Lincoln had great confidence in Baker, not only in his genius as an orator and statesman, but also in his military capacity. This is evident from the fact of his urging Baker to accept a commission as a major-general. In fact, he sent him a commission as such, but the colonel steadily refused to accept it, saying to his friend: "You overrate my military ability. I can fight with a brigade, but do not wish to assume the responsibility of a higher command. Besides, the people of Oregon elected me to the Senate under peculiar circumstances; and were I to resign my seat, which I should be compelled to do if I accept your offer, they would deem me an adventurer." Although the commission was never accepted, he had it in his pocket at the fatal battle of Ball's Bluff.

The question has often been asked, Why did Colonel Baker participate in the war? Why did he not remain in his seat in the Senate, as other dignified senators were content to do? The answer is to be found in one of his speeches: "Mr. President, I am in favor of bold, forward, and determined war." In other words, he "talked fight," and he was not the man to sit idly by and see others do that which he counseled without taking part in it himself.

It is known to a great many that Colonel Baker was elected to Congress at an early age from the Sangamon District of Illinois. Mr. Lincoln was a candidate for the nomination before the convention, but Baker was successful. After the nomination had been made, the latter sent a characteristic note to Lincoln, saying that he would never stand in his way again; and if it ever appeared that he was so doing, Mr. Lincoln need only return him that note, and he would retire. When Baker's term had expired, and the convention was again assembled to make nominations, Mr. Lincoln sent him the note, whereupon the colonel went before the delegates and advocated the nomination of his friend. Mr. Lincoln was nominated and afterward elected.

Baker then turned his eyes to other fields. He went to Galena District, and obtained the nomination on the Whig ticket for Congress. Although the district had been largely Democratic, such was his winning influence that he was elected by a handsome majority.

After the battle of Ball's Bluff, the writer, in company with the colonel's brother, Dr. Alfred C. Baker, called upon President Lincoln, to show him the order directing the colonel to cross the river, about which there was so much controversy at the time, and which the writer had taken from the colonel's hand as his remains were being brought from the field. There were present, also, William H. Seward and Thurlow Weed. The order was exhibited to Mr. Lincoln, who unfolded it with trembling hands, smoothed out the creases covered with the blood of his dead friend, and, with tears streaming from his eyes, read:

> "You will cross the river, take up a strong position, and, if possible, make a dash on Leesburgh.
> "CHARLES P. STONE,
> "Brigadier-General."

"Gentlemen," said the President, "my Baker was murdered;" meaning, of course, that he was sacrificed by reason of the order, and he never changed his mind. The manner of his death has frequently been misstated. He was not killed by any one individual nor by one shot, but by a volley from a rebel regiment which came up on the left flank, and which, the writer has reason to believe, Baker thought was a reenforcement under General Gorman, sent from Edward's Ferry by General Stone. His life paid the forfeit of his error, and he fell, pierced by nine bullets through heart and brain, death being instantaneous. The rebels charged across the ravine and made a desperate effort to capture his body, but were gallantly repulsed by the New York company of the regiment, under Captain Berial. The remains were finally carried from the field by Captains Hicks, Young, the writer, and others, and taken to Poolesville, Maryland, four miles from the battle-field, thence to Washington, where they were deposited in a vault, in the presence of the President, Cabinet, Senate and Representatives, foreign ministers, and a vast concourse of people. They were afterward embalmed and delivered to the committee of Californians, to be brought to this State. *En route* to New York, they lay in state in Independence Hall in Philadelphia, and over one hundred thousand people passed through the hall and took a farewell look at him whose matchless eloquence had but yesterday aroused their patriotism and cheered their desponding hearts. EDWARD B. JEROME.

FOR THE LAST TIME.

There comes an end to everything, my dearest;
  The longest hour of agony must pass,
  The sweetest hour of joy must end, alas!
And not the strength of all the love thou bearest
  Can motion back from me the solemn dawn
  Of this new journey, whither I am drawn
By force resistless and invisible.
  How the dim light weaves shadows in the room,
  And sounds mysterious tremble through the gloom!
Thou art so brave, death hath no fears for thee,
  And love supreme waits in the awful hush,

Listening with jealous fears for the dark rush
Of angel's wings in this hour given to me
For the last time.

Thou hearest, my beloved—well I know,
By the mute agony in those sad eyes—
My soul's voice speaking unto thine so low
That it seems unto others echoing sighs.
What words would not be cold at such a time?
But, love, I understand thee, lying here,
And closer hold thy throbbing palm in mine,
And wait with thee the end which draweth near.
Yet I, that am so quiet, well can feel
The pain for thee of this last hour on earth,
Nor would I leave thee lonely by our hearth,
For all the knowledge dying can reveal,
If my will was unto my soul a law.
We are two children; over us the whole
Commanding universe of God doth roll.
Draw close and hearken! for methought I saw
An aureate light, and heard a stir of wings—
Dear love, I see and hear so many things
For the last time!

I have no fear of that which is to come—
Hast thou had fear when thou wert nearing home?
If my last sleep be dreamless and profound,
Is it not well with me? Or if it be
Rich in fulfillment of God's promises,
May not my spirit murmur unto thee,
Coming at eve, upon some gracious air,
To touch thy lips and bring thee visions fair?
I will be with thee when the roses blow,
And all the richness of the year doth flow
In gorgeous waves of color through the land.
When daisies star the sod, or snow-flakes shroud,
When the low sun gold-edges some bright cloud,
Or the pure dawn uprises at command,
Let these things speak of me; make me a part
Of all thy life, of all thy loving heart,
And keep me always in thy memory
As closely as to-night thou holdest me
For the last time.

Yet even at this hour there comes a thought—
A vision of the time when I shall fade
To a dim spectre in thy memory's shade;
But ah! thy loving eyes too oft have sought
The light in mine to wholly lose the trace
Of absent features; thou wilt keep a place
In thy heart's temple sacred to thy dead.
Dost thou hear music? Bend thy patient head
Closer to mine—I can not see thee now,
Though thy mute lips are pressed upon my brow;
The dark death-angel, Israfel, is near,
And a strange light from outer worlds shines clear;
I see the glow around thee softly creep—
Kiss me once more, dear love, before I sleep,
For the last time.

May N. Hawley.

ALMOST A NOVEL.

"Carl," said I, "let us write a novel."

"Very well, let us," he returned, absently, sketching the ink-stand on a half-finished letter of mine which I had just thrown aside.

"Yes, but I am in earnest. You said Winston Thorncroft's was trash, yet it succeeded. Why shouldn't ours?"

"Ours would not be trash, and would therefore fall perfectly flat. The age of novel-reading is passing——"

"Why, Carl, I thought it was in full vigor!" I pouted.

"Don't interrupt me, I beg——is passing. People who aspire to be thought cultured always state that they never read novels——"

"But I don't believe them—do you?"

"Don't interrupt me, I *beg*——read novels, and people who admit a fondness for fiction require the most absolute rubbish to interest them—something very like arrow-root flavored with cayenne pepper."

"Have you really paused? '*Fermez les guillemets,*' as Mademoiselle Le Brun says to her dictation class. Hear me develop my plan. Let us write a novel so brutally commonplace that all the would-be cultured shall say: 'Here is perfect art! George Eliot's rival is in the field of letters!' Can't you fairly see the notices?"

"Can't say I do. I see some mature student quoting '*Non Di, non homines, non concessere columnæ*' at us. Let us, on the contrary, write such a sensational affair as shall melt the very type it's set up in with fervent heat. Let all the reviews raise a howl: 'Crime made attractive! Passion deified! A dangerous book!' and the *Critic on the Hearth* say that too much Ouida, Lawrence, and *New York Ledger* have evidently half-crazed this author, who is clearly very young, and, not to put too fine an edge upon it, green, but whose work it is folly seriously to analyze, as the assured failure of the book will effectually cure him of his *cacoëthes scribendi.*"

"Did you ever write book-notices, Carl?" I inquired.

"Oh, yes," he replies, in that delicious, indescribable tone men use when you ask them about their own adventures.

"Then write the wildly sensational part of a novel, and I will write the brutally commonplace, and we will combine them and astonish the world."

"Like the man in *Pickwick,* who looked for 'Chinese' under *C,* and 'Metaphysics' under *M,* in his encyclopedia, and combined his information in a newspaper article, which he called 'Chinese Metaphysics.'"

"Like the principal men of a village, who laid their heads together to make a wooden sidewalk."

"Like the boy whose mother said of him that he had made a violin out of his own head, and had wood enough left to make another."

"Carl, *will* you write a novel?"

"My dear child, I couldn't do such a thing, possibly."

Blushes are in order at the appellation, Carl being only a cousin. I bend my face lower over the table, which I am industriously scoring with a hard, sharp lead-pencil.

"Write about all your love affairs, past, present, and to be," I suggest.

"I never had but one love affair, and I never shall have another," he remarks gravely, looking at me, as I feel, but will not see.

This remark restores my balance, for I know well enough that he is thinking of my lovely sister Etta, who died seven long years ago. He killed her, to be sure, with his injustice and neglect. They parted in anger, he rushed abroad, she faded and died. Some one wrote for him, and he hastened home, but he came too late. He showed then that he had loved her well, for a dark change came over him. He had been a wild, passionate, adventurous man. Possessing one of those fortunes which, not to speak it profanely, are too much for one and not enough for two, he had worked the mine of his youth to the last vein of the ore. Whether he was content I know not. Many ladies refused to invite him to their houses, many more wished him to marry their daughters. I, when a child, while he was my sister's lover, adored him from a distance, but in a sufficiently original way. I endeavored to resemble him. It was the sorrow of my heart that I was not a boy, and, with some little attention to costume, and my dark hair parted on the side, I contrived to present a sufficiently masculine appearance, but small similarity to Carl's keen Greek face, with its thin, fine upper lip, heavy, feverish lower one, and long, dark-blue eyes, piercing as an eagle's, resolute as a general's. The round and gypsy contour of my face could not even be starved into the long, sharp outline of his. The sudden, darkly-shadowed hollows in his cheeks remained my admiration and my despair.

The change in my cousin of which I have spoken was not to cynicism, or rudeness, or rapt gazing—he became simply impenetrable. He ate and drank, read, walked and talked, as formerly, but the subtile something, the zest of all of life was gone, or struck dead, and the corpse of it kept his heart cold where it lay. He had buried himself in Europe after Etta's death, and in those years of his exile our misfortunes had fallen upon us. My father failed, and died, leaving us much worse than penniless—deeply in debt. By the advice of friends, my mother took boarders; and, one day, to our amazement, Carl came in, and announced his intention of making America his home thenceforth, and of taking rooms in my mother's house. I rather fancy that he paid our outstanding debts, for my mother, who had never greatly admired him, always spoke of him after his second return with a kind of expiatory self-reproach and enthusiasm.

I was my mother's only child, and did my poor best toward improving the state of our fallen fortunes. I gave her what help I could in the morning and evening, and during the day taught in a young ladies' seminary—extended sphere! The routine nauseated me; but I loved my mother devotedly, and forced myself to be hilarious when I was with her, so as not to add to her too heavy burden of care the knowledge of my discontent.

I believe I could have found an Indian or a gypsy among my ancestors, such was my inborn, unconquerable passion for wandering, for change of scene. I read histories of travel as eagerly as a school-boy; I looked at the globes in my recitation-room with a mysterious reverence; the mere mention of the south of France, the Tyrol, Egypt, made my pulse leap. Then I looked at my contracted horizon with a sigh and a sinking heart. I fretted and pined for a limitless liberty from which, even if I had possessed untold gold, my sex would have debarred me. I appreciated that; it was only one link more in the chain that weighed down hands and feet, heart and brain; but I could still "dream of all things free," and in that found a certain consolation, however poor and insubstantial.

My cousin Carl pretended to teach me German, and we had taken possession of the library on Sunday afternoons for nearly a year now, ostensibly to pursue our studies, really to talk over everything in heaven and earth, dreamt or undreamt of in philosophy. Now we sat scribbling busily on either side of the long, narrow table. I finished writing first, and, throwing down my pencil, sat watching Carl's sharp-cut, intellectual face, and wondering at its perfect impassivity. He had a stern and somewhat melancholy expression, yet there were no predominating lines and surfaces by which the observer might tell: "This is a studious man, a generous man, a musical man, a passionate man." All that one could safely say of Carl, seen unknown, was: "This is a gentleman, and one who has lived much." One could not even say, with any degree of assurance, that he was an honest man; for, though he met one's eyes frankly, and often smiled slightly in answering questions, there was in his very frankness an element of challenge, as if he said: "I defy you to read more of my thoughts than my lips utter." Yet there was that latent power about him, and strange savor in his speech, no matter how slight his remark, that presented an odd, contrasting charm with his creole indolence of manner, and fascinated most people whom he cared to conciliate. He lived the life of a society-man, and had endless invitations and engagements, so I saw but little of him, except on these Sunday afternoons, to which I looked forward through all the tedious week.

His manner to me was always more as if I had been fourteen than nineteen; it was the result of his having known me when I was a child, I suppose; a fact which I deplored. There was another little flavor in his general behavior toward myself which liked me not: namely, an air of keeping me at arm's length—of saying, "This is very amusing, but let us, *let* us keep it for diverson only. No *arrières-pensées* of flirtation, I beg. I am perfectly invulnerable, of course; but you, my good girl, remember that I am practically the only man you see, and do be careful of consequences that could only weary us both." This was not obtrusively apparent in Carl's bearing—nothing ever was; but I had detected it, and it was the more exasperating as I had experienced once or twice for this interesting child of the century, a touch of that mild morbidity which is the modern equivalent for the heart-ache. Also, into his level, eminently analytic and well-bred voice there would come, on occasion, a cadence, a something of which he was sublimely unconscious, that roused all the sentimentality in me, and nothing short of falling at his feet—with some appropriate remark, as "But to be with you still, to see your face, to serve and follow you through all the world"—would be any relief. My last grievance against him was the respectful compassion with which he looked upon the fact that I earned money. For certain expressions that I had surprised upon his face, *à propos* of my teaching, I could have torn him all to pieces. If he had felt a little contempt for me on that account, I should have been delighted, for it would have given me the right to despise him; if he had admired me for it, I should have worshiped him; but that he should kindly and gently pity me, moved me to anger as intense as it was impotent and unjust. These slight drawbacks aside, Carolus and I were on terms of the most charming *camaraderie.* He gravely held toward me what he had been writing; I, of course, could not do less than give him the result of my composing. This was his:

"She has the lingering grace
Of childhood in her face,
While round her hovers all a woman's charm;
She dreams not of these things,
But her soul's folded wings
Tremble with wish to try earth's unknown harm.

"She thinks—ah well, like all
Men living since the fall—
That where she is not happiness must be;
Knows not that to the wise
The old story underlies
Each aspect of the world, by land or sea.

"Could she but know how near
A real bliss lies to her,
Would she but in her own life live her part—
Nor toward the future yearn,
But in the present learn
To heed the beating of her true young heart!"

I was pondering over this, with cheeks aflame, when Carl, with his most perplexed frown, and such prosaic pause as people make on the stage when they deliver the contents of the intercepted letter—which they really know by heart—read aloud the sonnet I had given him:

"A contradiction in him I can see—
A victory won, and yet a victory lost;
Or, the foe felled at such a fearful cost
As robbed the triumph of supremacy.
Greatest of all, self-rule is said to be,
And, surely, he himself he masters most,
Denies himself all pleasure without boast,
Yet never to consoling calm wins he.
His scorn of others, vast compassion gilds;
His self-scorn to self-pity never yields.
Proudly alone, he will not stoop to care
What further blossoms greet him in life's fields;
The bitter courage his to pluck and wear
Experience's barren flower, despair."

"My goodness!" he exclaimed, comically, when he had finished it, "Is that your own? Don't you know that a sonnet is the most difficult thing to handle in the world? How like a woman, to fly at the very highest pinnacle of art! Although the last syllable of 'supremacy' is spelled with a 'c,' it is the same sound as your rhyme-word, 'see': that's bad. You divert the sound of 'o' in your second quatrain from what it was in the first. Then I like 'flower,' a blossom, in two syllables: you use it as one. And who is the hero of all that? One of the cadaverous pedagogues down at your school? The 'further blossoms in life's fields' sounds eminently like a geometry class. Queer side of a girl's life, those fellows see, that first innocence, all mixed in with giggling and bread and butter, till after a while they are interchangeable terms for him, and he 'can't tell t'other from which,' as the countryman expressed himself."

"What happy fair is the adorned of your Muse?" I inquired, somewhat decidedly, for Carl's tone had ebbed from the critical to the meditative.

"Those verses?" he replied, nonchalantly; "they were intended for a light sketch of you."

"Carl!" I cried, quivering with miserable self-consciousness, under his calmly observant eyes, "How did you know that I am not satisfied with the life I lead? I never said so!"

"How did I discover that you want to travel, and that you fire at the thought of 'breadths of tropic shade,' and walking tours in Switzerland? When I think how impenetrable you are, I revere my intuitions as almost godlike."

This was coming too near the vital dream of my youth to admit of a flippant rejoinder. I leaned my head on my hand in silence, and betook myself to my old distraction of marking the table.

"Strange fancies and passions and attractions are born in people," Carl rambled on. "That is an odd glamour in your mind that you would enjoy wandering about. You have the taste to appreciate everything, of course; but unless you had money, and leisure, and friends who had traveled, devoted to your interests, you would have to go over the old beaten track, and not see half there is to see at that."

"Does it take ever so much money to have a good time?" I inquired, tremulously.

"That depends," he replied, with his slow smile, "upon what you consider 'a good time.'"

"But she —— a friend of mine went all through the Louvre, and all about in a *fiacre,* and saw Murger's grave and everything, and it didn't cost her much," I hurriedly announced, to his great apparent amusement, but he kept the laugh far back in his eyes.

"Oh, Paris!" he commented, with a slightly disparaging emphasis; "that's your traveling, is it? 'Murger's grave and everything, in a *fiacre*'—ah, well!"

There was something in his tone that ruffled my nerves. I raised my elbows helplessly two or three times, as a young chicken extends its plumeless wings, and said, fretfully: "I want to get away—to get away. I want to see something else; I want to walk and exhaust myself; I want to 'push on and keep moving.'"

"It really has taken the form of a fixed idea, hasn't it?" said Carl, as if he would diagnose the case presently. "I suppose if you had been a boy, you would have run away to sea."

"If I had been a boy!" I echoed tragically; "it all lies in that. I should have been free."

Laying my face on my folded arm, I wept unmanly tears for the space of nearly five minutes. When, finally, I leaned back in my chair, wearing a savage scowl, I found Carl concentrating his eyes and energies upon pointing a pencil. He tranquilly looked out at me once from under his eyebrows, and, perceiving that he had the semblance of my attention, remarked, as if the latter part of our conversation had not been:

"Had you any plan in your mind when you suggested our writing a novel together?"

Knowing that my voice would sound hoarse and salty, I silently handed him some loose slips of paper and scribbled backs of envelopes, whereon I had written some notes for the opening to what I intended should develop into a highly idealized account of the struggles of a hampered woman's mind toward the higher life —whatever that is. I meant that Carl should supply the masculine element, and stiffen and dignify my style where it was limp and juvenile. I was not daunted by his dilapidation of my sonnet; for it was agreed between us that his superior years and experience should entitle him to dissect any intellectual effort of mine. There, however, his didactic privileges ceased. My manners, ethics, and choice of reading were my own; on these he might comment, but neither lecture nor forbid. The beginning of my novel was thus conceived:

> "The outermost dry husk of life is all that is permitted women; they sit and turn it in their nervous white hands, wondering, guessing, inventing what the kernel might have been—a sight of equal poetry and pathos.
>
> "How will it be with the women of the third generation from ours? I ponder, I speculate, I can not prophesy.
>
> "Strange that she who dared bring knowledge into the world, 'if that hypothesis of theirs be sound,' should be the one to profit least by her audacious transgression! If knowledge is sinful, why are all the benefits of it reaped exclusively by the less deeply cursed because less deeply sinning sex?
>
> "The corrosive witticisms of a few writers, who have wrestled till dawn with the demon of life till they extracted some few words of its secret, have a horribly true ring. There are two that always leap mockingly to my mind:
>
> "The great misfortune is, that in the design of nature, careful for the perpetuation of the species, woman is but a means, and she cannot help considering herself an end. It reminds me of a poor greyhound who was employed to turn a spit; she was never able to persuade herself that the roast was not for herself; every day it was a new deception, and I must add that the roast was more than once in danger. Therefore it would be well for the roast, I mean to say society, to take precautions against the appetite for happiness possessed by this creature at once feeble and violent, and wholly incapable of understanding her true destiny.'
>
> "I have no destiny, I am a nondescript, and after having lent a respectful hearing to much twaddle about making the world happier for having lived in it, I still stoutly aver that I would rather never have been. It is horrible to be mocked by the possibilities of happiness that one sees in the world, and unable to compel any of them into realities. Tantalus! Tantalus! Thou, and not Prometheus, art the type of suffering humanity.
>
> "That other bitter drop of wine that sometimes burns upon my tongue and compels me to silence, is this:
>
> "'The reason a woman is hopeful is because, never understanding herself, she never suspects that self-knowledge would reduce her to absolute despair.'
>
> "Oh religion, comfort us, poets deify us, heaven have pity on us!
>
> "One woman, one, lived her life out, worked her will of men's hearts, wrung admiration from an unwilling public, had a message and delivered it—George Sand!
>
> "It is no life to copy, for without the transcendent genius which animated its every part it is nothing. Her faults and her virtues were equally colossal, her artistic impulse fiery and all-controlling, her life had a motive. She was deputed to tell, without stammering, of that 'necessity which is not, as of old, a sort of mythological personage without us, with whom we can do warfare, but is a magic web woven through and through us, like that magnetic system of which modern science speaks, penetrating us with a network subtler than our subtlest nerves, yet bearing in it the central forces of the world.'
>
> "Yet in these 'bewildering toils,' borne upon by those 'natural laws which we shall never modify, embarrass us as they may,' she has taught us that we may still be compassionate, honorable, noble; that, though we may not avert, scarcely alleviate, the tragedy of stagnation or of action, yet respecting what we are for the sake of what we may be, how grandly she has shown that self-reproach is the one sting that makes our fate unbearable, and that with clean hands and a pure heart we will have strength to endure the combinations of the inevitable against us.
>
> "If she could make this living and understood by the vivisection of men's hearts for the perfecting of the art with which she wrote, for high Art's sake and the listening World's, she had the same right as any Parrhasius, or Balzac, or Goethe of them all to use the rack and scalpel as she would, to compel the quivering thing to give up its secret to her discerning eye, and so Genius must and will do, till Art and Science are stricken from the world.

"Whither has my love of freedom led me? Beyond what I have written to a vision of Consuelo and Joseph Haydn on the windy heath, a picture as exquisitely suggestive as any in literature."

Carl read the paged slips through conscientiously, in order, then laid them down and remarked, without materially altering his attentive expression: "I believe you stipulated for the brutally commonplace. Let us return our wandering attention to our too much neglected Jean Paul."

The next Sunday I asked Carl if he had devoted any thought to his share of the novel, which he had announced was to resemble arrow-root flavored with cayenne pepper.

"I have not devoted any thought to it," he returned, carelessly, "because I should simply commit to paper the story of—a friend of mine, whose romance, if it was a usual one, was at least one of the saddest I ever knew."

"Tell it to me," I entreated. Carl's vocabulary was not rich in superlatives—he cultivated the epigram. I was interested.

"The heroine," quoth Carl, in his most matter-of-fact tone, "was the wife of a Southern gentleman, who, since the Rebellion, owned a place just out of Paris. His name was—Raeburn. I had letters to him, so I was an eyewitness to part of the drama, and—a—the man told me the rest."

"What man?" I inquired.

"The hero, if such a pitiful wretch could be called so. He was possessed of a devil."

"Was he an American?" I asked.

"He was. I shall call him Frank."

"As he was the worst kind of traitor, that will be an excellent name for him," I interpolated.

Carl bit his lip, and proceeded: "He had been traveling, as I had, and met Mrs. Raeburn for the first time the same season that I did, in Paris. We all admired her extravagantly. I have never seen another such face. The first and abiding impression she gave you was of race. As a general thing, art can do better by humanity than nature, but no cameo could compare with the fineness of her delicate, pale face, and sculpture seems heavy and coarse by contrast with the dainty proportion of her figure. She had a small, proud mouth, with that slight, bluish tone upon the upper lip that you have seen in delicate children. Her eyes were dark and sympathetic, and, above all things, human and free. In the quadroon and Italian eyes that people praise there is a melancholy, servile roll that is to me intolerable. She had been a fragile child, so that all her education consisted of desultory readings with her father, a great belles-lettres scholar. If she had not spent as much time as she should in "bobbing for triangles off the *Pons Asinorum*," at least she was the most charming companion in the world. She had heart-disease, they said, but it would have been easier to control a bird's flight than to keep her from the activity in which she rejoiced. She rode, drove, and danced with the best. Her waywardness was one more charm in her to her husband. He laughed as he dismounted her when she had overtaxed her strength. Though even the scarlet line of her lips grew pale, he never seemed alarmed. She leaned upon him so confidently, and he was so good-naturedly ready with attention and assistance, that they seemed more like brother and sister than husband and wife. The most perfect and unsentimental understanding existed between them, and the life they led was ideal. It was intellectual, it was epicurean, and without a cloud from the outside world. Up to the very last, Frank did not dream he could win her away from Raeburn. It was while our set was visiting the Raeburns, in the summer, that Frank first appreciated how deeply interested in his host's wife he was becoming. He was obliged to be unusually cautious, for she ridiculed attempts at flirtation, if delicately, unsparingly. Her life was so happy, and so sincere, that it seemed as if those dark thoughts of his should have shrunk back, abashed, to Tartarus, in her presence. But they did not—the thought of her possessed him day and night. Her name was Ida—did I tell you that? Frank would have died to have called her so, those foolish mornings and wasted nights, as he stood talking to her, in his heart execrating her friends and her husband, and almost herself, that she could smile and sing, and move so tranquilly among her guests, while he trembled under her eyes like a criminal, and ground his teeth together, that he might not tell her he adored her. She certainly made an admirable defense. One morning, as Frank sat in her parlor, moody and silent — he had called chiefly because Rothsay Raeburn had gone to Lyons—Ida, after vainly attempting to interest him in a variety of topics, presented to his notice a pretty lapis-lazuli casket, with silver and gold work about it. 'Yesterday was my birth-day,' she said, 'and Mr. Crespigny remembered it. Isn't that beautiful?' As Frank was stupidly admiring it, Crespigny came in. He was a South Carolinian, and a gloriously handsome man. Ida said to him:

'That was such a beautiful letter you sent me in the jewel-case, that I took the liberty of sending it to Mr. Raeburn, when I wrote this morning.'

"Crespigny's face was a study. He made a formal visit, allowed Frank to outstay him, and never forgave Mrs. Raeburn thereafter. Frank thought she had so spoken as much to warn him as Crespigny; and not being made of so slight elements, worshiped her the more absolutely. 'I must not commit myself,' he thought, 'and, until I do, I can see her, at least.' He was not audacious, you see. He suffered for it though; he grew white and miserable, and had the pleasure of appearing everywhere as Rothsay Raeburn's closest friend — he felt all the grace of the position. At last, he summoned courage to break away from the immediate presence of Ida, and go to Damascus, and there pull himself together and set himself seriously to crush the haunting passion whose constancy he thought unworthy of him. He rode out to the Raeburn's to bid his friends good-bye one morning, and found the open pony carriage, which Ida drove, drawn up in front of the door; and just as he reined in, Rothsay and his wife appeared. The three stood talking together, when a servant came up panting to tell Raeburn that one of his favorite pointers had broken his leg. Rothsay told Frank to accompany Ida, and, excusing himself, went off on a keen run after his man. Watching Ida as they drove, Frank found it harder every moment to tell his plans; at last he stammered lamely something about being glad to be able to see her that morning, as it would be the last time probably before he left Paris. And she, usually so ready with hospitable and graceful regrets, said nothing. That curious bluish pallor had come into her face. Her eyes had an unseeing look, and her lips trembled. 'What is it?' cried Frank — he was terribly alarmed — 'do the ponies tire you?' 'Stop them,' she said, faintly. He did so, and sprang out and lifted her to the ground. They were before the villa of one of her friends. She laid her hand within Frank's arm, and they went slowly up the avenue. The friend was a silly, twaddling woman, who always saw everything at a glance—that is, stated that she did, and had a platitude for every event in life. 'It was the sun,' she averred; 'it must have been the sun. Don't go on, Mrs. Raeburn; now take my advice, turn back;' taking a hundred words for what she could express in five. 'I will not go on!' Ida cried, in an eager, distressed voice; 'I *will* turn back — turn back.' She almost moaned at the repetition, and clung convulsively to her friend. Frank understood. He felt as if his happiness would stun him; his head swam and his eyes dazzled; he neither saw nor heard. At last, when they were on their way home, he spoke, and pleaded his cause with frenzy, knowing how short the time was. He said: 'Shall I go or stay? I leave it with you; I will do as you say.' All the free look had died out of her eyes. He hated himself that he had banished it. She said: 'Stay!'"

The shadows about Carl's face grew a little grayer, but the recollection of his friend's success appeared, upon the whole, to afford him satisfaction. He was silent a few moments. When he resumed, it was with something like vehemence.

"A lawless love affair is generally imagined to have some element of dashing pleasure. Frank and Ida, while they remained in Paris, were most prosaically miserable. You see, she was an angel, and had fits of remorse so overwhelming as to make Frank doubt if she had ever loved him. It was the old case of ringing down the curtain and recommencing the overture, when he thought the first act was in progress. If the fellow had not been so fond of her he would have managed her better, I fancy; however, he was always urging her to leave the country with him, and at last she consented. She threw herself on his mercy, she said, and more, about the dishonor of remaining under Rothsay's roof, when every thought of hers wronged him. *Bref*, the necessary preparations for their flight were made, and they left France together. Frank established their first home on the island of Scio—a villa on the Campo, and here, for the briefest while, they were happy. He was deliriously happy. They had burned their ships, staked everything on one throw, and fate had not cheated them with a mirage. No wonder a sense of unreality oppressed him. What nights those were, when the near white stars stooped over the two, standing on that wonderful shore! Who is it who has made an inquiry after *la clef des paradis perdus?* It was only there that Frank ventured, for the first time, to speak of all she had left for him. 'There is no Paris,' he said slowly, 'and that wearisome life at Raeburn never was!' Ida started from his side like a spirit, and stood a pace distant, holding out her hands to him; 'Never mention Paris, or that other name to me, while I live! It never was, do you say? I tell you there is not an hour that I am not haunted with the sight of the home I have blasted, and the brave man whose name I have disgraced.' This was like a stab to Frank. Though she was weeping, he did not approach her, but merely said: 'Have I only made you miserable? Do you regret it all?' Of her own will she came close to him: 'I can not,' was all she said, but what a look! What *am* I saying?" Carl demanded of me, suddenly, bringing his eyes down from the ceiling, and plunging them into mine.

"I don't know," said I demurely; "but doesn't it strike you rather forcibly, Carl, that Frank was more than usually communicative of detail?"

"To be more concise, Raeburn's lawyer tracked Ida to her home, gave her all the necessary information concerning the divorce her husband had obtained, and told her of the property Raeburn had settled upon her. It was the sort of revenge that would cut the deepest, and he knew it, I suppose. Frank and Ida went to spend the winter in Rome, and were married there. Shortly after, Frank received a letter which troubled him. It was an urgent appeal, calling him to a distant city; an appeal which, for many reasons, he did not wish to disregard. He explained his position to Ida, who insisted upon his obeying the call. He could not endure the thought of being separated from his wife, but he was imperatively claimed. At least, it was the last demand the old life could make upon him; that complied with, he could belong wholly to the new. He reached the place of his destination—too late. All was over; the affair had taken such a turn that his presence availed nothing. It only remained to return to Ida. He traveled night and day, for her last letters hinted of illness. When he reached home they warned him to prepare for a great change. A change indeed—she was wasted to a shadow. She was dying. Frank's first look in her face told him all. Her very joy at seeing him again exhausted her life. She was going from him, and he was powerless to hold her. When they were alone, a strange excitement seemed to take possession of her; he divined the cause, even as she spoke. 'I have seen Rothsay!' she said; 'it is that that is killing me. He must have come to me; he could not help it. He has grown so old and sad! Don't look so, as if it hurt you. I must pity Rothsay. Rothsay! I pity us all. I was not made for this, to make men wretched, to be wicked and disgraced. My life should have been smooth and sheltered. This hard, fierce love hurts me, and uses all my strength.' Oh, heaven! I go on stringing those words of hers together; how one remembers! She died in his arms, the next day. She is buried in Rome. That's all; don't cry. You see, that might work up into quite a novel. Good afternoon. I'm going to church."

It was not at the pathos of his tale that I shed tears, though of course he thought so, but he had told it so ill, or so well, that it was apparent to the most modest capacity that the story was his own. It hurt me cruelly to know that he had never regarded his relations with my sister Etta except as a wearisome drag; it hurt me too, though in an infinitely less degree, that such a past lost him so irrevocably to me. I had no attractions to oppose to those of a married, blue-faced, heart-diseased aristocrat, as I called poor Ida in wrath. But most, and beyond all other feelings, my pride was roused, never to rest again, by the thought that Carl had done his feelings so much violence as to expose his youth's sufferings to my view, to warn me against bestowing my affections upon him. He was thereby writing the legend "Ineligible" across his manly breast. *Hæc fabula docet*—Love not; so I was to understand the moral of his romance. It stimulated me to laugh very heartily over certain self-surrendered airs and graces, which I had considered myself very happy in assuming, upon occasion, toward the cynical Carl. "If I could have the opportunity," I thought, "I'd show my lord how much at his feet I am." The chance was somewhat different from any I had anticipated. Carl asked me one day to be his wife. I laughed, and asked him if his devotion to me was the "real bliss" mentioned in his verses to me; but he was so very grave that I perforce became so too; but, thanking him for his more than cousinly generosity, would not take an unfair advantage of it. "I will show you Europe," he said coolly, pointing out the benefits of the alliance which I might have overlooked in my haste. His curious tone embarrassed me, but did not shake my resolution. I told him that I made money in my school, and liked the independence earning my own living gave me. I was young, I said, throwing my shoulders back; there was time for me to see Europe.

"But you still cling to the *fiacre,* so to speak?" said Carl, gravely.

I glanced up quickly, meeting his eyes for the first time, and liked the look in them better than I had thought to do, and ventured to add in the spirit of our old interviews: "I should always be horribly jealous of 'Ida,' Carl."

He smiled and frowned together, and shook his head impatiently; then put out his hand, and holding mine, frankly given, told me that I was a brave little girl, and perhaps all was for the best.

After that he took rooms elsewhere in the city, and soon drifted abroad again, and all things considered, I think—yes, I do think that it is for the best that the listless Carl has faded from my horizon.

The dust lies thickly upon poor Jean Paul. I must make time to attend to those books.

PHILIP SHIRLEY.

A DAY AT AN OLD MISSION.

What is a California summer without a camping episode? New York without Newport or Saratoga? A library without a volume of poetry? Shakspeare without the *Midsummer Night's Dream?* This is not the fashion in which we mean to take life, so we make ourselves a tent of ample proportions, as tents go; put together a few primitive cooking utensils, a limited number of tin plates, forks, cups, and spoons; pack a big hamper of provisions, cooked and uncooked; roll up our oldest blankets, comfortables, and pillows, and then bestow them all, with infinite rearranging, in a large, covered express-wagon; harness the trusty family horses, and finally pack in ourselves and the juveniles, clad in our most ancient yet stout apparel, and fare forth into "fresh woods and pastures new." It is early morning still, as most of the packing was done over night. The youngsters, Filiola and the Gemini, are irrepressibly joyful, while we children of a larger growth have had our enthusiasm somewhat subdued by our unwonted early hours and hard labors. But it is quite wonderful how the drop of wild blood running in the most conventional veins makes itself felt on an occasion like this. How rapidly an air of vagabondage takes possession of us! How careless about Mrs. Grundy! How far off seems the orderly, civilized household life of an hour ago! Paterfamilias, who looks like a good-natured brigand under his broad *sombrero*, feels the tense business strain of his every-day life relax, and would soon grow sleepy, if it were not for the effervescence of the children, which is quite irresistible, and keeps the whole load astir. As for Materfamilias, she looks like one of *Punch's* old apple-women, in her big camping hat, tied down with an old brown veil; but she is sublimely unconscious of appearances as she looks off toward the blue bases of the distant mountains, and feels a delicious sense of relief from the *res angusta domi* which usually fill every chink and crevice of her time and thoughts.

Our prospective terminus is a certain point on the sea-coast, nearly a hundred miles away, but we shall make a three or four days' trip of it, stopping at certain points where Paterfamilias has business of grave importance. The day is perfect. There is a soft, smoke-like haze, idealizing the distant landscape, "like future joys to fancy's eye." We are soon out in the region of farms. All along the roadside scattering live-oaks relieve the monotony of the level, yellow fields of stubble, and orchards are breaking down with their beautiful burdens. Farther on, huge, gnarled sycamores, white old wrestlers with winds and flood, cling to the dry water-courses with unerring instinct. The sun climbs high in the heavens, the ponies grow warm with their work, and beg for drink at every wayside watering-trough, a thirstiness which is, of course, shared with the children. The dust, which has hitherto been left in the rear by our brisk speed, now settles down upon us remorselessly, till we look like "friars of orders gray." There is nothing to enliven us but the occasional sweet, clear whistle of a meadow-lark, giving us friendly greeting from some wayside shrub or fence, or the frequent rush across the road of a squirrel, alert, plump, joyous, evidently in excellent health and spirits, notwithstanding the war of extermination waged so vigorously against him. The very children at last begin to nod and drop over against the convenient rolls of blankets; conversation flags and dies, rousing not again till it is nearly noon, and we look for a lunching place. It is found, under a big live-oak, near a farm-house, where water can be obtained and hay for the horses. They are taken off and supplied with food. Sandwiches are unpacked and distributed, to disappear with marvelous rapidity. Children begin to run out from the house, and hover about us, shyly at first, but with great friendliness soon—one, two, three, four—*nine* of them, all clean and pretty.

"Are you all brothers and sisters?"

"No," answers the little spokesman, "some of us are cousins. Our aunt died, and so mother took the little ones."

And then out came the good mother with a steaming pot of tea, which she hospitably offers us. She speaks with a pleasant German accent, and has a thrifty, wholesome, German air. She is evidently a vigorous scrubber and patcher, and her works do praise her, as also do we, bidding her not call in her bright-eyed little flock, but leave them to visit with our own. The good man of the house shortly appeared, driving a white-covered butcher's cart, himself the evident proprietor, for he has that sleek, well-fed look which distinguishes that guild, telling unmistakably of tenderloin steaks and juicy roasts. He is more German-looking than his trim little wife, but as he greets us, and stands talking a few moments, he tells us that he is Yankee-born. How naturally and easily the races coalesce in this most cosmopolitan State. The dozen children grow good friends, and have a grand game of hide-and-seek about the numerous sheds and straw-stacks. They are half-reluctant to separate when, after our nooning, we try to part them—so easily does the young, uncorrupted germ of humanity strike its roots down in a new soil. Soon we were on our way again; miles and miles of steady, straight-ahead driving lay between us and our prospective night's stopping-place. The cool afternoon breeze sprang up, or we would have succumbed to the steady downpouring of the sun. The farm-houses we passed, and at which we tried to gaze with some interest, had a general air of drowsiness or of desertion, as if the people had all gone camping. By and by the houses were nearer together, had a brisker air, and then grew into a village, which we aroused ourselves to inspect more thoroughly. But villages are everlasting testimonies to the law of averages. It would take an expert to detect the differences. Here were the same people we had left behind us in our own little town. Old people sitting out in the sun; boys playing ball with undying zeal; young mothers trundling baby-carts; elderly folk stepping slowly; the omnipresent lovers sauntering together in the by-ways; business men rushing hither and thither; butchers' and bakers' wagons rattling by at full speed, as if people were in a tremendous hurry for something to eat—just such a busy little ant-hill as our own, with a bright sky above it, and beautiful green hill-slopes around it, at which few people probably find time to look. So on, and on again, but it is more up hill and down; and now we are all wide awake, and glad to get into our warm cloaks and wraps. It is nearing sundown, and we ask a passing horseman how far it is to San ——, our halting place.

"About six miles," is the cheery response.

Oh, then we shall soon be there, for the ponies are making up for their mid-day laziness. We ride on briskly for half an hour and accost another traveler, who comes plodding toward us under a roll of blankets, and ask him the distance.

"Eight or ten miles, I reckon."

This is discouraging; but we ride resolutely forward for another long stretch, and then ask a man who is leaning over his gate. He makes a lengthy pause, as if to take the exact bearings for the first time.

"Well, I guess it's nigh onto ten mile."

Why, this is dreadful! Wouldn't it be wiser to turn directly around and try the opposite direction? No—on the whole, we decide to advance, although a straight line has evidently ceased to be the shortest distance between two points. Pretty soon we see the bright lights of a little wayside inn, standing on the edge of what seems a veritable Black Forest. We drive up to the open door, and again—this time very timidly—inquire how far it is to San ——.

"About seven miles," says mine host.

There is a fine camping place near by; shall we give up our attempt to reach San ——, or shall we push on? We decide to keep to the road and our original plan. Besides, we feel greatly encouraged now that we have really begun to make a diminishing impression on that awful distance. So we turn our tired backs to the temptation, and once more drive on in the moonlight. It was a most preposterous seven miles; but the end came at last, as it does to everything earthly, and at ten o'clock we found ourselves cramped, stiff, benumbed with cold, in the silent and deserted streets of the ancient town of San ——. We decide to camp in the plaza, with the boldness of any other pack of gypsies. A stable-boy was found at the one tavern of the town, and the tired horses put in his keeping, while we proceeded to awaken the amazed dwellers in this Sleepy Hollow by the vigorous driving of tent-stakes and other unusual noises, such as the sleepy and fearfully cross tones of children breaking sharply in between the subdued grumblings of older voices, discussing points of distance and the tension of ropes. At last the white wings of the tent brood over us. We hastily spread down matting and sail-cloth, unroll our bedding, brew a cup of tea over the spirit-lamp, distribute crackers and cakes, then convert, first the children and finally ourselves, into huge chrysalides, and lapse off into the land of dreams—slightly disturbed dreams. Let me not discourage any enthusiastic and inexperienced soul who intends to try camping-life because of its refreshing slumbers, its wonderfully rejuvenating effects, etc.; but the delights of sleeping upon the ground may be over-estimated. Rheumatism, cramps, stiff-joints, numbness, incipient paralysis hover near, and a thousand horrors in the way of entomological acquaintances—lizards, beetles, ticks, wood-bugs, and a certain hideous thing called a California cricket, with a head like a huge cricket and a body like a gigantic wasp (minus the sting, thank heaven!) — these, and many another strange bed-fellow, await him who

> "Rests his head upon the lap of earth."

With the rising sun we crawl forth, like other early worms, rub our aching bones, gaze in each other's faces, and—laugh! Thanks to the recuperative forces of nature, we find ourselves in quite good running order. We emerge from our tent, and look around at the ancient *pueblo*. There is but one street of any consequence, and that bounds our plaza on the west side, separating it from a low, rambling, old hostelry. North of us stands the picturesque old mission church, with the record of a hundred years—wonderful antiquity for anything American—in its crumbling walls and entirely foreign air. East of us are straggling sheds, and vegetable gardens in quite a thrifty condition. We were awakened before daylight by the Italian owner driving out his loaded vegetable-wagon on his peddling round. South of us was a more modern-looking, large, low-roofed house, with piazzas running around it, and a flower-garden. In the rear were stables and sheds, in American fashion. A row of small poplar-trees ran across the east and south sides of the plaza, otherwise it was entirely given over to fox-tail grass—one of the vigorous and irrepressible institutions of California, whose seeds are rightly named "stickers." Any garment which brushes over this grass in its dry state is straightway filled with its barbed needles, somewhat resembling oats, but of an infinitely more sagacious and mischievous spirit; for, with the speed and dexterity of a tailor, it sews itself in and out, and can only be dislodged by a vigorous pull at the small end. Imagine the pleasant task which awaits a lady at the end of a half-hour's walk! So we stepped warily forth, with uplifted skirts, and surveyed the scene. The whole village wore a most forlorn and deserted appearance. No laborer with brisk step was hurrying to his morning work; hardly a chimney was smoking. Had we indeed found the land where it was "always afternoon"? Did nobody get up to breakfast? No shops, no business, no life of any sort? Yet the village was set in the midst of beautiful hills, and off to the eastward stretched a valley, with here and there a green line of trees marking a watercourse, and with broad, level fields of yellow wheat; in the midst of which, with their outlying orchards and vineyards, stood pleasant farm-houses. Over it all shone the morning sun, making the delicious atmosphere for the which California stands unrivaled on this continent, if not in the world. We take deep and long inhalations of it, and pronounce it fully up to the air of the earthly paradise, wherever that may be. Then we stroll back to our tent, salute the waking children, set up our little sheet-iron cooking arrangement, bring water from the nearest well, and find plenty of wood strewn about the plaza. Suddenly from the rear of the old church pealed the tones of an organ, and then the sweet voices of a choir of children, singing a matin service. So there was life there after all, and young life, too. The singing sounded wonderfully sweet, softened by the little distance, and floating out upon such a liquid air. We stopped our breakfast-getting, hushed the lively talk of the boys, and listened to the lovely music. It ceased after a few moments, and then a door opened in the end of the church, and two nuns came out, followed by perhaps a score of children, walking two and two down the long alcoved porch of the church, their little figures showing clear and distinct against the white wall. They turned the corner at the front of the building, and disappeared.

In one of the sheds near us a comfortable cow was eating hay, and pretty soon the ubiquitous Chinaman appeared, and began to milk her. He carried the milk into the large house near us, and in a few moments a pleasant-faced, stout matron came out, and beckoning to one of the boys, bade him carry a pitcher of milk to his mother. So here was the milk of human kindness, as well as the coveted bovine fluid! We began to feel neighborly to all San ——. The table is soon spread on the sunny side of our tent, the camp-stools are set around, the oat-meal mush, fried ham, bread and butter, and coffee are capital. Ah, what cooks are developed by camping appetites! After breakfast, Paterfamilias departs on his day's business at a railway station, eight or ten miles away. The Gemini betake themselves to lively explorations and general fun; while Filiola and I wash our dishes, set our tent to rights, convert our beds into divans, and then take our camp-stools out in the shade of the nearest little tree, and sit down to take our pleasance, the one in a bit of sewing, the other with little "Diamond" at "The Back of the North Wind." Oh, the delightful warmth, and quiet, and peace of the morning! The infinite relief of having no house, no engagements, no company, no callers, no responsibilities! Is civilization a mistake, or have we just overdone the thing? Anyway, O inexorable Genius of Improvement, let us take our holidays oftener!

The spirit of repose still brooded over San ——. Once in a while a *caballero*, mounted on his mustang, with leathern flaps attached to his stirrups, went galloping by on the remote highway, raising a cloud of dust; still more rarely a wagon of some sort followed the solitary horseman, raising a still greater cloud. Occasionally a living human being emerged from some place, and went sauntering somewhere. On the opposite tavern porch, two or three men, in their shirt-sleeves, sat in big armchairs, and smoked in utter idleness. Two priests at last came out of the building in the rear of the church, and walked up and down the long porch in the sunshine, evidently taking a constitutional. They talked in low tones, but cheerfully; and once in a while a laugh rippled out on the stillness, showing that they could not belong to that order whose conversation is limited to the phrase, "Brother, we must die!"

The heat waxes greater, and we go into our tent and lie down on our improvised couches, leaving the door wide open, to admit the air, and so that we can look up and watch the quivering poplar leaves against the far, blue sky. Suddenly a soft, low step approaches; and before the door, with an ease and grace and dignity "born not made," stands a slender, sweet-faced young girl. I rise quickly, with bow and smile, and she advances with perfect self-possession: "Pardon me, madame, I would have rapped had it been possible"—just the faintest foreign accent in the sweet, slow voice. "I took the great liberty to call on a little errand."

I begged her to be seated, and assured her it was no intrusion. Did she live near by?

"Oh, yes, right there; my mother gave you the milk."

"Ah, yes, it was very kind," I said; "and what is your name?"

"Angelique, madame;" and then she continued, in a quiet, old-fashioned way: "My father used to keep the hotel here, but now we do not have any public house, only sometimes we have a ball in the hall there"—pointing to the upper part of the house—"and sometimes, when the house over there is full, we take a few boarders; but it is such very dull times now—such very dull times," she repeated, with a sort of melancholy emphasis.

I ventured to say that the town did "look a little dull," though it is by no means safe to agree with people who are disparaging their own abiding place.

"Yes, it is so different from the old times," she said, solemnly. I could not but smile at the childlike face which confessed to such a lengthy retrospect.

"But you surely cannot remember very far back! Why, how old are you, little Angelique?"

"Eighteen," she answered, gravely, as if acknowledging to half a century.

She did not look over fourteen, I told her.

"Oh, that is because I am so small, I suppose. But, yes, I remember many years ago, when my father kept a real hotel, and many people stopped and spent much money; a dollar—yes, always a dollar for a dinner," she said, with earnest emphasis, as if, somehow, she had learned the full value of the almighty dollar too early and too forcibly.

"Yes, and sometimes on great days this plaza would be full of people and then, yes, four hundred dollars we would take in on one day, at the bar and in the dining-room. Yes, madame, those were very different times from these," she went on in mournful retrospection. "There is no money made now—no money at all."

I looked at her with a heart full of pity. Poor little Angelique—with her great, dreamy brown eyes, her exquisitely chiseled features, her serious, gentle, high-bred ways—lamenting so unnaturally the loss, not of society, or gayety, or anything that the young heart loves, but just the profits of selling dinners! Her little hands lay in her lap, delicate, white, unused to trial. Her dress was simple, but neat and becoming; her dark hair was gracefully coiled at the back of her head, her whole air that of freedom from poverty. I drew her on in conversation. Was she born here?

"Yes."

"And your father and mother?"

"Oh, they were born far away, one in France, the other in Italy."

"Can you speak their languages?"

"Yes, madame, but French best of all. We always speak French at home."

"Has your father told you much about France? Does he want to go back? Would you like to go?"

"Oh, yes, he tells us much of beautiful France. Once he went back for a visit; but no, I do not wish to go. It is pleasant here, only such very dull times; no money can be made now."

Dear, dear, the money question was coming to the front again.

"It must be dull for you to have so little society," I said.

"Oh no, the people are so very kind and nice—yes, the people could not be more kind and nice anywhere in the world than in San ——, but the times——"

"What did they use to do in those famous, old, great days, when so many came to the plaza?"

"Oh, have a great holiday, run races, ride very fast and pick up a chicken without stopping; sometimes have a cock-fight, or a wrestling match, or something like that. I never liked these sports much, but everybody came from all over the country. San —— was the biggest town then. Oh, so much money could be made!"

"Why don't they do so now?"

"Oh, people have changed. Nobody cares for such things. People go to the big cities for their pleasure. Nobody comes here now; times have changed, no money can be made now."

Poor little Angelique! Somebody must have taught her this croaking till it has become ingrained. At last she tells her mind. She has noticed my little boy's jacket. Would I be so very, very kind as to give her the pattern for her little brother, Jacques, who is just the same size? Of course I will be only too happy to return favors, I assure her. And then she pauses at the door, and seems to think of something more which she may do for us. Would we like to visit the old church? Certainly we would, ever so much. So it was arranged that later in the day she would come for us to go there, and she bade us good-morning.

The noonday meal was eaten. Filiola and I took our *siesta*. The little boys were supremely happy with Angelique's little brother Jacques, who abounded in puppies and tame quails. Then we went out and "did" San ——. We walked down the long porch of the church. Its roof was covered with picturesque old tiles, while underneath, instead of rafters, were round, slender, young saplings—the sap pretty well exhausted by a hundred years of seasoning—bound together with strips of rawhide. The piazza was supported by arches of masonry, and ran the whole length of the building, which of course was of adobe, with walls of great thickness—nearly three feet. The windows were without shutters, but pious Arachnes had woven their soft gray curtains everywhere, which were undisturbed by any housemaid's broom. We tried to look in, but only had dim views of small, dingy, deserted rooms, utterly bare and forlorn. One had a huge fire-place, where once great fires must have roared, and perhaps made good cheer even amidst all that gloom; but now its cavernous depths yawned drearily, and we turned away shivering. We left the church, and went exploring around the rough unworn streets; one was just like another—all alike dead: not a shop could be found, for a long time, where a quarter could be invested in candy. If we had wished a glass of beer it could have been readily obtained, but the candy was not to be found. Where was the sweet tooth of San ——? We wandered about, wondering where Angelique's "very, very nice people" hid themselves, and returned to our tent with the problem unsolved. Sleepy Hollow surely has a western rival.

With the declining sun came little Angelique, quiet, beautiful, seraphic as at morn. She had a big key, like a European verger, and was ready to act in that capacity, so we followed her through a door which she unlocked, past the empty rooms into which we had peered, and into a large room fitted up as a chapel. It, too, was a desolate, cheerless place, after the usual fashion of such places of worship. We looked a little while at the dim, almost unrecognizable old pictures, half-pathetic, half-grotesque; at the wretched plaster images of our Lord and of the Virgin Mother; at the tawdry artificial flowers and cheap drapings about the altar; at the bare and comfortless benches; and thought far the most beautiful and touching thing was the worn and broken floor, over which so many pious feet had trod, and where so many had knelt in true devotion. Our guide pointed to a little gallery—would we care to go there? It was where the children stood to sing—the orphan children from the convent school in the next house; perhaps we had noticed it? No, we did not care to climb the rickety steps; but these, then, were our morning birds, poor little nestlings! May their home be not altogether a cold one.

Then we went out in the rear of the building, and looked at the church from that end. A most ancient and ruinous air was upon everything. The plaster stucco which covered the church was everywhere dropping off, but in the rifts and niches kindly Nature had sown seeds of mosses and lichens, with here and there a wild vine or flower, adding greatly to the picturesqueness of the ruin. A few straggling pear-trees, as old and gray as the church, with here and there a cypress, showed that some time there had been an attempt to beautify the church-yard. It all looked like something foreign to America; quite as if it had been picked up from some European province and set down here in the new world. Our little *cicerone*, too, might so easily have been imported with the ruin. I was charmed with the beauty and harmoniousness of the picture, and wished I could have sketched it. The ruinous building, with its alcoved porches, its bell-tower, and deeply embrasured windows; the bits of color made by the red-leaved vines and the yellow grasses; the gnarled old trees; Filiola with her blue eyes and golden hair, and hands full of lichens and wild flowers, dancing hither and thither in the sunshine; and beautiful Angelique, with her dreamy, dark eyes, delicate contours and classic grace, watching with such quaint seriousness the lively movements of her little companion.

"There are graves under the church," said Angelique, "would you like to see them?"

We followed her through a low, heavy door, which stood a little ajar, and which led into a cellar-like basement. It was a most dismal place. There were a few stone tablets set in the walls, and we went around deciphering the inscriptions. They all seemed modern. If the old mission fathers are buried there, no record tells of it; but they never seemed to care for any earthly fame. If their beloved church prospered, it mattered little to them where or how their own poor dust mingled with its mother earth. A wonderful self-abnegation characterized them all, which should and doubtless will lift them into an immortal preëminence. "He that loseth his life shall find it," holds forever true.

But what a dreary place in which to be buried! We gladly go out into the sunshine, and Angelique points out to us a modern building close at hand, which is the priest's house. It had a pretty garden attached to it, and a gorgeous peacock was strutting around in the walks, gayly disporting himself in the sunshine. Filiola is glad the poor priest has some pets—how else could he live there alone?

"There, at the right," said Angelique, "is the convent school."

"Did you ever go to school there, Angelique?"

"Oh, yes, madame, many years."

"And did you like it?"

"Yes, very much."

"What did you study there?"

"Oh, very many things—to embroider and do beautiful needle-work. I have done many beautiful pieces—lilies and other flowers, and birds; yes, and a lamb! I would show you my work, if you would come and see me. Many people do admire my pieces"—this with a faint little blush of pride, as if she had been telling me of poetry which she had written.

"Do you like to read, Angelique?"

"Yes, madame," with a little less enthusiam. "I read sometimes; I like to embroider best."

"Have you studied music, Angelique?"

"Yes, madame; I have practiced many years"—the antiquity of the little creature!—"but best I love to sew. Ah, they do lovely pieces at the school! You should see what flowers the sisters can work!"

By this time we were walking slowly across the plaza, where Jacques and the little boys were having a royal time.

"Are you never lonely here, Angelique?"

"Why, no, madame; the people here are very nice. I like to live here—*it is my home.*"

Oh, sweet, sweet bit of womankind! I could have kissed her for her lovely words, if she had not been a hundredth part as lovely herself.

"Did you ever go away from here, my dear?"

"Yes, I have been at the city. There are friends of ours there. Do you know the C——s, on S—— Street?"

Strange to say, I did know them very well. "Are they your friends? I call there often."

Angelique brightened at the discovery. Yes, Miss Marie and Miss Honore were her dear friends. She visited them sometimes.

"They have one unfortunate sister, have they not?" I said; "one whose mind is gone?"

"What! Miss Adèle? She is very quiet."

I knew that the poor girl was entirely demented, so I pressed the question a little closer.

"She is surely insane or imbecile, is she not?"

"Only very quiet, I think," responded the loyal little soul.

Why, here was the rarest little creature—a very poet's dream of a woman—so gentle, so beautiful, so home-loving, so loyal to those she loved, that she would not betray their great trouble to the eyes of a stranger! I was quite awe-struck by her many gifts and graces. We thanked her over and over, and she left us, promising to come over in the morning, before we went away, and bring us her written address, that I might send her the little pattern.

Night came softly on. The orphan children sang us our vespers. The peacock in the priest's yard cried out like a lonely ghoul hovering about that lonely catacomb. The tired boys creep into their warm blankets. Filiola and I sit in the twilight and watch "the stars blossoming one by one in the infinite meadows of heaven." With the darkness, our chief, like a faithful Bedouin sheik, comes home to his tent; but not mounted on an Arab steed—the comparison wholly fails there! We decide to renew our nomadic life in the morning, and so go early to bed, though that common phrase seems rather a flourish of rhetoric under present circumstances.

As we pull up stakes in the beautiful new day, Angelique approaches. She brings us again a brimming pail of new milk, and her name and address written on a slip of paper.

"Pardon, madame, that it is not on a card."

"Is this your own handwriting, Angelique?"

"Certainly, madame."

"Why, how elegantly you write!"

"Oh, I do not think so," she modestly answered; "but I do much writing. I used to keep all my father's accounts. Once this was a great deal, but now it is trifling. We do not do any business now, nor make any money."

Ah, the pity of it! the pity of it!—thou charming little worshiper of Mammon! Heaven send thee a fitting lover, who shall take thee out of the sordid atmosphere in which thou now livest!—and may time spare thee thy quaint virtues and thy rare loveliness! MARY H. FIELD.

RUBY.

CHAPTER III.

When the Wilsons moved to California, David Davis bought the Homestead; but Roxy couldn't bring herself to part with her little village home. Only an ugly, small, white house in the midst of a large lot, when she had bought it, but with the advantages of a fine location and some beautiful large elms. There was a small vacant lot adjoining, which she bought; and upon this foundation, aided by the experience and skill of her father, she had built her home; and what a pretty place it was!

By countless fond associations the little home was endeared to her; every tree, every shrub and flower bore a halo visible to her eyes alone—memories of her boy's childhood, of her father, and even of her mother; for beneath her window was a part of her mother's favorite rose-tree; Roxy had brought it from the Homestead, and it had grown and blossomed royally, though the hands that first tended it were fading into dust. How the old father had loved and watched it! Roxy seemed to hear him saying, tenderly and cheerily, as he touched its green branches: "Mother's rose-bush is doing well; it'll have a good crop of roses this year." And once, in his last illness, she had brought him its first opening blossom. He smiled as he lifted his thin hand to take it.

"One of mother's roses," he said, joyfully, and added, with trembling lip, "I've been pretty lonesome without her; but now I shall soon see her."

All such memories came rushing upon Roxy and filled her heart almost to bursting when she thought of selling the place to strangers.

"No, Jerry," she said, finally, "I can not do it; besides, we may want to come back here some time, and we don't want to burn all our ships behind us. Now, I'll tell you what I thought of: I should like to set Alviny White down in the midst of these flowers and vines, and tell her to rest, body and soul. How she would enjoy it! She has always been so happy here. And then, there are Uncle Joseph and Aunt Rhoda; they are wretched where they are, but with Alviny they would be comfortable and happy. Uncle Joseph would take such good care of things outside, and Aunt Rhoda and Alviny could work and gossip together indoors to their heart's content. Then another thing: Alviny might rent that little shop down the street, and start a millinery store. She has some money, and we could lend her more, if she needed it. She could go to New York and hire a stylish milliner and dressmaker; there are lots of them that would jump at the chance of coming to the country, and it would be a big card for Alviny. She'd do a rushing business. There are plenty of young girls in the village that would be glad to help her; so that Alviny wouldn't need to work much. What do you think of it, Jerry, anyway?"

"Well, little wife, you beat the Dutch holler, every time," said Jerry, in fond admiration; "you couldn't do anything slicker than that."

"Queen rose of the rose-bud garden of Swanton!" cried Ned. "Mine be the task to clinch that nail," and, seizing his hat, he rushed out of the house.

"Now what?" said the smiling father, who seemed to live in a state of continual joy and pride.

"It looks to me," said his mother, "as if he had gone post-haste to see Alviny."

"And sure enough! there he goes into Miss Butterfield's."

It was not long before Ned returned, and with him came Alviny in her linen "polonay," with the brown ribbons fluttering from her hat, her thimble on her finger, and a long basting-thread floating from the needle on her shoulder. Ned had taken her arm, and was hurrying her along. Needless haste; for Alviny's nimble feet never loitered by the way. In they came, laughing; Ned, with an extravagance of gallantry, leading her to a great "Sleepy Hollow" chair, into whose depths she sank and almost disappeared from sight.

"Ned Wilson! If you ain't a beatune!" she cried, laughing, and out of breath. "Now, did you want me?" she asked, turning to Roxy, "or is it just some o' his cuttin' up?"

"Aunt Alvina, it's some of mother's cutting out, if you'll excuse me for cutting in. Mother, proceed—unfold the dark plot!"

And Ned established himself where he could watch the effect of the announcement.

Dear little Alviny, most innocent of gossipers! The sandal-wood fan had long ago been laid away with other faded relics of her faded youth; and if sometimes she took the fragrant treasure in her tired hands, and laid her cheek against it, and dreamed the old fond dream of girlhood, no one knew; nor if any tears dropped from her bright eyes on the bits of sea-moss, folded in yellow paper, the tiny, curious shells, the ribbon-tied package of letters, with post-marks of foreign ports, and, dearest of all, the little scented leather case, with its miniature of the handsome, laughing, young sailor. Brisk little, hurried, old-fashioned Alviny, with her curls, and her side-combs, and her fluttering brown ribbons! No more dainty flower-wreathed bonnets for her, nor rose-colored lawns, nor much of rose-color in anything. A new customer, "an extry long job," a bit of thrilling news, "a splendid good sermon," and a chance to give away a week's hard earnings —these were the chief joys of Alviny's existence. When asked once if she was happy, she answered, in her quick way:

"Why, yes! I never stopped to think of it before; but I expect I am—just as happy as any woman in the town o' Swanton. They all have their troubles—all of 'em. I work like a trujant, and I save up like a miser for old age; but I don't never complain, and I scurce ever git the blues. Land! I hain't got time." This, by the way, was her favorite expression. "But I take care o' myself, and I don't ask no odds of anybody — don't get 'em, either," she added, laughing. "The only bein's that ever give me a pin's worth is Roxy Wilson and Ned. I spend Christmas with them just as reg'lar as the day comes round; and they don't ask me there to parade the grand things they give to one another, neither; they always have something *just splendid* to give me. How *in the world* Roxy Wilson finds out just what'll please me the most, beats me! Neddie, he always gives me something gay, something I shouldn't never think o' gittin' for myself, but take a sight o' comfort with when Ned gives it to me. Now, last year was splendider than common. Mrs. Wilson give me—what do you s'pose, now? Why *a silver-gray poplin dress!* And that boy up and give me a *real* lace collar and a pink Chiny grape neck-tie! *pink,* you know, the prettiest pale pink, just like the middle of a blush-rose," said the little woman, dwelling with fond delight on her wee bit of delicious color.

"I used to wear pink when I was a young girl—it seemed to become me, but I feel as if it was most too gay for me now—I like to look at it, though, and I let it lay on the gray dress in my trunk; and they do look sweet together."

When Roxy's plan, in all its gorgeous fullness, was unfolded before the astonished Alviny, she looked with speechless questioning from one to another of the little group, and finally—but this is the way in which she related it to Miss Bascom:

"Loizy, I up and bawled like an infant! I never *was* so completely broke down. In the first place I was ready to burst out a-cryin' any minute, just to think o' them a-goin' away off to Californy where I shan't never set eyes on 'em again, but to think o' their heapin' up such goodness on me—*me,* that hain't never done a thing to deserve it! It just about kills me, Loizy."

"Roxy Wilson's a blessed little saint, if there ever was one on earth," said Loizy, with unusual warmth; "and I never was so gratified in all my life. Alviny, I guess our luck is a-turning."

"Why, what's happened to you, Loizy?"

"Oh, *nothing,*" said Miss Bascom, blushing faintly. "I only spoke that way because—because I do so enjoy any good luck that happens to you."

Alviny looked a little incredulous at this unwonted gush of sympathy from her friend, but said nothing.

"Now, when are you goin' to New York after your goods?" asked Loizy, having artfully led up to the question by a very roundabout way.

"Oh, dear me, that's a cross, that's a dreadful cross! You know I never was further away from home than Burlington in my life; and *how on earth* I'm goin' to git to New York, and buy them goods, and hire a milliner, and git the whole kit landed safe in Swanton, beats me! I'm ashamed to hang back after havin' so much done for me, but I'm awful chicken-hearted about it. If you was only comin' with me, Loizy, I'd feel as bold as a roarin' lion."

"Oh, it wouldn't do for me to leave my boarders, Alviny, I've got such a particular set now, especially Mr. Lee, from Philadelphia, you know; he's extremely genteel, and I have to have every thing just so. No, I couldn't leave home."

"I s'pose not; well, I'll have to spunk up and go alone."

"I wish I could go, though; there's a few things I want, in the dress-line — if you'd get them for me, Alviny, I'd be obliged to you; I wouldn't let scarce anybody else pick 'em out."

"I can git 'em just as well as not; now what things do you want?"

Loizy hesitated, as if she hadn't really decided.

"Well, for one thing, I want to get me a new silk——"

"Why, for the land o' love! Loizy Bascom, ain't you gittin' extravagant? You've got three silk dresses this minnit, just as good as new; but then, 'tain't none o' my business, of course. Go on—what kind?"

"Well," said the blushing Loizy, "I don't know but it is extravagant, but I've got awful sick o' them old things—I guess I'll have a light laloc-colored; and I'll have to have gloves to match—Joovann's, I guess, six and a-half, and *very light;* and if you should see a bonnet with light laloc trimmings—but then, of course, your milliner 'll do that for me when she gits here. Now, let's see—I should like some new silk stockings, and a box of hem-stitched handkerchiefs."

"Now, look here, Loizy," said Alviny, with the merest twinkle of a laugh in her eyes, "*you can't fool me: you're a-goin to git married!* 'New silk stockings.' As if you was in the habit o' wearin' 'em every day! Now own up, Loizy. I'll bet a cookie it's that Mr. Lee from Philadelphy."

"Alviny, you are the best creature to guess that I ever did see," said Loizy, now blushing furiously. "It is a solemn fact, and I wanted to tell you, awfully; but it came around so sort of sudden, and I felt so kind of embarrassed about speaking of it, I didn't hardly know how *to* tell you. And now what do you think of it?"

"Well," said she, leaning back and gazing thoughtfully at the Lombardy poplars by the gate, and "lalocs," whose "first emotions of love" had long since "run to seed" and dropped upon the stony ground of the door-yard path, "it's an terrible risk to take, as a gineral thing; but they say he's a real nice man, and was awful good to his first wife. What about his children?"

"Only one, and he's grown up and in New York."

"That's good," said Alviny, "for him," she added, mentally. "I guess it's all right, Loizy, and I wish you much joy. To think o' me makin' your weddin' dress; now, did you ever?" and Alviny suddenly burst into a merry laugh, that set Loizy to blushing more furiously than ever. "Don't feel hurt at my laughin', Loizy; I was only thinkin' how disappointed Deacon Brewer 'll be; he's hung around so kind o' hopeful." Alviny's very curls seemed to share her mirth, and even Loizy laughed at the thought of hopeful Deacon Brewer, who used to drive over from Highgate on ingenious pretexts.

"Now, Alviny, I've thought of something. How a good laugh does stir up anybody's ideas! There's Charley Lee—Mr. Lee's son, you know, in New York; I'll get Mr. Lee to write you a letter to him, and he'll take you all around, everywhere, and help you through with your business, and see you started safe home again."

"Oh, my sakes!" cried Alviny, "if that ain't the providentialest thing that ever was! How I am took care of!" added she, solemnly.

She "spunked up," got her letter of introduction from Mr. Lee to his son Charles, and a great deal of practical instruction besides, and set out on her journey, with her silver-gray poplin, and its adjuncts of lace collar and pink tie, carefully folded in her valise. She was going to revel in at least three New York sermons—morning at one church, afternoon at another, and evening at another—besides Central Park. She arrived, and carefully following the instructions of Mr. Lee, was safely landed at a hotel, and given a dismal room up countless, bewildering flights of stairs. Having assured herself that her money was safe—this, by the way, had formed the subject of an earnest consultation with Loizy, but it was in a good, safe place, and she found it there, all right—Alviny brushed out her curls, and putting on a shining black silk skirt, and a fresh linen "polonay," set out for the dining-room, which she reached after traveling enough to have taken her all over Swanton village. At the door, she was met by a gentleman "that beat Ben Hathaway"—the aristocrat of Swanton—"all to dirt for style," and politely ushered to a seat at one of the many little tables.

The people came and went, some in gorgeousness of apparel that half dazzled the little seamstress, and all with a certain style about them that deeply impressed her with a sense of their superiority. What a confusion of dishes and waiters, and clashing of China; how small and alone she felt in this overflowing room, how awkward and timid she seemed to be; she was tired, she was homesick; the waiters troubled her; she wished they'd give her *anything* to eat, and then go away and let her eat it in peace; she saw one impudent fellow wink to another, and she knew they were making fun of her. At that moment a handsome, gray-eyed young gentleman, with beautiful, dark gray hair, motioned to the two waiters, and spoke a few words in a low tone; his eyes flashed. Alviny's quick ears caught the last words—"and if I see you do it again, I'll report you."

The fellows, looking, as Alviny said, "as if he'd cuffed their ears," retired, and their places were filled by others.

Alviny understood it all, and her heart grew warm with gratitude toward the young chevalier. Out of the dining-room, Alviny searched in vain for her room; it was as undiscoverable as the North Pole; up and down and around, in hopeless bewilderment, she walked with weary feet.

"I'll go back to the dining-room and get somebody to show me."

But, alas! she couldn't find the way there. Alviny was lost; she sank in despair upon a stairway, and leaned her head against the wall. Presently she heard footsteps, and looking up, beheld her gray-eyed chevalier. He stopped in surprise.

"Madam, are you in trouble?" he asked, so kindly that Alviny nearly cried.

"Yes, I am; I'm completely turned around by these plaguey stairs, and can't find my room; I haven't dared to ask anybody I've met, for they're all so strange to me."

"What's the number of your room?"

She gave the number.

"Is that a good room?" he asked kindly; "it must be pretty high."

"Yes, it is; it's awful high up; I don't s'pose I could ever git out alive in case of fire; and it's the lonesomest room I ever was in in my life. I don't know anything about city fashions, never was in New York before, nor any other city, and they put upon me, because I'm alone, and green."

The young man laughed, but it was such a good laugh that Alviny knew he wasn't "makin' fun" of her, and she even laughed with him.

"Well, Mrs.——"

"Miss," said Alviny, "Miss White."

"Well, Miss White, I board here, and I'll see that you are taken care of; I have a little Aunt Mary in the country, that looks like you; I shouldn't like to have her 'put upon,' and you shan't be, either. Come down to the parlor, and I'll go to the clerk and make him give you a good room."

When he had seated her in the parlor he turned to leave.

"Here is my card; if you need any other assistance, ask for me. Now I'll see the clerk."

"You're an awful good young man," said Alviny, earnestly; "I knew that when you sent them sassy waiters away."

The "awful good young man" smiled and bowed, and hurried away; and before long, poor little tired Alviny was conducted to a luxurious room, up only one flight of stairs and down one long passage. The gas burned brightly in her pleasant room. She turned to the attendant:

"You can put that out, if you please." He looked surprised, but did as he was requested, and left the room. By the light that shone in through the transom, Alviny opened her valise and drew forth a little tin candle-stick and a tallow candle.

"There," said she, "I ain't a-goin' to be smothered to death by no gas; I shouldn't know how to put the plaguey thing out, and I ain't a-goin' to run no risks; 'better sure than sorry,' as Lemwel used to say."

And Alviny, lighting her candle, prepared to retire, first looking under the bed, to see if there was a burglar concealed there. As she was about to lay her weary body down upon the luxurious bed, she discovered, to her horror, that the "little window" over the door was open.

"My land, if it ain't a trap! Oh, what a place this is!"

She stood in a chair, but failed to reach the transom.

"*Now*, what am I goin' to do?" said the despairing creature. "I'm ready to drop down dead, I'm so tired; and if I go to sleep, I shall be robbed and murdered in my bed, as like as not. It's got to be shut," she said, decisively. Piling one chair upon another, she climbed carefully up to the transom, and peering out, looked cautiously up and down the passage. She saw two men approaching, talking earnestly in undertone. One was tall, dark, and elegantly dressed; a diamond flashed as he made a quick movement with his hand; the other was small, thin, and "grizzly gray," Alviny said. They entered the room next to hers. Alviny secured the little window, and cautiously descended. "Now, I guess I'm all right. There can't no one break in here without my hearing 'em, for I've got the sharpest ears that ever were made; and I could scream to them men; I'm so glad I saw 'em go in there." Thus reassured, she went to bed, and fell asleep. How long she slept she never knew; probably not long. When she awoke, with a nervous start, her first thought was of her money; it was safe.

Then she became aware of voices in the next room, low but distinct.

"I tell you, Gonzales, it's a deuced villainous business; if I wasn't hard pushed for the money I never would do it; but you've got to go a high figger, no small sum'll pay for this job; you've seen the girl and know her style; you know she can't be beat for beauty on this continent, and she's as fresh as a posy with dew on it. She never was mixed up with the business; her mother kept her clear o' that, I tell you; she guarded her like a lioness. When her mother died, she went straight into the Sacred Heart Convent here, and, as you know, she's just through with her eddication. Now, señor, chalk down your figgers." A pause, in which Alviny's curls seemed to straighten and stand out in horror, as she sat upright in bed; she seemed almost to hear the marking of the sum that was to pay for the mischievous deed.

"No, sir," said the same voice, and it seemed strangely familiar to Alviny, "put it up another thousand."

"For a less sum," said a smooth, rich voice, with a foreign accent, "I could purchase the very pearl of Circassia."

"But not the Ruby of America, señor."

"Land of liberty!" thought Alviny, with curdling blood, "it's Bill Parsons! and as sure as I'm a-livin' he's talkin' about Ruby Davis! Now may the Lord help me!" And Alviny, drawing herself up into a bunch, concentrated all the force of her being; her very soul seemed to rush up into her ears, as she listened to the unfolding of the plot by which a young girl was bargained, body and soul, into hell.

"She thinks she's going to meet her father, in 'Frisco," said, in conclusion, the voice that Alviny thought she knew. "I'll send her out there by steamer; that'll give us time to get there by rail, and get things fixed; there's got to be some one there to meet her and play father for a while, to ease the thing off. Mrs. Clarke will manage the rest," and he laughed, a little, shrill, cruel laugh, which made Alviny's flesh creep. "She's with Clarke now," he added, "and I'll go right around and tell 'em to be ready, for the steamer leaves at twelve o'clock to-morrow. And now, señor, if you'll be good enough to hand over that first installment, we'll call the bargain closed."

Stealthily she crept from bed, climbed again to the transom, and peered down. After waiting a few moments, the door of the adjoining room opened, and the little "grizzly-gray" man came out, hat in hand. He paused, lifting his face for a moment toward the ceiling.

"Yes," he said, "I guess that's the best way to fix it. At ten, then, I'll call around, and we'll go down to the *Colon* and see 'em off."

Alviny had seen his uplifted face, full in the light, and knew him.

"Know him! why I'd know Bill Parsons at the other end of eternity—the devilish critter. There, I've said it! and if I don't circumvent him, and save that child, then there ain't no such thing as providence;" and by the dim light that shone into her room, Alviny noiselessly dressed, and sat down to think.

Tramp, tramp, tramp! up and down, up and down the passage, came and went the never-ceasing sound of footsteps. Tramp, tramp! up and down the street, went the ceaseless sound of horses' feet, and the rattle and roll of carriages, till the lights were out in the hall, and the gray light of dawn shone in. Alviny rose from her seat; she was pale, but her countenance was beaming with a new, intense light; her eyes shone with a clear and steady lustre, the outlooking of a great resolve. At breakfast the waiters hardly recognized in her the little timid woman of the night before. Opposite her sat her chevalier, and she smiled upon him brightly.

"I hope you got a pleasant room at last?" he said, after the good-mornings had passed.

"Yes, I did; I had the best room in the world."

"What an odd little body she is," he thought.

"You told me last night to call on you if I needed assistance, didn't you?"

"Certainly; can I help you this morning?"

"Yes, you can help me a great deal. I've got a letter to a gentleman here in the city, but I hain't got time to look him up, and he's a stranger to me, too. I suppose your time is occupied, and I hate to trouble you, though I'd be willin' and glad to pay you for it, if you wouldn't feel hurt by my offerin' it to you——"

"I suppose you would like to have me assist you in finding the gentleman?"

"No, I haven't got time to bother about him at all. What I want to know first, is, there's a steamboat leaving for San Francisco to-day, ain't there?"

The gentleman turned to his paper.

"Yes; the *Colon* leaves for Panama, at twelve o'clock to-day."

"Well," said Alviny, solemnly, "I'm a-goin' to Californy; and if you could help me to get a ticket, and git safe onto the boat, I'd be everlastingly obliged to you. You see, I don't know a breath about travelin'. It's a wonder I got here as well as I did; and to think of goin' to Californy fairly makes me shiver; but it's got to be done. You was so kind to me last night, I made bold to speak to you now. If you could help me off you'd do me a wonderful favor."

He hesitated a moment.

"Poor little Aunt Mary!" he thought; "how pale she is—yes, I'll help her off, if I have to go clear to California;" then, aloud:

"Yes, Miss White, I think I can manage it. I'll write a note to my employers, and then I'm at your service."

Alviny's heart grew lighter.

"I want to send off a couple o' telegrams before I leave."

"Certainly—just write them out," and he passed her a pencil and card.

Alviny wrote, in her little round hand:

"TO JERRY WILSON, care of RICHARD STEVENS: Meet me in San Francisco on arrival of steamboat *China*, from Panama. Bring David. Good news.
"ALVINY WHITE."

No. 2 was to Loizy, and read:

"Going to California. Important business. Will write when get there. ALVINY WHITE."

"I hope you are a good sailor, Miss White," said the young man, when he had deposited her safely on board the ship.

"Land! I never was on a boat but once in my life, and that was only a little trip on Lake Champlain."

"Were you ill?"

"Ill?" said Alviny, laughing. "Well, I threw up, a little. But I expect Champlain ain't a circumstance to what this'll be. Between you and me, I dread it like a dog! but I've got to go; and if I'm sick I'll have to grin an' bear it. 'Twont kill me, anyway, and if it does it won't be much matter, if I can only perform my duty. I'm heaven-sent on this journey, if any mortal bein' ever was."

"Yes, I believe you are; whatever your mission may be, I know it is a good one, worthy of your brave heart. I should like to hear from you on your arrival, to know how you have fared, and all that."

"You are an awful good young man, as I told you before; I knew it the minnit I set eyes on you. The Lord does raise up help in time of need, that's as sure as you are livin'. I don't dast to tell you the business I'm goin' on, but if it turns out right I'll let you know. It's to save a human bein'," she said solemnly, "an' it's the wonderfulest story, just like a book—but you wait! Now, you'd better not stay any longer, because your time is precious, I know. I said something about payin' you for your trouble, and I wisht I could, but you're such a gentleman I don't know as it would do to offer to. There ain't no money that could pay you enough for it, anyway; there ain't no way to reckon kindness, though I guess the Lord knows how to measure it." Alviny had taken on a new dignity of tone as well as of manner. Her companion looked at her admiringly, and with that bright, kind smile, said:

"No, Miss White, I don't want money, and I have taken but little trouble for you; but you can do me a great favor, if you will. I have thought a good deal about going out to California to try my fortune; but I hate to risk it without having a more reliable account of the country; now, if you will kindly write and give me your impression of it, you will turn the tables, so to speak: the obligation will be on my side."

"Why, I'll write you just the best I can; I ain't much in the habit of writin' letters—hain't writ any for years; but I'll do my best."

"Thank you; and now I must be off. I wish you the most prosperous of voyages, Miss White, in every way. Good-bye."

How blessed it seemed to have some one interested in her, and to be thus taken care of, when she had felt so alone and helpless!

"I couldn't bear to have him know that I hadn't read his name; so I had to dodge around a good deal to not let him notice that I didn't mention it. I was so flustered last night, when he give me his card, that I slipped it in my pocket without readin' of it, and there it is now in my polonay pocket, in my valise; well, I'll find it by an' by; it's safe. Now, what's this? Why, if he hain't left his parcel! Why! why it's addressed to me! Now, of all things!"

Upon opening the parcel, Alviny found a number of papers and magazines, a nice, respectable-looking novel, and his card.

"There! he thought I'd lost that other, I s'pose. But for goodness gracious! If things don't come out just like witch-work! Charles C. Lee—the very bein' I was put in care of—Loizy's step-son, so to speak; and ain't he a blessed, good-hearted boy, too! I guess Loizy is a-goin' into a good family. But what's the time, I wonder?—after ten—well, I must git where I can see them critters when they come aboard. Now, I don't want Bill Parsons to know me; I guess if I twist up my hair, and pull this veil down over my face, he won't notice me. I don't s'pose the critter'll really be lookin' out for *me*," and Alviny laughed to think how she was "comin' it on him." Then, selecting a gorgeous *Harper's Bazar* as a sort of screen, the little dressmaker established herself behind it, where she could watch arrivals.

At last they came; Alviny's heart flew into her mouth as she saw them approaching. There was a tall, fair woman, elegantly dressed in black, not a particle of color, talking quietly to the same gentleman whom she had seen the night before. After them came Parsons and a young lady.

"Yes, it's Ruby, no mistake; there's Angeline's black hair—only curlier; and her great, black eyes—only softer, and with a sweeter look in 'em. She's got David's look, too—so gentle and innocent! How sorrowful she looks, poor lamb! But I mustn't up and bawl now, not for the world. The Lord's a-goin' to save you, you little love!" she cried in her heart, half-believing that her thoughts would go to the girl on the breeze that kissed her brown and rose-flushed cheeks, and blew the little curling locks about her face. She watched them as they talked. "I can't see a thing wrong about 'em; they look just as innocent as anybody."

Alviny seemed to have thought that they would wear the mark of the beast on their foreheads; and so they did, only she couldn't read it. She did not see the cruel gleaming of the woman's light blue eyes, nor read aright the expression of her thin, pale lips; she did not see the glance that passed between her and the señor, when he had been studying the girl's face under cover of a most respectful conversation. But she did see and know and read the sneaking, avaricious face of Parsons; and she hated him as intensely as it was possible for her to hate anything. The girl hated him, too, and shrunk from him. She could see that. He had assumed a penitent, humble manner toward her, as if bowed down by a weight of remorse; but when her face was turned away, he gave Gonzales a look that set Alviny's blood tingling.

"Oh, you sneak! you miserable pizen serpent! If I could fly at you and maul you within an inch of your life, I'd be most willin' to die for it. But you wait, you old reptile, just wait till David Davis and Jerry Wilson git hold of you! My land! seems as the time never would come."

But the time came for them to withdraw, and the señor said gallantly, in his soft accents, and with a lingering look of admiration:

"I hope, señorita, I shall be permitted to renew your acquaintance in San Francisco; I shall arrive there nearly as soon as yourself."

"I shall be glad of any acquaintance that my father approves of," she answered, with gentle dignity, and slightly emphasizing the word "father."

"Certainly, Miss Davidson, I shall do myself the honor of waiting upon señor your father, as soon as I arrive; until then, adieu," and with a profound bow he left the saloon, accompanied by Parsons. In some sort of an abject, whining way he had bidden her adieu, and she gave a sigh of intense relief as he skulked away.

"I hope I'll never see him again," she said earnestly, when he had passed out of sight.

"Which one?"

"I meant Mr. Peterson."

"And the other?" smiling, as if much amused.

"I don't care about him in any way, only you know, Mrs. Clark, 'birds of a feather.'"

"Ah, that is too hard upon Señor Gonzales, who accepts Peterson only as a means of cultivating your acquaintance."

"It is the surest way in the world to make himself hateful to me." A little red spot glowed on either cheek.

"Never fear, the señor will throw him overboard soon enough; he's a gentleman, a regular blue-blooded Spaniard, and enormously rich. See, I won this ring of him the other day," pointing to a magnificent cluster diamond. Her hands were absolutely ablaze with the precious stones.

"You seem to be very fond of diamonds, Mrs. Clarke."

"Yes, very; I always had a passion for them"—turning her hand set them flashing—"my husband was constantly buying them for me."

Alviny noticed her quick glance toward a group of loud-talking women that were seated at a table near by. As Mrs. Clarke glanced at them, mentioning her husband, they laughed loudly, apparently at some joke of their own; but Alviny, having seen the glance and being otherwise behind the scenes, understood and shivered; she felt as if she had fallen into the entrance to the infernal regions.

"Señor Gonzales now seems to prefer *rubies*," said the woman, continuing the conversation. "I know of a certain beautiful one that he means to obtain," and she smiled in her peculiar way. The young lady looked annoyed, and, turning away, said:

"Let us go on deck, Mrs. Clarke. I think we shall soon be off, now."

"Yes, and there goes the bell." The women glanced again at the group by the table; two or three arose and took leave of those who remained; lingering a little behind her companion, as they passed the table, Mrs. Clarke whispered a hurried word or two, and after a moment they arose and followed her.

Alviny, too, quietly went on deck; leaning over the rail, she watched the people saying good-bye; some gayly and carelessly, some with tears and kisses and fond lingering pressure of cheek to cheek, and hand clinging to hand; some, like herself, stood sad and alone, looking with wistful eyes toward the city; though among all that surging crowd, in all that expanse of glittering roof and tower, there was no one to weep for her; none to say with trembling lip from anxious heart: "Good-bye, God take you safely to the other shore!" "No, not in all this world," thought Alviny, "is there any one to care for me, or feel afraid when I go into the very jaws of death, as I'm a-doin' now. Poor Lemwel! tears enough I've shed for him when he's been on the deep. I wonder if he sees me now; seems as if he must be nearer to me here than when I'm on the land." Alviny softly wiped away her tears. "Anyway," she thought, "I can always cry for myself; that's some comfort." Her tears and smiles were very near together.

Out moved the ship, amid the cries of the sailors, the cheering of the crowd upon the wharf, the waving of hats and hands, and the fluttering of kerchiefs. Mrs. Clarke was pointing out two who stood a little apart and were waving their hats. The young lady turned and walked to the other side of the ship, near Alviny. Out glided the steamer, in and out between the fortressed islands, down the beautiful broad bay, among the great sailing ships, with their bright pennons, their tall masts and network of ropes against the blue sky. Alviny wanted to ask a million questions about the novel scene. She wanted to know about the great piratical vessels with their black hulls and their curious flags.

"If Lemwel was here he could tell me," she sighed; "like enough he's been on some of 'em; at any rate, he's been in this bay more'n a hundred times. But to think that I've been in New York and hain't seen a thing, nor heard a sermon! and a-goin' to sea, goin' to Californy, and hardly a dud with me, and not so very much money either; but if I once git there, I guess I'll be took care of; and Roxy Wilson'll see I ain't afraid to resk a little for folks that's done so much for me. But to think of Loizy's wedding dress and things!—why, she'll jest about take my head off. I shan't never dast to go back and face her."

Alviny could

"Face the raging of the sea,
But not an angry—Bascom."

"I'd like to know what that blessed child's a thinkin' of, lookin' away off over the water, for all the world as she used to look out of the meetin'-house winders, in that little gypsy hat she used to wear, and tucked up beside of her pa; seems as if I must go right up and hug her, pretty creature!"

They had passed the Narrows and the outer bay; fainter and fainter showed the green and sunlight shores; further and further away stretched the great expanse of water; over the sparkling waves came the fresh breeze, sweeping across their cheeks, and bringing them a new, a delightful sense of life. They were fairly at sea.

CHAPTER IV.

The fourth day out, and the sea was calm; it had been roughish—just a little—and Alviny had been sick.

"I guess I shall die," she said faintly, when the ship was "gracefully riding the waves" sideways.

"Oh, no," laughed the stewardess, "you won't die; you'll be up and as bright as a dollar, to-morrow or next day; you have one of the best cabins on board; you don't begin to feel the roll here as some of them do, down below for instance; there's a young lady down there that's very sick, and she won't get better as long as she stays in that cabin; I wish she was here with you. Would you object? She's such a lovely girl."

"Go bring her—do; if she's in a pitchier place than this, don't let her stay another minnit; though, if she's any sicker'n I am, you'll have to carry her like a baby."

When "Miss Davidson" came staggering in to the cabin, assisted by doctor and stewardess, Alviny burst into hysterical laughter, to the amazement of all.

"I don't know what the lady means," said Miss Davidson, "I think I'd better go back."

"Oh, no, don't! I'm so glad to see you; I was surprised; and I've felt so sick and lonesome, all alone here; I laughed before I had time to stop myself; but it's cause I am so glad it's you. I just wish I was well enough to take care of you."

"Oh, you'll both be better to-morrow, and on deck," said the doctor.

The doctor was right; next morning the steamer was cutting along a smooth sea, the foaming water in her wake, flashing and sparkling in the sun.

Alviny and Ruby—for of course it was she—were on deck, pale, but happy.

Mrs. Clarke was nowhere in sight.

"And thankful I am for it," said Alviny to herself; "I wouldn't wish a dog to be sick—sick as I've been; but the more she's kep' away from that child, the better; seem's as if I ought to tell her, pretty thing! but I can't do it here; I don't feel equal to it, neither; no, I'll wait a while; there's time enough between here and Californy."

But the time came when Alviny felt equal to the task of telling her.

Ruby stood before the mirror, gathering up her long, black waves of hair; her loose sleeves fell back from her pretty, round arms, and showed the dimple at her elbow:

"Within a mile of Edinboro town,
In the rosy time o' the year,
Sweet flowrets bloomed, and the hay was down;
And the birds sang loud and clear."

She sang, with little, delicious curves and trills and quirks of melody, a bit of this and a snatch of that, till Alviny could not stand it another minute.

She reached forward, and gently pulled a fold of her dress:

"Are you Ruby Davis?" she asked, slowly, cautiously, as though she were putting a very thick seam under the needle of her sewing-machine.

The girl turned in a maze, letting her hair fall, and stared at Alviny.

"Who are you?" she asked, her great, wide-open eyes looking almost wild with wonder.

"I should like to tell you a story," continued Alviny, "sit down here," and she motioned to a place beside her; but the girl dropped upon a low seat before her, and with her hair hanging about her shoulders, her lovely face still full of wonder, she listened to Alviny's story of her childhood, of her father's devotion and terrible sorrow, of Jerry Wilson's return from California, of her father's departure for Virginia City in search of her, and, finally, what she had heard in the hotel that night. Whiter and whiter had grown the girl's face during the recital, but, closing her lips firmly, and tightly clasping her hands, she had listened without a word. She was well used to repressing her emotions, poor child.

At last she cried out:

"And that is I! Oh, who will save me from these people! How shall I find my father! Oh, Miss White, save me, save me!" and she threw herself, sobbing, into Alviny's arms.

"There, there, you darlin', you poor little abused lamb, don't cry! I'm a-goin' to save you. *I've come a purpose!* I am goin' to take you right to your own pa, and I won't let go of you till you're safe in his arms. Now don't you worry one bit about it; they can't hurt a hair o' your head."

Poor little Ruby! how she wept, clinging to the little woman that had "come a purpose" to save her. When she was calm, she told her part of the story. Something of it Alviny had already learned from Roxy Wilson, from whom she had received a letter, just as she was setting out for New York; she produced it now for Ruby's reading.

"And is this really from my Aunt Roxy? My mother once spoke of Roxy Wilson; she said she was an angel. It was in one of poor mamma's fancies, you know."

"But nobody ever spoke truer words," said Alviny, warmly; "she is an angel; but you'll see, when we get there."

"Get there! get *there!* Oh, Miss White, those words are delicious; it sounds almost as if we were going straight to heaven. I have been so lonely. I don't think I ever was happy before; how delightful it is! Tell me more about my father, and brothers, and sisters; and who is the dear old soul that lives with them? Aunt Dic—what a droll name! But I'll never have any aunt so dear as you, you kindest, best of friends, my little Aunt Alvina!"

"Bless your heart, child, you don't know how pleasant it is to be something to somebody; your cousin, Ned Wilson, too, he always called me 'Aunt Alviny.' You'll think a sight of Neddie, he's just the cutest, smartest, kind-heartedest boy that ever lived. He's awful still and sober among strangers; but at home, or up to his Uncle David's—up to your house, you know, Ruby—he's just as full of pranks and kinks as he can hold; and Bessie, she is up to him, too, as Aunt Dic always says: 'Land, when them two git together there's fun enough to last anybody a year.' Many's the time Aunt Dic and I have laughed ourselves just about sick at them two children. I'll tell you about 'em all, beginnin' at Annie, and a most uncommon girl she is, too. But now do up your hair and get ready for dinner. And mind you don't call me aunt before that woman; we mustn't be too thick, you know, or she might mistrust something—I don't know as she could do a bit o' harm if she did, but there's no tellin' what the trollop might be up to. Don't it make you sick to see all them rings on her fingers? it really does me. Now, how sweet and pretty that looks," pointing to a simple band of pearl and turquoise on Ruby's finger, the only ring she wore.

"Yes, that was poor mamma's," touching it to her lips—"she never wore it; but once, on my birthday, she took it from a little box and put it on my finger."

"There! I remember it now; I used to see her wear it; it was your pa that give her that, when you was born—that was a fashion he had of makin' her some little present like that, to keep 'count o' the children's ages,' he used to say, laughin'."

"Why, yes," said Ruby, "here is my name and the year of my birth engraved inside," and she slipped it from her finger to show Alviny. "I thought mamma had it done for me."

"No; it was done when you were baptized; there, put it on again, it's worth more'n all them blazin' diamonds. Now we'll go."

From that time onward they had a happy voyage, a smooth sea, a snug place on deck, where they could gaze undisturbed upon the glory of the ocean, or watch the tireless flight of sea-gulls brushing the foam with their white wings, as they dipped and rose, circling about the ship, then away to their island homes.

They read the good things that young Lee had provided; Alviny even prepared a letter to be carried back to him from Colon. They had pleasant chats with their fellow-passengers; there was a South American, of Spanish descent, Señor Lusano; he had been singing in opera in New York, and was returning to his home in Panama. He was full of amusing experiences; sometimes he sang for them, delicious passages from the operas, and sweet airs, whose melody floated with the singing waves out into eternity.

"One thing I'm thankful for," said Alviny, "Mis' Clarke seems to be payin' pretty close attention to them railroad men that's goin' down to Peru—that keeps her from noticin' us much. Pretty care she'd 'a' took of you, dearie; if Aunt Alviny hadn't found you, you might never 'a' got to San Francisco."

Ruby shuddered, and slipped her hand into Alviny's.

One night there was a storm, not severe, just enough to show them a new phase of the summer sea; it was glorious with phosphorescent lights, darting like serpents over the water, writhing like great fiery monsters, or burning deep down in the black waves, star-like and intense; sometimes they sprang up like jets of fire to meet their kindred flashes in the sky; sometimes a broad blaze illumed sea and sky, showing the white crests of the waves that swept hissing up and down, and, far away, roared in concert with the roaring thunder, and still further out made weird and piteous moanings, and so ran on and on their endless way, with wild complaint.

"Ruby, are you afraid?" said Alviny, softly.

"Oh, no! It isn't fearful; I never imagined anything so beautiful."

"Nor I; it seems to be a sort of play-spell for the old sea. I'd 'a' been scared to death if I'd 'a' known it was goin' to thunder and lighten; but now I don't feel an atom afraid. Ruby, think of seein' the Lord come a-walkin' over the waves and a-puttin' out his hands to them frightened ones in their little ship, and tellin' 'em not to be afraid. It don't seem as if I'd be much surprised to see it now; it looks so wonderful out there."

Ruby looked up in a sort of incomprehending way—she had not heard many of the old, sweet Bible stories.

Alviny laid her hand gently upon her head.

"You dear lamb! But you're found now, thank Heaven, and you're goin' to be brought into a Christian home."

One morning they beheld the sky filled with the most exquisite coloring.

"Look," said Señor Lusano, "there are the shores of my native land."

"And we shall soon be at Aspinwall," cried Ruby, joyfully.

"Señorita!" cried Lusano in distress, "say not *Aspinwall*—it is only the North Americans who say that, and they have no right to change our old name; it is *Colon*, *always Colon*, *never Aspinwall!*"

"One word with you, if you please, Miss White," said Mrs Clarke, at that moment.

"Yes'm," said Alviny, with great dignity, following her to a quiet place.

"I wish to say to you, Miss White, that I have somewhat changed my plans since coming on board, and instead of going directly to California, I have decided to go down to Lima with some ladies; my only hesitation has been about Miss Davidson"—she paused.

"Yes'm," said Alviny, and her voice was a whole frigid zone.

"But really," continued Mrs. Clarke, "I am under no particular obligation to the young lady or her friends; I thought perhaps you would kindly look after her for the rest of the way out; and, in fact, she has been with you so constantly since we left New York, you seem to have been the real *chaperone* after all; though, indeed, Miss Davidson is such a discreet young lady she doesn't need any surveillance; it is merely to see that she reaches her father in safety."

"Yes'm, I'll tend to *that*."

"I dare say you saw the gentlemen that came on board with us? Well, they are to meet her on her arrival, and her father will be with them."

"You needn't feel none troubled about her. I'll see that she is took care of and gits safe to her father."

"Thank you, Miss White, you are very good; I will bid you good-bye, then, and wish you a pleasant voyage to San Francisco. And I must say good-bye to Miss Davidson, for we shall soon be at Aspinwall."

She moved gracefully away, her diamonds flashing in the sun, as she waved her hand to Alviny; but in a moment she turned and came back to her.

"Little woman," she said, bending toward her, with thrilling speech and despairing face, "little woman, I know your thoughts; but don't be too hard upon me, though you can not despise me so utterly as I despise, abhor myself. I would hide myself beneath these waves if I were not afraid to die. You would pity me if you knew my story; but one last word I wish to say to you, that young girl is in danger; save her, if you can."

Again she glided away, a sad, black shadow in the golden morning light.

"Poor creetur," murmured Alviny, "poor unfortunate creetur; not for a world full of them diamonds would I carry your heart."

On and on they sped, till at last rose Aspinwall, green and misty, out of the tinted sea.

The ship lay at rest in the beautiful little bay. Ruby would have liked to sit all day upon deck gazing at the palms and all the glowing verdure of these picturesque shores. Not a cloud was in the sky, not a ripple stirred the waters. To their eyes, grown weary of the boundless waste of blue, with only now and then a barren, rocky island to break its monotony, how inexpressibly sweet was the greenness of this place—an emerald-tinted lake set round with waving tree and ramping vine, with just a glimpse of the blue world of waters beyond. Far away stretched the great, mysterious forests. Ruby's imagination filled their dark depths with strange, prowling, creeping things. At the other side was the little port; its odd buildings with their broad piazzas, under shade of palm and magnolia, and pomegranate with glowing bloom.

"It looks just like an oil-painting," said a school-girl at Ruby's elbow.

"And it rains here thirteen months in the year," added a gentleman; "and now let us go and see the only sight in this little port—the statue of Columbus presenting America to the old world. It was presented to the place by the Empress Eugenie, one of whose ancestors is connected with its history. For a long time the statue lay on the shore, just as it was landed, and might have been there yet if it had been left to the inhabitants; and now it stands flat upon the sand, when it should be raised upon a high pedestal: then it would be grand; but it is very beautiful even now."

They strolled at leisure through the queer little town, with its pretty English church of gray stone, its swarthy, lazy, half-clad men and women lounging in the sun, or sitting under the shop-awnings with little stalls of sea-shells, coral, and tropical fruits, screaming paroquets, and chattering monkeys. Then the funny little train on the narrow-gauge road took them across to Panama, a three hours' ride through the heart of the tropics. At first they were delighted with the novelty of it, the glowing, gorgeous beauty; but at last its rank coarseness palled upon their vision; the little dirty Chagres crept in and out its venomous length; the heathenish huts—Alviny supplied the adjective—the stupid-looking women and naked children staring at the train—that never-ending novelty—or offering at the stations baskets of forbidden fruit. "Don't eat any fruit while you are on the isthmus," the doctor said; and the cunning little green paroquets—"No use to buy them," said another, "they never live." The sun blazed, scorched. "Don't fan yourself!" cried the captain, who went over with them. "Don't check perspiration for one minute, unless you want to get a fever." Jolt, jolt, jolt, went the little train over the little road.

"Oh, Aunt Alvina, don't your head ache?" said Ruby, "and ain't you tired of this?"

"Yes, it does ache, child, and yes, I am tired and sick of it all—monkeys and parrots and niggers, and them awful young ones, and that nasty little pizen river, and that twisted-up snarl of big, coarse leaves and vines—not one little, pretty, fine, feathery blade of grass or fern. I wouldn't give a medder of timothy-grass, with dandelions and daisies a-swingin' in the wind, for the whole ka-boodle of it."

"Ah, Aunt Alvina, wait till you see a California meadow, full of nemophilas and cream-cups, all under the great oaks, with the cool, gray moss swinging like lace-work from their branches."

"I wish I was there," said Alviny, wearily.

Then Panama, just a larger Colon — more lounging natives, more broad piazzas, and shop-awnings with their stalls, more sea-shells, and fans, and Panama hats, and monkeys, and parrots, and bananas, and oranges, and limes, and cocoanuts, and pines, and sailors, and loads of freight going to the wharf, and boats going and coming from ship to shore, and a blazing sun. Oh, how good it was to get out upon the blue water, where the ship lay gently swinging with the waves, and the blessed life-giving breeze swept over the sea! How delightful to rest there, watching the busy boats come up with loads of freight and back with flashing oars! Natives, rowing lazily up in their canoes, drifted about the ship to display their picturesque wares; heaps of green and golden fruit, baskets of rose-leaf shells, clusters of large shells and coral, with the inevitable paroquet or cockatoo perched among them. Away from the town stretched the long, rocky shores, and groups of verdant islands; on the opposite side the green wilderness and the wide, wide ocean.

The last boat was unladen, the wheels dipped their long arms in the sea, and threw up clouds of foam and showers of diamond spray. The ship moved slowly out upon her path.

"At last we are upon our way again," cried Ruby, "just you and I, alone, as it were; no hateful Clarke within sight or sound; and soon we shall be there—*there!* It seems as if this ship ought to fly."

But it didn't fly, it crept; the blazing sun poured down; the burning breath of the tropics was around them; the death-like odor of over-ripe bananas filled the ship, and finally, as a climax, Alviny was "took with the cramps." Alas, that such woe should lurk in a cooling slice of pine-apple!

"No more of your tropix for me," she groaned.

At Acapulco, more freight, more boats alongside, more natives, fruits, shells, and parrots, more thatched huts, 'neath waving palms—and off again! And there was more woe for poor, devoted Alviny, when they crossed the waters of the Gulf of California.

"Oh dear!" she murmured, "if I ever live to git onto stiddy land agin—how thankful!"

But the next morning she was well.

"It's the curiousest business," said she, "one day you're so sick you think you can't live another minute, and the next you're up again as well as ever; but I've had enough of it. Now, where are them side-combs? I laid 'em right there, yesterday; 'twas careless. I've always put 'em in my valise, for fear of accident, but I was so sick I couldn't do any more'n to lay 'em there; maybe they've dropped under the bunk. No, they hain't. Where upon earth——"

A dreadful suspicion floated upon Alviny's mind.

"Ruby," said she, impressively, "that bias-eyed Chinee has *stole* them side-combs."

"Aunt Alvina, it can't be possible!" and Ruby put forth all her power of will to suppress even a shadow of smiling.

"Yes, he has, I'm certain of it."

"Well, there he goes, now; I'll call him."

Ruby was acquainted with the *species Chinee;* she knew exactly how he would sustain an examination; but she wanted the fun of confronting him with Alviny.

"Ah Sing! come here. Did you see Miss White's side-comb yesterday?"

Ah Sing's intellect seemed struggling to grasp the idea conveyed by the term "side-comb."

"Si-i-come? Me no sabe si-i-come."

"Why, combs, combs! like this, only little," said Alviny, loudly; "wear in my hair, so; I left 'em *there;* there hain't been anybody in here but you; now *where* are them *side-combs?*"

Oh, innocence, profound and large! Ah Sing looked her straight in the eye, and said simply: "Me no sabe."

To one who has never listened to it under similar circumstances it is impossible to convey an idea of the maddening combination of innocence, ignorance, and indifference rendered in that little phrase.

"Do you hear that?" cried the exasperated Alviny. "If it ain't enough to make anybody say devil! and if them Chinee heathen ain't possessed of him, then I'd like to know what! Lord forgive me for getting into such a state, but they do rile me fearfully. Do you git along out o' here!" she cried.

Ah Sing continued to gaze at her, as if he did not comprehend one word, but was willing to stand and be reviled as long as she pleased.

"Leave!"

"Me no sabe si-i-come; no hab catchee." And the virtuous Ah Sing meekly retired before the blazing orbs of Alviny.

"He's got em, I know he has; and I shall go to the captain. I ain't goin' to be put upon by no Chinese, sassy, sneakin', lyin', critters!"

"Aunt Alviny, I *must* laugh; oh, dear!"

"Why laugh, child, do! I expect I ought to be ashamed to make such a fool o' myself; but his sassy looks did aggravate me so; and 'tain't no joke, either, to lose them side-combs. I've had 'em goin' on ten years, and I can't find any more like 'em. I don't know what I'm going to do with my hair, either."

"Oh, let me fix it for you; I'll put it up in the loveliest French twist; curly hair is so pretty that way."

Ruby's deft fingers not only "fixed" Alviny's hair, but her light touches soothed her ruffled temper. "There!" she said, when the twist was arranged, and a few little wavy locks braided loose about her face. "Now look at that!" and she herself moved across the cabin, to get the effect of the new *coiffure.* "Oh, you little, darling Aunt Vina—just look at you!"

"Why, I never!" exclaimed the little woman, as she gazed bashfully into the mirror. "It does look neat!"

And so it did; her late encounter with Ah Sing had brightened her eyes, and flushed her cheeks, that had grown plump and even developed a dimple under the invigorating sea-breeze and the weeks of rest and happiness; a pretty little woman smiled out from the mirror.

"'Tain't o' much consequence how I look, though, as long as I'm respectable."

"Oh, yes it is, Aunt Vina; you may be getting married to some rich Californian."

"No, child, I shan't never marry anybody—not the richest man livin', nor the best—I couldn't think of it. But there's the breakfast bell. Come, dearie; you do look just as sweet as a pink, this mornin'; this cold climate is bracin'—I was as weak as a rag back in them topics, and all that pretty color died out o' your cheeks."

How sweet it was for Ruby to sit and dream, and feel herself carried on and on toward the haven of home. Nearer and nearer came the ship, till she bore her precious freight safe through the Golden Gate; and with throb and thrill of joy, they looked upon the sunny, wind-swept heights of San Francisco.

"Oh, auntie, keep close to me; my heart is nearly bursting—it seems as if I should die before we reach the wharf. What if papa and uncle should not be there, and if those wicked men should seize upon us?"

"Don't you be afraid, child; you keep tight hold o' me, and I'll take care of you. If your father shouldn't be there, nor your uncle, and if them men should, why don't you let 'em know that you mistrust a thing—I'll keep my veil down, and you call me Miss Brown, and I'll fix things all right."

"Why, here, Ruby, you put on this thick veil, and they won't never know us in the world; for you know they'll be a-lookin' out for Mis' Clarke; now that'll fool 'em. And here we are;

now come along, dearie, and don't you tremble so; the Lord ain't a-goin' to desert us at the last minnit."

But Alviny did quake a little as they climbed the steep stairway up to the landing, and looked about among the expectant throng, pressing forward to receive their friends.

"Thanks be to the Lord!" gasped Alviny, throwing up her veil and rushing forward, dragging with her the half-fainting girl.

"Here we are, Jerry Wilson! and David Davis, here is your child!"

That was a happy little group in the parlor of a certain hotel, that evening, Roxy and Ned and Ruby and Alviny.

"Aunt Alvina, you beat everything!" said Ned, "and I don't feel half sure it is you; you look about ten years younger. Mother, just look at her."

"You do look as fresh as a rose, Alviny; the sea-voyage has done you good."

"Oh, pshaw," said blushing Alvina, "it's only Ruby's way o' fixin' me up and doin' my hair."

"Why, sure enough, where are your side-combs?"

"I've got 'em safe in my valise," and she looked smilingly at Ruby.

"Aunt Alvina had a good many experiences on board," said she, "and one was an episode with the China-boy who attended our cabin."

"Your chambermaid, as it were," said Ned.

"Exactly, and he pilfered auntie's side-combs one day when she was sea-sick. She accused him of it in pretty vigorous language; but, of course, he hadn't the remotest idea of what she meant."

"And you gave him tally-ho; now didn't you, Aunt Alvina?"

"Well, yes, Ned, I did free my mind a little; that's what makes Ruby laugh. Then I went to the captain about it, and the upshot of the business was that they was found in the critter's possession, just before we landed."

"And poor Ah Sing looked down upon us from the top of the wheel-house, where he was doing penance, when we left the ship," said Ruby. "I didn't laugh much then, I was so excited and troubled; but I can see him in my mind now, such a comical figure."

Just then Jerry and David entered the room.

"Is he found?" they asked anxiously.

"Yes," said Jerry, "he's found, and lost; the detectives had him in less'n two hours after I set 'em on the track, and we had an interview with him over in Oakland. You'd ought to seen him cringe and tremble and whine when we looked at him, David and I. But we settled him in short order. David's got his baby back, and he didn't want no more of the villain; there ain't no earthly revenge big enough to pay us two for what we have suffered at that cuss's hands. But I wanted my hard-earned money back, and I've got it. We took him before the authorities and made him sign over them mines o' his; and here are the dockyments, confession and all; I made him tally right up and sign the whole thing. Then we told the rascal to go—and he went; I s'pose the Lord'll keep an eye on him; but I'm durned if I ever want to see him again."

"Now, what's the programme?" said Jerry, the next morning. "Ef you'll allow me the first say, I would suggest that we finish up the week in town, take Alviny and Ruby round to see the sights, and about next Monday make a strike for Mount Pisgy. I tell you, Alviny, you ought to see our new place; it beats everything!"

"Except the Swanton cottage," said Roxy.

"Dear, dear," sighed Alviny, "to think how I came off and left things; and poor Loizy's weddin' dress!"

"Loizy's what?" they cried.

"Oh, my!" said she, in confusion, "if I hain't up and told! But I guess it ain't much matter, so far away."

Then she related the news of Miss Bascom's approaching nuptials.

"It's easy enough to fix that," said Roxy. "We'll buy her a dress here, ready made, or have one made to order, and send it by express, with all the other things. You know her measure, Alviny."

"Look at that now," said Jerry, proudly; "ain't she a brick? Yes, sir; do you buy the best outfit you can scare up, and I'll foot the bill; if Loizy Bascom's going to get married, she shall have a square send-off."

"It takes a dreadful load off my conscience, now, I tell you," said the grateful Alviny.

"Wall, now, girls, get on your fixin's, and we'll be off to see the sights."

To see the sights! Where in all that city was there a rarer, gladder sight, if one had only known, than our little party of six, whose joyous heart ran over into laughter and droll speech? Proud Jerry with his pretty wife, Ned with Aunt Alviny—and no knight of the olden time could have given more thoughtful care to queenly dame than did gallant Ned to the little woman on his arm, giving vent to her gay spirits in accents void of grammar. And last, David, with his "Little Ruby," the beautiful girl whom people turned to gaze upon as she lifted her wondrous smile to meet her father's admiring look.

"And to think," said Alviny, "that I should be the one to find Ruby Davis!"

Julia H. S. Bugeia.

THE NORTH WIND.

All night, beneath the flashing hosts of stars,
The North poured forth the passion of its soul
In mighty longings for the tawny South,
Sleeping afar among her orange-blooms.
All night, through the deep cañon's organ-pipes,
Swept down the grand orchestral harmonies
Tumultuous, till the hills' rock buttresses
Trembled in unison.

The sun has risen,
But still the storming sea of air beats on,
And o'er the broad green slopes a flood of light
Comes streaming through the heavens like a wind,
Till every leaf and twig becomes a lyre
And thrills with vibrant splendor.

Down the bay
The furrowed blue, save that 'tis starred with foam,
Is bare and empty as the sky of clouds;
For all the little sails, that yesterday
Flocked past the islands, now have furled their wings,
And huddle frightened at the wharves—just as,
A moment since, a flock of twittering birds
Whirled through the almond trees like scattered leaves,
And hid beyond the hedge.

How the old oaks
Stand stiffly to it, and wrestle with the storm!
While the tall eucalyptus' plumy tops
Tumble and toss and stream with quivering light.
Hark! when it lulls a moment at the ear,
The fir-trees sing their sea-song:—now again
The roar is all about us like a flood;
And like a flood the fierce light shines, and burns
Away all distance, till the far blue ridge,
That rims the ocean, rises close at hand,
And high, Prometheus-like, great Tamalpais
Lifts proudly his grand front, and bears his scar,
Heaven's scathe of wrath, defiant like a god.

I thank thee, glorious wind! Thou bringest me
Something that breathes of mountain crags and pines,
Yea, more—from the unsullied, farthest North,
Where crashing icebergs jar like thunder-shocks,
And midnight splendors wave and fade and flame,
Thou bring'st a keen, fierce joy. So wilt thou help
The soul to rise in strength, as some great wave
Leaps forth, and shouts, and lifts the ocean-foam,
And rides exultant round the shining world.

E. R. Sill.

THE FIRST XERXES LOAN COLLECTION.

Art education has, so far, touched the people most effectually through loan collections, which, however, have been, with few exceptions, restricted to large cities. Yet towns of twenty or even ten thousand inhabitants have souls to be saved, æsthetically speaking, and loan collections in such towns would do solid missionary work. It is in this light that I regard the First Xerxes Loan Collection, and it is with the hope that other towns like Xerxes may follow her example that I relate the notable history of the exhibition given under the auspices of the Stepping-Stones Club.

Xerxes is a Western town—a prosperous, picturesque, outwardly tidy place, where the inhabitants paint their houses often, and take vast pains upon their lawns; nevertheless, it is a city set upon hills, which involve ravines, involving, in their turn, results of stagnant water and occasional typhoid fever. For the rest, its citizens come half of them from the Atlantic States, nearly another half from Germany, and a mere sprinkling of population from Ireland. As is the case in most Western towns, the better class of people travel a great deal. Every year a little company returns from Europe, with Paris dresses, and a quantity of photographs. Not only photographs come, but foreign pictures, prints, and *bric-à-brac*—which, as the traveled reader knows, can be picked up wonderfully cheap in Rome and Naples, of any age, or enriched by any classic associations which the buyer may desire — embellish the many Xerxes parlors and the two or three Xerxes drawing-rooms. Our connoisseur, besides some extremely ugly and well authenticated specimens of the school of Teniers and the school of Van Ostade, has a portrait of the loftiest pretensions; if it is not a Vandyke, it is, in manner, signature, history and all, the very cleverest of impostors. Here, then, was plenty of material, only it lay idle. Who first perceived the dormant capabilities of the place is to this day a mooted question. We, the Stepping-Stones, lay no claims to the design; all that we know about the matter is that Mrs. Cornelia Gracchi came to us (we being at that time, as we are still, a literary club of young women, who were strictly private in aim, and meddled in neither politics nor religion) and asked us to take the entire management of such a collection—*also to collect it;* the profits of the said collection and exhibition to go to the Society for the Promotion of Archæology, of which honorable body Mrs. Gracchi was the president.

"You see," explained Theodora David to the writer, "their society was going to have a series of magnificent things in the evenings, suppers, debates, tableaux, and all kinds of things, and our art gallery was a mere side-show in another building. They thought that they would not have time to attend to it, so they asked us."

But, however the matter came about, the Stepping-Stones accepted the management, and held their first meeting February 10, at which meeting, I find—by the minutes, and also by the club history—that Leslie Graham, president of the Stepping-Stones, was appointed business manager; Theodora David, chairman of the general committee; and Helen Garrison, secretary. At the next meeting, Rachel McFarland was appointed treasurer. It was decided that the collection should embrace statuary and curios, as well as pictures. "We must fill up with something," said Helen Garrison, rather gloomily.

A committee to visit the homes of the citizens, and to request the loan of their pictures and other desirable articles, was named by the president. Both the members of this committee had lately joined the club, and, to be frank, they were chosen mainly because of their ownership of carriages; but never was there a more fortunate selection. For two weeks, "unhasting" — on account of mud—"unresting," they drove from house to house, in every description of bad weather. They did not miss a day save Sunday. "And Sundays," said Isabella Kardigan, the chairman, "I asked the people at church."

Having appointed the various committees, the president, seeing that the club was greatly depressed in spirits, called on Theodora to read the prospectus, which she had prepared for the morning papers. Theodora described the future arrangements of the exhibition in vivid but truthful language. The reading was received with groans, cheers, and derisive laughter. Helen Garrison alone did not laugh; Helen has a conscience as sensitive as one of Howell's heroes.

"I don't think we *ought* to deceive the public so!" cried she.

"Why, we're going to have all those things," said Theodora.

"What," said Helen, "the photographic collection of great masters, 'which shall be an illustrated history of art, from the Byzantine school to the modern schools of Millais and Fortuny.' Are you going to have *that?*"

"Certainly," said Theodora, with unflinching cheerfulness, "we are sure of that." [Great laughter, and shouts of "Hear! hear!" and "Oh, you are, are you?"]

"The club will please come to order," said the president; "a motion to adjourn is now in order, and after we have adjourned, we can look at rooms."

The Stepping-Stones adjourned, and went down to "look at rooms." The quarters finally selected were in the centre of the city, facing a confectionery shop.

Our predecessors in business had been a wholesale millinery firm, who left us a bewildering legacy of mutilated bandboxes and newspapers. The building was two stories high, with two rooms and a hall above, and a long, narrow shop below—rather a dark shop. The second floor was lighted well enough, but the larger room had a queer, high-shouldered ceiling sloping sharply like a garret roof, "pointed Gothic, cut in two," the Countess Wanda Krzisch-Kowita called it—for our club possesses a real Polish countess with a gorgeous coat-of-arms, a half-dozen confiscated estates, and a tremendously long family history, all spattered with blood.

When we first saw the rooms, everything was white with dust, except the windows, which were black. Leslie tried to raise some of the latter, but they defied her efforts—being constructed on the bolt system, very popular in the West.

"Girls," said Leslie, "Mr. Lenard will give us these rooms for *nothing!* Did I hear a young lady say the ceiling was crooked? That crooked ceiling is *free!* I can't move a window here, but then we shall not have to pay for their sticking! We are going to make a great success, but we must be economical; we must do our own work; we must be our own door-keepers, our own collectors, and our own decorators. I think we had better adjourn until Saturday."

This was Thursday. On Friday, Leslie and Theodora superintended the cleaning of the rooms, which Leslie classically likened to the Augean Stables, and tacked white paper over the shelves and counters, to encourage the club when they should come. Theodora painted a huge, upright sign, glorifying ourselves in red, white, and blue letters; and Leslie and she trundled it out of the shop and nailed it down to the sidewalk. There was a high wind blowing, and, in spite of an ingenious prop, the sign fell over twice, painting the girl's dresses more or less each time; but Leslie said it was in a good cause, and Theodora said she thought it would wash off with turpentine.

Saturday, Monday, and Tuesday, the whole club toiled. We draped the deformed Gothic ceiling with dark-red cloth, and covered the ex-millinery shelves with paper cambric of the same color. We bought the cambric; the cloth was loaned us by a generous merchant. We promised faithfully that we would not drive tacks through it, intending to put it in little cambric slings and tack the slings to the wooden cornice. We fondly imagined that the festoons of cloth would droop in graceful folds, such as we had often admired in art galleries. In point of fact, they "sagged" viciously, leaving ghastly chasms of white wall, and not looking at all like the art galleries. Then we risked our necks on shaky step-ladders, and desperately *pinned* the cloth to the wall. The pins broke and bent, and ran into our thumbs. On the whole, we should advise future amateur decorators of art galleries to buy their cloth, and to use only large, stubby, flat-headed tacks—pins do *not* supply their place.

Down-stairs, we had our photographs. The Countess Wanda, who is more familiar with Europe than America, had charge of this department. She inserted her photographs in the cambric, and then proceeded to group the various schools by nations, beginning with the early Gothic schools, and working down through the Renaissance to modern Munich and Düsseldorf—all being duly labeled, and the works of each artist having a placard affixed beneath, containing his name and the dates of his birth and death. The ex-millinery shop contained also our museum, and a large collection of rejected models from the patent-office. We ranged them on a long counter—toys representing no one knows how many hard-working, hopeful, anxious days and nights, how many useless dreams and aspirations.

The hardest day, as we all agreed, was the one before the opening, although we were assisted by several obliging friends. Mrs. Cornelia sent the Gracchi, tall, strong, good-tempered young men. The gentleman who soon after married Adèle Turner was eager to be useful. A friend who didn't marry was also present, and most willing and active. But no one was more devoted than Mr. Robert, a rather supercilious young man from Harvard, a cousin of Theodora's, then visiting his aunt, and taking Theodora over to see her friend Nora Garrison every other evening. Nora was not at all dazzled by Mr. Robert's admiration. She was only eighteen, but two high-school boys and a returned missionary had already offered her their respective fortunes. She treated Mr. Robert's attentions with actual levity. "He thinks himself quite too clever," she said to Theodora, "and he is always sneering, in a polite, underhand way, at the West. Things are so 'crude' here. If there is one word I hate, it's 'crude'! Theo, I think he needs awfully to be snubbed."

"His father left him half a million dollars," said Theodora, grimly; "I doubt he misses that valuable experience—anyhow, from women."

"I think I know *one* woman who will snub him," said Nora, with her pretty head in the air. But Theodora had gone, and did not hear her. Yet it must surely have been a hard heart which was not touched by the spectacle of Mr. Robert at the exhibition, hanging pictures, in his shirt-sleeves, on the top round of a ten-foot step-ladder, the perspiration dripping from his brow. Notwithstanding his aid, however, and the aid of other kind and muscular friends, it was a weary and wretched company of girls who met on the stairs, Tuesday afternoon, at six o'clock. The club presented an appearance which I hesitate to describe: collars were dingy; cuffs had vanished; dresses showed rents unskillfully repaired with pins; all artificial waviness had departed from the club's hair; few had gloves; and the only veil was in the hands of Helen Garrison, who had been using it all day as a duster.

The president called the meeting to order with a tack-hammer. "Girls," she said, impressively, "do you realize that our partners in business—the archæologists—have an entertainment, a supper, and tableaux this evening, and that it is our duty to go? Theodora—where is Theodora?"

"Here," answered a dismal voice from the lowest stair. "I won't go. Leave me alone! I want to die. Besides, there is paint on my dress."

"But you can't die, dear," said Nora, soothingly, "you must go to the supper. Get up—I'll lend you my shawl!"

Some one was cruel enough to call out, "How about the success now, Theodora?"

"Oh, it will be a success," said Theodora, slowly rising, "but I doubt if I live to see it."

The anti-dinner sentiment was universal, but the voice of duty, speaking through Leslie, forced us into action. A delegation of the cleanest was selected, who divided gloves, that each might have a glove apiece to carry genteelly in the hand; and we went to the feast of our partners. It was a most satisfactory feast, and we should undoubtedly have enjoyed it greatly under different circumstances. As the case stood with us, we felt an immense relief when we could hurry back to our equally grimy and disreputable companions. Returning, we finished cataloguing the pictures, which kept us busy until twelve o'clock. Then we went home. Leslie was visiting Theodora. "T.," she murmured, as the carriage rolled up the long hill, "T., if your mother hadn't sent the carriage, I believe I should have laid me down on the counter, among our treasures of art. I never was so tired in my life. If this strain continues we shall all be dead before the week is over."

"Yes," said Theodora.

"Oh, but it won't," said Mr. Robert, cheerfully. He had fallen off a step-ladder; a tack-hammer and a box of nails had tumbled on his head; he had sat down on Theodora's pallet, and he had broken his watch; but what will not a man in love endure and be happy?

"I think, myself," said Leslie, "that a fire will break out, and burn us to ashes in the night."

"Yes," said Theodora.

Leslie woke Theodora three hours after this conversation, crying: "T., fire-bells!"

"Y-yes," said Theodora, sleepily, "fire-bells."

"Well, do you realize what fire-bells mean?"

"I suppose they mean a fire," said Theodora, sinking back on her pillow, "I can't—put it—out."

Leslie shook her in vain; even the tumultuous race past the house of what appeared to be the whole fire-brigade failed to arouse her; she dimly remembers hearing Leslie say: "I wish they would stop their ringing—every one knows there is a fire!" then she slumbered in peace. But in the morning Leslie appeared with a pale face and the *Xerxes Gazette*. "Where do you think the fire was, Theodora?"

"I don't know," said Theodora, reckless of grammar, "us?"

"No, LeGrange's Hall; our partners are burned up!"

"Well!" said Theodora, after the manner of Americans, although she must have known it was anything but well.

"They have lost all their costumes," said Leslie, "*rented* costumes, and they will have to pay the costumers; a Steinway piano—from Marshall's; all their dishes—hired; all their decorations—borrowed. Why, Theodora David, there must be over a thousand dollars gone!"

"Here's a prospect," said Theodora; at which remark, for no assignable reason, they both laughed.

They had little appetite for breakfast, and were at their "place of business" earlier than was necessary. They found the club sitting in a mournful row on the museum counter, within; and, without, there were nine depressed women and one happy little boy with a stick of candy. As many of the number as could get standing room were shaking the door, while Nora Garrison, from the counter, repeated at intervals: "I am very sorry, but we don't open until nine." Nora is very slender and not very tall, and she has large, soft, dark eyes; but she has a heart as stout as a man-of-war's man, and I make no question that, had the door given way, she would have used her arm for a bolt, like the Scottish heroine. Theodora and Leslie having come in through an entrance in the rear of the building, the club held a council of war. To the best of my understanding, from Miss David's notes, the principal decision at which their united wisdom arrived was not to let their afflicted partners in free. In the midst of their deliberations, the clock struck nine; an historical clock it was, which had never missed a day for a hundred years; there was something awe-inspiring in the sound.

"For the first time," whispered Leslie to Theodora, "I feel a trifle scared. We are in for it now, though."

"I do, too," answered Theodora; "but, as the boys say, don't let us 'let on.'"

Recalling that opening day, our most prominent recollection is the deplorable state of our partners. They were by far our best customers that morning. They came in crowds; they held committee-meetings in our passage-way, and consoled each other on our stairs. All day long, they filed in and out of our rooms, talking much more loudly than is customary in art rooms; but who could bid the grief which did speak, speak only in whispers? About noon they held a meeting in an adjoining lawyer's office, and sent a committee of three ladies to wait upon us. Our rooms being crowded by this time, we were obliged to receive the committee in the coal-hole, which was secluded if not clean. We had many meetings in this place during the exhibition, and it was also Theodora's private office, where she painted placards and wrote advertisements.

The committee asked us if we would "run evenings" as well as days. We said we would, gladly; though we fainted with fatigue. They were melancholy but calm, and quite resolved to pay all their debts. And I cannot resist saying, in this connection, that they kept their word.

When the committee had gone, Leslie and Nora Garrison walked through the rooms. They presented a picturesque if somewhat unconventional appearance. A detailed description is herewith given, for the benefit of all small Western towns desiring to follow our example. Looking over the catalogue, among a multitude of obscurer names, I see a few known everywhere: Healy (occurring several times, all portraits); Ford (a pretty landscape, with his usual vista); Champney (White Mountain scene); Paul Weber (fine head); Eastman Johnson (the sweetest of maidens, feeding a lamb); West (Benjamin himself, a trifle faded, but undoubtedly genuine, being an heirloom in the family of the owner); Hogarth (a very ugly gambler, and *not* so undoubted); Jules Breton (a peasant girl in a reverie, a wonderfully charming piece of work); Delaroche (his engraving of Vandyke's Charles I., artist's proof); Kaulbach (a crayon head, and a woman in a gymnastic attitude with a water-pitcher); Millet (a rough charcoal study of two women walking by the sea-shore; hardly a dozen lines in the sketch, yet the women were *moving*, and moving with admirable grace and freedom); lastly, Rembrandt (a precious etching of a burgomaster's head, given by a great Dutch merchant to Mr. Robert's grandfather). When I read all these names, I feel a new respect for Xerxes.

"In the Oil-Painting Room, we study the comfort of our patrons in every particular." So Theodora expressed it in one of our advertisements; and the assertion had a far wider basis of truth than is common with advertisements for did we not place settees in the centre of the room, back to back, in the most approved artistic fashion, and strew palm-leaf fans and paper opera-glasses over the settees? Did not Amy Lawrence, the beauty of the club, sell catalogues at the door for fifteen cents, and afterward—sales not being brisk—for ten? And did not Helen Garrison each morning and noon neatly sweep and dust and sprinkle the floor with an ancient watering-pot having a kind of reflex action which bestowed rather more water on Helen than on the floor? We even set up a cooler of ice-water, and kept it upon a stand in one corner, until we found that our patrons would persist in emptying their glasses on the floor instead of into the new wooden pail provided for that purpose; and that thereby the water was dripping through the floor and falling upon the heads and bonnets of our patrons below, who objected; so we were obliged to remove the cooler.

We must have had something very like an art variety show. Two unmanageable counters we covered with dark-red cambric, and used for statuary. The taste of Xerxes sets strongly in the direction of Rogers. I really do not dare to say how many groups of that most industrious artist we had, but the two counters were crowded! A German gentleman, who had copies in plaster of the more celebrated statues in the old world, kindly placed his collection at our service. There were porcelains also, and a Megalethoscope, which, if not strictly and loftily artistic, was immensely popular. We had a small but very pretty collection of water-colors, and some exceedingly fine line-engravings and etchings. The Engraving Room was divided from the Oil-Painting Room by a tiny hall, wherein was the pride and delight of our hearts —*our skylight!* To be sure, it was the smallest skylight in existence, and lighted nothing save the advertising placards on the stairway; but all aristocratic art galleries have a skylight, and so had we! Descending the staircase— so broad and short and easy that Theodora said it was a pleasure to mount it—one came to the lower floor, containing the museum, photographic collection, and models.

"When we talk of our museum," says Miss David in the notes from which I have extracted the preceding facts, "when we talk of our museum we throw modesty aside; we defy any large town to produce a more interesting and valuable collection for its size." We had not only some beautiful ceramics and needlework, but also more than one hundred and sixty curiosities. I cite only a few: Tecumseh's belt, worn at his last battle; some revolutionary newspapers, one containing the account of the firing of the British soldiers on the Boston mob; Napoleon's campaign drinking-cup; mound-builders' skulls, cups, hatchets, pipes, and hairpins, with large archæological collection; Polish jewelry, books, laces, and miniatures; coins from 1844 to 1856; looking-glass that came over on the *Mayflower*, and belonged to Governor Carver; colonial calico, one hundred and fifty years old, lace two hundred years old, teapot two hundred years old, shoe-buckles three hundred and fifty years old, and a great quantity of antique embroidery, china, etc.; autograph letters from a number of distinguished persons, including Washington, Jefferson, and Franklin; cup out of which the great and good George once drank tea; set of silver presented to an English lady by George III.; night-cap of George II. (this interesting relic attracted much attention—it was vaguely described as a "cap"); candle-stick owned by Queen Elizabeth, and wafer-holder used in sealing her letters—(I fear, however, that the story steadily told by the young ladies in charge of the museum, namely, "that with this wafer-holder Elizabeth sealed her order for the execution of poor Mary of Scotland," cannot be satisfactorily authenticated); Thomas Paine's *Common Sense* with autograph notes by Mr. Paine; Luther's prayer-book, and the *Essays* of Montaigne, a valuable old edition, said to have belonged to Shakspeare.

Miss Kardigan and Miss Garrison were the guardians of the museum. They learned all the tales connected with their wares; possibly they were a thought too hospitable in their beliefs (Theodora has mentioned the Queen Elizabeth matter); but this was their only fault; they talked with indefatigable courtesy from nine in the morning until nine at night. Nor were they without their peculiar trials. The owner of the King George silver was a great unknown. She would not permit her name to be mentioned, even in the most inviolable confidence, to Miss Kardigan or Nora; she herself was never seen, but a slim girl, with melancholy dark eyes, appeared daily, wandering through the museum, and distrustfully eyeing our patrons. The girl never spoke, she merely watched; all our interviews on the subject were conducted through a "friend," a lady well-known to all of us, whose praise was in all the churches. She was gifted in letter-writing, and wrote any number of notes to Isabella Kardigan, telling her she wanted the silver displayed on crimson velvet, telling her to insure it for ten thousand dollars, telling her to put it into a locked glass case (Isabella had assured her four times that she would do so), telling her to be sure and not mention any name in the catalogue, telling her she might mention her (the writer's) name—telling her, in short, so many bewildering and contradictory things that Nora, who carried the notes, said that "she should go raving crazy if Belle Kardigan didn't!" Then there was the owner of George Washington's cup, who insisted upon its being brought home to her every night, sleep being an impossibility unless the cup were in the house. Rachel McFarland, the club treasurer, used frequently to be entrusted with this souvenir, and she has been heard to say that her feelings, as she climbed the hill in the darkness, cash-box in one hand and the relic in the other, were simply beyond words.

Opposite the museum was the model counter. During the morning the counter had a regular attendant; in the afternoons the models were waifs and strays, at which any unemployed member of the club could try her hand. Leslie was particularly successful as a model exhibitor. She had a simple but summary method: when she came to any machine which she did not understand, she coolly stowed it away under the counter, "so as not to be asked about it again." Naturally our supply of models diminished, and, at last, the regular exhibitor told Theodora, in agitation, that "the models were being stolen!"

The photographs had less opportunity to strike the public eye than either museum or models; yet in its size and order the collection was most creditable to the Countess Wanda, who was in charge, patiently describing pictures and relating monastic legends all day. Leslie and Theodora found her thus, when they finished their tour, explaining the legend of Saint Mark to a thick-set man, whose dress and heavy whip showed him to be a farmer.

"Kinder mixed up picter, ain't it?" he said, in a friendly way. "Who are those folks?" indicating a group of Fra Angelico's, with his whip-handle.

Wanda told him.

"Mighty thin, ain't they?" said he. "Well, guess I've got my money's worth. How long you going to keep your show open?"

Wanda said, through the week.

"Humph! Where you going to then? Must be a sight of trouble, moving all these here things!"

Wanda explained the state of the case.

He opened his eyes. "Pshaw! you don't say so; jest you girls running it, too. Well!" and he walked away, grinning.

I will not loiter over the details of the first day; it decided the success of the exhibition. Everybody came; the papers were full of us, and of the heart-rending fate of our partners; kind-hearted people, who like to amuse themselves and be charitable at the same time, attended in crowds. Mrs. Gracchi procured down-town lunches for us. Mr. Robert bought a dozen season tickets, and gave them to Theodora for judicious distribution. Adèle Turner's lover squandered his substance on confectionery and suppers. Luckily we were too busy to have our heads turned by this unexpected prominence. But the most gratifying proof of the success was the crowd who came, not to see us, but our collection. Many working people came. Their behavior was perfect, and they admired marvelously few poor pictures. I wish I could add that we had very few poor pictures to admire, but Miss David's notes—upon which I rely wholly—have the rigid candor of a penitent's confession. Therefore, in all honesty, let me admit that we had poor pictures, plenty of them. Society in a small town like Xerxes is on a painfully confidential footing; every one knows every one else, and how can one say to the amiable lady who has invited one regularly to her lunches and tea-parties ever since one has worn long dresses, "Madam, your pictures won't do"? Why, the thought is chilling! As long as we had space to give, we accepted everything the citizens of Xerxes were good enough to offer. What we could not nerve ourselves to hang, we put in the windows. Sometimes, however, even the windows failed us, as, for instance, when Adèle Turner accepted Mrs. Mæcenas Blank's horrors in oil. Mrs. Mæcenas Blank was a lady of great wealth and great *public* benevolence; privately, she was reported to keep her servants on a very low diet, and to practice sundry small economies of a like nature.

"She came early this morning," said Adèle, "and none of you girls had come, and she took all the trouble to bring the things here, and Mrs. Gracchi is trying to get her to make a donation to the Mound-Builders' Society, and I thought she might be offended if——"

"But look at them," groaned Helen Garrison, "did you ever see such dreadful things?"

"She painted them herself," said Adèle, in awe-stricken tones, "for gracious sakes, Helen, if anybody should hear you!"

"Chuck 'em out of the window!" said Theodora.

"They're too awfully big!" said Helen.

They certainly were big; in fact, the two occupied an entire side of the room. One was a green and yellow "Voyage of Life," the other a lurid "Court of Death;" both had the heaviest and most expensive of gilt frames. The paint on both shone with startling freshness, and the figures were anatomical curiosities; language recoils from describing the foliage and the sky!

"Well," said Leslie, with a great sigh, "I suppose we must keep them now, but I vow they shan't be hung. Let them stay as they are!"

The pictures remained where they were; among the club they were known familiarly as "the acres;" they became a feature of the exhibition, and, in truth, were much admired. Allegory and an unimpeachable moral seem to go a very long way to redeem a bad picture; else why should the "Voyage of Life" still be copied, and why do the editors of fashion magazines offer their new subscribers that painful young woman, in a bathing-dress of white muslin, with arms like a blacksmith's, whom we have all seen clinging to a stone cross, amid a wilderness of waters? The owner of "the acres" came daily to gloat over her masterpieces and listen to the comments of the crowd. Being a woman of misguided frugality, she would not buy a season ticket, and Leslie gleefully counted up the sum of her many admittance fees.

Undesirable pictures were not all of our trials. The catalogues we shall never forget.

The printer had sworn that they should be done for Wednesday afternoon; they did not come until Thursday afternoon, and during the intervening day every man, woman, and child who visited us demanded them. This was natural and proper, but it was not pleasant; it involved a great deal of apology and explanation, new to each new inquirer, but a trifle monotonous to the speaker, who had been telling the same tale to some five hundred people. When the catalogues finally arrived, there were a few slight errors, each of which created disproportionate comment. One woman, whose name had been placed opposite a painting which was not hers, or omitted in some place where it should have been placed—I forget which—charged down upon the hapless girl in command of the Oil-Painting Room like the Light Brigade at Balaklava. She was insulted, deceived, outraged; she overwhelmed poor Adèle with the bitterest reproaches. Adèle, in despair, directed her to Leslie as a responsible person. Having reduced *her* to a state of distraction, Mrs. Balaklava attacked Theodora.

"You're the chairman, Miss Grahame says?"

"I am so unfortunate," said Theodora.

"Hey? Oh! Well, you're the one who saw about the catalogues, she says, and I wish you'd fix this."

Then she poured forth her woes and her wrath. Theodora smiled a deprecating smile, and said she grieved that such a mischance should have occurred; she would have it corrected at once.

"Your name shall be re-written in every one of the catalogues, if you wish," she said, thinking the woman had a human heart; "there are fifteen hundred of them."

"Well," said Mrs. Balaklava, grudgingly, "that'll have to do, I guess. But you'll be sure and have it done right off, for to-morrow." And she departed, leaving Theodora dumb with emotion.

"Leslie," said Theodora to the president, who was leaning against the pile of kindling-wood in the coal-hole, "for sheer, astounding, stupendous, malignant heartlessness, give me a woman."

"We're all poor creatures," said Leslie, feebly. "Theo, did she crush you? She made a mere wreck of me."

That night Leslie, Theodora, Nora, and Mr. Robert wrote Mrs. Balaklava's name until twelve o'clock. "And I hope," said Nora, fiercely, "that the next time I see that old party's name it will be in a funeral notice."

Freidrich, our janitor, was a more notable trial. He was a little man with round eyes and a perpetual smudge on his face. Like the bad son in the parable, he said: "I go, sir" (or more literally: "Yes, miss"), and then—did nothing. To do him justice, he had the best of tempers; he would say "Yes, miss," just as cheerfully the one hundredth time of telling him not to put his thumb on the dead gold of the frames, as he had said it at the first; just as pleasantly would he remove the objectionable thumb, and look tranquilly at the dingy impression on the gilt, saying, with a shake of his head: "Ah, dat is bad, ain't it?" Then he would shamble off to repeat the proceeding with the next frame. Yet he was not an unmitigated trial; and in spite of all our trials we grew to have a kind of toilsome enjoyment in "our business," as Leslie called it; we became interested in our visitors as well as our receipts.

Some of the visitors came often; so often that we knew them quite like old friends, and speculated on their tastes and characters, from the little glimpses of either which they gave us. There was the yellow-haired young man with glasses, who spent most of his time among the photographs, studying the Pre-Raphaelites; him we illogically concluded to be a divinity student; he *was* the son of a prosperous German saloon-keeper. And there was the handsome young couple who came every night, who were engaged we thought, they were so delightfully attentive to one another. We have never heard from them since; but nothing can be prettier than the future we planned for them. Leslie's favorite was a bluff old farmer, who called the Countess Wanda "Miss Crazycowity." Theodora's was a pretty, faded, little woman in black, who came on Tuesday, with three yards of old *point de Venise* lace and a miniature by Malbone. Theodora, who is not commonly enthusiastic, went into raptures over these treasures.

"I wonder how you dare to trust them out of your sight," she cried.

The poor lady cast a wistful glance at them, saying: "They *have* been in our family a long time."

Theodora thought she stifled a sigh. A little later she asked if she might go through the exhibition.

"I may not be able to come again," said she, with a faint blush.

"Certainly," said Theodora, "Nora, will you show this lady through? I hope you can come Thursday if you can't come to-morrow. This is your exhibitor's ticket; it will admit you and members of your family, at any time."

"I thought you didn't give exhibitor's tickets," said the lady, looking at Theodora rather anxiously.

"We don't, unless the articles are very valuable," said Theodora, calmly.

"One of your tickets, Bob," she said afterward to Mr. Robert, who had served as guide on this occasion; "they are going slowly but surely."

"She's a lady, by Jove, poor thing!" said Mr. Robert, "she knew all the good pictures and all the poor ones, too, though she was too polite to say so."

She came several times after that with two bright little girls; and if the latter were not ill in consequence of the sweets given them, it was neither Mr. Robert's, Nora's, nor Theodora's fault.

Mr. Robert was not in his best spirits these days. Nora had changed to him; Nora was cold and distant; she said harsh things of Harvard. Mr. Robert thought that a tall young doctor, who spent more time in the exhibition than his professional calls should have allowed, was the cause of the change; and despair and jealousy possessed him. But he assumed a mask of gayety which deceived Nora, whether or not it deceived his cousin, and he took to counting change for the beautiful Amy Lawrence. Thus matters went on until the last day, which was distinguished for our single tragic adventure. The adventure occurred at noon. Most of the girls had gone to lunch, and there were no visitors. Theodora was busy in the museum, and Nora was door-keeper. Suddenly the door opened, and a man half fell into the room. He was dressed with that smartness which proclaims the young commercial traveler, and he had evidently been drinking.

"Ten cents, please, sir," said Nora.

"But s'posing I haven't got any money?" said the intruder, with a smile for which Nora could have killed him on the spot.

"Then you must go," she said; "Theodora, please send Fred here."

Perhaps she fancied that the intruder would quail before a masculine name; she certainly could not have hoped that he would quail before Fred himself. Fred is five feet two, and not built for personal combat; while the intruder himself was six feet, and had the shoulders of a gladiator. When Fred shuffled in and stood staring, the giant began to laugh.

"Oh, no, my dear," he said, "you wouldn't be so cruel, would you?"

Nora had no need to answer; before she could speak, the intruder's feet made a most unexpected curve upward, his arms spread wildly out, and a fist, shooting past Nora, shot the unfortunate man so violently through the door that the glass splintered all over the room.

"There," said Mr. Robert, out of breath, but perfectly cool, "I think he's out of the way. I had just come down stairs, and I heard the cad's impudence. Beg pardon, did the glass do any damage?"

"Not to us," said Theodora; "thank you, Robert. I hope our friend has not hurt himself —I see he is limping."

Nora said nothing—she did not so much as thank Robert. Theodora left them sweeping up glass in dead silence. It was observed, however, that afternoon, that Mr. Robert was delightfully affable. He said the exhibition had been "immense." He paid pretty compliments to the members of the club, and presented each one of them with a dainty little *boutonnière* of a tea-rosebud, heliotrope, and white bavadia.

The evening came, and our partners dropped in to see how much we had made for them. There was a crowd in all the rooms; it was hot, and dusty, and uncomfortable. Leslie looked limp and haggard with fatigue as she sank into a seat by Theodora, who was acting as door-keeper for the moment.

"How do you feel, my chief?" the latter asked, looking up from the money.

"Thanks. I feel like Zekiel,

'I stood a spell on one foot fust,
Then stood a spell on t'other,
And on which one I felt the wust
I couldn't ha' told ye, nuther.'

How do you feel, yourself?"

"I feel it is nearly half-past nine. Listen!"

The historical clock was striking the half-hour. Theodora blew her whistle, which was the signal for the closing of the exhibition; she stood silently watching the crowd file out of the door; and, when the last of our patrons had passed into the street, she turned and shook hands with Leslie, gravely.

"The 'First Loan Collection of Xerxes' is over," she said; "let us be thankful."

"We have made some money," said Leslie; "I wonder if we have done anything else."

Theodora did not answer; she was turning off the gas. She walked down the long shop to the corner where the "Spanish School" was enshrined, thinking that she saw a glimmer of light, her mind intent upon gas-bills. A single jet cast an uncertain radiance over the "Dying Knight" and the Madonnas whose model Murillo loved. Softly Theodora turned away, that she might not disturb Robert and Nora, who stood by the picture under the flickering light.

"*Et ego in Arcadia*," she murmured to herself; "well, whatever else our exhibition has done or undone, it has made two hearts happy."

When we look for other results, we find them more obscure. Perhaps the best is the Art Association, to whose successful career our own success gave the first impetus, and which now every year gives much better exhibitions than ours. There, as elsewhere, we were simply Stepping-Stones; but perhaps Leslie is right when she says: "They also serve who only stand and are stepped on!"

OCTAVE THANET.

FISH IN SEASON.

Fish is not particularly abundant in the markets of this city during the stormy winter months, as fishes, like human beings, take shelter in rough weather. While the former seek the cosy fireside, the latter withdraw to the deeper waters, where the temperature is unaffected by the cold or the wind of winter. By so doing they escape not only the inclement weather, but in many cases the nets and hooks of the fishermen also. Yet even in these months at least sixty-four kinds of fishes have been brought, in greater or less numbers, to the markets of San Francisco. Some of these varieties may be said to be only accidentally present. From their small size, their scarcity, or, more frequently, something in their aspect which has caused a prejudice against them, many species are not habitually used as food by the white population; yet, mixed among other species or brought purposely for sale to the Chinese, they occasionally find their way to market.

The fish supply of San Francisco is not drawn exclusively from the bay, but from a considerable extent of coast-line—ranging from Bodega Bay to Monterey; from the Sacramento River and its tributaries; from Lake Tahoe; from the Farallone Islands; and occasionally even from Humboldt Bay. There was a time when the bay itself was the principal source of supply; but that time, like flush times in the mines, is past. The reckless destruction of the young of fishes which attain any considerable size; the fouling of the waters by the drainage of San Francisco, Oakland, and other places; the stirring of the surface by the paddles of the huge ferry-boats; and the colony of sea-lions outside the Golden Gate, have all contributed to depopulate our land-locked bay. Add to these causes the actual consumption of fish by the human species, and we need not wonder that the fishermen are compelled to resort to deeper waters and more distant fishing-grounds, or that Tomales, Monterey, and even Humboldt, are called upon to make good the deficiency.

Previous to the advent of the white man the sea-lions were less numerous, and the other causes of destruction enumerated did not exist at all; for man is a wasteful animal, who, defying the laws of nature, constantly works out his own starvation with earnestness and boldness. As regards the recklessness of the fishermen, I can not put it more forcibly than in the words of a dealer: "If those men could haul out of the bay and out of the Sacramento every fish there, old and young, at one big haul, and then have a good time, they would do it; and any attempt to give the fish a close time they look upon as an interference with their living."

So, as there is no armed force to cause the existing laws to be respected, salmon continue to be taken in the close season, and the young of large fishes are caught in small-meshed nets and thrown away on the beach, or dried and sacked for exportation to China. No wonder that the patient angler, standing all day on Long Bridge or Oakland Wharf, takes only a few sculpins and "shiners," with a few small "silver perch" and perhaps a rock-fish or two. He must be thankful for small mercies—probably in a few years he will have to be satisfied with the sculpins.

Some of the sixty-four species found in the markets during this month are of great importance as articles of food, and, even at the risk of being a little technical, must be mentioned here. Unfortunately the common species, although called by familiar names, are not, except in a very few cases, identical with the Atlantic forms to which those names were originally applied. Some are near relatives—species of the same genus or of an allied one—but others are as distant from their Eastern namesakes as, being fishes at all, they possibly can be. Such totally misnamed fishes are the pike, cod or rock-cod, sea-trout, and eels of the dealers, which have little in common with pike, cod, trout, or eel. The true pike is a highly carnivorous fish, with a plentiful supply of sharp teeth in the jaws, while the pike of our markets is a large fish of the carp family, with no teeth in the mouth. Not altogether toothless, however, is the California pike. Most fishes have teeth in the pharynx, or upper part of the throat, on bones called pharyngeal bones, and in the carp family these pharyngeal teeth are the only ones. The cod and rock-cod of the markets are nearer to the gurnards and sculpins than to the real cod-fish. The true cod has no spines upon the back, but has three dorsal fins formed of jointed or soft rays; the head is without spines, and the scales are smooth; while the rock-cod has a spinous fin, usually with thirteen spines, in advance of the soft-rayed dorsal fin; the head is armed with various spines on top and sides, and the scales are set with a comb-like row of little spines along their free edges.

Ten kinds of fish, all called by the common name of cod or rock-cod, have been in the market during February, and three or four others occur occasionally. Two or three of these fishes are much less spinous than the others, and are sometimes called sea-trout, but their relationship to trout is about the same as that between China tea and Hamburg tea.

The so-called eels are never numerous in the market, and are scarcer in spring than in autumn. Nine species, widely differing in appearance and structure, but agreeing in the possession of a gracefully attenuated figure, are known as eels, and if any other elongated fish appears it will doubtless be another eel. The largest of these "eels" grows to a length of eight or ten feet, and has a large head, with heavy, massive bones, and very strong teeth. Those brought to market are usually about five feet long. The strong teeth are necessary to divide the calcareous tests of the "cake urchins," on which this fish feeds. Another "eel" has a crest along the top of its head, is of olive tint, and grows to a length of about two feet. But whether called "eels" or "blennies," which would be better, or whether some new name be invented for them, all the eels are in high repute as food fishes. I can give my personal testimony to the excellence of two species, one of which *(Leurynnis paucidens)* I propose to call "cod-eel," while the other *(Ophidium taylori)* may, as it lives in the sand, be called "sand-eel." These fishes, together with several others, have only recently been introduced into the markets, and their presence is to be accounted for by the greater range now fished over.

Out of thirteen kinds of flat-fish which are brought here in the course of the year, nine have occurred in February. These are the young of the Monterey or bastard halibut, the flounder, the turbot, and the bastard turbot, five species which are all sold as "sole." The adult Monterey halibut weighs some fifty or sixty pounds, and is in season in autumn; the "flounder" may be known by the stripes of black upon its fins; the "turbot" by the dark-olive tint of the colored side, and the bright-yellow around the mouth. But the "turbot" is not the turbot of the Atlantic, the Monterey halibut is not the true halibut, which, however, occurs to the northward, and is sometimes brought here in ice from Puget Sound; and the "flounder," though unquestionably a flounder, is not the species to which the name is given on the Atlantic coast, and is no more a flounder than are all the others, for, though eight kinds are called "sole," they are all really flounders.

Professor Jordan has found one of the sole family at San Diego, the first known on the Pacific coast. Three of the flounders called soles were unknown to science until last year, and two of them, which in structure and delicacy are nearest the true soles, were unknown in the markets until about two years ago, when a fishery was started at Point Reyes.

As there is a great difference in flavor between the various species thrown together on the stalls, and sold at the same price under the same name, it would be worth the while of the gastronomical lover of fishes to know them apart. The two which come from Point Reyes may be known by their much elongated form, and by the black dots which stud the uncolored side, and the better of the two has the pectoral or side fin of the colored side of the body excessively long and narrow. These two kinds are not now in the market, and are always scarce; but another species, which the dealers distinguish very well, and consider to be the best of those now to be found, is present at all times of the year in greater or less abundance, and may be known by the smallness of the eyes, and the shape of the dorsal fin, the first few rays of which are longer than those immediately following.

It must be remembered that in the flat-fishes the colored side is not the back, as is the case in other fishes, but one side, usually the right, but sometimes the left. Both the eyes are upon the colored side, but it has been found that the young, when first hatched, have the eyes placed in their usual positions. Very soon after hatching, the hereditary instinct of the tribe comes into play, and the young fishes commence to turn over upon one side, seeking the bottom of the water. If the eye upon the side that is turned downward remained upon that side, it would of course be useless, but the tissues, even the bones, of the young fish are exceedingly soft and yielding, and the eye of the lower side, obeying the efforts of the animal to employ it in vision, just as the fingers of a young child gradually learn to obey its efforts to employ them, moves slowly toward the top of the head, and finally appears upon the upper side. The two changes, that of the position of the fish, and that of the eye, take place side by side—the eye commencing to move when the fish commences to turn over on its side. In some cases, it has been observed by those who have carefully watched the development of the young, the eye does not pass over the back of the head, but takes a shorter route by passing through it. In consequence of the position occupied by these fishes, the upper side, exposed to light, becomes colored, while the lower is uncolored, or nearly so. The two eyes are upon the same side, and the one originally belonging to the other side may be known by its approximation to the dorsal fin, which runs along one margin of the colored side. The bones of the head in these fishes are greatly distorted and unequally developed, the cheek-bones of the blind side are very large, covering the space where, so to speak, the eye should be, while the bones of the colored side are small and crowded. Even the mouth, in many cases, partakes of the distortion; but, as the prey of the creatures lives upon the bottom, and the lower side of the mouth is most used in prehension, it is the lower side, in this instance, that is the more developed.

One of the species brought to our markets (at this season very common) is colored, and bears its eyes upon the left side; the flounder, with striped fins, has the eyes and color sometimes on the right and sometimes on the left side; the Monterey halibut has the same peculiarity—a circumstance which led to its description under two different names; but all the other kinds are colored on the right side. The kind known as "bastard turbot" has very large eyes; and the dorsal fin, leaving the margin of the fish, is continued along the blind side of the head till it reaches the angle of the jaw.

Perhaps the most singular fishes found on this coast are those commonly called "perch." Of course they are not perch; but, as they have acquired the name, we must call them so —distinguishing them from real perch by prefixing the adjective "viviparous," to indicate the great characteristic of the family, which is that, instead of depositing ova like most other fishes, they bring forth their young alive.

Most fishes bear an immense number of ova, which they lay upon the bottom of the river, lake, or sea they inhabit, and then leave "to providence." Other fishes immediately begin to eat the spawn, and the parents not unfrequently assist in the operation. Thus very few, even of the fertilized ova, become fish at all; and of those which do, the greater proportion are gobbled up in their babyhood.

As the young of the viviparous perch, *Embiotocidæ* naturalists call them, are guarded from the dangers which beset the unhatched offspring of other fish, the species can be kept up by the development of a much smaller number of ova, and accordingly, instead of hundreds of thousands, we find only a few dozen. These ova hatch within the body of the parent, and when they begin life on their own account are perfectly formed, and able to swim and catch food like other fishes. Eight or nine species of this family have been in the markets during an early spring month, and several other kinds are known. One species is found in fresh-water, but all the others are marine. A single species of the tribe occurs in Japan, and is the only one that does not inhabit the western coast of North America.

W. N. Lockington.

INDIAN DANCES IN NORTHERN CALIFORNIA.

In a cozy nook on the western bank of the Winnemame, or McCloud River, in Shasta County, California, about a mile below the United States Fishery Reservation, and two miles above the mouth of the McCloud where it empties into the Pitt, some two hundred or more Wintün Indians had put up their branch shelters, one August, gathered a few stones for each family camp-fire, hung up their bows and arrows on the leafy walls, gathered willow twigs for beds, unrolled their blankets—in fact, settled themselves for their annual picnic. It was a holiday season that was to combine pleasure and profit, for they took care to settle near the salmon fishery, that they might dry and pack, for winter, their favorite food; while Grizzly

Bear Cañon, just east of Mount Persephone, and, for that matter, the whole river valley, gave them an abundant supply of bear-meat and venison. They had gathered from miles up and down the river. No lovelier spot could be found than that bend of the McCloud, with Mount Persephone and the Red Rocks rising abruptly some thirty-five hundred feet on the eastern bank, while to the southeast tower Iron Mountain and Katie's Peak. The western bank was less abrupt, but each elevation reached a height where the winter sun said good-night at three in the afternoon, and hardly deigned to look over Persephone until long after nine on any morning. These Wintüns guard their beautiful river so jealously that danger attends each new settler. They are used to the fishery settlement now, as they find that those white men take nothing from them, but, on the contrary, increase the supply of fish, and remain only a short part of each year.

"The Indians have gone over the mountains on a bear-hunt" was the latest news that interested a party at the fishery; "and, if they are successful, they will give a Chil-chu-na, or bear-dance. The old chief, Con-choo-loo-loo, invites you to be present."

Eyes in the back of the head are necessary to watch an Indian; one never knows how they come or when they go. But we could all imagine how the dark forms looked, gliding over the mountain in the early dawn, with bows or guns in their hands, and the deer-skin quivers over the shoulders, filled with arrows. Their method of hunting is peculiar. They take a long rope, with which an enclosure is formed in a valley by stretching the rope around an outer circle of trees. From mountain-side and valley the animals are driven toward this enclosure by shouts and noises, and there killed. That the hunters were successful, and the pale-faces sure of some original kind of entertainment, might have been gathered from the stragglers that stumbled along that wild mountain stage-road one dark night in August, bound for the Indian encampment, to witness a "bear-dance." For more than a mile we followed the windings of the river. This is the only spot where the California and Oregon stage-road touches the McCloud. It is one continous scene of wild grandeur, from Pitt River ferry—some two miles below where the McCloud empties into the Pitt—to Sisson's, or Berry Vale, some sixty miles further north. It was so dark and the turns so sudden that our guide with the lantern was out of sight most of the time. A mountain road is not the easiest pathway on a dark night, although better than an Indian trail. There were eight of us, besides our Indian guide, his ugly, fat squaw, and two children, Sarah, the chief's daughter, "Jeff," her man, and two little pappooses. There was plenty of time to fancy all kinds of romantic and dangerous incidents. Among them came the thought that here we were, twenty-two miles from a white settlement, in a country full of Indians. One of the party suggested that we reverse the position, and fancy for a moment that we were flying from the savages, as so many poor souls have been doing in Oregon. It wasn't an enlivening thought, and we glanced with a shudder at the many great rocks and trees from behind which an arrow might fly, and were glad that the Wintüns were friendly that night.

Here and there, as we advanced, were seen twinkling lights among the trees; now they grow larger and nearer, flickering around us in all directions. Then we see figures; and now, just across the river, one could imagine he saw the mouth of a great cavern, with a fire blazing at the opening. Around the blaze were many figures moving. It was a weird, fantastic picture. A smouldering log lies just at our feet as we turn a corner, near which a family have wrapped their blankets around them for the night. There is no mistaking that smell. It is inseparable from an Indian settlement. A fence runs along the little elevation above us, enclosing the wigwams on the rancheria of Ki-e-cha, one of the chiefs.

On we go; will we never get there? Mr. Harrow's log-house looms up, a square, dark blotch, just over the river. How the dogs bark! Ahead of us shines what we take to be one great bonfire, and in a few minutes we are among our hosts for the evening. The one big fire has resolved itself into innumerable family hearths, with the "bear-log," as it is called—the one around which they dance—blazing at the entrance to the encampment, quite near the road. Con-choo-loo-loo, the chief, and a large number of sleepy-looking braves, were gathered around the big fire, just back of which was an upright frame, one pole being a young pine-tree, with a few twigs left on the top. On this was stretched the bear-skin (and a great cinnamon coat the old fellow lost that day), securely tied on either side with willow withes, and one, through the nose, was attached to the horizontal bar. After a few words with the chief, and some others that we recognized, we wandered among the trees to make observations. The first group around the fire was composed of old Wi-kot-ti, smoking his straight pipe, the bowl extending in the same direction as the mouth-piece, obliging him to elevate his chin at an uncomfortable angle in order to keep the tobacco in the bowl; and such smelling stuff! He was smoking the dried leaves of the wild tobacco, a plant that grows near at hand in profusion. Near him sat his squaw, and his pretty daughter, the wife of old, ugly, lame, Num-dal-muk. We had occasion to remember this group before the evening was over. "Don't fall, don't speak very loud, don't step on the dogs, and don't tumble over that roll of blankets, for there is an Indian inside of it," we are warned. Their fire has gone out, and the sleepers are as thick as acorns.

Coming safely out of this gloom, we hasten on to familiar faces around a bright fire, and find Ki-e-cha's altar—squaws, pappooses, old men and women, white hairs, rags and dirt, bright shawls and gay red handkerchiefs, great necklaces of beads or shells, and faces painted black, on the chin, cheeks, or eyebrows, as sorrow or a taste for beauty dictated. The chief attraction here was a poor little sick baby, rocked back and forth in its mother's arms, and, as far as that wretched woman knew how, attended with all the love and devotion of a mother's heart. A few days after, the little one died, and was buried in the old Indian burial mound, at the foot of Con-choo-loo-loo's hill. Not caring to penetrate further into the mysteries of Indian houses, we looked around us, and discovered two figures under a tree, watching some fish cooking in a dirty tin can. No one speaks or seems to notice us, unless we ask a question; then one will grunt out an answer as short as possible. So we form all kinds of fancies about the groups squatting around the fires, that look like numberless winking eyes seen through the trees. After a while we turn toward the big log by the stage-road, where we feel a little safer from being near the highway that leads to civilization. There we sit on the ground, and, while waiting for the spirit to move the dancers, we look at some of the dandies of the tribe, who have gathered in a little group near by. Each wears a white shirt, adorned with what looks like a gold stud; a red handkerchief around the neck; coarse gray pantaloons; gray brigand hats, encircled with a band of green ribbon, and a feather stuck in. They wrap their blankets around them *à l'Espagnole.* Their thick, black hair is cut straight around just below the ears. For mourning, the women shear the head and smear it with tar; at other times they let it hang, plaited in two braids, and tied at the ends with strips of fur. The little basket cap is worn for a tramp. A bright handkerchief, rolled cornerways, and bound around the forehead after the manner of the Grecian fillet, is worn for a dance.

After a while, Con-choo-loo-loo raised his voice and gave some orders that seemed to have a stirring effect, for gradually the Indians came, one at a time, until a crowd surrounded the fire. Then a woman came up to the skin with some sprigs of pine, and began brushing off the fur side, which was away from the fire —all the time hopping from one foot to the other. By a peculiar way of drawing in the under lip she made a blowing noise through her teeth. Two men now took sticks and began beating and rubbing the flesh side, which was exposed to the fire. Four more men seated themselves on a log between the fire and skin, some with a small piece of wood in each hand, others with a larger piece to beat on a block or big stick. This was accompanied by the most monotonous humming. Five women stood near with pine twigs in their hands, waving them over their heads and swaying the body to and fro, meanwhile continually hopping and blowing through the teeth. Sometimes a number of men and women would join the ugly old hag on the fur side of the skin, and help brush it off. Occasionally the chief gave an order; then the tune changed—by close attention we discovered an air to the music—and other men dressed the skin. So they changed about all night, keeping the fire well up, to help in the drying. This process of beating, rubbing, and drying renders the skin so soft that women wear deer-skins as jackets.

All this was getting rather monotonous, when the Oregon stage came tearing along, and drew up that the passengers might have a momentary glimpse of savage customs. A relieved look flashed over many faces as the driver whistled to the leaders, and off they dashed. We were thinking of going home and coming down in the early morning to see them take the skin down, put it on one of the old men, and so finish the dance with a semblance of the bear dancing at his own funeral—when we were startled by the Indian, Num-dal-muk, rushing into our midst by the fire, his clothing and face covered with blood. Neither music nor dancing ceased. No one paid the slightest attention to him, beyond a few words and the disappearance of the friends of his victim, to find the extent of the injury. A stabbing affray, we thought; but found afterward that he had only pounded his antagonist on the head with a stone. Rather a serious ending of a joke played on him by some of the younger fellows, who knew how jealous he was of his pretty young squaw.

When the party started homeward the old fellow had vanished. He turned up a few days after, some five miles up the river, where he rendered good service at the time of a dreadful accident. Con-choo-loo-loo promised not to finish the performance until we arrived the next morning, which we did somewhere in the neighborhood of half-past four—many hours before the sun would look down over old Persephone into the valley. Far away, between high hills, the rosy sunlight streamed over many mountain tops. We were too early for manners. The dancers had wearied and gone to take a short sleep, so we sat down on the hill-side across the road. The recollection of the matutinal arrangements of the various households still brings up a hearty laugh. Their way of washing their faces was original, to say the least. With a deep river not fifty feet off, they would bring up a little tin-can full of water, dip their hands in first, then take a big mouthful, hold the hands together under the mouth, eject the water into the curved hands, and, before it had a chance to leak out between the fingers, dash it up over the head and face; this was repeated two or three times; then they shook the hair out of their eyes, pushed it back, ran the fingers through it quickly, and clapped the hat on.

Little rings of smoke were soon rising in the cool gray morning light from many hillocks and dells. The northern-bound stage arrived, but did not stop. Daylight and smoke are not so fantastic as night and fire. One of the younger Indians now climbed the little tree that formed part of the bear-skin frame-work, and breaking off every little branch, and the top spear, threw them down to the woman who did the waving business. Then, as each thong that held the skin up was unfastened, a new song was sung; and when the withe that held the nose was untied, an old Indian came forward, and wrapping the skin about him, moved from right to left with a hopping movement. All gathered around him, brushing the fur. One woman took the top spear of the tree, and gave him a general brush all over. Then they stopped; he took the skin off, and it was hung up by the nose again; and the dance was over. They all went to cook their breakfasts; and thanking the old chief for this sight of one of their ancient semi-religious dances, we sauntered home, thinking over the promise he had given us of another dance to take place on the hills just back of his wigwam. And this he said they called a "dream-dance."

All one Saturday we watched the Indians passing along the road from the encampment ground below the dam to the level spot on the hill, above Con-choo-loo-loo's, the men concerned only for themselves, and the women packing all the household goods and the baby on their backs. As the sun went down, the dusky forms were seen only at long intervals, and we knew that they were nearly all settled in their new homes. After dark we picked up our old friend, the lantern, and started, this time due north and up the road, thus leaving the river on our right. It was a hard climb before we found ourselves on a great level space, where the Indians have sham fights and athletic games at certain seasons of the year. Some three hundred feet in circumference of this ground had been entirely enclosed with great evergreen trees, firmly driven into the ground, closely and securely woven together, leaving two little openings or doors. Close to the trunks of these trees, inside the enclosure, were spread beds of soft willow branches, covered with blankets and furs, where were resting all the Indians, some sitting, some lying down, some asleep, others talking or smoking. In the centre was a great log, kept in a blaze by pitch-pine fagots. Near this fire, on a little log, sat Con-choo-loo-loo, and a few of the nobility. The trees all around were decorated with their simple household utensils—kettles and baskets—much the same as Chicken Charley's camp. All this we took in with our wondering eyes, as we came near to the enclosure, and squeezed into the narrow opening of the charmed circle.

They were having a "play-dance" just then, Sarah told us, as she said to us *El-poo-nah-kelt-na*—"Come in, and sit down," and we quietly squatted on the ground and watched proceedings. A little to our right stood an Indian, knocking two little sticks together, and humming, or rather chanting in an undertone, a mournful air, over and over again. Before him we saw a number of young Indians, with long sticks in their hands, dancing with regular steps in a graceful, waving, turning movement, singing all the time with the musician, and ending at intervals with a loud hoot, as they came up in front of the player, with their clubs in a menacing attitude under his eyes and nose. That finished, quiet settled over the camp, and we begin to wonder what has become of the dancers who were to take part in the "dream dance." Again we seek our interpreter, Sarah, and she tells us "By and by; Indian very slow." At the same time we learn that this is not one of their own dances, but something new, that they have been taught by the Chico Indians. The dance is supposed to represent beautiful visions which the dancers have had in their sleep, and which they try to give their audience an idea of, by peculiar movements in the dance. We either hadn't the imagination of our entertainers, or our ideas of beautiful visions were very different from theirs, for we were afterward very much in the dark as to what their dreams might have been.

Among the Indians present was the turbulent spirit, Alexander, chief of the Sacramento River tribe, an ugly fellow, who makes much trouble; also, the Wy-kot-ti family.

Just back of us we heard a wee cry, and there sat Chicken Charley, with his squaw and her little pappoose, a speck of humanity in a curious Indian basket, with a great streak of black paint from one side of its little face to the other, across the eyebrows, "to make it look pretty." Chi-e-kah and his family are here too. That is Pettut; where could he have got that white shirt, with ruffles and puffs? Pettut is handsome and vain. There are many young men and little children, but very few girls twelve or fourteen years of age.

What a sullen-looking set that circle of faces was—the sharp, quick movement of the eyes alone betraying interest. One of the white people gave Con-choo-loo-loo some apples. The old man's face lighted up, his white shell earrings danced in the firelight, and his gray, curly head—it is strange for an Indian, but his hair is curly—nodded his thanks, as he took out a great knife and cut an apple, with a peaceful air. The Indians look suspiciously at the soldiers who form part of our group, though these have nothing to do with the Indians, being at the fishery for other purposes; in fact, to keep an eye on white men this time—settlers who pull up the stakes of the Fishery Reservation boundary and "jump" the land. It is all the same to the Indians, they are soldiers; and, as the troops that went to the Modoc war passed over this road, they have no friendship for them.

There is a movement among the dancers, and it is evident that we are to witness some curious sights. Chicken Charley appears to be divesting himself of his clothing in a way slightly astonishing to civilized eyes. Now that everything but his pants has disappeared, and those are rolled way up above his knees, he takes a sort of girdle of pendant feathers, some half a yard in depth, and fastens them over his shoulders and around his waist. A bright-red handkerchief bound around his head is stuck full of feathers. Thinking we may as well watch these savage toilets, we look around, and here and there we see the same performance. In that corner is a number arraying and disarraying. Many are painting their bodies with all sorts of devices with some kind of red paint. The ornamental feather-work varies greatly. The head-rigs are beautiful and curious—crowns, with delicate little pink, black, and yellow feathers in front, and great, tall ones at the back. Some have bands of fine feathers, blue and pink, with little extra flapping pieces of ingenious feather-work, starting out from the band that goes around the head; these swing back and forth, when dancing.

They have now gathered around the musicians, who discourse sweet music on a box with bits of wooden clappers. These Indians will go among white people and listen to a violin, but if one were played upon in their own charmed circle, they would get up and go away from the place. The girl-dancers have joined them. There is no change in their dress, except that they have bound fancy handkerchiefs around their heads, unbraided their long hair, put a great string of colored beads around their necks, and taken a bright handkerchief in one hand and a white one in the other. Their place is on the outside of the great circle that has been cleared around the burning log. They begin the swaying, hopping, and waving movements—remaining always in the same place, except when they move in a body to the other side of the fire.

The weird music has begun, and off the fantastic dream-dancers rush with a loud whoop, led by the graceful Patbuk, with a willow wand in his hand. Round and round the fire they tear, as if they had suddenly become mad; each has a quill in his mouth, through which a whistling noise is made. Every muscle is in motion. Their steps are regular; the body is bent over, the arms moving up and down. With a quick, deep howl they suddenly stop running, face the fire, keep up all the other motions, with a peculiar dancing step added—stamping three times on the ground with the right foot and twice with the left, or *vice versa*. The eyes are shut tight, and they whistle away in the most unearthly manner through the quills. Then the movements grow slower and slower, almost ceasing. They look as though they were dancing in their sleep. Suddenly, to your infinite terror, they start with a terrific yell around the fire; then rush up to the musicians, and, closing around them with one long, last howl, come to a perfect stand-still. After a few moments' rest, off they rush again; their painted bodies gleam in the firelight; the feather adornments give them so savage an air that they seem to bristle all over.

Though a little short in stature, their figures are of great symmetry, and there are many handsome faces of the Indian style of beauty. Their hands and feet are small, heads not large, but covered with thick, black hair, cut so as to make one think that they were the originators of the "bang" style. In speaking, the voice is soft, and the sounds of the language musical; but the howl with which they finish each division of the beautiful "dream-dance" is anything but assuring. We sat on the ground among these strange people, sometimes fascinated with fear, sometimes convulsed with laughter. We were particularly amused at one fat old fellow who made up remarkable faces, and puffed like a steam-engine. What their dreams had been we could not tell from their representation of them in this dance; but we know that our own dreams that night were filled with grotesque and uncanny figures dancing in the weird light of flickering and unearthly fires.

Lucy Sargent.

NOTE BOOK.

It is a suggestive picture, that presented in Mill's *Autobiography*, of the child, less than eight years of age, learning political economy in his daily rambles with his father. Workshop and factory, village and farm, supplied the elder with endless illustrations of the great truths which, after all, are simple and easily comprehended. Thus the child grew into manhood with the habit of adjusting, in his mind, the relations existing in every combination around him. Every child has not the capacity of Mill, but any one who cares to make the experiment may satisfy himself that many of the teachings of political economy may be simplified so that, by the aid of present and striking illustrations, any child of fair intelligence may understand them. This is full of significance. The discussions and agitations of the last few years have made manifest a lamentable ignorance of the most rudimentary principles. There is hardly a point, proved beyond peradventure by great thinkers time and again, which has not been flatly denied. There is hardly a heresy, exposed and laid bare for centuries, which has not found eager advocates. The discussions upon our national currency developed theories which had been discarded by every nation. It must be said, in justice to the good sense of the American people, that these "crazes," however fierce, are of short duration. They are born of an idea: they die of thought. But they are abandoned only after infinite and patient expounding of that which is perfectly plain. Not only has this been true in the past, but there is every reason to believe that most of our evils in the future will arise out of mistaken ideas of the law of supply and demand, of the mutual relations of labor and capital, of the proper function of government in relation to labor, and a hundred similar phases of political economy, in which the general law will be denied, and the individual hardship will be insisted upon. Now it is of the utmost importance in a republic that these and kindred subjects should be understood by those who are clothed with the elective franchise. It is too late to commence our teaching when the voter's mind has lost the elasticity of youth, and false ideas have become rigid and unbending. Nor is it sufficient to instruct the few whose circumstances give them access to the university. Political economy should be taught in our primary and grammar schools. It is more important to the State, as a body politic, that the child—the future citizen—should know political economy than that he should know arithmetic. The former enters more than the latter into the questions upon which, as a voter, he will be compelled to pass judgment. Our teachers should be citizen-makers. It may be urged that there are no primary text-books of this science, but we answer that a demand will bring an abundant supply. Mr. Nordhoff has taken a step in the right direction, but he has not gone far enough. Or, if books are found inadequate, the class may be taught as Mill taught his son, in the open air, by illustrations drawn from the glowing forge, from the neighboring factory or foundry, from the busy traffic of the street, from all the activities which children see and appreciate every day, but are never taught to classify or to differentiate.

The aristocratic impulse is one of the most narrowing influences in the world. It prescribes distinctions based upon considerations which ought not to induce distinctions. There must always be an immeasurable distance between the pure and the evil, between the brave and the cowardly, between the true and the false. But one who allows accidental circumstances, such as birth, fortune, or connections, to influence him in the choice of his friends, will inevitably find himself falling short of the full development of which he is capable. His generous nature will shrink a little; his better impulses will be restrained a little; and his judgment on every subject will be warped, it may be to a degree that he will not directly appreciate, by his habit of estimating the value of men and women according to a factitious standard. And this is essentially true wherever we allow ourselves to make one rigid, unvarying, Procrustean bed for every one to lie in. Intellectual aristocracy is not the least narrow of the forms in which a feeling of *caste* asserts itself. What is the benefit, after all, of study, of reading, and writing, and making many books, if, somehow, we are not made broader and wider in our views—if we are not to lose the old habit of measuring everything according to our one rule—if we do not learn to see and appreciate strength and beauty (the latter being the more subtle, and so the more difficult to recognize), whether we find them in the conservatory or in the forest? Your young man just out of college comes into the world with a compassionate pity for this great, generous, hearty man of business who, probably, never heard of Xenophon. The graduate has something higher to give the world than this merchant ever dreamed of. But he begins to learn tolerance as the days and the months go by, and the world will not stop to hear him speak. He begins to appreciate that there is no one so useless as the man who disdains to form a part of the busy, moving mass that is pressing on to the field of action, but stands in idle admiration of his own contracted and unprogressive sphere.

INTELLECTUAL SUPERIORITY has kept many a man from being useful—especially to the state. Countless persons have been polished, like the family silver, and then put away, never to be brought out, except on some rare and exclusive occasion. Occasionally some nature with broad and universal sympathies breaks from the "reservation," and then we have, in literature a Shakspeare or Goethe, in art a Leonardo, in statecraft a Gladstone. But we find many men of great capacity and preparation who "can not soil their hands" with public affairs. It may be true that the wheel of state has become soiled from the incessant touch of begrimed wheelsmen. But that is simply because better men have held aloof, not because they were not demanded. Pessimism is just now the *mode;* and there are journals of high repute whose mission seems to be to convince the intelligent American that his country is a colossal failure, and that active and interested citizenship has in it a coloring of turpitude. Very few men have earned the right to grumble because they are ill-governed. Many, who devote day and night to their business interests, appear to think that their interests in this great business of government will be attended to without their efforts. Is it any wonder that irresponsible men come frequently to the front? We met a prominent merchant not long since, on one of the ferry-boats. He remarked: "It is a singular thing that such an incompetent man as ——— can secure the nomination for an important position. His competitor was in every way qualified. I can't understand it."

"Did you know that there was a meeting of the citizens of your ward last week, to nominate a ticket for the primaries?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did you attend?"

"No, sir. I had some friends dining with me that evening."

"When the primaries were held did you cast your vote? I believe there were two tickets in your ward?"

"Yes, sir, there were two; but I was occupied most of the day, and didn't get to the polls."

"Did you use your influence with any of the delegates finally chosen to the convention, to secure the nomination of the proper person for any of the positions to be filled?"

"No, sir."

"Have you ever taken part in any of the preliminary steps looking to the nomination of a ticket?"

"Well, no, sir; I don't remember that I have ever done so."

"But after the ticket was made up, you voted?"

"Oh, yes, sir; I voted. *It is a duty with me always to vote!*"

CALIFORNIA PREJUDICE, *a propos* of the Chinese question, is a fruitful subject of Eastern criticism. We are met with the charge of race antipathy whenever we attempt to show what is and must always be the result of the unlimited influx of a people who will neither assimilate with nor contribute to any of those things in which we take pride as forming a part of our civilization. Now race prejudice is the outgrowth of a fixed state of society, where the population receives no acquisitions from the outside. It is most strongly developed in districts where the people have been undisturbed for several centuries. The moment men commence to associate with their fellow-men they discover traits to admire, and the old antipathies give way. Hence it is, that whenever the population is homogeneous, and has remained undisturbed for a considerable period of time, race prejudices will be found; and whenever the population becomes cosmopolitan, this antagonism will disappear. Commerce, literature, marriage, and a thousand influences begin their work of assimilation, which no mere prejudice can withstand. Now, as a matter of fact, California has one of the most cosmopolitan populations in the world. People have been attracted here from every point of the compass, and the result has been that all previous distinctions, whether of family or nationality, have been forgotten, and the *man* alone has been recognized. In the streets of San Francisco the language of every civilized country may be heard in a walk of a few blocks, and men of many lands meet each other every day in social and business intercourse. Speaking of the population as an entirety, and not of individuals, it is safe to assume that nowhere in the known world is there less of that very feeling which is now so clamorously charged against us. This is apparent from the hospitable way in which the Chinese were themselves first received. They were welcomed in every possible manner, by every grade of society. It was only when the real character of this immigration was discovered that the protest came. Race prejudice comes before acquaintance, and thaws after it. But this protest did not come until long years of observation had forced a reluctant conclusion.

WE ARE ELECTION-MAD. It is no doubt an excellent thing for the people to have a voice in the government; but an universal political *cacoethes loquendi*, an incessant raising of the popular voice until the clamor deafens the business *tympanum*, is a doubtful blessing. Every few months we have a crisis. The intervals we spend in preparation or recuperation. Trade is unsettled, attention is withdrawn from industries, and a vast deal of energy and enterprise is expended in electing the Honorable Mr. Nemo to some position which hundreds of others might fill quite as well. It is right that a proper attention should be given to these things, but they should occupy less time. What, after all, is the end to be attained by an election? Is it not merely to choose a government which shall protect us, so that we, being relieved of all care for the safety of ourselves or our property, may go quietly about our own concerns? Do we not defeat the intended object when, instead of protecting business, we enervate and unsettle it; when, instead of making property more secure, we make it insecure? Why should we not settle all questions once in several years? Would the "partisan heat" do us more harm than this continual boiling and seething of the municipal, state, and national cauldrons? An election is expensive in more senses than one, and costs the State thousands of dollars that are not in the official estimates. Trade stagnation and business depression are not ended, either, when the polls are closed.

AN ARTICLE BY MR. C. T. HOPKINS, upon "THE PRESENT CRISIS IN SAN FRANCISCO," appears in this number of THE CALIFORNIAN. This paper was read before THE BERKELEY CLUB, and was ordered printed as expressing the views of that association. We take this opportunity of saying that THE CALIFORNIAN desires to be the medium of the best minds upon the Pacific Coast upon all subjects which are engrossing the public attention. We invite leading men to express their views in our pages. We shall build no mould for every one's mind to run in. We do not desire to found any clique, or to establish any literary "ring." But we want the best thought on either side of live questions—not merely the best thought on the side with which we agree. And this language will apply equally to all contributions. In political and social science; in art, in romance, and in poetry; in travels and history; and in all the broad field from which a magazine may choose, whenever and wherever any one has anything of value, we desire to be the medium of its expression.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

HIGH-POWER MICROSCOPES.

When a microscope is shown to a person not familiar with the instrument, the first question usually asked is: "How much will it magnify?" as though that quality were a test of the value and utility of the instrument. The true test-value of a microscope is its power of definition, or the quality by which the observer can see most clearly the fine details of an object. As a general thing, even in the most minute objects, this quality is confined to powers of from ten to fifteen hundred diameters. Anything beyond the larger figure usually results in such deterioration of definition that no practical benefit can be derived from the increased amplification—to say nothing of the loss of light. The most notable results have been achieved from magnifying powers of much less than one thousand diameters. The highest recorded magnifying power of any simple microscope, of which any authentic record is found, is that of one belonging to the Royal Society of England, which is said to magnify two thousand five hundred and sixty diameters, and which, it is claimed, has been successfully used with that power by Di Torre, of Naples; but Mr. Baker, of London, to whom the instrument was entrusted for examination and report, could do nothing with it. The power to use such small lenses depends largely upon the conformation of the eye. Such an instrument would be useless to any one that did not possess exceptional visual organs.

The highest magnifying power of any compound microscope of authentic record and successful use is ten thousand diameters. The objective used in this case was a one-eightieth, with a twenty-four inch draw-tube. A one-twenty-fifth objective, with the power brought up by amplifiers and eye-pieces, would probably accomplish the same results in a more satisfactory manner. But Mr. Edward Dickerson, of New York, according to the editor of the *American Journal of Microscopy*, has reached a magnifying power of one hundred thousand diameters. This result was obtained by well-known means carried to extremes—a high objective, a high eyepiece, a long tube, and an amplifier. Such power, however, can have no practical use. With it a single human blood corpuscle would reach the size of some thirty inches in diameter. A section of human hair, under such a power, would have the appearance of the trunk of one of the giant trees of California. A common house-fly would be enlarged to a monster some half a mile in length. Of course, it would be utterly impossible to obtain a complete view of a fly, even with a magnifying power vastly less than the one above described. A small part only of one of the facets of a fly's eye would fill the whole field of view, and neither the fly, the hair, nor the blood corpuscle would "appear" at all.

TRANSMITTING COLORS BY TELEGRAPH.

The latest advance in the science of telegraphy is the construction of a device by which forms and colors can be sent by wire as readily as words and signs. The instrument consists of four essential parts, viz: a receiving mirror, transmitting wires, a galvanic battery, and a terminal or reproducing mirror. The receiving mirror is about six by four inches in area, from which issue about seventy small insulated wires, gathered together into one about one foot back of the receiving mirror. Just before reaching the reproducing mirror, each little wire is again separated and connected with that mirror in sections, as with the first. The theoretic action of the instrument appears to be as follows: The waves of light from the object to be transmitted fall on certain divisions of the mirror, and the light and accompanying heat appear to produce momentary changes, either chemical or mechanical, in the amalgam of the mirror, which consists of a peculiar compound of silenium and chromium. These changes are so modified by the electric current that each little wire takes up its connected form and color and transmits the same to the end of the wire, where it is again reproduced, so as to be readily seen in the reproducing mirror; or it may be thrown upon a screen and thus enlarged for more convenient examination or study. The greater or less distinctness of the transmitted image is found to be due to a more or less proper proportion of the component parts of the amalgam. This new and interesting invention has been introduced to the scientific world by Dr. H. E. Licks, of South Bethlehem, Pennsylvania. At the first exhibition of his discovery before a body of scientific gentlemen, various objects, such as a penknife, an apple, a trade-dollar, etc., were shown, and readily distinguished by all present, both in form and color, by being thrown upon a screen. When a watch was held before the mirror for a space of five minutes, the minute-hand was distinctly seen to move. A flower and a portion of a theatre-bill were distinctly transmitted; and when the head of a kitten was projected upon the screen, the audience testified its complete satisfaction by most hearty applause. The instrument is called a "diaphote," from the Greek *dia* (through), and *photos* (light). Much may be reasonably expected from the probable scientific and industrial applications of this instrument. By the union of the telephone and diaphote the possibility of friends, when widely separated, being able both to hear and see each other, as if talking face to face, may be one of the pleasant anticipations of the early future.

HARNESSING ELECTRICITY.

The rapid growth of telegraphy and other practical applications of electricity are among the most wonderful scientific problems which have been more or less fully solved during the last thirty years. Within that time the possibility of carrying messages by electricity has been made practical, until every civilized land is now covered with a network of wires, and even the ocean depths are spanned, and distant countries brought, as it were, within speaking distance of each other. Not content with the transmission of mere signals and signs—the human voice, the softest notes of music, and even forms and colors, are now made to traverse the wires, until we are able not only to hear, but to see each other, and converse literally face to face, though separated by vast distances, whether of ocean or land. Electricity has also been so harnessed as to become our pliant servant in the transmission of power. Sir William Armstrong works his circular saw at a distance of one mile from the water-wheel that turns his electric machine. And by the same means, Dr. Werner Siemens works a locomotive that carries thirty passengers over an experimental track. Engineers are also studying for the most efficient means by which to take up and convey to convenient points of the neighboring country, by means of this subtile agency, the tremendous water-power of Niagara, which for untold ages has been wasting itself upon the rocks at the foot of the falls. The electric light, although it has not yet come into use for domestic purposes, has already proved a success in lighting up large spaces, such as streets, depots, factories, libraries, light-houses, etc. In its application for the latter purpose, it has been found possible to convey a concentrated beam of light seven miles, with sufficient intensity to read by. In the French-Algerine Triangulation Service, the electric light has been distinctly seen for a distance of one hundred and sixty-four miles, when exhibited from a sufficiently elevated position. This light is also used for extensive mining and outdoor mechanical operations, where it is desirable to carry on such transactions by night as well as by day. Most successful experiments have also been made for conveying it by various devices, from a common centre, through all the rooms of extensive dwellings or hotels. One of its latest and most novel applications is for hunting. Instead of using bird-lime on trees, as is common in localities which are frequented by birds of passage, a copper wire is wound around the trunks and limbs of the trees, and when a numerous flock of birds has been collected a shock is sent through the wire, by which they are surely stunned and taken without the mangling process of rifle-ball or shot. It is also stated, upon what appears to be good authority, that a gentleman who owns a country seat near Marseilles, in France, has conveyed shocks through his vines, with such effect as to destroy parasites, and even their eggs, without injury to the vine. If this statement be confirmed, may we not hope that the dreaded phylloxera may yet be reached and destroyed?

MELTING STEEL BY FRICTION.

Experiments have proved that a bar of steel, which would require, for melting, five minutes of the highest heat attainable, may be melted in a few seconds by projecting against it a column of cold air, having a velocity of five or six miles a minute. The instant the air touches the metal, fusion commences. Of course the heat is generated by the friction of the air against the motionless metal, just as an aerolite is melted when, in its flight, it comes in contact with the atmosphere of the earth. Efforts are being made to utilize the principle involved in the above experiment by applying it not only to melting, but also to the annealing of iron and steel in all their various forms, it being claimed that the process can be made much more economical and effective than that usually employed. Of course the inventor has sought protection by patent, and believes "there's millions in it."

STRENGTH OF MIND AND BODY.

In ancient times and among the less educated of modern times, energy of mind and strength of body are supposed to be largely the result of mildness of temperature, while depression of spirits and bodily weakness is ascribed to cold. Modern science, however, has explained and greatly modified these theories concerning the production of psychical and physical force. It is now known that vigor of both mind and body is generated by animal heat, instead of by warmth from without. Hence, warmth should indeed be sought, and cold avoided; but the warmth should be brought about by organic processes going on within the body, and not derived, under ordinary circumstances, from fires or wraps. The only use of wraps should be the avoidance of an excessive loss of animal heat from radiation. Food is, indeed, more than raiment. To live well and happily, to maintain a proper vigor of body and balance of mind, use proper food. Avoid stimulants which impart neither muscle nor heat. Wholesome heat and muscle-producing food are the true fuels which give strength to the body and energy to the mind.

DEADENING NOISES IN WORKSHOPS.

Little attention is usually paid by those who carry on large operations requiring much hammering and pounding, to deadening the noises thereby produced. Pertinent to this matter, *Chambers's Journal* describes a factory where the hammering of fifty coppersmiths is scarcely audible in the rooms below, because their benches had, under each leg, a simple rubber cushion. Kegs of sand or sawdust may be applied in the same way. First pour a few inches of sand into each keg; on this lay a block or board on which the leg may rest, and around the leg pour a few inches more of dry sand or sawdust. By this simple means a large portion of the noise, and all the vibration and shock, may be prevented. An ordinary anvil, so placed, may be used in a dwelling-house without serious annoyance to those in other rooms. Amateurs, whose workshops are quite often located in dwelling houses, might take a profitable hint from these suggestions.

MAKING GRAPE-SUGAR IN THE KITCHEN.

A little chemical knowledge is often of value even in the simplest processes of the kitchen. It should be known in every family that boiling cane-sugar with an acid changes it to glucose or grape-sugar. If, in cooking acid fruit, the sugar is added while the cooking is in progress, the sugar loses nearly half its saccharine properties. The correct way is to first cook your fruit, then add the sugar while the mass is cooling. By so doing a much more healthy preparation comes to the table, and a great saving is effected.

INSTABILITY OF HIGH FACTORY BUILDINGS.

Attention is now being called, by engineers and others, to a danger to brick and stone factory buildings which has not heretofore attracted much thought—the vibration produced by the action of the machinery upon the walls and floors of the upper stories. This action becomes noticeably apparent by the greater vibration of gas pendants, and by the more disturbed appearance of a bucket of water when observed in an upper story than when the same phenomena are seen upon the lower floor; and it is found to be especially detrimental to shafting and cog-wheels. Underwriters are also beginning to consider the effect of such vibration upon the walls and the fastening of the floors to walls. As iron, under long continued vibration, becomes granular and weak, so walls of brick or stone become weakened by gradual disintegration under similar circumstances. In such cases the destruction by fire becomes more swift and certain, the damage being partly done before ignition commences. Fires thus become less controllable and more sweeping. It has been assumed that equal cubic contents with double the base area have but one-half the fire-loss liability of the double altitude, with conditions otherwise equal. The result of this reasoning has been an inclination to increase the fire risk on high factory buildings, with a corresponding decrease on low ones. It is self-evident that a two-story factory, even when carelessly built, would vibrate less than a four or five-story one better built. And for other reasons, also, the walls of the lower structure would be more likely to stand after a fire than those of a high one.

A NEW METALLIC COMPOUND.

A paper was recently read before the British Society of Arts, descriptive of a new metallic compound which possesses properties that are likely to make it valuable for many industrial uses. The compound is formed by melting together, in certain proportions, the sulphides of iron, lead, and zinc, which thus form a homogeneous mass possessing great tenacity, not at all affected by the oxidizing influences of air, water, or alkalies, and is acted upon by hydrochloric and sulphuric acids only when reduced to a fine powder, and even then very slowly. It also possesses the very useful quality of expanding when cooling; while its texture and fluidity, when molten, are so fine and so perfect that it will even reproduce finger-marks from polished glass, which no other known metal or metallic compound will do. These qualities give to this new compound a remarkable fitness for fine castings, especially such as are required for printing and stereotype purposes. Its melting point is very low—only 320° F.—so low that castings of it may be taken from gelatine molds without destroying the mold. Its weight in proportion to bulk is only about one-third that of lead, while its cost is considerably less. For fastening iron to stone, and for closing joints in water and gas-pipes, it is superior to lead, from the fact that, owing to its property of expansion in cooling, it makes an air-and-water-tight joint at once; while lead must be tamped tight after cooling. Its cost, also, for such uses is only about one-quarter the price of lead. For bronzing and other ornamental purposes, besides the advantages above named, it is capable of receiving the highest polish, and taking any color, from the dark-blue of steel to that of bronze, silver, or of gold. In a sanitary point of view, water has no action upon it. It may be made particularly valuable for cisterns, water-pipes, or for lining either. It may be made a valuable adjunct in acid manufacture, or for the chemical laboratory, when the temperature is not required to exceed 250° F. The compound will be known, commercially, as Spence's Metal, from the name of the inventor, and there is every reason to believe that only a few of the industrial uses to which it may be put have as yet been suggested. It will no doubt enter largely into use in the fine as well as in the industrial arts.

INSANITY THE MEASURE OF CIVILIZATION.

At a recent meeting of the Medico-Legal Society of New York, Dr. George M. Beard read a very interesting paper on "The Problems of Insanity," in which he said: "Insanity is a barometer of civilization; and, as we advance higher in the arts and sciences, so will insanity become more and more prevalent among us." With savages or barbarians, he said, there was little or no insanity. Intense application, brain-work, and in-door life are the agencies which most frequently bring it about. Another source of insanity he attributed to the increased intellectual activity of the women of the present time. "What the mother is, so will the child be in an intenser degree." Civilization is also leading to an increase of insanity, especially in Europe, in quite another way—by grinding hard upon the poor, shutting them up in close houses, with bad air and poor food, and compelling them to struggle beyond the power of ordinary endurance for a mere existence. The brain can not always bear up under such a strain, where but few opportunities are presented by recreation and amusement for the relaxation of mind. Inventions, until recently, have tended to increase rather than decrease insanity. Of late, however, many inventions have had an opposite tendency—designed to give rest, and room, and ease; as, for example, the street-car, the elevated railroad, the telephone and the electric light. There is hope, if the latter be perfected, that we may be enabled to breathe a purer air in our dwellings. The system of "cramming" in our schools was instanced as still another cause of insanity produced by advanced civilization.

He further said: "It is a paradox in astronomy that the sun may be best studied during an eclipse; so in psychology, the mind may be best studied when it is eclipsed. Insanity is a disease of degrees; there is no plain dividing line between sanity and insanity...... The eclipse of the mind cannot be predicted like the eclipse of the sun; but, with study, men may learn to detect it in its first stages, and, if treated early, it needs rarely become serious."

DIOGENES'S TUB.

Archæologists assert that the vessel which we now call a "tub" is a comparatively modern invention, and that the ancient Greeks used no such vessel made of staves, or even of wood of any kind. Their washing was done either in pools of water or in earthen vessels. The celebrated so-called tub of Diogenes—if he ever had one—was probably one of the deep, narrow, wine-jars then, and in long after times, much in use. Such a vessel must have formed even a more inconvenient dwelling than the modern tub. That ancient philosopher probably placed it upright when he stood or sat in it, and lengthwise when he assumed a reclining position. It sometimes takes a very long period to discover that something which has been generally accepted as a fact is simply a popular error, and nothing more.

REVIVAL AFTER FREEZING.

Not a few speculations and pretended experiments have recently been published, in which it was claimed that life has been restored to certain mammalia after all pulsation had ceased, from freezing. The ability of many of the lower forms of animal life to survive freezing is well known—even so high in the scale of being as fishes—some of which are known to have "come to life" after being frozen quite stiff. But the first instance of revival, after freezing, of an animal as high in the scale of existence as an alligator, has just been reported in New York, upon what appears to be good authority. The *Scientific American* reports the following: "During a recent cold snap the window of a room in which was kept a Florida alligator, was left open, and the water in which the animal lay was frozen. The owner of the animal, a young physician, found his pet 'as stiff as a poker,' and to all appearances dead. It was placed in warm water, rubbed with alcohol, then wrapped in a cloth and left by a stove to warm up. After an hour or two it was rubbed again and dosed with liquor, its mouth having been pried open. This vigorous treatment was kept up for a couple of hours, when signs of life appeared, and in a few hours more the alligator had entirely recovered."

OUTCROPPINGS.

AN INCIDENT.

"O, Mac! Hold up a minute, can't you?"

My stalwart companion, who was stolidly tearing his way through the chaparral, some twenty yards ahead, stopped at my call, and turning his weather-beaten but good-natured face toward me, asked:

"What's the trouble?"

I waited until I joined him before answering.

"This is getting monotonous. How much further is it to Guerneville?"

"Matter of two mile. You look fagged out."

"Oh, I'm not done up exactly, only dreadfully thirsty. Isn't there any water hereabouts?"

Mac shook his head, replying:

"None nearer than the river."

"Then the deuce take this confounded hunting expedition," I exclaimed, testily. "No game, nothing but tramping over these chaparral-covered hills in this hot sun. Hang it all! I always thought the redwoods a place for shade and coolness, not heat."

"You wouldn't expect it to be so up here, where all the timber has been cut, would you?" rejoined my companion. "But don't you give it up, my boy," he continued, "Come to think, there is one place not far from here, where water can be got, although——"

"Although what?"

"Oh, well, never mind. Come along, and I'll take you there. Here, I'll carry your gun, if you're tired."

"No, no; thanks. Drive ahead."

"All right then, follow your leader;" and he plunged on once more, his mighty limbs carrying him through or over the tangled brushwood with an ease and celerity which I could not but admire and envy.

Coming shortly to a dry ravine which crossed our course almost at right angles, we turned down it, and descended the ridge for some little distance, the chaparral brush giving place to a higher growth of hazel, elder, and pepper-wood, and the gully deepening to a cañon. At last, dropping upon our hands and knees, and creeping, perforce, in that position for ten or twelve yards, we emerged in a spot which seemed designed by nature for seclusion and comfort. It was a little glade, not more than eight yards square, level or very slightly sloping, and entirely overshadowed by the branches of a giant pepper-wood, under the very trunk of which was a pool of water, deliciously clear and cool, though wholly without either inlet or outlet, as far as I could perceive. I flung myself down upon the sward beside the spring, and drank until further drinking was impossible; then turned with a long-drawn sigh of satisfaction to Mac, remarking:

"Well, old fellow, this excursion isn't so bad after all."

He had taken a long draught himself, and was now reclining on the grass beside me, his face dull and expressionless, and an absent look in his dark-gray eyes. He started, however, at my remark, and gave a slight sign of assent before relapsing into his former state of quietude. For some moments neither of us spoke again, and then, recollecting the difficulty we had experienced in approaching the spot, and its perfect seclusion, I asked:

"How did you first discover this spot, Mac?—for of course you've been here before."

He answered slowly, fixing his eyes upon me, with a strange look in their dark-gray depths:

"Oh, yes! I've been here before—once."

"Hunting?"

"No—yes! Well—had been hunting."

This with a grim smile, and that same curious look in the eyes.

"Well, I hope you had better luck than we've had to-day."

"We hadn't been hunting the same sort of game."

"What kind, then?"

"Man," answered Mac, laconically. I stared at him.

"Yes," he continued, calmly, "I was one of the fellows that hunted that Forestville chap through here some years back."

"You mean L——e, the wife-murderer?"

"Yes."

"But you were not a constable then, were you?"

"No. But besides the officers' crowd there were several parties of citizens out—don't you recollect? I was with one of them."

"I remember all about it now," I answered. "So it was then that you stumbled on this nook?"

"Yes."

I remained silent for some moments, mentally reviewing the circumstances of that most atrocious murder, but finally re-opened our conversation with the remark:

"It is singular that there never should have been anything heard of that fellow, notwithstanding the hot pursuit and close inquiry."

"Very singular."

"He may turn up yet, though," said I.

"Not by a d—d sight!" responded Mac, with strange emphasis.

"Why, what the deuce!" exclaimed I, in astonishment. "What do you know of him?"

"I? Nothing. What should I know?" he answered, curtly. "But I don't believe he'll ever show now, after lying low for all this time. Now, come! It's getting late—let's go."

He rose to his feet, and, as he did so, lifted his eyes, mechanically as it seemed, and gazed fixedly for a moment at some object overhead. Following his glance, my eyes fell upon something which almost instantly changed their careless glance to one of keen interest, but the question which was upon my lips was hushed by an exclamation from my companion.

"Hark!" he said. "What is that?"

We listened a moment, and then he continued:

"Oh, it's Chaser. He's tracked us up at last, after losing himself for two hours."

As he ceased speaking, the dog, a splendid mixture of fox and blood-hound, entered the glade. He came slowly up to me, wagging his tail in evident pleasure, but as I stooped to pet him a strange change came over him. His eye gleamed, his limbs stiffened, the hair rose along his back, and a low growl escaped him. The next instant he gave vent to a piercing howl.

"Down, Chaser!" cried his master, wrathfully, clutching him by the neck at the same time. "Quiet, sir!"

But Chaser broke away, and ran round and round the glade, snuffing the earth and whining piteously. Soon he stopped at the lower extremity of the opening, and for a moment crouched, with his muzzle pressed to the ground, motionless as stone. The next instant, with another piercing howl, he began tearing up the earth with desperate energy. I looked at Mac. His face was ghastly, his eyes glaring, and his usually pleasant features were drawn into an expression dreadful to contemplate. I turned from him, shuddering, and raised my eyes to what had previously attracted their attention. It was a mark or scar almost encircling a stout and nearly horizontal limb of the pepper-wood beneath which we were standing, and it seemed that it might have been made by the rasping of a rope, to which some heavy weight had been attached. I turned again to my companion, and even as I did so, his rifle, which was already at his shoulder, belched forth its contents, and its deafening report echoed and re-echoed along the cañon. Chaser did not utter a sound, but sprang into the air and fell again almost in his tracks, stark and lifeless, shot through the heart. I glanced from the excavation he had already made to the scar on the tree, and, as the dreadful truth flashed through my mind, my brain swam, and my soul grew sick with horror. In a moment I recovered myself. The hunter was already making his way through the encircling thicket. Silently I followed him, leaving the dead hound, with his wide-open and glaring eyes, to guard alone the accursed spot. GEORGE HOMER MEYER.

THE WOODS OF CHAPULTEPEC.

The castle of Chapultepec, in the valley of Mexico, is situated upon a mound, about a league west of the city, and since the days of the conquest has been a favorite resort of the Mexican rulers and dignitaries. The natural beauties of the spot are unsurpassed, and have been repeatedly woven into romance and poetry. It is not generally known, however, in this country, that one of the chief charms of Chapultepec is a grove of magnificent trees. They belong to the *Cupressus* family, and are known as *aguajuetes*, in the musical tongue of the natives. These trees were evidently planted by some of the Aztec emperors centuries ago, as they stand in regular rows, forming avenues, and are of immense size. They are particularly noticeable for the long white moss which trails from their boughs, and at night, when the wind moves among the branches, the effect is weird in the extreme. It was this fact, together with the associations connected with the spot, which suggested the following lines:

Wizard and silent! Thy shadow arms,
Gray forest of other years,
Reach into my dreaming soul
And startle its nameless fears.
Forest of history!
Tell me the spell that broods
Over thy solitudes,
Pregnant with mystery.

Hoary and silent! The moonbeams pale
Down through thy arches quiver;
And shapeless things on the haunted gale
Drift past like a haunted river
Pulsing with souls.
Or, when the owl's wild call
Rings through each dim-lit hall,
Peopled with ghouls.

This is thy hour, O voiceless throng,
Winging the stillness deep.
These are thy children, O hoary guards
Of the cycles in their sleep.
Deep to my ear
Whispers a wizard tone:
"Go, for the dead alone
Dwell here." D. S. RICHARDSON.

RAIN-DROPS.

Rain-drops! rain-drops!
Come, patter against my pane;
Come, fill the cup of the crocus up
Till it trembles with joy again.
Come, make each head in my violet bed
Bow down with its weight of bliss,
That, passing through, the breeze may woo
For a fragrant sigh or kiss.

Rain-drops! rain-drops!
Come down from your home in the cloud;
'Tis brave to ride by the rainbow's side
In a mist-wreath high and proud.
'Tis brave to sweep far out to the deep
And toy with the crested wave;
Or boldly cling to the sea-gull's wing—
It is brave, forsooth, 'tis brave!

Rain-drops! rain-drops!
The earth is humble to-night;
The wheat-stalks pray, as they heave and sway,
While the blossoms, pink and white,
Are showering down from each floral crown
Petals like flakes of snow;
The fruit-buds plead their tender need:
Blessings on them bestow.

Rain-drops! rain-drops!
I hear you against my pane;
And oh! 'tis sweet on roof and street
To hear you patter again.
My roses bright and my lilies white
Now bathe till the dawn of day,
And oft repeat your secrets sweet
To the fairies that wait for May.

Rain-drops! rain-drops!
Ye have sung my heart to sleep;
I see e'en now the o'erladen bow
With the vintage purpling deep;
The fields of grain that prayed for rain
Bend low with the golden ear,
And softly chime of a drear March time,
When they trembled sad with fear.

Rain-drops! rain-drops!
Mine eyelids droop with bliss;
Oh, patter along with your drowsy song,
As the shrouded moonbeams kiss
In tearful light throughout the night,
Earth, wrapt in blissful spell—
Sweet blessing sent;—Oh, heart content!
Soft rain—drop—drop—farewell!

MARGARET A. BROOKS.

A REMINISCENCE OF VON WEBER.

Every one who has any taste for music, or understands it ever so little, must have listened with pleasure to the "Invitation à la Valse" of Von Weber, sometimes known by the name of the "Conversation Waltz," but perhaps all may not be familiar with the event which gave it birth, nor acquainted with the circumstances of the inspiration to which we owe the pleasure derived from it. Jealousy and anguish at the supposed betrayal of his wife, when he imagined all his hopes to be forever ruined, handed down to posterity one of the most charming of waltzes. No musical masterpiece so clearly expresses the various emotions under which the composer labored as this beautiful *morceau*. It is a glorifying inspiration, replete with beautiful symphonies; a whole poem in itself. Von Weber madly loved his wife, who, in unison with his friends, marveled at his inability and futile efforts to compose a waltz—his musical productions being all sombre and heavy. They counted so much upon his genius that they resolved upon a plan to work upon his emotions through a newly awakened feeling of jealousy, trusting to a moment's inspiration to render to the world a first waltz from his ample brain. To put him to the test, an old sweetheart of his wife, who was initiated into their plan of action, was to attend a ball where the conspirators, in company with Von Weber and his wife, were to be present.

The whole party, at the appointed hour, assembled in the magnificent *salons*, where the gayety and festivity were at their height. Finally, a waltz being the dance *sur le tapis*, Von Weber asked his wife to join him, and, to his great surprise, she refused to be his partner. He did not revenge himself upon her by dancing with any one else, but sat down in an alcove to take observations. To his intense surprise he saw his wife, supported on the arm of her old schoolmate, floating away to the strains of the sweetest music. Her soft hair nearly touched the cheek of her partner, the lithe, graceful figure was clasped fondly to his breast, as he looked down into her upturned face. They waltzed around to where Von Weber was sitting lost in sombre meditation, and, pretending not to see him, balanced just before him. Her partner spoke, and the poor husband, insensible to all other objects and events, heard distinctly the conversation going on between them.

"And are you not happy, then?"

"How can I be, when there rises ever before me the remembrance of loved though long-departed days?"

His answer was lost to Von Weber as they waltzed away, but it seemed to the dazed and bewildered husband that the dancer drew his wife nearer to him and almost kissed her brow. With a stifled cry of frenzy, that was drowned entirely by the noise of the instruments, Von Weber rose and left the house closely followed by wife and friends.

He had decided to kill himself, but they watched him, and soon satisfied themselves that he was under the influence of his beloved muse, and would compose a last *morceau*. They stood near by to listen, and were not disappointed. He played, and it was enough. A waltz broke forth from his inspired fingers, in which we trace, without difficulty, a whole history of slain hopes, murdered love, and frenzied jealousy. The introduction seems to reproduce his own thoughts at the refusal of his wife to dance with him. Then his feelings when under the influence of the green-eyed monster are given utterance to. The sweet music of the waltz soon after asserts itself, then the deep-toned voice of his wife's partner is heard mingling with her sweet treble, while all above and around is the wail of a lost love, a deep anguish, an unutterable agony. As the music goes on one can almost see the couple turning, turning, hear the dialogue, and easily trace the other notes until the end is reached in Von Weber's cry and flight. When he had finished his composition, the whole party entered. He threw the folded sheets of music in his wife's face, with the remark, "This is your work." Explanations and a reconciliation soon followed, and it was not the last waltz he composed. He also wrote a long treatise on the waltz, which is called the *Democritus*.

MRS. L. A. IMHAUS.

A YOUNG WIDOW'S REVERIE.

With downcast eyes, brow pale
'Neath sable sweeping veil:
What vanished joys distress
Thy widowed loneliness?
Dost thou in dreams live over
Young love with thy first lover?

Doth fond remembrance lean
Towards each raptured scene?
Art thou in vision come
Anew to bridal home?
Ah, sweet! by that sigh's token
Grievest for quick words spoken?

But cheer thee! Life's divine
Pledge for the future thine;
Put by the past. Bright eyes
Lifted, show the rogue's surprise
"Tut, Tom!"—in pleasant scorning—
"I'm planning my half-mourning.
'Twill be"—this softly humming—
"So awfully becoming."

Evelyn M. Ludlum.

HOW I LOST ROSANNA.

I am a post-office clerk, and my name is Plowden. I had occupied my present position about a year when I became acquainted with my ever-dear Rosanna. It happened in this wise; I mention the particulars at the risk of being thought egotistical, because she was the first youthful member of her sex with whom I had ever become acquainted, and also because it is so pleasant to recall even the most trivial events connected with one so very dear to me. My mother, who is a notable housewife, had been in the habit of purchasing eggs of a neighbor, a couple of blocks away. I have hesitated about mentioning the name of this person, fearing that it might, in some way, seem to reflect upon my dearest Rosanna; but then, truth is truth and candor is candor, and if anybody would think less of Rosanna because of her Hibernian appellation, his good opinion is not worth courting. The name is Flaherty. As a matter of course, I went frequently to Mrs. Flaherty's in my mother's service, and in time we became tolerably well acquainted. I was somewhat afraid of her; she was a big woman, with a grenadier way about her that was calculated to startle one of my nervous temperament. She had small red eyes—perhaps I should say eyelids—and big, red arms; and her voice! her voice was terrible!

Her family consisted of a horde of dirty children, principally boys, whose ages ranged from fifteen to four; at about that time, I presume, Mr. Flaherty mercifully died; at any rate he was dead.

My Rosanna was the eldest, and aged seventeen; but at the time of which I am speaking, I did not know this, and indeed was not aware her existence. She afterward tried to make me believe that she was then at school, but, from the manifest defects in her education, I am inclined to believe that she was serving as nurse-girl in some family. One cold, dismal, raining, blowy morning, my mother said, as she rapped at my door:

"Come, Jimmy dear, get up! I want you to step over to Mrs. Flaherty's and get me as many eggs as she can spare."

I got up immediately; I did not want to, but I did; and, donning my overcoat, took an umbrella in one hand, and a basket in the other, and started on my errand.

"Hurry up," said mother, "I want to cook some for breakfast."

It was a kind of morning on which one would be likely to hurry up. I was thoroughly wretched by the time I reached Mrs. Flaherty's. I gave a pretty sharp rap at the door, expecting to see one of the dirty, shock-headed children, or my grenadier friend; but there was a little rustle, and the door was opened by—shall I say an angel? No, I will not soar; it was Rosanna. She had on a pink calico morning-dress; she had pink cheeks to match, and large, seraphic blue eyes, and the reddest, rosiest little mouth—oh Rosanna! I couldn't say that I wanted eggs; I stood looking at her, unable to articulate a syllable; she said "Come in!" in a voice of silvery sweetness, as unlike Mrs. Flaherty's as possible. I went in; more because of the rain than of anything else; a sort of instinctive self-preservation. Mrs. Flaherty came up, and said she supposed eggs; I nodded assent. She inquired how mother was, and I said: "A couple of dozen—it didn't matter." I never was so ecstatically wretched in my life.

I reached home somehow; I got down to the office somehow; I attended to my duties somehow; but all day long I conversed with an imaginary Rosanna, and made speeches to her that would have caused my genuine Rosanna, however devoted, to cashier me in about two minutes. By going a block out of my way, I could pass the Flahertys' on my way down town every morning. I went a block out of my way. Rosanna "twigged," as our English cousins say, and after the first morning I never failed to catch a glimpse of the pink morning-wrapper, and the pretty, roguish, young face. Ah! love's young dream! Old fogies who have outgrown it may sneer, but there is nothing in the world like it! I will not say that it is the best, the deepest, or the truest, but I do maintain that it is the sweetest—while it lasts, of course.

After residing in the seventh heaven for a couple of months, I discovered that I had a rival. It was on the third of February; I remember the day well. It had been a balmy, heavenly day, such as often, almost always, comes after a heavy rain; the hills were clad in green, the wild-flowers were thick in untrodden places, and the little brown birds chirped and "cheeped," as though they realized that their spring had begun.

Of course, I didn't enjoy much of this, cooped up as I was in the office; but in the evening, it being warm and bright, with moonlight, I resolved to walk down to the Flahertys' to take Rosanna out for a walk. On my way I stopped and purchased some candy, as a sop to Cerberus, as I mentally designated the hideous little Flahertys who always surrounded me, and drove me nearly frantic when I went there. I walked along in a rapturous state of mind, which I have learned to dread, knowing from experience that it forebodes a fall into the depths of despair. I rapped at the door, my countenance unconsciously wreathing itself in smiles. Rosanna opened it, looking just the least bit more roguish than usual; she had on a calico gown, white, with pink spots, which was immensely becoming to her. She ushered me in with that native grace of which all her poor surroundings could not rob her. In the corner, in my favorite chair, sat a *man;* I had almost said fiend. His countenance looked familiar to me, though for the life of me I couldn't tell where I had ever seen him. Rosanna introduced him—the creature's name was Green.

I stayed but a short time. The young Flahertys descended on me "like a wolf on the fold;" and it was only by the sternest self-control and the sacrifice of all the candy that I succeeded in escaping from their obnoxious attentions. I reached my room, locked my door, and threw myself on the bed, the most miserable man in existence. But, like Pandora, at the bottom of our miseries we still find hope. I had hardly made up my mind that I was perfectly unhappy, when I began to weave delicious dreams of maternal tyranny and faithful love, in which my Rosanna was the heroine, and I (an idealized myself) the hero. The next morning, with spirits quite revived, I took my usual way by the Flahertys' door; Rosanna flitted by the window, and gave me a smiling nod, intimating by a gesture of her pretty hands that she was busy, and could not come out for our usual chat; I was somewhat chagrined, but resolved to think the best of everybody and everything. When, however, one morning succeeded another, and I found her always too busy to stop when I was passing by, and, calling one evening, found that fiend, Green, in my favorite chair, with little Timmy Flaherty on his knee, my spirits began to droop, and my faith in human nature became depressed.

But let me not linger over these sad days, but hasten to the climax. One drizzly morning in early March, one of my fellow-clerks informed me that there was a lady in the corridor who desired to see me. I blushed furiously (affording my fellow-clerks a deal of innocent amusement thereby), and, at first, expressed some doubts as to my informant's veracity. He shrugged his shoulders, and said I could do as I pleased, but the lady was there waiting. "And," added the malicious scamp, "she's carrying a present for you in her arms, and looks as if you had better not keep her waiting *too* long. By-the-by," he called after me, as I went out, "she told me to tell you that her name was Flaherty; I forgot that." More innocent amusement among the clerks! When I reached the corridor—always full of people at that time of the day, and as crowded as usual—I espied my grenadier friend leaning against one of the windows, with an expression on her engaging countenance from which I shrunk back aghast; only that she was Rosanna's mother, I would have turned and fled. She bore in her arms a huge, kicking, crowing, sprawling Shanghai rooster; and, as she advanced upon me with the loud confidence characteristic of her, I prayed for an earthquake, or some other convulsion of nature, in the midst of which I might escape. But the fates ordered otherwise.

"Och, Misther Plowden, and it's glad I am to see the sight of yer!" exclaimed Mrs. Flaherty, in that terrible voice, which at once attracted everybody's attention, and caused my heart to sink into my boots and the blood to rush into my face. "Ye haven't been a-callin' on us lately," she continued; "me Rosanna was a-wandering an' a-wandering ——"

"Come this way!" I whispered, hoarsely, making a break for the open air in my desperation.

Why should I dwell upon the details of that fatal interview? My grenadier friend desired to send that horrible, savage-looking wretch to some town in Siskiyou County, *by mail;* and had come to me, "because I was a friend," the stamp-clerk having refused to have anything whatever to do with the affair. I acted the part of a coward; afraid to offend the mother of my ever-dear Rosanna, I mildly expostulated, explaining that it was likely to be killed, or smothered, or lost—at any rate, would probably never reach its destination alive.

"Oil risk it!" said Mrs. Flaherty, in reply to all my suggestions; so at last, in desperation, I timidly took the hideous beast, and promised to stamp it and send it off all right.

"Only you mustn't blame me," I said, "if it never gets to Siskiyou."

"Oil nivver blame ye a bit, and oim everlasting obliged to ye," said the grenadier, as smilingly as possible. I walked slowly around to the rear of the building, meditating what I should, could, or would do to get myself out of the scrape, when my eye fell upon a small hatchet which somebody had left upon an empty box. To send the Shanghai was of course impossible; to take it into the room where my fellow-clerks were laboring would be to make myself a mark for their jeers and laughter; I had promised to stamp it and "send it off" all right; I would do it! I quickly drew from my vest-pocket a couple of three-cent stamps, and, getting several severe scratches in the operation, I managed to stick them to the left wing of my tormentor. I seized the hatchet, murmured "Forgive me, Rosanna," and in an instant the Shanghai's head rolled to the ground. Thrusting head and body under the box and wiping the hatchet on the grass, I beat a hasty retreat from the scene, flattering myself that I had been unobserved.

The next morning, as I passed the Flahertys' premises, with lingering step and tender glances, trusting that I had now so propitiated the grenadier that I might venture to hope to see her daughter, the door opened, and out rushed, *not* Rosanna, but the grenadier herself, looking fierceness personified, and armed with a bucket of steaming water, and a huge, long-handled mop, which she flourished about in a threatening manner, shouting "Och! ye ould rooster-murtherer! Oil tache yez to be a decaving of a dacent woman—the loikes of you! Och! ye long-legged, dough-faced——"

I waited to hear no more, but started off at my best speed, receiving, in my flight, one tolerably severe rap from the mop-handle, which the grenadier threw after me with all the strength of her strong arm.

I had run several blocks before I could convince myself that she was not after me. I reached the post-office about half an hour ahead of time. A man was sweeping out the corridor; he stopped and looked at me; I stopped and looked at him. Great Scots, it was Green, the janitor!

"Good morning, sir," said he, with a bland air, which made me want to choke him; "you will find the head under the box, sir; I took the body home to Mrs. Flaherty; just as good to cook, you know. We'll have it roasted to-night; drop in and have a drum-stick."

I don't know what considerations kept me from knocking the wretch down. I stalked by without a word.

As I write, I look occasionally at the cards—wedding cards, Rosanna's wedding cards, Green's and Rosanna's wedding cards—which lie upon the desk before me, and my sorrowing soul grows a shade more bitter, and only the dreaded titters of my fellow-clerks prevent me from groaning "Rosanna! Oh, Rosanna!"

Clara G. Dolliver.

DISCOVERY OF THE BAY OF SAN FRANCISCO.

Padre Junipero Serra
Slowly read the King's commands,
In relation to the missions
To be built in heathen lands.
And he said: "The good Saint Francis
Surely has some little claim,
Yet I find that here no mission
Is assigned unto his name."

Marquis de la Croix made answer:
"If the holy Francis care
For a mission to his honor
Surely he will lead you there.
And it may be by the harbor
That the Indian legends say
Lies by greenest hills surrounded
To the north of Monterey."

Said the Padre Junipero:
"Marquis, though I can not tell
Of the truth of Indian legends,
Yet of this I know full well—
If there be such hidden harbor,
And our hope and trust we place
In the care of good Saint Francis,
He will guide us to the place."

Soon, Don Jasper de Portala
Started northward, on his way
Overland, to rediscover
The lost port of Monterey.
Since the time within its waters
Viscaino anchor cast,
It remained unknown to Spaniards,
Though a century had passed.

On his journey went Portala
With his band of pioneers,
Padres, Indian guides and soldiers,
And a train of muleteers;
And said Serra, as he blessed them,
As he wished them all Godspeed;
"Trust Saint Francis — he will guide you
In your direst hour of need."

On his journey went Portala
Till he reached the crescent bay,
But he dreamed not he was gazing
On the wished-for Monterey.
So a cross on shore he planted,
And the ground about he blessed,
Then, with all his brave companions,
Northward went he on his quest.

On his journey went Portala
And his army northward on,
And methinks I see them marching,
Or in camp, when day was done;
Or at night when stars were twinkling,
As that travel-weary band
By the log-fire's light would gather,
Telling of their far-off land.

And they told weird Indian legends,
Tales of Cortes, too, they told,
And of peaceful reign of Incas,
And of Montezuma's gold;
And they sang, as weary exiles
Sing of home and vanished years,
Sweet, heart-treasured songs that always
Bring the dumb applause of tears.

When the day was sunk in ocean,
And the land around was dim,
On the tranquil air of midnight
Rose the sweet Franciscan hymn;
And when bugle told the dawning,
And the matin prayers were done,
On his journey went Portala
And his army northward on.

Far away they saw sierras,
Clothed with an eternal spring,
While at times the mighty ocean
In their path her spray would fling;
On amid such scenes they journeyed,
Through the dreary wastes of sand,
Through ravines dark, deep, and narrow,
And through cañons wild and grand.

And with what a thrill of pleasure,
All their toils and dangers through,
Gazed they on this scene of beauty
When it burst upon their view,
As Portala and his army,
Standing where I stand to-day,
Saw before them spread in beauty
Green-clad hills and noble bay.

Then Don Jasper de Portala
Broke the spell of silence thus:
"To this place through Padre Serra
Hath Saint Francis guided us,
So the bay and all around it
For the Spanish King I claim,
And forever, in the future,
Let it bear Saint Francis' name."

Thus he spoke — and I am standing
On the self-same spot to-day,
And my eyes rest on the landscape,
And the green hills, and the bay,
And upon Saint Francis' city,
As, with youth and hope elate,
She is gazing toward the ocean,
Sitting by the Golden Gate.

Needless were such gifts as heaven
Gave to holy seers of yore,
To foretell the meed of glory,
Fairest town, for thee in store!
To foretell the seat of empire
Here to be, no distant day,
Where Balboa's sea doth mingle
With the waters of thy bay!

Richard Edward White.

DISCONTENT.

Afar, in the slumbering lowland,
The day is a dainty dream;
A tremulous dream, and fervent
Of all that the spring hours seem.
I gaze from the heights with yearning,
Around me the air is chill.
"Ah, would I were in the valley!"
My longing I can not still.

At last, on the plain I wander;
And, striving vainly, I seek
To mingle my restless spirit
With the breezes fanning my cheek.
Above are the fetterless uplands;
My heart is consuming fire.
"Oh, would I were on the hill-top!"
I cry in my wild sire.

Kate Kellogg.

GLIMPSES OF A STORY.

I think it was on Washington Street that I first saw her. One afternoon, on my way to the post-office, I noticed a tall young woman stop and look in the windows of a picture-store, near Montgomery Street. She was dressed in a plain gray suit. Her hands were pretty and small. Her face was only redeemed from plainness by the vivid and changeful beauty of her eyes. They were sad enough eyes, but they held immense possibilities of love and hatred. She was looking at a picture representing the parting of two lovers on the sea-shore, and her lips curled scornfully. It was a small thing to notice, as I walked past, but I am sure they did curl. She wore a red ruby ring on her right hand. This occurred in September, 1879.

In November last I was walking down Market Street, between Third and Fourth. It was late in the afternoon, and there was quite a crowd, mostly men going home after the day's work, shop-girls just through with their weary tasks, and a few belated shoppers.

I saw a young man standing near a lamp-post, and looking idly about. He was a sneering, unpleasant fellow, deep-chested, and heavily built. I could not guess his occupation, except that it seemed to be something about engines. He had a blue scar on his cheek. While I looked at him, he saw something in the crowd which drew his gaze. Under my eyes he rose to his utmost height; his eyes grew hungry, yet terrible; I seemed to be in the presence of a tragedy. Past him moved, in the river-like crowd, the tall young woman clad in gray. The deep, sad eyes looked into his, which sank abashed, looked through and through them in chilly and awful silence, in pale and dreadful accusation which stung like serpents—looked and looked, till he trembled and turned away. Then she went on, moving steadily out of sight. The man with the scar on his cheek turned and looked after her with a sort of loosened wrath. A multitude of passions raged and mingled in his face for one swift glimpse. As I passed on, I glanced back and saw him tearing his cigar into pieces, and working his lips with mumbled words.

January 19th, I had been at work on the settling of a large estate. I went to the office again in the evening, and remained there until eleven o'clock. I then walked homeward. This brought me on the street at a much later hour than usual, and I found somewhat to interest and much to sadden my meditations. Turning up Geary Street, I passed a short and narrow alley. Hearing a subdued, painful murmur, I stopped and looked in. A few feet distant, leaning against the wall and covering her face with her hands, was the tall young woman in gray. I distinctly heard her sob. Beside her, a little in the shadow, stood the short man with the blue scar. He leaned forward, touching her hand. She did not stir.

"I have found half the secret," he said. "Do you hear me? Tell me what you know, and we can sail our ship straight to the spot." Still she did not move, nor speak. He put his hand on her shoulder. I heard her sob still louder. Neither seemed aware of my presence. I ought to have gone away, or at least have spoken, but I could not find words.

"I tell you," he said, "that you shall answer. The other one is dead; you know that." She whirled and straightened, shaking off his grasp, and struck him in the face across the blue scar. He staggered under the blow, and she fled past me and out of sight in the dark. The man came by a moment later, wiping his face, which her ring had cut deeply, and he, too, disappeared in the darkness of the night.

This is all I now know of them. These are all the glimpses I have obtained. In the heart of a great city, under the careless gaze of crowds, there is a story being woven hour after hour, and some bitter tragedy is moving quietly on to its culmination. In some wise, I am persuaded, I shall know the end.

Paul Meredith.

TWILIGHT.

Faint in the shadows lonely,
A night bird calls,
Once, from the stillness, only;
And, as the light grows dimmer
On mountain walls
I watch the shy stars glimmer.

Fair is each tree's outlining,
Revealed its soul
Against the darkness shining;
While all the spaces folded
In cloud control
To azure gates are moulded.

Here is a sense of nearness
In the wide sky;
For all unworded dearness
And all remembered speeches
Lie as shells lie
On the sweet sea's bright reaches.

S.

THE JUDGE'S STORY.

After lunch, one beautiful August day, a pleasant party sat on the porch of the hotel at Lake Tahoe, chatting and looking out on the lake spread before them. To say that the expanse of water was as smooth as glass would be a trite simile; but it might be aptly and truthfully used, as the tall pines on the shore were reflected, leaf for leaf, in the limpid lake, while a boat, a little way from the shore, seemed suspended in mid-air, between the blue of the sky and the blue of the water. The gentlemen of the party were smoking, the ladies crocheting or tatting, or the like; and gradually the conversation became reminiscent. At length, Mr. Blank, of San Francisco, a member of the bar, distinguished in his profession, and who was always called "Judge," although he had never worn the ermine, said: "Did I ever tell you the story of my first fee? No? Well, then, if you care to listen, I will tell it, in default of something more interesting.

"I came out here in '52, fresh from the Harvard Law School, and thinking, as I suppose most young lawyers do, that there was very little I didn't know, on any subject. As a matter of course I went to the mines, used pick, shovel, and rocker with indifferent success, and at length opened a law office in the little town, or rather, mining-camp, of Forlorn Hope, in Tuolumne County. To those of you who knew the mines at that day it is unnecessary to depict the motley character of the mining population. I remember that one claim on the Bar was worked by two men, one, the son of one of the largest planters in Georgia, the other, the son of the overseer on that same plantation. Divines *(ci-devant)*, merchants, gamblers, Chinamen, Mexicans, Yankees, and 'chivs,' all united by a common purpose, the *auri sacra fames*, toiled and wrangled, ate, drank and slept, side by side. To work all day and drink and gamble all night seemed the chief end in life to the greater portion of the dwellers at Forlorn Hope.

"But I am getting away from my story. Where was I? Oh yes; well, I opened my office, with a few odd volumes for my library. My office was the front room of the cabin in which I lived, and was my dining-room and bedroom as well. I had been practicing, nominally, for about a week, and was sitting one day in the shade in front of the cabin, when my attention was attracted by a hubbub of some kind down the street, or rather road, some fifty rods from my office. Rows of all sorts were so frequent that in this case I didn't even get up to see what the disturbance was; but in a very few minutes the crowd came surging up toward where I was sitting, surrounding somebody or something, I couldn't at first see which. As they came nearer, however, I saw in the middle of the crowd a man riding on an iron-gray mule, and by him a woman, mounted on a half-breed, particolored, or, as we call it, *pinto* mare. Holding the bridles of both animals was a man known as 'Dutch Aleck,' who lived about twelve miles out of town, on the road to Sonora, where he had a ranch, and kept a sort of wayside tavern and station. He was known in Forlorn Hope as an easy-going, honest sort of Dutchman, but now he was evidently much excited and very angry. The procession halted almost in front of my office, and it was easy to learn from the crowd that Dutch Aleck accused the man of having stolen from him the mare that the woman was riding. In those days murder was a venial offense compared to horse-stealing, and 'Jedburgh justice—hang first and try afterward,' was almost the universal rule when a man was found in possession of a horse belonging to another. Some loafers on the outskirts of the crowd, whose occupation was shrewdly suspected to be prospecting in miners' cabins and robbing Chinamen, were already raising the cry, 'Hang him! Lynch him!' but better counsels prevailed, and the form, at least, of a trial was decided upon.

"The only magistrate in the camp was Justice Knowles, usually known as 'Old Baldy,' and it must be confessed that he was not looked up to with that respect which a judicial officer should command, possibly because he was drunk about three-quarters of the time, and uniformly, whether drunk or sober, decided every case in favor of the plaintiff. At all events, it was decided to select a judge and jury from among the miners, and try the man and woman before that tribunal. The institution known as Judge Lynch's court has received a great deal of unmerited abuse from those who confound its operations with those of masked men and midnight hangings. Many times there has been a choice only between a rudely improvised court, like the one of which I am speaking, and hanging without even the form of a trial. So far as my experience goes, those courts were always intended to do justice only; and if they occasionally made mistakes, why such things have been known to occur under a more modern and enlightened system of jurisprudence. Our court was soon organized. The judge was a gentleman who has since been attorney-general of a neighboring State; the attorney for the prosecution was a young lawyer who, like myself, had just commenced practice in the town; and I was retained for the defense. There was little time wasted in objecting to jurymen, though some question was raised when Sailor Jack expressed the wish, audibly, that they would 'hang the cuss pretty durned quick, as he had to go to Sonora that night, and wanted to get away;' but he was decided competent to sit, and the trial proceeded.

Dutch Aleck was, of course, the only witness for the prosecution. He swore that on Sunday night (this was Tuesday) he had put the *pinto* mare in his corral, with other horses, and had shut the gate and locked it; that the mare was his—and, indeed, of this there was no denial; that on Monday morning the mare was gone, and that he had not been able to find her; that he saw the woman riding her on this, Tuesday, morning, and immediately claimed her, but that the man claimed to have bought her, or traded for her, with a Mexican horse-dealer named Antonio Cruz. This was about the substance of the case for the prosecution, and Sailor Jack and one other juror, known as Peg-leg, expressed themselves entirely satisfied, and were about to pass sentence, but were overruled by the rest of the jury, who thought there might be another side to the case. They were moved less by a sense of justice than by a desire to get a good, square look at the woman. I omitted to say, though, that on cross-examination Dutch Aleck admitted that there had been a crowd of miners at his place on Sunday afternoon; that he had taken several drinks, and that it was possible he might not have locked his corral; and, finally, that he could not be absolutely certain that he had even shut the corral gate that night. Prompted by a hint from my clients, I asked him whether, about ten o'clock Sunday night, he had not heard a *caballada* of horses go by, and heard voices in Spanish calling to them? He said, in reply, that he had heard cattle of some kind, and heard voices, but could not say whether it was Spanish or French that the drivers were talking. At this I saw my clients exchange glances, the purport of which I did not then understand.

"I have neglected heretofore to describe my clients. The man was sadly lacking in the characteristics of the John Oakhursts and Jack Hamlins with whom Bret Harte has made us all familiar. His hands and brow were not white; his drooping lashes did not hide eyes of cerulean blue; he was not dressed in glossy broadcloth and immaculate linen; his dainty boots were not polished; on the contrary, he was a low-browed, unkempt, ordinary-looking ruffian, with little, red, twinkling eyes, expressive of nothing more than low cunning; heavy cowhide boots brown with mountain dust, and a gray flannel shirt, that looked as if it had vowed eternal hostility to soap and water; ragged blue overalls, and an old army overcoat completed his dress. His companion, though, was of a different style. Either she was very pretty, or the rarity of women then, and the lapse of time now, make me think she was pretty. I certainly remember that she had a full, well-rounded form, was of medium height, was dressed in a blue riding-dress, and had large gray eyes. I should have said, too, that the court was held in the Bank Exchange Saloon, the largest building in town; and my clients, who sat near me, were the objects of unceasing stares and audible comments from the crowd, who not only occupied all the available space in the saloon, but filled all the doors and windows.

"After the prosecution had closed their case, I put the man on the stand. In answer to my questions he said his name was Charles Harrison; that he was on his way from Independence Flat, in Calaveras County, to Stockton, with his wife; that on the morning previous they were overtaken by a Mexican driving a band of horses and mules; that his wife was riding a horse, which he described as a sorrel, with light mane and tail, and that this horse had, on the day before, become very lame; that the Mexican examined the lame horse, and finally offered to give him the mare his wife was now riding, if he would give him for it an ounce to boot, which he did; that the Mexican gave him a writing which he said was a bill of sale, but that he, the witness, did not read Spanish; and here my man produced a paper, which was handed to the judge for inspection. His Spanish, however, proving defective, Daygo Joe, a juryman from the Western Islands, translated it so far as to make it appear that one Antonio Cruz, owning a *pinto* mare branded AD on the left hip, had sold the same to the bearer. Right enough in form, thought I. That that was all he knew about the matter, until Dutch Aleck tried to take the mare away from his wife that morning, and on his resisting, summoned the crowd which I had seen. I must confess that my client's story did not impress me very favorably, as his manner was so decidedly against him. He stood cross-examination, though, like a Trojan.

"I was not altogether pleased with the effect of his story on the jury, so I determined to play my highest trump, and called the woman to the stand. As she came forward and was sworn, the effect was magical. The jurymen, who had listened to the husband's testimony with apathy, roused up and paid the closest attention. Judging that she could tell her own story without my help, I merely said:

"'Madam, you have heard the testimony of the complainant and of your husband—please tell the court and jury what occurred with regard to the horse in question?'

"She began: 'If you please, gentlemen, we were keeping a little house in Township No. 5, in Calaveras County, on the stage road. We had a little farm and a few horses and cows, and were getting along very nicely; but, about ten days ago, the house caught fire at night, and we only escaped with our lives. Almost everything was burned, even my dear little dead baby's cradle' (and here her eyes filled with tears). 'We started for Stockton on horseback, and on Sunday my horse grew very lame. We camped Sunday night, and Monday morning the Mexican came along with his horses and mules, and my husband exchanged the horse I rode for this mare. I do not know what bargain was made, as I did not hear them talking. My husband put my saddle on the mare, and we were riding along this morning, when that man came up and claimed the mare as his. That is all I know about it. But, gentlemen, I beg of you do not keep us here any longer. If the mare belongs to that man, let him have her, but pray let us go. I am not well—only a weak woman—and I must get to Stockton, where my friends and my husband's brother will aid us. Pray do not, do not detain us longer.'

"This, you will understand, is only the merest skeleton of her speech; for no man, unless he be a first-class phonographer, can report a woman's testimony; but I tell you her speech *fetched* that jury. I believe if she had pleaded guilty, that jury would have acquitted her. They listened very impatiently to the attorney for the prosecution, and when I arose to reply, I was told to 'Dry up,' 'Sit down,' 'Hold my jaw,' and so on, which I did. Then the foreman of the jury sprung to his feet and said, or more properly, shouted:

"'We find 'em not guilty, and the verdict of this yer jury is that Dutch Aleck can take his d—d old mare and git; and I'll give ten dollars to help buy the lady a horse and get her to Stockton. What d'ye say boys?'

"He was seconded by a perfect howl of delight, not only from his fellow-jurors but from the bystanders, and money and dust was poured into the hat until there must have been two or three hundred dollars. This, of course, ended the trial.

"I walked down to my office with my clients, followed, or rather surrounded, by the entire population of Forlorn Hope. With difficulty entering the cabin, and shutting the door, I invited my clients to sit down, which they did, one on the bunk, the other on an empty candle-box, while I sat on the table. The man drew a long breath of relief. 'I'll be blowed if that wasn't a pretty close call,' said he, addressing his wife; "who'd have thought of running onto that sour-krout eater here? I thought we had doubled on him, sure. Never mind, Molly, you have helped me out of some tight places before, but I reckon this is the tightest one yet.'

"Then to me: 'Did you see them tears, Jedge, and hear that cradle business? Wasn't it too fine for any use?' and the fellow hugged himself and chuckled with delight, while the woman laughed outright.

"'Why, do you mean ——' began I.

"'Mean—this is what I mean,' interrupted he, 'the whole thing was a put-up job. Me and Moll was runnin' a faro game at Mokelumne Hill, and some of the boys reckoned change of air and scenery would be good for us, and they told us to git, and we did git, pretty lively too.'

"'And the mare, and the bill of sale?" gasped I.

"'Oh, I borried the mare out of that Dutchman's corral,' replied he; 'he was full of beer, and snoozin' away on his back-stoop, so I borried the mare, and the bill of sale Moll got up. She can speak and write Spanish a few, can't ye, Moll?'

"'Si, Señor,' was the merry answer.

"'But,' continued the man, 'we did see a Mexican with a band of horses, and if I hadn't borried Dutchy's mare, likely he would, so it's all the same, you see.'

"To say that I was surprised, amazed, confounded, would be too mild. I was dumfounded. But my client, not noticing my confusion, went on:

"'Now, Jedge, I want to do something for ye. I can't give ye this yer coin, because we've got to use it to git out o' here with; but I'll tell ye what I will do: I've got a paper writin' hyer for a lot of land in 'Frisco, out in them sand-hills. I don't reckon I'll ever see that town agin, so you fix up a docyment right and tight, and I'll give yer that land.'

"Here he produced a deed in due form, acknowledged and recorded, to Hugh Mason, for a hundred-acre lot on Market Street.

"'Who is Hugh Mason?' said I.

"'Oh, that's me,' he replied; 'you needn't be afeard about takin' it. I got it honestly. I skun a feller out of it at draw, one night, in 'Frisco. Take it—it may be good for somethin' some day.'

"Finally, after some persuasion, I consented, and drew a deed from Hugh Mason to myself of the lot in question, and had him sign and acknowledge it before

'Old Baldy,' who was fortunately sober enough to attend to business, and my clients said good-bye, and, as they phrased it, 'got up and dusted.' I have never seen or heard of either of them since.

The deed lay around for some time, until one day in '53 I came across it and sent it to San Francisco to be recorded.

Some years after, I removed to that city, having in the meantime forgotten all about my lot in the sand-hills. One day in 1867, a gentleman came into my office, and asked me how much I would take for my hundred-vara lot on Market Street.

"'I don't own any lot on Market Street,' said I.

"'Oh, yes, you do, unless you have sold it since yesterday,' replied he; 'the lot conveyed to you by Hugh Mason in 1852.'

"Then it flashed across me that it must be my sand-hill lot.

"Well, to cut my story short, he offered me seventy-five thousand dollars for it, which I at once accepted. And such is the history of my first fee."

MARCUS P. WIGGIN.

AT THE LAST.

They do err who tell us Nature listens
Unto laugh or sigh from human lips;
That for human joy her sunshine glistens,
Or for human sorrow feels eclipse.

Nay! the mighty Time-pulse throbbing, beating
In the rhythmic march of days and years,
Falters not for parting nor for meeting,
Stays in no wise for thy hopes nor fears.

So, poor child of Time, adrift in Being,
Blindly striving with the tides of fate,
Can it matter much—thy fighting, fleeing?
Comes the end not surely, soon or late?

Ah! poor heart, give o'er thy weary yearning!
Quit thy empty toil, O troubled brain!
There is still one guerdon for thy earning—
Lo! the night comes:—sleep! and cease from pain.

BARTON GREY.

THE NOVEL.

A nation's literature is an index to its civilization. The cultivation of the study of letters and a high standard of literary work are consequent upon the refinement of a people. But may not literature bear to its country some more important relation than that of a result? May it not be a great element of national growth? I believe that literature is more than a mere accompaniment of culture, that it is a prime factor in advancing culture, that it is a proximate cause of civilization, that it may be made a mighty motor in redeeming from sluggishness and immorality the populace when taught to read.

For a clear understanding of the idea I desire to illustrate, let us consider civilization to mean the moral and social status of a people, and literature to be their learning and their fancy preserved in writing. It is the part that the latter may take in raising the moral and social condition of our country, that we are to regard. The department of literature that is most popular, and, therefore, is most influential for good or for ill—that most earnestly requires the watchfulness of those who admire purity of character among us—is the department devoted to fiction. Of the various writings of the fictitious school, the novel may be most easily turned to civilizing humanity, or to pandering to its most degraded tastes. The novel reflects the experiences, the aims, the heroism of mankind; it holds up for sympathy, emulation, or contempt, acts and emotions. All the manifold springs of human conduct find a source in the novel. With the novel the power lies of spreading abroad a sense of honor and of creating respect for true dignity of manhood. It should be life reproduced—not a mere representation of phases of existence, but an impressive guide to the grand purposes of living. In order to ascertain to what beneficial ends novel-producing may be directed among us, it will be necessary to give some thought to the possibilities of works of fiction in a democracy. There are at present noiseless elements of our national life working about us, determining its peculiarities, and commanding our attention, if we would know whether or not they are favorable to the novel that is to reform. Romances are more numerous and of a better order in Great Britain than in America. Some authors believe that the supremacy of the English in this respect is due to their systematized life. One writer of observant mind has assigned as a reason, to which he attached much importance, that in England almost the only readers of this style of literature are found among those who have little to do—the nobility, and the wealthy classes; that their leisure makes them exacting, and their exactions must be heeded, to insure the author's success. If this fact has a tendency to perfect the novel, it is entirely independent of the subject-matter, upon the treatment of which its lasting merit and power for usefulness must depend.

The subject-matter is the life portrayed. What are the distinctive marks of life in this republic, drawn by lapse of time? The cardinal principle of a democracy is original equality. We all start equals. It is curious, but true, that we claim equality with those only who have risen above us. The endeavor to justify our pretentions is one of the causes of the restlessness peculiar to us. I do not say that envy and jealousy actuate us in seeking to better ourselves. I prefer to think that it is the possibility of improvement, made manifest by the achievements of others, that impels us onward. But whatever may be the inner motive, the outward fact still remains. Democratic life is essentially nervous, active, a chapter of successes and reverses. It is with the details of this life our novelist must deal. Do they not present to him a more inviting prospect than the regulated order of an aristocratic existence?

Yet this is the life of which De Tocqueville has said that "nothing conceivable is so petty, so insipid, so crowded with paltry interests—in a word so anti-poetic." Anti-poetic let it be; earnestness, not poetry, is the essential of a novel. But petty, insipid, or crowded with paltry interests—never. Here the individual lives, here man stands an architect of fame, with his doubts, with his passions, in the presence of rare prosperities, or inconceivable wretchedness. These things are real, they are to be the novelist's story. In them each one will find something to touch his sympathy, to make him quiver with hope and exultation or bow in pity. 'Tis sympathy moulds the most of us, and especially the lowly. To that the novelist's creations must appeal that we may be made to glow with the inspiration of manly purpose and with the possibilities born of resolve.

It may be asked why the novel has not made its appearance ere now, if it is so well adapted to our system of living. In struggling to exist we have had no time to look about us and write; and during our literary infancy the literature of a mother tongue was in its prime. Moreover, a literature cannot be built in a day. The true novel can be drawn only by one of keen observation and wide sympathies. I speak of sympathies not alone toward one's fellow-man, but toward one's fellow-people. Until some national feeling has sprung from the formative existence of a people, until national traits are developed in which we all take pride, we can expect no one to possess that subtle kinship with men at large, requisite to the broad effective purpose of the democratic novel. Our country has been pushed to convulsive heights from which she is gradually settling to that stable condition of society from which alone prosperity can be evolved. The trials of past years have brought us to realize that this is not a grand speculation, but that steady, honest exertion is the only precursor of success. The presence of schools in all quarters familiarizes the popular mind with letters. We have had the fancies of Poe, the natural beauties of Bryant and Longfellow, the sunny mysteries of Hawthorne, and the sturdy purity of Emerson. The time has come in our literary and historic growth for the advent of the novelist. It is for those who feel an interest in perpetuating the romance of life and of meaning, to aid the author in his self-imposed task of writing for the advancement of his race, not with the sole motive of enriching themselves. The age is propitious to the growth of strong men and women whom the writer must copy. The novel, true to the world it represents, must have much in common with humanity—to be true to itself it must turn this common bond to the ennobling of humanity. The quality of his models and the nature of their thoughts and utterances determine the value of the novelist's gift to his country. It is for the people to furnish him with the originals of those instructive lives which he is to present as an example to his readers. And especially is it the duty of those whose studies bring them in contact with the grandest characters of reality and of fancy, by their private lives and public opinions, to aid in fostering a general spirit of rectitude, that the novelist may be filled with it, and that all may know it and feel its nearness when breathed upon them from the pages of the opened volume.

Then can the novel be made to elevate the moral and social status of a people. The companion of man's quiet hours, it will speak to him in his retirement, when he can commune with the thoughts its teachings may inspire. It will address him without the hollow sounding of words to mock the solemnity of what it says. It will have influence with him because it confides in him privately and makes him the unobserved discoverer of his own failings. It will benefit him because his better nature, despite him, will be moved by all that is beautiful in its passages. In the presence of the true novel, man will grow erect in truth, as the human form before the figure of the Apollo unconsciously straightens itself.

F. P. Deering.

MY CIGARETTE.

It charms me by its haziness, as I
Am charmed by things I cannot fully learn.
It charms me by its fragrance; and I yearn
For nothing, ask no reasons, as I lie
And watch the stagnant motions as they try
Voluptuously to rise, attempt in turn
To interlace each other, till they burn
Their passion out, and kiss a faint good-bye.
And then I fall in love myself; my heart
Deliciously grows warm, my senses numb;
Ideals crowd around; I do not know
Their faces or their forms; but yet they start
A thousand thoughts to motion, talking some,
And interlacing as they come and go.

Browni Conner.

BROKEN CISTERNS.

They lie amid the lonesome desert wastes
With nothing nigh
Save rasping sand, and 'neath the leaden stare
Of friendless sky;
And yet we little heed it when 'tis said
"That heart is dead."

Ah, yes, they lost their beauty, love, and light
So long ago!
And all the streams ran outward, with no trace
Of inward flow.
Sometimes a few hot, silent tear-drops fall,
But that is all.

Clarence T. Urmy.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

A Fool's Errand. By One of the Fools. For sale at Bancroft's.

This is a clever political satire, in which the events of the last few years are subjected to that posterior criticism which displays so much discrimination and sounds so much like wisdom. The book is, however, entertaining reading, and will interest all who have investigated, with any degree of care, the effects produced by the Reconstruction Policy pursued toward the Southern States since the war.

POEM BY JOAQUIN MILLER NEXT MONTH.

Among other attractions, our June number will contain a new dialectic poem, written by Joaquin Miller, especially for The Californian.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

Owing to the pressure of other business engagements, Mr. F. M. Somers has disposed of his interest in this magazine, and has retired from the editorial control and management.

THE CALIFORNIAN.

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THE INTEROCEANIC CANAL AND THE GEOGRAPHICAL CONGRESS OF 1879.

[TRANSLATED BY MISS S. R. HEATH, FROM A LATE NUMBER OF "LA NOUVELLE REVUE."]

When the Isthmus of Suez was cut through, the work accomplished by men of the nineteenth century was but a realization of the ambition of the ancient rulers of Egypt; since, if we are to place credence in that which is told us by the Arabian historians, the Pharaohs who reigned in the days of Abraham had already conceived the project of dividing the African isthmus in honor of a visit from the patriarch and his wife Sarah, in order to establish between Egypt and Arabia a navigable pass. Is it then true, as the old proverb assures us, that there is nothing new under the sun, and that our works of to-day are not truly ours? Did those who lived before us, who have left upon the world traces of their footsteps, discover all, leaving nothing to us, their descendants, but to carry out their own plans? And what if it should be so! Is it not glorious that we should realize that which our fathers saw in their dreams, the vast projects which they conceived, but before which they recoiled, and thus assert the progress made by our race and age, before which obstacles seem to have disappeared? It was yesterday that Suez was cut through, and he who writes these lines has perhaps the right to recall with just pride how the year 1869 saw the realization of that which was hoped for by the Pharaohs of the sixtieth century before the present era—that which the men who built the Pyramids and drained Lake Mœris failed to accomplish.

To-day, upon the American continent, a similar work is contemplated—to cut through the tongue of land which separates the two parts of the New World. This idea is not a new one, however. It was in 1492 that America was discovered, in 1513 that Balboa suspected the existence of the Pacific Ocean, in 1514 that the first attempt was made to connect the two oceans; and when the Spanish adventurers were satisfied that there existed no natural passage between the Atlantic and Pacific, then it was that the most illustrious of them thought of constructing a canal through the fastnesses of the Cordilleras. True as it is, that human nature has a dread of difficulties, while it, at the same time, feels within itself the courage to overcome them, so is it also certain that the maritime commerce of the globe earnestly desires the construction of a navigable girdle by which can be made the immediate tour of the whole world, avoiding the *détour* of Cape Horn, as it has already avoided the *détour* of the Cape of Good Hope. The construction of a canal destined to unite the Atlantic and Pacific oceans having been a subject of important and lively discussion, it may be interesting to recall to mind and here sum up the debates which bear upon this subject.

I.

The writings of the Spanish conquerors had, for more than two centuries, been buried in the dusty archives of Madrid, when the idea of cutting through the Isthmus was again suggested. The impulse given, a general enthusiasm pre-

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vailed, which attracted hither all brave mariners, all generous thinkers, all explorers anxious to open a new passage to the world. Time would fail me were I to attempt to cite all the names attached to this immortal enterprise. I must salute, however, *en passant*, our most illustrious contemporaries, Nelson, Childs, Lloyd, our fellow-countryman Garella; I would mention, above all, the illustrious Thomé de Gamond, who was the first to dream of tunneling the sub-marine isthmus from Calais to Dover. This dream is to-day being realized, and he saw the commencement of his enterprise before sleeping the last sleep. The highest degree of consolation to those who consecrate their lives to the pursuit of useful truths is to witness their hour of triumph.

From 1780 to our day a multitude of projects have succeeded each other, all pointing to the passage of the Isthmus—some of them the result of serious, profound study; others, of pure fantasy, where imagination had fuller play than science. But the last seven years have been productive of greater results than all the others. When the Suez Canal was opened in 1869 it produced a complete revolution in the commercial relations of the globe, and I doubt not but that this event exercised a great influence upon investigations which had for their object the cutting through of the American canal. In fact, since 1871, expeditions have followed each other in quick succession—wise, bold, persevering. These explorers returned laden with precious documents, ready to throw light upon this subject so full of mysteries. Let homage here be rendered to the enterprising men who aided science to make this gigantic stride! At the same time geographical studies, heretofore neglected in France, were resumed in consequence of the lamentable proof which demonstrated the need of them. The great questions touching upon geography ceased to be in the possession of a privileged few; they began to excite the public, and learned societies, who inscribed them upon their programmes, now met together with *éclat* to diffuse the love of science and establish the groundwork of common studies.

Thus it was at the International Congress of Antwerp, General Heine developed a project of the Interoceanic Canal, suggested by M. de Gogorza. At the Paris Congress in 1875, the same subject received merited honors at several sessions, where I had the honor of presiding, but the documents were still wanting which could reach the bottom of the matter, those in their possession conveying but general ideas. It was then and there decided to convene, as soon as practicable, a special Congress, or rather an International Jury, empowered to collect and compile all useful documents, and to draw up a definite report, based upon a full knowledge of facts relating to the technical and financial possibilities of the work. This forcible and important resolution had the effect of giving new impulse to explorers, navigators, and projectors, all of whom set their wits to work to furnish for the consideration of the Congress full and accurate plans. As soon as the projected meeting, of which I have already spoken, was known to the public, two companies were formed, whose purpose was to attempt these new explorations—the one to examine Nicaragua, following the old route of Thomé de Gamond and of Blanchet; the other, under the direction of the distinguished General Türr, to explore the south, that is to say, the regions of Darien and Panama, following in the footsteps of Garella, Lacharme, and Selfridge. The three years between 1875 and 1879 teemed with active research and explorations energetically directed. At this time the expeditions ordered by the Government of the United States of America were completed. The capable officers who commanded these expeditions—Collins, Hull, Shufeldt, and, above all, Selfridge and Menocal—had left no portion of the Isthmus unexplored. The documents which they brought back with them must have thrown much light upon the subject and greatly facilitated the task of the jury. When the time arrived and all the documents pertaining to the last expeditions were in my hands, I directed my whole attention to satisfying the desire expressed by the Congress of 1875. In order to convoke an assembly to which a great mission was assigned, I called upon all learned men, civil or naval engineers of both worlds, upon the chambers of commerce, upon the geographical societies, inviting each to appoint their delegates.

Few assemblies have included so many illustrious names as did this great tribunal, formed of the leading representatives of science, statesmanship, and commerce. May 15th, 1879, witnessed at Paris, in the hotel of the Geographical Society, the first of these assemblies, destined to remain famous in the annals of the history of the useful sciences. From the four quarters of the globe were come together distinguished men, of absolute impartiality, of admirable scientific devotion, who, during fifteen days, worked without relaxation, bringing to bear the weight of their names and experience upon a study of equal importance to all. Countries the most diverse figured at the Congress. Mexico took part through Engineer F. de Garay; and China, through the Mandarin Li-Shu-Chang. The United States were represented by Admiral Ammen, whose extensive scientific knowledge rendered the utmost service; also, by Commodore Selfridge and Engineer Menocal, two distinguished and sympathetic minds. The European countries sent the most distinguished of their geographers and engineers—Sir John Hakshaw, Sir John Stokes, Commodore Cristoforo Hegri, M. de Gioia, Engineer Dirks, who constructed the Amsterdam Canal, Conrad, President Cérésole, Colonel Coello, Dr. Broch, Admiral Likatcheff, Colonel Wouvermans, and M. d'Hane Stenhuys. I should mention them all to convey a just idea of the galaxy of eminent *savans* who accepted the parts tendered them in this assembly; and I intentionally omit naming any one of our countrymen, for I should be compelled to here transcribe the entire list of the illustrious men of science who honor France. With such names, it was a foregone conclusion that the discussion would be free and frank, complete and luminous; and that the Congress would not adjourn without giving to the scientific world and to the public the solution of the problem submitted to them. The proceedings of this assembly will occupy an important place in history, and none will be found of more consideration than the one which I have here endeavored to impress upon your attention, in order to recall the important event in which I have been summoned to take part, through a former undertaking that I had the felicity to carry to a successful termination.

That the task might be hastened and facilitated, the Congress was subdivided into five Commissions, each of which assumed the work of studying one of the divisions of this very complex question, to which it was our duty to respond. It is to these committees, to their labors, their scientific researches, their clear and comprehensive discussions, to their unlimited devotion, that we are indebted for having attained a rapid and definite conclusion; and we thank them for it. The first Commission, presided over by M. Levasseur, was the "Statistical Commission," charged with estimating the probable traffic of the canal—that is to say, to examine the records of the custom-houses of all the ports of Europe and America, in order to ascertain what tonnage, after making all allowances, would probably make the transit from one ocean to another across the American canal. I have had occasion to declare, that, in my opinion, it would be necessary at Panama, as at Suez, to build and utilize the canal by means of public capital, asking nothing of governments, leaving to the enterprise its industrial character, discarding all political interference. Consequently, it is important to know whether the capital engaged will find sufficient remuneration in the maritime impulse which will be given by the construction of the canal. It was the duty of the first Commission to calculate the effect of this change.

The second completed the work of the first, and bore the name "Commission of Economics." After estimating the number of tons of merchandise which would be transported by the Interoceanic Canal, it was necessary to consider what revenue this traffic gave, and to calculate what toll, in consequence, could be imposed upon vessels making this transit. Therefore, it was necessary to know what would be gained by cutting through the American Isthmus, what influence the canal would exercise upon the commerce and trade of each nation, what new fields would be opened to the industry of the whole world. The mission of the second Commission of Congress, the chairman of which was M. Simonin, was to examine into the economical and financial results of the work.

The duty of the third section was more technical. It was a meeting of navigators, whose duty it was to discuss the influence of the canal upon ship-building, to explain the action of the winds and currents upon the approaches to the different canals submitted to the examination of the jury, and to point out the conditions by which the security and facility of the passage might be assured. This commission calculated the speed of the vessels, according to the dimensions of the passage, and presented their observations upon the character of the locks and tunnels of a canal destined to receive the largest vessels known.

The fourth Commission was expected to pronounce upon each of the plans presented to Congress by their authors, differing from the other sections in the fact that their work was of a more general nature. It was necessary that each of the projects should be discussed from an engineering point of view, showing the advantages or difficulties, estimating the expenses of each of them, both for the construction of the canal and the annual cost of keeping it in repair.

The fifth Commission was called a "Committee of Ways and Means." It was to go over again, by figures in detail, the work of the second Commission, fixing in a precise manner the tariff which should be established, taking into consideration the probable revenues of the canal, and also of the capital engaged for its establishment and workings.

The special principle which guided us in the division of the members of the Congress among the several Commissions was to place each as nearly as was possible within his own specialty. Thus it was that the economists and geographers took rank in the first two sections of the jury, navigators in the third, engineers in the fourth, and financiers in the last. Upon all was imposed strict reserve, applying to their valuations the most severe criticism before giving to the public guarantees of an examination in which I feared but one thing—too great a degree of optimism and enthusiasm for the great work that the Congress was about to undertake. The general results of the debates appear in the records of the verbal proceedings of the sessions; also, in the remarkable reports of the Commissioners. It is in these reports, which will remain a lasting monument of the history of the American Canal, that we will find in detail the varied and numerous accounts, the learned treatises, the brilliant and earnest debates, the profound studies which were unfolded in the assembly. The most prejudiced were forced to admire the gigantic amount of labor which had been accomplished during the short session of Congress by a hundred men, ardent in the cause of science and enthusiastic concerning its great works.

I propose to pass these works in review, first examining the general considerations which have been submitted to the International Jury, and have received its approbation.

II.

The foundation of the problem to be solved was, as I have already stated, the investigation into the extent of the maritime traffic to promote which was the object of the undertaking. In the Statistical Commission, the best qualified representatives of the American States and the managers of the great maritime companies assembled together, presided over by M. Mendés Leal. They determined first to examine into the details of the work at Suez. Could there have been in truth anything more natural than to have based calculations as to probabilities upon facts of perfect analogy, tested by ten years of experience? They selected to draw this comparison, our coadjutor, M. Fontane, Secretary-General of the Suez Company, the man who best knew the workings of the Egyptian Canal. The conclusions of his report made a deep impression upon the Congress. From a statistical point of view, the author demonstrated by unexceptionable figures, based upon the returns at the Suez Canal, that an annual traffic of 6,000,000 of tons was possible only in a canal capable of giving passage to fifty vessels a day. "It is that necessity," said M. Fontane, "which compelled the adoption at Suez of the system of a level canal, without locks or obstructions, to the exclusion of various other very seductive or very bold systems presented by engineers of high renown." These words, the expression of long and profound experience, must in a great degree have affected the minds of the assembly in coming to a decision as to what particular canal system is most desirable in the present instance. After having stated this first and important consideration, the Statistical Commission followed up its work by preparing a voluminous report, the work of M. Levasseur, whose position in science insures us against any flights of imagination. The plan of this wise member of the Institute was perfect. He set about the determination, from the official data of all nations, of the tonnage which would actually pass by way of the Interoceanic Canal. By long and judicious calculation, based upon the statistics of the year 1876, the conclusion is that a valuation of 1,800,000,000 of francs can be set upon this traffic, and by a careful system of computation, this figure can be taken to represent 4,830,000 tons of merchandise. Taking into consideration the annual growth of commerce, an increase which has not been less than six per cent. between the years 1860 and 1876, we find, making a most moderate estimate, a tonnage which will reach in 1890, the probable date of the opening of the American Canal, 7,249,000 tons. The Commission gave this figure as the most moderate estimate of the traffic to be accommodated by the maritime canal. Is this astonishing in view of the fact that the Pacific Railroad transports more than 1,000,000 tons; that the commerce of Cuba exceeds 2,000,000, and California alone 1,200,000 tons of cereals. Our figures are strictly moderate, I am certain, and yet they do not include, it must be noted, the transportation of passengers, nor the trade of the large and small coasting vessels, to-day almost nothing, which will be developed with surprising rapidity in the Gulf of Mexico and the Caribbean Sea. The tonnage which we have just indicated shows of what importance to the commercial world will be the new line which we contemplate constructing.

The second Commission of the Congress, presided over by Mr. Nathan Appleton of Boston, completed the answer to the former question, showing what new markets would be developed, what new traffic would be created, what benefits the commerce now existing would reap in the days when ships should pass through the American Isthmus. M. Simonin, chairman of the second Commission, ably summed up the arguments. His report points out how much distance can be shortened to navigators by cutting through the Isthmus. From the coasts of

France and England, from Havre, Nantes, Liverpool, or Bordeaux, to San Francisco, the distance is 5,000 leagues of ocean by way of Cape Horn; by way of Panama, there are but 1,500 leagues to traverse; to Valparaiso, the present distance of 3,000 leagues is reduced to 2,000. There will thus be a saving of time to our ships of sixty days in the voyage to San Francisco; of thirty to Valparaiso. Add to this that our sailing vessels and steamers will have to navigate only the mild waters of the tropics, thus avoiding the dangers and fogs of Cape Horn. The distance and time between the different parts of the world will be so diminished, and, in consequence, rates of insurance, risks of travel, prices of freight will be reduced to such a degree, that maritime intercourse will readily double itself; and many markets to-day closed to European commerce will be opened, furnishing new channels of exportation and importation. The New World will send its woods, indigo, cocoa, rice, sugar, india-rubber, and a thousand products of mineral wealth, the resources of which will be developed. Products, whose value does not now permit of exportation with the present cost of freight—grains, fruits, and cereals—will be thus advanced; and, since products are exchanged for products, European commerce, receiving thence a new impulse, will send its manufactures to all parts of the American continent.

Briefer and more technical than the preceding ones was the task of the Commission of Navigation, presided over by Dr. Broch, formerly minister of the Norwegian navy. The corps included several distinguished naval officers—MM. de Togorès, Linden, de Marivault—and the heads of important French and foreign mercantile houses. The official statement of these works, intrusted to M. Spément, Superintendent of the Suez Company, reviewed the influence which the cutting through of the American Isthmus would have upon the transportation of naval stores. He estimated that sailing navigation would be yet more favored than steam navigation by the opening of the Interoceanic Canal, by reason of the advantages which it would derive from the permanency of the trade winds in the Gulf of Mexico. From another point of view, he called their attention to the different projects presented, some of which required the construction of a tunnel, others the building of locks.

"In the former case," said the report, "vessels must need pass through with their masts lowered, and as the largest vessels—*La France* and *L'Annamite*—have very high masts, it would necessitate their being thirty metres higher than the water-line. As for the locks, their number must be so calculated as to permit the passage of fifty vessels a day. This was the figure attained at Suez. Why should it not be attained, even surpassed, at the American Canal? Consequently there must be chains of locks, one for ascent and one for descent; and the construction of these works will necessitate special arrangements. On the whole," concluded M. Spément, "a canal with locks should only be accepted when the impossibility of having a level canal is demonstrated. The tunnel canal should only be adopted when the impossibility of a canal without a tunnel shall be rendered evident by the accumulation of technical difficulties and the cost out of all proportion."

III.

In the preceding chapters I have shown how three Commissions of the Congress, without considering the question of place, persons, plans, or arrangements, had, in investigations of deep interest, treated the general and theoretic parts of this subject. What matters it whether the route passes by Thuyra or Bayano, by Nicaragua or Panama? The traffic would in every instance be the same; the countries of the East and West would derive the same advantages through the construction of the canal; navigation would have the same urgent need. Very different were the duties of the Technical Commission. It was more incumbent upon this than upon the others to penetrate into the details of the subject; to take, one by one, the numerous projects presented to the Congress by their authors, to study them in minute detail, to investigate their commercial or technical advantages, and to bring forward, on the other hand, the difficulties and the net cost. This first work accomplished, the Technical Commission had at their command all the elements necessary to compare the projects submitted to them, to enable them to pronounce upon the decision which the Congress, convened in solemn conclave, would be called upon to sanction with its vote.

M. Daubrée, member of the Institute, presided over the Commission. M. Voisin-Bey, formerly general director of works at the Suez Canal, was chairman of proceedings. This Commission embraced within its ranks eminent specialists from all countries, and it is certain that a decision ratified by such names as Hakshaw, Dirks, Pascal, de Fourcy, Favre, Couvreux, Lavalley, and Ruelle, whose moral weight equaled their scientific authority, would be beyond all criticism. Who could more ably treat the question of great locks than the constructor of the Amsterdam Canal? Who better qualified to speak of the gigantic Panama tunnel, to weigh the difficulties which must there be encountered, than the lamented constructor of the St. Gothard tunnel? Who more competent than M. Lavalley and M. Couvreux to decide upon the cost of drainage and excavations above and under water? And had not these engineers, who were my faithful coworkers at Suez, acquired in that great enterprise the experience necessary to enable them to judge wisely upon such questions as were suggested by the various schemes for the construction of the American Canal? Before the Technical Commission the authors, Ammen, Menocal, Selfridge, de-Garay, Blanchet, Belly, Wyse and Reclus, Mainfroi, and de Puydt, unfolded and compared their several projects, and discussed the objections to which they gave rise. When this first work, which occupied several laborious and interesting sessions, was achieved, the discussion began. Two important sub-commissions were created: the one, consisting of MM. de Fourcy, Voisin-Bey, and five other members, was charged with estimating, from a technical point of view, the conditions of establishment of the several lines; the other, where figured MM. Ruelle, Favre, Lavalley, Couvreux, and Cotard, was charged with drawing up the estimates and specifications of each of these projects, and to determine the net cost of each, fixing upon each portion of the work a price unanimously and fairly determined upon. It was, in short, after the operations of these two Commissions, that Congress was called upon to decide, and it is in reviewing their work that I will here make known the several projects submitted to the judgment of the jury.

To properly define them, it is necessary that I should say a word concerning the geography of the American Isthmus. This isthmus is two thousand three hundred kilometres long, extending from north-west to south-east. The coasts only, and the banks of some of the important rivers, are inhabited; the same can hardly be said of the interior. The entire population numbers about three million souls; whereas, in France, the same area would comprise seven or eight times as many. The roads, which scarcely deserve the name, are insufficient and miserably kept. Outside of these, the sole routes of communication consist of the rivers, these being frequently interrupted by abrupt, steep falls, where the waters flow in cataracts, around which the Indians carry their canoes in their arms. The climate is intensely warm; the rains, which are heavy and frequent, fall six months out of the year; the rain-fall at Panama annually exceeds three metres. It is not surprising that, under the influence of this high temperature and such an abundance of rain, vegetation should grow with wonderful rapidity. Organic life is also unusually exuberant; everywhere, throughout the interior, can be seen untrodden forests of gigantic cocoanut trees and aloes, the thickets and wild vine forming an inextricable net-work, through which the native cuts a narrow passage with his hatchet or knife. One might suppose that Noah's ark had cast the worst part of its cargo upon the American Isthmus—serpents with dangerous fangs, monstrous spiders, scorpions, and jaguars. But, on the other hand, the country is unusally susceptible of cultivation, which alone is necessary to imbue it with new life, to transform it, as it were. The surface is mountainous; the chain of the Andes rises to an elevation of four thousand metres, and presents the striking contrast of active volcanoes and snow-capped summits. This is the country whose resources will be developed by the canal. It is in this vast causeway, which separates the two Americas, that we must seek the weak point in the armor, to pierce there the barrier between the two oceans. Let us go from north to south, as did the chairman of the sub-commission. We meet with, successively, the Isthmuses of Tehuantepec, of Honduras, lower Nicaragua, then Panama, San Blas, and Darien; for each one of these passages we have one or more corresponding projects, both of the level canal and the canal with locks.

M. de Garay, the delegate from Mexico, brought forward, with great authority and profound conviction, the advantages to be derived from the establishment of the canal at Tehuantepec. But he found but little sympathy in this movement. His project included a road of two hundred and forty kilometres, the summit of which attained two hundred and thirty-seven metres above the level of the sea. To reach this level sixty locks would be required upon either water-slope, and this total of one hundred and twenty locks, expensive and difficult to construct, would be in itself a sufficient argument for rejecting a canal, the crossing of which would necessitate a delay of twelve days.

Seven or eight projectors, among whom were MM. Lull, Menocal, and Blanchet, offered to the Congress plans favoring the Nicaragua route. In truth, this point, in some respects, is most favorable. In the middle of the isthmus a beautiful lake, one hundred and seventy-six kilometres long and fifty-five wide, occupies an elevation of thirty-eight metres above the Atlantic. It receives the tribute of forty streams and empties itself into the Atlantic in a magnificent river, the San Juan. Unfortunately, this river is obstructed by frequent cataracts, which interfere with navigation. One of the most detrimental has been the work of man. In the seventeenth century, to preserve the colony from the depredations of the fillibusters who ravaged the Caribbean Sea, the course of the San Juan was obstructed by casting into it vessels, trunks of trees, and huge masses of rock. The waters, thus driven back from their natural course, then carved out for themselves a passage by the side of their former bed, and this passage, today a river, the Colorado, has never been closed again. To improve the condition of the San Juan, it is necessary to convert it into a canal by means of seven or eight locks, or to turn back the current toward the other slope, by means of vast works forty-five kilometres in length. The level of Rivas can be reached only through a deep cut, where again would be required seven locks, while at Greytown and Brito, towns at either end of the canal, must be constructed harbors on precipitous coasts. The advocates of this project boasted of the superiority of the climate; called attention to the abundance of the materials which that country affords, and the relative density of its population, and it was rendered evident that the Nicaragua Canal was the most feasible in the event of the adoption of the lock system. It would be two hundred and ninety-two kilometres in length, the eighty-eight kilometres of the upper lake inclusive. The length of the journey, augmented by the crossing of the locks, would not permit ships to cross the canal in less than four days and a half.

The Americans, through the voice of Admiral Ammen, showed themselves particularly in favor of this route. It is, moreover, to one of their engineers, M. Menocal, that the admirably conceived and deeply studied project of the canal with locks is due. A French engineer, M. Blanchet, proposed to perfect it by extending the summit level pond into the San Juan Valley, and to substitute for the seven locks in the American project a level grade thirty-two metres in elevation. This plan was conceived by MM. Pouchet and Sautereau, to be executed by M. Eiffel, one of our most capable constructors. The floodgates, weighing nearly one thousand tons, would have to be seven metres thick. Two French naval officers, MM. Wyse and Reclus, whose explorations were conducted with rare capability and admirable energy, presented a project for a level canal by way of Panama. The first words of their statement made a profound impression upon the minds of the Technical Commission. They realized that there lay the desired solution. If objections were at first presented, it were better, so that at once might be dissipated all those prejudices to which the project gave birth, in order afterward to see it more clearly in the fullness of its advantages.

The Wyse Canal follows the course of the Chagres River, passes under the Cordilleras by aid of a gigantic tunnel, and comes out upon the Pacific slope to Panama by the valley of the Rio Grande. Weighing the arguments and yielding to wise counsel, the authors of the project renounced their tunnel in favor of a proposition to cleave the mountain to its summit. The Mexicans gave an example of similar excavations at the Desague, in Mexico, which reached sixty-five metres, and the one to be cut to the level of Panama will not exceed eighty-seven metres.

Two objections were suggested by the Technical Commission, which I found admirable, since the experienced engineers who composed it, struck by the advantages which the Panama project presented, themselves stimulated, guided, and counseled the projectors to triumph over those obstacles.

One of them concerned the floods of the Chagres. The waters of this river have been known to rise as high a six metres in the space of a night. It is necessary to divert from their course these waters, whose overflow would endanger the construction and working of the canal. M. Wyse first proposed to collect the overflow of these waters into a great valley reservoir, and by this means assure a medium of escape of one hundred cubic metres a second. But this proposal did not satisfy the Commission. It is not a light matter, said they, to establish such an artificial lake, and to hold in suspension such a quantity of water thirty metres above the canal; why not avoid this entirely by excavating a special bed for the river? The projectors finally settled upon this decision, upon the immediate advice of their judges. The second objection relates to this, that the Pacific tide rises six metres at Panama, while the height of the Atlantic tides at Colon does not exceed three-fifths of a metre. From this fact, the current in the canal will attain a swiftness of four to five knots, rendering navigation both troublesome and dangerous. This they can remedy by placing a tide-gate at Panama, and constructing a basin or harbor at the entrance to the canal, where ships will undergo the formalities and receive the discharge of the custom-house, while awaiting a favorable moment to enter the canal.

If I add to all this, that the Panama Canal will pass within one kilometre of the railroad; that this will be of invaluable assistance in conveying workmen and material to the neighborhood; that the time occupied by the voyage will be scarcely thirty-six hours; and that the length of the line will be but seventy-six kilometres, will not these arguments suffice to justify the words of the sub-commission—words which I can not too frequently recall: "The level canal of Panama presents satisfactory technical conditions, assures all facilities, and offers security to vessels making the transit from one ocean to the other"?

I have yet a word to say concerning the San Blas Canal, proposed by Mr. Appleton and seconded by Mr. Rilley. This project had the recommendation of shortening the line of transit to fifty-three kilometres, but as it necessitated fourteen kilometres of tunnel, and the almost impracticable deviation of the Bayano River, the Technical Commission thought that it should be put aside. It collected on the other hand, and examined with lively interest, the remarkable works of an officer of the American navy, whose name I have already mentioned, Commodore Selfridge. The Selfridge project favored the Isthmus of Darien and the River Atrato, which he proposed to convert into a canal two hundred and forty kilometres long; the canal then makes a sharp turn, and descends the Chiri-Chiri Bay by a cut, of which a tunnel four kilometres long would form a part. But can this river, whose mouth is a vast marshy delta, be converted into a canal in such manner as to cover the bar with eight metres of water? Should they finally attain this depth, how could they assure themselves of its permanence? How foresee and guard against the overflow of the Atrato? Those who understood the navigation of large rivers recognized the serious difficulties to be overcome, and the commission thought best to reject the project of Commodore Selfridge in consideration of all these accumulated obstacles. They again examined at the last moment a project that its author, M. de Puydt, had offered without sufficient data. This route crosses the Isthmus of Darien from Puerto Escondido to Thuyra. The summit of the pass is at the neck of Tanela Paya, measuring, according to M. de Puydt, but forty-six metres, which would permit the construction of a level canal. The figures of the projector were elsewhere given, without any verification, and contradicted by other explorers. It was but to affirm its impartiality that the Congress examined this project.

When all was finished, there remained but two canals for consideration, all the other plans having been rejected—those of Nicaragua and Panama: the first the more economical, its cost being estimated at eight hundred millions of francs; whereas the estimates for the second exceeded one thousand millions; but the first was more limited in capacity. It was, moreover, objectionable both in point of time and distance. It was presented with its sixteen locks; with its stagnant ponds, which the vegetation of the tropics will encroach upon with great rapidity; with its artificial works, that the slightest tremor of the earth would destroy; with the cares and delays which must attend the working of delicate apparatus. Nothing of all this existed for the level canal at Panama. Its length reduced to a quarter of the Nicaragua Canal; the voyage reduced to one third; no artificial works; no limit imposed to the daily number of crossing vessels—was not all this sufficient to justify the decision which was rendered by the Technical Commission?

Upon the motion of the Suez engineers the system of locks was rejected by a large majority. They expressed themselves energetically in favor of digging an open, level canal, the practicability of which seemed evident if the Colon-Panama route be adopted. But, forced by its mission to make a choice between the several projects submitted to its consideration, yet wishing to certify as to the extreme care with which most of them had been studied, it rendered brilliant homage to the genius of their projectors, "and particularly to the eminent American engineers and explorers, whose admirable works will be a lasting monument in the history of this great enterprise." The Technical Commission indicated what features the canal should present: two thousand metres, at least, of curve; twenty-two metres of surface breadth; eight and one-half metres of water power; a single passage as at Suez, but with numerous bays where vessels can pass one another. All these details of execution were foreseen and discussed in these deliberations, from which those who will, one day, construct the canal will derive the benefit of these learned and profitable instructions. When the Technical Commission had terminated its labors, and set the figure at which it estimated the cost of constructing and of keeping in repair the Interoceanic Canal; when, on the other hand, the Commission of Economics had furnished the Congress with all the factors necessary for calculating the transit, then the fifth section, that of Ways and Means, could in turn accomplish its commission by availing itself of these facts. M. Cérésole, formerly minister of the Swiss Confederation, here presided, the spokesman being M. César Chanel, delegate from Martinique. "We are convinced," said he, "that the sum total of freight, already sufficiently large for defraying the expenses of the canal, would be increased to a great degree, and in proportion to the development of trade." He then showed by what series of calculations the commission, borrowing its statements and figures from the second section of the Congress, could fix the tariff at fifteen francs a ton, to be imposed by the company having the grant of the canal upon passing vessels. Then setting a valuation upon the expenses of construction, interest charges, the annual workings, and the keeping of these works in repair—from this deducting the share reserved by the Government of the States of Colombia—the chairman, and with him the Commission, valued the net profit, which would annually be realized from the working of the canal at forty-two millions. And, setting aside contingencies, the Commission, in conclusion, expressed as their desire that even at a cost of a more protracted labor, of greater expense, this canal should be without locks or tunnels.

It is a remarkable fact that the five Commissions of Congress, without any preliminary understanding came to the same determination—manifested the same repugnance to a canal with locks. This agreement rendered the rest a comparatively easy task. When, according to the established plan, the chairman of the five Commissions made known the result of their deliberations, nothing remained to the Bureau but to prepare these conclusions, drawing up in due form and submitting to the vote of the Congress the decision which had been adopted.

IV.

"The Congress estimated that a level Interoceanic Canal, so desirable for the interests of commerce and navigation, was possible ; also, that this canal, to offer ready access and means of utility—indispensable conditions to such a passage—should be directed from Limon Gulf to the Bay of Panama."

Such is the formula adopted by the Bureau, which consisted of the presidents, secretaries, and reporters of the five Commissions. The matter was voted upon (the vote a serious and considerable one) May 29th, 1879. Ninety-eight members voted; there were seventy-eight ayes, to eight noes. The rest abstained from voting.

Such was the majority which favored the adoption of the level canal at Panama, and which crowned the bold and persevering efforts of our countrymen, Wyse and Reclus. If the vote be examined, it will be seen that it was almost unanimous, for, among the opponents and those who remained neutral, figured the representatives of the northern States of Central America, who favored the Nicaragua route on account of the local advantages thence to be derived. They counted, also, among their number, the skillful constructor who was to have designed the great locks to have been used at Nicaragua; also, the president of the society formed to study into this project. These two, notwithstanding, did not withhold their approbation of the decision rendered.

Among the adherents, I will mention as characteristic the renowned Holland engineer to whom are due the great locks of Amsterdam; Commodore Selfridge, who publicly proclaimed that his country would accept, loyally and definitely, the decision of the Congress; the Suez engineers, besides others, who for the most part received the proclamation with enthusiastic demonstrations of applause. The line accepted by the Congress is that of Lloyd, Totten, Garella, Wyse, and Reclus. It cuts the Isthmus at a parallel of nine degrees, between the Limon Gulf, on the Atlantic side, and the Bay of Panama, on the Pacific. It is but half as long as the Suez Canal, being but seventy-three kilometres, instead of one hundred and sixty-two. It offers two excellent ports at each ocean, the neighborhood of two cities full of resources, a populated country, and a railroad in active operation. This is the country which the canal will enrich and transform.

I turn back, and am reminded that a new work is to-day in course of preparation. How many illustrious men formerly looked upon as impracticable the Suez enterprise! To create a harbor in the Gulf of Pelusium; to cross the morasses of Lake Mensaleh and the threshold of El Guisr; to penetrate through the sands of the desert; to establish workshops twenty-five leagues from any village, in a country without inhabitants, without water, without roads; to fill the basin of the Bitter Lakes; to prevent the sands of the desert from encroaching upon the canal—what a chimera it all appeared!

And yet all this has been accomplished, and I know at the cost of what efforts. I do not hesitate to affirm that the Panama Canal will be easier to commence, to finish, and to keep in repair, than the Suez Canal.

FERDINAND DE LESSEPS.

P. S.—Since this article was first drawn up, nothing has been altered concerning the preliminary steps of execution upon the line selected for the digging of the American maritime canal. I can not here judge of the motives of an opposition which has arisen at the last moment, thus preventing the success of a subscription, which success I had deemed certain after the vote of the Interoceanic Congress. I will repeat a few remarks which I made upon the subject at the Academy:

"The Colon-Panama line can, from the actual data of science, be crossed by a water canal of an absolute level, in preference to any other lines necessitating fresh-water locks. The experience of the canal at Suez has already demonstrated that, to insure an extensive navigation, it will be necessary to have a canal as free as a natural Bosphorus, and not a fluvial canal, subject to occasional stoppages, which can only be profitable to interior navigation."

I will add that which I published in a circular:

"The arguments of the opposition were as follows: In the first place, they presented figures of increased expense and insufficient receipts, to the end that, even if the idea of opening a new maritime road to commerce and to civilization were a good one, the trade would not be sufficient to warrant it. On the other part, they sought to create distrust of the scheme by a pretended hostility of the United States of North America. To the first argument, the skillful contractor who raised the level of El Guisr at the Suez Canal responds. M. Couvreux and his associates, to whom we owe the noble works by which the Danube has been controlled, and also the enlargement of the gates at Antwerp, will at once study anew the subject of locality and expense, with a view the execution of the Interoceanic Canal. They decided to take upon themselves the execution of it by administration or contract according to my desire, and to leave no doubt existing as to the fact that the expenses will be largely overbalanced by revenues not yet considered. The second objection I will myself inquire into when I visit America, which I propose to do shortly."

M. Dirks, the eminent engineer who undertook and brought to a successful termination that beautiful work, the canal from Amsterdam to the sea, echoed the astonishment caused by what he terms (in a letter published by the *Bulletin du Canal)* the malignant attacks and anonymous notes inserted in several newspapers. M. Dirks proudly concludes: "All anonymous attacks are worthless—they condemn themselves; whereas, a free, open opposition is of benefit to an object which is itself of intrinsic worth."

I add that I never fear the obstacles thrown in the way of a great enterprise, nor the delays occasioned by discussions and contradictory opinions, experience having proved to me that whatsoever grows too fast has not deep roots, and that "Time only throws a halo around its own works."

F. DE L.

A PRACTICAL VIEW OF THE INDIAN PROBLEM.

In the discussion of Indian affairs, public writing and speaking have usually taken two directions, each of which is one of opposition to views imputed to the supporters of the other. They are, respectively, opposition to the peace policy, by frontiersmen; and opposition to a policy of extermination, by peace men. The supporters of either policy know much better what they do not want than what they do. The peace policy, as attributed by its honest opponents to its promoters, is a system of collecting Indians on reservations in large bodies, feeding them at the Government expense, and by moral suasion endeavoring to civilize them. It is intended to bring in contact with Indians, as agents and assistants, good men only, appointed upon the recommendation of religious societies, that the Indians, receiving the example of the good in their daily walk in life, may profit by it and grow in grace and the arts of civilization. It keeps the army afar off, to prevent soldiers from corrupting the Indian women, and that a display of force may not frighten the Indians away from the better life to be instilled into them by teaching, association, and example. In its scheme this policy includes a little army, that those few deluded bands generally supposed to be influenced for evil by bad White men may, after all other endeavors have failed, be pursued and captured, or driven back to the forgiving breast of the agent, who will talk to them kindly, feed them, and teach them how much better it is to live quietly under his care than to risk the dangers of hunger and of war. If an Indian is to be put on a reservation he is to be invited, and shown that it is for his interest to go; and he is to remain of his own free will, since he is to be made happier there than in his natural state. If, in the judgment of the Government, it becomes necessary to reduce the size of a reservation or move a band of Indians, the consent of the Indians affected is to be obtained through a commission, usually of gentlemen sent from Washington, which is to make overtures as to a foreign power, and to add tempting morsels to the price offered until the Indians assent to the proposals.

The method now employed of managing and mismanaging Indian affairs is still that of the reservation system and peace policy, with which we have had ten years' experience. It, in practice, has not succeeded to the extent expected by its friends. In the view of others it has failed in producing permanent good. This is due in part to the unskillful or vicious practices of some of those appointed to carry it into effect, and also to the inadequacy of the methods adopted for attaining its object—namely, civilization of the Indian.

That there still is unskillful management is shown by the killing of Agent Meeker, and the outrages inflicted on his family by the Utes. He was a philanthropic man, trying to Christianize Indians and make into an agricultural community a horde of savages. He, instead of simply issuing rations, has produced death and misery only by endeavoring to carry out the wishes of his Government and improve his Indians with the means at his disposal—precept and example. That criminal practices are not of the distant past alone is demonstrated by the recent unearthing of the Hart scandal at San Carlos, Arizona, involving Commissioner Hayt of the Indian Bureau in Washington, and causing his removal. A recent popular remedy for the evil of ignorant and vicious management is to transfer the Indians to the War Department. If a complete transfer of the Indians and all matters affecting them, necessary to a solution of the problem, were made to the army and military tribunals, the commander of the army would be invested with absolute powers, owing allegiance to Congress to be sure, but destroying local self-government throughout all States and Territories in which uncivilized Indians dwell. Such transfer is impracticable, and the proposal really made is to put army officers in charge of some agencies; a bureau of the Interior Department is to become a bureau of the War Department.

It is a sorry day for our country if honesty in the administration of any public offices can only be attained under a despotism entirely opposed to the spirit of free institutions—a system of sudden, arbitrary, and severe punishments. No one claims that army officers are *per se* more righteous than the average of men on the same social plane; but the regular army, with its few temptations or opportunities for dishonesty, its rigid accountability for public property, its quick trials by courts-martial and their terrible sentences inflicting ignominy and shame, has been kept comparatively pure. The restraint is in the system. But enlarge its temptations, give it millions from the public treasury to expend on thankless and often impracticable objects, and before many years a class—now *employés* of the Indian Bureau, who before the adoption of the church-recommendation plan of appointments, and since its adoption, have obtained office, and by vice or ignorance brought dishonor on our national name—will worm themselves into positions of emolument in the army, and have such political backing that they can not be dismissed. The army would be merely the tool, not the former and director of an Indian policy. Even if a few officers were employed as agents, the mass of *employés* would be civilians not subject to military law. The troubles caused by chafing between Indians and their encroaching civilized neighbors would also come before the neighbors' local courts, and frontier juries are loth to convict for merely stealing from the Government or wronging an Indian. The army would be held responsible for evils it would be powerless to remedy, have its good name blackened by men over whom it had no control, and, being deprived of its reputation for honesty, become disreputable. Such a transfer is only a partial remedy for maladministration.

The object of the peace policy is the civilization of the Indian. European civilization is the result of an evolution from savage life; therefore, with time enough and the proper forces brought to bear, an Indian tribe or its remnant may become civilized. But to accomplish this the peace policy is inadequate. I do not believe civilization to be a hot-house plant, which, by coddling and nursing and a careful shutting out of the cold, can be brought up by a hastening process to a healthy maturity. It is rather a mountain oak, sprung from a minute acorn dropped in a little crevice of rugged rocks, which, by gradual growth and continual battling with the elements, lives a strong and healthy life, spreading its branches for the protection of those who seek it.

The Indians have been collected into large bodies and grouped in camps about agencies. When a horse-trainer wishes to break an unbroken animal, he does not entice into a field a herd of wild horses, feed them well, caress them, lead out before them a beautiful and glossy coated thoroughbred, that they may see how well kept and cared for he is. If he did, the shaggy coursers, if they thought at all, would only notice the halter and saddle-marks, and prefer their ungroomed freedom to the other's bed of straw and blanketed ease. He would, on the contrary, lasso the desired animal, hold him in the firm toils of his rope, convince him of his powerlessness to resist, then saddle and ride him. He need not be cruel; but must be severe. Mere kindness will control animals or men only when they are taken at a tender age, and separated from the wild and untamed of their species. At all agencies where there is danger of outbreak, the Indians are issued rations for their support. They are told that these issues are to continue only for a few years, until they learn to support themselves; therefore, they must cultivate the soil. To this I once heard Nachez, an Apache Chief, reply, "We supported ourselves before we came on this reservation. You promised to feed us if we came. My people will not work. When you stop feeding us, we can go to our old home and life." He meant that they could return to the fastnesses of the Chiricahua Mountains and live by plunder.

I admit that it is cheaper to feed Indians than to fight them, but it does not aid their civilization. The world has been civilized more by the necessity of supporting an increasing number of people on a given piece of ground than by missionary or historical instruction about distant or ancient civilizations. Threatening hunger, supported by forcible restraint from plundering, avails much more as an incentive to work than a statement to Indians that a Government, which has always bought them off with presents from committing crime, will at some future day cease to hire them to keep the peace. A civilized man will not work simply because he is entreated to do so. Neither will an Indian. Precept avails little. Precept and example avail but little more. The stern laws of Nature are absolute. Neither Indian nor Caucasian, African nor Asiatic, can disregard their fiats. If Indians are herded together, pampered and petted, approached by persuasion alone, they can be preached to till doomsday and their condition will still remain the same.

The other policy, that attributed by the peace men, Eastern men of benevolent views, to those dwelling in our border States and Territories, is that they wish a price put on the head of each Indian and the race exterminated, as vermin despoiling property would be destroyed. Perhaps, for no other reason than its expense and impracticableness, it is usually modified by the more intelligent of frontiersmen by a number of "ifs"—*if* the Indians do not support themselves in peace; *if* they will not give up land needed by extending civilization; and, finally, *if* it could be done without depopulating all the neighboring country.

A universal war of extermination would bring quite as much injury on the inhabitants of the country, from which the Indians are to be exterminated, as upon the Indians themselves, since there is no possibility that the Government can by any chance be persuaded to hire a military force sufficient for the sudden and utter annihilation of the Indian race. The dwellers on the frontier—granting this, and the inhumanity of such wishes in the view of people not connected with Indians—instead of proposing any means of reaching the end desired, employ themselves chiefly in condemning the peace policy and criticizing the Government. Inhumanity enters into their consideration less and less as men become acquainted with Indians. A sage-brush fire built by squaws on the naked breast of a living man, prostrated by a gunshot wound, goes far to rid the mind of sentiments of love or pity for these people. Therefore, men put aside absolute extermination chiefly from economic motives.

What our border people wish is the gradual elimination of the Indians from all valuable land, mineral and agricultural; but how this shall be done, and what shall be done with the Indians, they neither know nor care. A cry to remove the Indians, reduce their reservations, and open the land to settlement, is often heard. A short time since it was for the reservation of the Umatillas in Oregon; and more recently for that of the Southern Utes. It is a natural demand of men seeing some of the fairest acres of our land lying waste. Natural justice can be stretched only so far as to give the Indian a claim to the land of this continent, to simply hunt and roam over it, until it is needed for more fruitful uses or is made productive by him. If he neglects its improvement through ignorance or laziness, he should suffer by loss as a white man would. A fostering and encouragement of idleness in any class is injurious to a nation. "The devil finds work for idle hands to do."

British and American civil liberty is not for men who neither seek nor are fit for its benefits. Such classes do exist under it, but possess no rights and seldom receive justice. The English landholder in Ireland enjoys the benefit of the British constitution; but the ignorant peasantry sometimes are treated with a petting tenderness they do not deserve, and again are miserably oppressed under a despotic rule because they are of no political value. Some of President Johnson's Reconstruction Legislatures, after the Rebellion, enacted laws which would have reduced the non-voting negro to a perpetual serfdom. He was given the ballot, and, after an ephemeral power, fell back to the low political position to which his ignorant abuse of his rights and duties consigned him.

The Indians are another class at this time, neither fit for nor wishing the responsibilities of citizenship. Still civilization and absorption are the only possible ultimate aims; for extermination must be thrown aside as too inhuman, and, if not that, virtually impossible. We are not improving matters now. The prospect for Indian wars is as good for this year as it was for last, and will be for the next, and so on *ad infinitum*. We are now simply feeding the Indians, and gingerly holding them at bay till we may want their land. It is very much as if a man, owning a vicious, biting horse, contented himself with keeping away from his horse's mouth; when, by muzzling him, by the exertion of skill and force, he could make him a useful work animal. This is an expensive problem, at best, and the solution is not the work of a day. No sudden change which would involve us in a general Indian war is useful.

Taking the Indians as they are, collected on reservations, what we need, first and above all, is a force sufficient to make the decree of the Government recognized law from the moment it is uttered. It now becomes so only after a long, tedious conflict between almost equal forces of troops and Indians, the latter dodging and running, and the former finally conquering only by persistence, tenacity, and power of renewing supplies. The exact increase of the army necessary can easily be determined by computation of the number of warlike Indians, their present location, and relative fighting power.

There is a resource for offense and defense against Indians which we have but little employed. It is the Indians themselves. They are inexpensive soldiers, and, serving with disciplined troops, can be brought under perfect control. An Indian, who inherits a natural subordination to whomsoever he acknowledges to be chief, can be taught to obey as absolutely and exactly as an Irishman or American, who gets his first idea of subordination at the recruiting depot. A contingent of Indians gradually enlisted and gradually trained, at first not used against their own bands, would effectively increase our strength. I do not advocate any mushroom force, one raised in a day. Indians can be disciplined, possibly not in exactly the same way as white men; but rewards and punishments have a greater effect on them. They soon lose their tribal affiliation, a fact not commonly known, for usually their only safety has been with their own bands, and a change of allegiance was thus impossible. I know a Chiricahua scout of two years' service, who, I believe, would as readily fire at command on his own band, as I know our regular troops would fire, if ordered, on a proletarian mob in one of our cities. Nez Perce scouts aided the troops against bands of their own tribe in 1877.

Our military force should be of such size that all the Indians could be held with an iron hand. Our army officers can be better employed in perfecting such a force, and using it when required, than acting as powerless, bruised fenders in everlasting collisions between Indians and frontiersmen. They have not now the force requisite to handle the Indians firmly. They can not and will not be given any legal power over citizens, however vicious and troublesome. Our strength having been increased, then and only then can progress be made. If the late Agent Meeker had been backed by a sufficient command of troups, and, say, Sioux Indian scouts, not only could he with safety have plowed up Chief Jack's land, but have compelled him to do it himself. I have seen as many as six Indian scouts worked, as a punishment, for ten hours a day, under one Indian or White sentinel, and seldom have I seen men work better. I do not hope for any improvement in Indians already adults, but the children of parents forced to work will be much tamer than those now growing up every whit as wild as their wildest ancestry. Held in subjection, the tribal relation abolished, separated into families, located in severalty on land which may for a while be protected to them, the parents at work and the children at school, the Indians can be ruled as well under one as under another Executive Department. The reservations can be reduced to such a size that the whole may be well cultivated.

To secure efficient administration: *First*, Rigid inspections should be instituted. The army is best trained for this work, and would furnish the best inspectors. Such inspections as are needed are not those of a Congressional palace-car excursion, crossing the continent, visiting agencies decked out in holiday attire; but such as are made by an army inspector who, when he arrives at a post, takes charge of a Quartermaster's office, and not only examines his property and books, but puts in his own clerks, and runs the business for a week or more. Men can steal under either system, but they will be detected sooner under the latter. *Second*, Inspectors would be futile without provision for impartial trial and sure punishment for crime, whether committed by agent or *employé*, by Indians or White neighbors. At present a citizen *employé* of the Interior Department is tried before a jury of his peers, almost always his peers in crime—deserters from the army, escaped convicts, and men whose creed is to get what they can by any means from the Government, to acquit everybody wronging an Indian, and to convict every Indian brought before them. These juries are the curse of our frontier. An Indian wronging an Indian is tried before the Agent or not at all. For injury inflicted on a citizen, the tribe, and not the individual, is held responsible; and war is begun because the Agent is too weak to throttle resistance on the spot and arrest the criminal. A citizen wronging an Indian, if tried at all, is brought before a jury of his neighbors, who have a deadly enmity to the Indian, and wish only to rid the country of him.

I do not advocate the bringing of these causes before military tribunals, which, out of their own sphere, are the most arbitrary and unjust that exist. Let them, however, be brought before United States courts. Let juries be abolished, except possibly in capital cases, and in those make a change of venue possible on motion of the prosecution to unprejudiced localities, however far. Let more than one judge sit on the more important causes. Then pay such salaries to judge and prosecuting attorney that men of learning and talent may be employed; that they, like the judges in our civilized communities, may be the assurers of our national integrity. The display and judicious use of force to control, an administration with rigid inspections and certain punishment of crime to keep it pure, the immediate object being forcible and useful employment of all Indians—these are among the means which alone will eventually civilize and absorb them. Many will sicken and die; many will be killed while opposing; but the children of many will become useful laboring men and women. Let not our mercy be a mistaken kindness, our justice a pandering to vicious habits of idleness, nor our charity the giving to a very ignorant race a means to live in perpetual misery and crime.

GUY HOWARD.

SHOSHONEE.

Cunnin'?—Comanches, Piutès, Apaches
Can't touch him, I tell ye! We'd found a rich mine
In the heart of his home, 'neath the black timber line
That tops the Sierra, in the year forty-nine;
And so sat us down, built up a shake town,
And scooped gold by the pound; when this Shoshonee sticks—
What right had we there? Wal, now, that's metty-fisicks.

Yes, sticks out a paw, and wants pay for the land!
Wants a hoss for that land—for the sage-brush and sand,
Jack-rabbits and lizards—the impudent blizzards!
We paid? With a boot; yes, and threatened to shoot
The last mother's son of a gun. So they got. At least, so we thought;
But the horses that night stampeded outright—
And, dang my granny's cat's tail, but they scooped the hull lot!

We followed, hot haste, up a high jagged waste;
We caught him; he wanted to parley—to treat, the dead-beat!
A volley of lead, and the red devils fled,
Left and right, up the height as the black vultures fly;
Up, up!—up the crags; up the clouds; up the sky!
How we laughed where we stood for to see the reds fly!

So we picked up some pelt, whipped a knife from the belt,
When we found a black head, now and then, scalped the dead,
And prepared to ride back down the rock-riven track.
With one foot in stirrup, I tossed back my hair,
Turned my face up the crags in the clear mountain air,
And, afar up the height, where the firs, black as night,
Belt the clouds—belt the snows—lo! a signal smoke rose!

But, my dog, smelling round with black nose to the ground,
Just then 'gan to bark, to leap back down the track;
While a face, black with rage, half uprose from the sage,
And a last arrow sped, and my best friend lay dead.
"You devil!" I cried. But Ben dashed aside
The cold steel from his head, and laughingly said:
"No! Drag the black scamp by his scalp down to camp—
Can't git! See his leg!"

Did the wounded Chief beg?
We lashed him to horse; but never a groan!
I heard something grind—it might a' been bone
In that slim broken leg. His teeth? May be so.
Yet I saw him look back up the mountain of snow
As we trudged down to camp, shade his eyes far away,
As a steady smoke curled up his far mountain world,
Where all that was dear to his savage heart lay.
And I knew there was waiting—far, far up that height—
That there long would be waiting, by day and by night;
Waiting and waiting where his lodges lay,
Till the world went out in the Judgment Day. . . .

How the miners flocked round where he lay on the ground,
'Neath a rope dangling down from the oak near the town,
While his life sank away in the sands where he lay.
"Let him go! Spare his life for his babes, for his wife!
By the mother that's in you, by the father of sin, you
Shall not hang this man! Save his life, if you can!"

'Twas a woman that spoke; the one woman there—
Not comely, not spotless, not youthful, not fair;
A waif of the camp, a coarse, drunken clod;
But she war a woman—all woman, by—George!

On a log on his back, while the butchers did hack
And saw at him there, holden down by his hair,
With grinding teeth set and eyes bright as jet,
He lay, as that woman commanded, and we did obey.
We at last let him up, short a leg. Swift his eyes
Sought that sign where his loved lodges lay,
And a smile blessed that face, and a tear dimmed that eye,
That terror and torture had but made the more dry.

He got well, limped about, did chores in and out,
All for her. He would lay round her door, night and day,
Like a dog, and keep watch as if she war a kid;
But he never once spoke, never sulk-silence broke,
For all that men bantered or bullied or did.
So Ben tapped his steel, turned sharp on his heel,
One night, tossed his head like a bull, and then said:
"Some day, without doubt, you'll try to strike out—
Make a scoot—try to pass; drop you dead in the grass."
He seemed not to heed, turned aside, and his eyes
Caught a light like a star, lit by love in the skies.

He never *did* speak. His thin, swarthy cheek
Grew thinner each day. "He's so civil alway

That ef he'd git drunk," said Ben—greatly prized
For his stomach's endurance—"he'd be civilized."
"Not so!" answered Sol; "here's to ye; but say!
Ef a feller won't speak how kin he tell lies?
And ef he can't lie, why, he can't civilize!"

There were races next year, and he rode. Why, he stuck
To a hoss like a burr! He had knack, he had pluck.
But the great race of all! Old Webfoot that fall
From Oregon came with his cattle; and all the sage land
Was white with the alkali dust of his band,
That bellowed and pawed in the valley below,
While his gay herders galloped the plain to and fro.

We miners had mustangs. Old Webfoot had said
He could beat our whole band with his one thoroughbred!
That nettled old Ben; it riled all the men.
We'd match him! Old Webfoot might marshal his stock;
We'd clean him out clean to the bottom bed rock!
* * * * * * * *
The riders are up! The whole town is there,
Holding dogs, craning necks, leaning in everywhere.
The signal smoke curls in the mountain of snow,
The spotted herds call in the valley below.
The thin, tawny Chief sits the thoroughbred mare;
There is light in his eye—there is prophecy there—
As it lifts to the sign in that mountain that lies
Before and afar like a light in the skies.

Old Webfoot strides stalwart, stout-limbed as an oak,
To his mare; turns his quid; then with firm, hurried stroke,
Smooths her trim, supple limbs with a bold, heavy hand;
Tests the girth, tries the rein, strokes the proud flowing mane,
Grips the nostrils a breath, then sharply lets go;
Slaps her flank, snaps his fingers in air and cries "Whoa!"
See her eyes! See her ears! Can a hoss understand?
Why, she quivers her length—she is quaking with strength!
She is ginger and cocktails! She spurns all beneath,
Throwing nostrils in air, tosses foam from her teeth!

How quick the man speaks, as, with face lifted high,
He meets the firm mouth and the black burning eye.
"Win the race if you can! Win the race like a man!
I've a wife and three boys in yon valley below!
You've a wife and brown babes in yon mountain of snow!
Win the race if you can! Win the race like a man,
And the half of yon herd shall be yours as you go!"

Then, sudden, Ben cries to the black beaming eyes:
"Throw the race! Do you hear? Throw the race without fear!
Throw the race for your life, for your babes and your wife!
Throw the race and be free; be a free man to-night,
To return to your wife, and your babes on yon height!
If we win 'tis your freedom, your babes and your wife.
'Tis your wife and your babes! 'Tis your babes! Do you hear?
If we win 'tis your babes, if we lose 'tis your life!

"Go, go!" They are gone! On, on! and right on!
The brave blooded mare like a bird leaps the air.
"She will win! She will win!" What a wild shout and din!
Men are dumb! What is there? How they start! How they stare!
"We have lost! we have lost!" and the swift mettled mare
And the brave Shoshonee, for his babes two and three,
Keep right on in their flight, keep right on up the height!
Keep right on up the peaks to the pines black as night!
Keep right on for the babes with a back piercing yell,
And I hope to the Lord that he finds 'em all well.

JOAQUIN MILLER.

SAND.

CHAPTER VI.

"My dear," said Mrs. Holten, coming into Colonel Holten's "den," where her liege lord was writing at his desk, "I have here a very interesting letter from young Mr. Maydole."

"Umh! So have I. Maydole writes letters of interest to several people."

"Why, is his correspondence so large?"

"Perhaps not. It is not the largeness of it, but there is money in it—money in it, my lady, more power to him. I have hardly time to talk about it now, though, if you please."

"Oh! Your old letters refer to business, but mine is such an easy, cheerful, sensible, family kind of a letter that I want you to read it right now."

"Well," said Colonel Holten, pushing aside his papers, "let me see the document."

"For so young a man," said Mrs. Holten, as she passed the letter over, "he writes a very considerate, home-like letter, and not a bit of mannerism in it. It is all simply original or—or—oh, what do you call it?—spontaneous."

"Ah, well! That's nothing—he inherits it. His father is a famous private correspondent," he said, bending his brow to Norman's chirography.

"Read aloud," said she, and she sat down in a chair at the end of the desk.

Colonel Holten read the letter, smiling anon with that lifting and lowering of the brows common to men who sit in judgment on another's manuscript.

"Rather a long epistle," he said, as he handed it back to her.

"I wish it were twice as long," said she. "But don't *you* think it is a nice letter?—a gentle letter?"

"Oh, he is a very gentle, not to say lamblike, person—that young Mr. Maydole," and here Colonel Holten laughed aloud, as a man often does, at the far-reaching sagacity of his own humor. "There are some discriminating observations contained therein. They are true, too, I believe; and the picture of the lizard is artistically juvenile."

"Is *that* all you have to say?" said Mrs. Holten, good-naturedly, as she arose to go.

"Wait one moment," said her husband, selecting a sheet of fold-marked manuscript from off his desk; "I want to read you from Mr. Maydole's most interesting style." Then he read:

"'Please call the attention of your coöwners to the slightly improved yield of this month over last; also, the shrinkage in expenditure.'

Now one more extract which I call deeply absorbing to the general reader, to wit:

'I have made a careful and minute preliminary survey of the mine. I can not promise any sudden "bonanza," but unless we strike some unlooked-for barrenness, I think I may intimate a gradual improvement.'

That," added Colonel Holten, "has something in it. The style is good, and the stuff is better."

"It is not near so good a letter as mine," said Mrs. Holten, going.

"*Adios!*" he said, laughing. Then he quickly added, as she reached the door, "I opine we shall see the young man ere long."

"Shall we? I am pleased to hear it."

"Yes; we will want him to report in person to a Committee of the Whole on Mines and Mining. He has fought a good fight, anyway, and deserves a short season of recreation."

Mrs. Holten being gone, the Colonel bent himself to his constant task, and silence reigned about him until a rap at his door, followed by his usual loud "Come in," introduced a boy in half-uniform, having in one hand a characteristic cap, and in his other a book and pencil. This youth, as he approached Colonel Holten, wedged the cap close up under his arm, and presented the open book and a sealed letter envelope to the Colonel, bowed, smiled, looked bright, and said nothing. Colonel Holten took the envelope, looked at the address, signed his name in the boy's book; then, tearing the envelope open, he glanced over it and said as he did so, "No answer, my son;" whereupon the youth put the book up under his arm as a substitute for the cap, which latter he now held in his hand as he bowed, smiled, looked bright, said nothing, and went his way, softly closing the door after him.

"U'-hum!" exclaimed the Colonel in that decisive sort of nasal grunt which no dialectician can properly spell on paper. "He starts to-day, eh! Le's see! That ought to bring him here by day after to-morrow, or by the day following at furthest—that is, if he is not delayed by the snow or other accident." Then he sat for some moments at his desk, idly beating the air with his lead-pencil, as though marking time to some semi-unconscious tune in his memory, which tune must have made him famous for its eccentricities, if the atmosphere could have photographed the score as he rendered it. At last, giving his pencil one grand, half-circular, waving flourish, he arose actively to his feet, filliped the pencil upon the desk, put his eye-glasses into his vest pocket, donned his hat, and said, as he pushed some papers into a pigeon-hole, "I'll give the boy a chance. It will do him good."

Then he went out by the side-street door. He had but just gone, when his eldest daughter first knocked at the hall-side door, then pushed it softly open for fear of disturbing her father, but finding that he had gone out, and knowing of the visit of the telegraph messenger, she stood at the open door with the knob in her hand, looked about her in a disappointed kind of way, and then softly approaching his desk she saw the open telegram lying upon it, and picked it up. This little piece of paper, with its few words, had an effect upon her in no way consistent with the dry matter of business language it contained. She brightened up, losing at once the disappointed look which was upon her face. She read the paper very carefully, turned it over in her hand and looked at the back of it, laid it down upon the desk, and then taking up the envelope in which it had probably come, she read what was on that, compressed it apart, looked into it and laid it down on the desk, then quietly walked from the room.

At dinner, that same day, Colonel Holten announced to his family assemblage that young Mr. Maydole might be expected "any day after to-morrow."

"Oh, goody-good-good!" drawled the youngest member, with unusual animation for her. "He'll tell us some more about the funny little lizards."

"I shall be very glad to see him, indeed," said madam.

"I am sorry Alice is not here to entertain him when he comes," said Judith, very quietly.

"I hope," said Colonel Holten, with a dry smile which was not all lost in his beard, "I hope we can make out to entertain one young man without assistance from abroad."

"Oh, yes, we can," said Judith, carelessly; "but Mr. Maydole only talks of one subject at a time. He is not a society talker; he can not skip and catch and go on without any connection to his ideas. He is a perfect listener, though, and Alice used to lecture to him nicely. But I can not lecture—have no power at monologue; and you have talked to mother so much and for so long that she is a professional audience."

"Well, my child," and the old dry smile was again in his beard, "you will have to worry through it somehow."

Wise old father! Prudent daughter! Who shall say how far their ideas were apart? The young think the old do not see because they fail to say; the old think the sayings of the young are most transparent.

Matters moved on in and about the Holten house, from day to day, in their usual routine, varied now and again by participation in the winter gayeties—for the weeping time of Nature was now upon the land. The rains roared upon the house-roofs, drove through the streets of cities and along the rural lanes, gurgled from spoutings and pooled in the street, made grass-mottled ponds in far-away pastures, dripped from tangle-boughed woods, drifted slantingly across open plains, and at last, far up in the solitudes, turned to the steady silent fall of woodland snow as it reached and rested its main forces upon the summits of the Sierra Nevada—sending only reconnoitering parties down the other side horsed on the wild winds of the Sage-brush Land. It is hard, without the experience, to realize the contrast of scenery and climate to be found in twenty-four hours of rail ride from San Francisco eastward in winter season. It is a transfer from flower gardens of the temperate climes, in full bloom, to fields of ice crystals, in full glitter.

Young Mr. Maydole, dropping down from the stage-coach top, muffled and buttoned from chin to toe in that blanket-built recent ancestor of the now awful ulster—commonly known as the

"Washoe duster"—with a stout brown blanket on his arm, entered the railroad station in the desert to await the coming train. Teams from seldom viewed, almost undiscoverable nooks in the distant surrounding mountains came tracking from afar across the white waste of the snow-covered land. Horses with noses bristling with a wealth of delicate ice-lace, and tails alive with electric thrills, looked wildly askance at lounging ragged Indians. Masterful men, with keen, quick eyes and icy beards, tramped the platform of the station, spat long tobacco stains upon the clean white snow, knocked the dirty ice-knobs from their nail-clad boot-heels, and swore at the weather as if it were a personal power, capable of being insulted and brought to combat. In this chilly scene, Mr. Maydole had not long to wait. The train came gliding up to the station like a frantic lost spirit of civilization, scared into a tremor by the ghostly white silence of the winter-clad desert.

"All aboard!" There is a perceptible bustle. The brakemen dance upon the platforms of the cars, the breath of the engine-man floats white away from his lips, while his iron horse coughs beneath him in a metallic epizootic kind of way, and the whole train glides out of sight and beyond hearing like the materialized spirit of the mirage.

Along the bare plain the ringing rhythm of iron upon steel keeps up the glib clip-clap-clatter, clip-clap-clatter of its constant tune, until the night comes down dark and threatening as the train arranges, among glancing lights, to climb the Sierra. In the snow, that deepens under the night that darkens, the climb begins. Not one iron horse now, but two—sometimes more than two. There is here no desert. The dark pines loom loftily and dimly above the white snow, as if listening to the talk of the engines.

"Whoooooo—oop! Are you ready?" says the fore to the aft engine.

"Who-o-op! All ready," says the aft.

"Away we go then."

"Go it is."

Thus all night long the iron monsters talk to each other on the icy altitudes among the listening pines.

"Whoop her up a little," says the fore engine.

"All right," says the aft.

"Yip-yip-yip-yip, ye-e-e-e-e-eep! Red light ahead—down brakes!"

"Aye, aye!"

"Come ahead again—gently!"

"All right, I hear you."

"Snow-shed!"

"Just so."

"Whoop her up again."

"Correct!"

Thus the dialogue of iron industry goes on the whole night long. The comfortable passenger in the elegant sleeping apartment hears it in his dreams; the emigrant, curled up and cramped in his car-seat, hears it through the dry chill that has permeated his bones, and ever and anon he flattens his nose against the window-glass in a vain endeavor to look out, only to find his eyes gazing into a reflection of the car he occupies. But by and by, just ere the first dawn of day, the passengers, both emigrant and first-class, feel a change. The chill is passing out of them. The car-wheels are less noisy. The dialogue between the engines has now very long pauses. The passenger, abed in the sleeping-car, punches his pillow under the side of his head, snuggles down to his business, and goes sound asleep. The emigrant, in the plain car-seat, uncoils himself, stretches his feet out into any open space he can find, turns his face to the ceiling of the car, and lets the traveling world know that he has a good nose for music. His tired and far-traveled wife, if he has one, leans over against his sleeping shoulder and pipes a feeble alto to his powerful bass, until, long after sunrise, the brakemen, shouting through the cars, announce:

"Twenty minutes for breakfast."

"Law me," says emigrant madam, after accompanying her husband on the nose-organ for at least two hours and a half, "I was jist a-goin' to go to sleep." Then glancing out of the window of the car she suddenly grips the shoulder beside her, and says, "John! John! Do look, the snow is gone, the grass is green, and, well! I'll declare if them ain't frogs a-hollerin'."

"Well, I *tole* ye they didn't hev no winter in Californy," says John, as he rubs his eyes and gathers in his legs.

The effect of this change of climate upon Mr. Maydole, Jr., was exceedingly pleasant. His powerful lungs, expanded by the thin air of the altitudes, reveled in the softening atmosphere. The wiry, electric metalism of the upper regions passed out of him, leaving his powers luxuriously relaxed from their recent high-strung pitch, and he proceeded on his way to tide-water in a comfortable mood. At the old ferry landing his long blanket overcoat, which he had not yet taken the thought to throw off, brought about him the whole horrible troop of barking wolves from hotel, hack, etc.; but as he had that look in his eyes which the impudence of the "runner" and bummer knows well enough not to trifle long with it, they soon let him pass in his own way. The evening brought him to the door of that house which had become to him the most important of all earthly mansions. When he was ushered into the presence of the family he was warmly welcomed.

"How brown and strong you do look," said madam.

"You are thinner—rather—than when you left us," said Judith.

"The high altitudes have a desiccating effect," said he, with respectful gayety.

"And you have been exercising violently, I imagine," added madam.

"Oh, yes," he said; "but I do not feel that I have had much more than my usual average of muscular exertion. I have always been a worker of some kind."

After the family had had their general say of him, he was led away by Colonel Holten.

"Now, Mr. Maydole," said the Colonel, when the two were seated in his business room, "this is urgent business. Can you make a speech?"

"To a public audience?" inquired Norman.

"Yes—public, in so far as a meeting of stockholders may be so called."

"I do not know. I have seen and heard a vast amount of speech-making in court and on the political stump, but I have never tried to talk in public to an audience; yet, if it must be done, I can try it."

"Very good, very good! I have had a meeting of our stockholders called, and I think a full verbal report, backed by a written statement, will be more effective than anything else."

"Then it is about the mine—what I know about the business? It is upon that subject you wish me to make a speech?"

"Precisely."

"Oh, well, as to that," said Norman, laughing, "I think I could make a speech on that subject instantly if waked out of a sound sleep. I will not promise any oratory."

"Don't want any oratory."

"All right; I will try it. Have you any suggestions to make as to matter or manner?"

"No. Tell the truth. Speak slowly and distinctly. Once on the floor never mind about your audience; your hearers will come to you when you come to the merits of your case. They always do to any speaker who modestly and earnestly tells the honest truth."

"How many days can I have to get ready?"

"Four."

"Very good, sir. I will go about the preparation at once."

During the ensuing four days Norman enlarged and colored his maps of the mine, so that the lines on them could be plainly seen across a large room. Then he planned an accurate history of the mine, from the time the original prospector uncovered its ancient head among the outcroppings in the sage-brush, to which he added a tabulated statement of all its workings, yieldings, and expenditures. And when this task was finished, he tried to picture in his imagination how he should look and act before an audience, all of whom he believed to be critical in such matters, and some of whom he knew to be hostile to himself and his friends; but this attempt at imagination he gave up as beyond his powers, and concluded to stay mainly with the hard facts and let his manner take care of itself. The day of meeting of stockholders arrived, and, as the hour of its session approached, our hero tried to recollect and bring before his mind in one instant all that he knew about the subject at issue, and was somewhat alarmed to find that his intellect failed to make any such response, and that all he could remember of what he had planned and intended to say amounted only to these words:

"Gentlemen: As I have never been placed in a position such as I now occupy, you will bear with me and pardon me if in the presentation of facts I fail to put them in a manner at once pleasing and plausible."

This paragraph he clung to with the desperation of one who believes he is about to drown. He kept it in constant repetition through his mind, but by the time he was called up to make his report, he was astounded to find that this paragraph also had faded out of memory, until nothing was left of it but the one word, "Gentlemen." He took his maps and papers, when called upon, and went to his place before the astute audience, feeling a greater need of a large supply of sand than ever before had occurred to him. He unrolled his papers on the desk in unconcious imitation of the lawyers he had seen in the country court rooms where his father reigned as clerk. Lifting up his eyes he managed to say, "Gentlemen——" but the severe eyes of the astute world's-men, which were collectively upon him, almost appalled him. But, seeing among the gray and bald heads, one younger head, the face of which seemed to enjoy his embarrassment, he immediately became internally hostile, and started off on his report as follows:

"The property with which I am now connected as clerk has a history, and I propose first to give you the history as a whole, and then the important figures in detail. Let me have your attention, if you please, while I relate to you the history of the mine from the beginning, so that, when I shall point out facts now vital to its proper management, we may mutually understand how and why these facts came to be facts."

By the time he had uttered these words his blood began to flow where it was most needed, and the natural stimulus quickened his brain and brought back to his mind all that he had lost of his carefully prepared report. The honest working of his own mind, as it intelligently handled the (to him) familiar matters with which he was dealing, soon drew the minds of his hearers into the same channel. The attention became riveted upon him as he threw the light of honest, thorough investigation into the dark places of the business management. He was no longer the young man making a speech—he was the careful, conscientious man of business (no matter about his youth now) crushing with the hard logic of well ascertained facts the ingeniously constructed plausibility of palpable falsehood. When he had finished his report and submitted his figures, he said:

"I shall now answer any question regarding the mine or my connection with it."

"Didn't you contrive to get up a quarrel in the camp with Mr. Blethers, the superintendent?"

"No, sir."

"Did you not have a fight with him in the office?"

"Yes, sir."

"I thought so," said the questioner, with a triumphant, sarcastic smile.

"What did you fight about?" asked another stockholder.

"Mr. Blethers made indecent allusion to my extraction and to my ancestors, whereupon I told him he was a bully, and I thought he was a coward; at which he sought to collar me, and—well, we had a little fight. That's the amount of it."

"Would you be good enough to tell us what, in your opinion, caused the foreman to use this language to you? Or do you know?"

"I know very well. He wanted me to act, through my position as clerk of the mine, so that his outside friends could use me as a standing voluntary garnishee in the forcible collection of their debts. I refused to do it."

"And you did quite right, my boy!" emphatically ejaculated a gray-haired sire of the stock market.

When he had been questioned by various parties upon almost every point of his connection with the business, he offered his written report and left the stand, and, somewhat to his embarrassment, found himself shaking hands with men whom he did not personally know, who offered him congratulatory speeches. As he recovered from his absorbing attention to the business in hand, he looked about for the face of his patron, and, not finding it in the room, he then remembered that he had not seen that face in the house since he took his place in front of his audience.

"We have heard the report," said the chairman; "what shall we do with it?"

"I move that it be received, and that the mine managers be requested to appoint Mr. Maydole superintendent, with full power to manage the mine to the best of his judgment for the interest of all parties concerned," said a heavy stockholder. The motion was seconded. Then it was that Norman noticed Colonel Holten on the floor, and was not a little puzzled to hear him say:

"Before that motion is put, I desire to say it may not be convenient for Mr. Maydole to accept the position, as I am informed, though I have not been present during the offering of his report, that he has here to-day shown himself worth a better place. I would therefore amend the motion by striking out all suggestion to the managers, leaving it to read simply as an acceptance of the report."

The maker of the motion accepting the Colonel's amendment, the motion was put and carried, and the meeting adjourned.

"Where is Mr. Maydole?" asked Mrs. Holten of her husband, as they sat down to dinner at home.

"After his speech, to-day, the most stubborn stockholder in the opposition carried him off to dinner."

"Why, did he make a speech?" asked madam.

"He did so; and a good one, too."

"Well, I'm glad to hear it. The poor boy has to do all sorts of difficult things."

Colonel Holten laughed aloud.

"I do believe you take delight in getting that poor boy into trouble."

"Perhaps so," said the Colonel, still laughing; "but I take more delight in getting him out again; though, fortunately for me, he does not need much assistance. He is one whom the Lord helps—because he helps himself."

"Did Mr. Maydole ever before make a speech?" asked Judith.

"He says not," answered the father.

"What did he say?" asked Judith.

"I do not know, save from report. I did not hear the speech, but he said enough to fully answer the purpose—and that is true oratory. Its effect must have been amusing to several of those who witnessed it. Our greatest trouble," continued the Colonel, as he went on, paying marked attention to the contents of his dinner plate, "our greatest trouble in this business has been a heavy stockholder—an old man, who in early times was a popular saloon-keeper and a prize-fighting umpire or referee. This person has been always on the side of the man called

Blethers, partly because of Blethers's presumed prowess in personal combat. The career of Blethers has been checked rather peremptorily by Maydole—over yonder at the mine. This old stockholder has been himself a fighting man, though a person of under size. He is a man of strong will and of pretty good judgment, but he can not express his ideas—is a man of few words, in fact. Maydole's compact physical power attracted this old man from the beginning, and when he saw a young fellow who could talk forcibly and fight fairly he was captured, and with him came his whole following; and that settles the business for which the meeting was called."

Miss Judith listened to this brief description of Norman's success without making any audible manifestation of approval or disapproval, but her face and eyes showed that she had weighed every word of it.

"Is he to return to the mines?" she asked, at length.

"Certainly, if he wishes it. But what he ought to do is to study law. His father was right when he said he wanted to make a lawyer of him."

"Is he not too open and honest to make a successful lawyer?" asked madam.

"No. A lawyer can not be too honest. There is no field in which honesty is more powerful than in that of the law. I do not consider Mr. Maydole an 'open' person at all, in the common acceptance of that word. Honest he is to the last limit, no doubt, but he has inherited, not from his father, a wise reticence that 'still keeps something to himsel' he'll scarcely tell to ony.' "

Is it fair to surmise that the shrewd, successful, wealthy business father knew which member of his family at the dinner-table was listening most attentively to his remarks? If it is not fair to do so, we will not do it.

For a fortnight after his speech to the stockholders, Norman Maydole, Jr., had an easy and interesting season. Little by little he gained access to, or, rather, was invited into, the social circle in which the Holtens revolved; and, by way of exciting contrast, made a large acquaintance with the men who surrounded the "stubborn stockholder" of saloon keeping antecedents. It was interesting to note that the stubborn stockholder, though himself addicted to alcoholic amusements, was all the more interested in him on account of his invariably polite declination to accept any of the many invitations to join in these amusements. In fact, the old man gathered all he could of Norman's brief history, and, as was the case with most people, the more he knew of the young man the better he liked him, and he finally summed it all up in these words:

"That young Mr. Medule," said he, for so he would always pronounce the name, "is the biggest little man and the best boy on the Coast."

But though this making of acquaintance, this seeing of the city, and these little triumphs in business, were interesting and very important to our hero, he had still another, a nearer, a dearer, and more delicate enterprise closer to his heart. The face and figure of a full-formed, graceful young woman traveled before his mind's eye wherever he went. The vision of laughing health and womanly tenderness led the procession of fairies over the carpet of rose-leaves in his dreams. He did not consider if he wanted to be a married man—a poor man married to a presumably rich woman—but he did feel, and feel constantly, that there was a gap in his hopes, a vacancy in his ambitions, which only that young woman, and none other, could fill. Whether to go back to the mountains, or anywhere else, or even to stay where he was, without seeking to know how it might be between himself and this young woman, was to him the weightiest of questions. Oftentimes, day and night, he debated this great question with himself, and as often he found it surrounded by difficulties. Had the question involved a physical risk, or a direct combat of any sort, his hesitation would have vanished in instant resolution. Had it involved only patient toil, or length and strength of endurance, he could have met it without much debate. Perhaps if in his estimation the young woman could have been duplicated—which he did not at all believe—he could have seen his way out by learning from the loss of one how to possess himself of the other. To him, though he well believed the world to be full of young women, the case resolved itself into life or death on a single shot. In this dilemma it came into his memory that he had an old letter from his dear, dead friend, Judge Clayton, which had some advice on a subject kindred to the one now haunting his mind. He opened the old letter, and the familiar handwriting of the dead Mentor told him this:

> "At any time when you are in doubt about how you shall act where your honor, or the honor of your friend, is concerned, consider the facts involved as thoroughly as may be, then arm yourself with the truth, jump into the middle of things, and take the chances. *Never* play Hamlet—off the stage."

He folded the old letter, replaced it in its time-seasoned package, and immediately repaired to the room where the fortunes of his manhood had begun.

"Well, Mr. Maydole," said the Colonel, as Norman entered, "are you getting weary with city ways and social excitement?"

"No, sir. Do I look tired?" he asked with a sad sort of smile, as he stood, hat in hand, before his patron.

"Well, I have thought you do not brighten up quite as you used to do. This climate does not suit you, perhaps, after the dry air over yonder. Take a seat, sir."

"No, sir. Thanking you kindly for the invitation, I will not sit down."

"Why, why! What's the matter?" said the Colonel, rising to his feet. "Has any one in this house offended you, sir?"

"No, indeed! Far from it—very far from anything of the sort. But if you have time now to listen to me, I will tell you; if you have not time now, please appoint a time."

"From your action I infer it must be a vital matter. What is it?" and his last three words were emphatic.

"I am in your house. I enjoy its hospitality, and I think as between man and man I am bound to tell you without delay that I love your daughter—Miss Judith Holten. If this statement should displease you, sir, I shall never sit down in this house again until you invite me to sit."

At the mention of his daughter's name, the Colonel wheeled upon his heel instantly, and walked hastily to the window, where he stood in silence, seeming to look out, for some minutes.

"Isn't it somewhat sudden—not to say very abrupt, sir?" he by and by asked.

"Yes, sir. It is abrupt—perhaps it is rude—but I have not been able to say what I have just uttered without going at it in this manner."

Colonel Holten, with his face close to the window, was shaken with emotion, but no mortal has yet been able to say what the nature of that emotion was.

"Does Judith know of this interview?"

"No, sir! *No*, sir!"

"If I ask you to sit—what then?"

"Then I shall take the earliest opportunity to tell Miss Holten just what I have told you."

"But if I do not invite you to sit?" he asked, still looking out at the window.

"Then I shall leave this house, and not be tempted by my own feeling to abuse your hospitality, and—and—I shall wait."

Instantly the Colonel wheeled about, walked to where Maydole was standing, and extending his hand, said:

"Take a seat, Mr. Maydole."

Norman sat down.

Colonel Holten took his usual seat at his desk, and placing his spectacles over his eyes went quietly to work—or at least seemed to go to work. Norman waited in palpitating silence. Finally, without raising his head, the Colonel said, in a very gentle manner:

"Mr. Maydole, if you have anything special to do, you had better, perhaps, go and attend to it."

At this intimation Norman arose and left the room. When the young man was gone Colonel Holten laid by his appearance of work, and placing his elbows on his desk put a hand each side of his face, and sat thus in silence for some time. What his thoughts were may not be known until he sees fit to reveal them; but, probably, he retrospected his life, and lingered at that epoch in it when the child now most occupying his thoughts had come to him from the mysteries of Nature as a bright stimulus to his married manhood; and from that epoch his thought may have followed the footsteps of the child along life's path down to the hour which was then upon him. Whatever may have been the subject of his reverie, he finished it by exclaiming:

"Ah, me! Growing old—growing old," and, so saying, arose from his desk and left the room.

Norman Maydole, Jr., after leaving the presence of Colonel Holten, also left the house and walked out over the hills which overlook the Bay of San Francisco, and continued to walk until he had relaxed in some degree, by physical exertion, the tension upon his nerves; then he returned to the house of the woman he loved.

Now that he had asked the right, and been permitted in some degree to express what he had to say, it did not seem to him that any opportunity would ever occur when he could properly and easily say it. He was not skilled, nor by nature fitted, to prepare his own way very far ahead of him in such matters. In a matter of resistance or hostility, his way would have been plain before him—but this was not that kind of an affair. True it was that he often saw Miss Holten—in fact, so often that life between them seemed in danger of settling down into a brotherly and sisterly existence, a state not peculiarly adapted to the development of the stronger passions. Your true love, like the kingdom of heaven, "suffereth violence, and the violent take it by storm"—but it is a peculiar kind of violence. How he sped with his love-making is not for the present historian to record. Of course, many of us, graybeards and others, know that true love-making calls for courage, but not for that kind of courage which comes properly under such a title as "sand." It may, however, be here recorded that, having "found once a pliant hour," Mr. Maydole, Jr., said to the woman he loved:

"Judith, will you be my wife—some day?"

And she answered, "Some day."

With a happy heart, brighter prospects, and an increase of both salary and responsibility, Norman Maydole, Jr., made haste away and away, across the boisterous bay, up the long slope, and down the brief descent of the mountains—away and away among the weird houseless hills and mirage-haunted deserts, to the industrious *cañon*, where the familiar roar of the thundering stamps greeted him, as of old, with a mighty welcome. There let us leave him to work out the next volume of his life-story among the hardy, hard-handed men, who, whatever may be their faults and failings, have always a high respect for a clean man who has the SAND.

J. W. GALLY.

THE HAWAIIAN ISLANDS.

Since the negotiation of the Reciprocity Treaty between the United States and the Hawaiian Kingdom in 1876, the Hawaiian Islands have attracted general attention. Being on the highway to the western half of the British Empire, the large steamers plying from San Francisco to Aukland and Sydney have afforded speedy and safe means of travel to Honolulu, and many have availed themselves of the rapid transit to visit the tropics. Some were impelled by the desire of sight-seeing; others went in search of health; and a large proportion visited the Islands for purposes of investment and the adoption of permanent homes. The first named are always pleased, for the scenery is charming beyond comparison, and the climate is so soft, the atmosphere so wooing, and the change of vegetation so marked, that the visitor must yield to their sensuous and pleasant influence. Those seeking health are often benefited, especially when the malady or affliction is of a nervous character. And, under the impetus given to the planting interest by the late treaty, many have made favorable investments in sugar farms and sugar mills, and fortunes have been made in those pursuits as rapidly as by striking bonanzas in Nevada. But it is not every one who plants sugar-cane that succeeds in making money. Lamentable failures have resulted from persons going heedlessly into business requiring the clear calculation and diligent attention of a practical mind. But when the investment has been judiciously made, and good lands selected in the district of great and regular rainfall on the Island of Hawaii, or any of the other islands of the group, where there is a perennial flow of water for irrigating purposes, and the investor knew how to till the soil, and to get a full day's work from his *employés*, success has been marvelous. The product to the acre is often more than triple the amount raised in Cuba, and more than double that produced per acre at Mauritius, whence we draw our principal sugar supply.

A steamer leaving San Francisco at 12 M. on Monday, the usual hour of sailing, will arrive in Honolulu on Tuesday of the week following, in time for the passengers to get their breakfast on shore. On approaching the Island of Oahu, the tourist is not favorably impressed, the first point descried being usually Cocoa Head, a bold rocky promontory; and as the vessel nears the shore, the island looks seared and dead. The deep gorges and ravines, penetrated by the vision only when assisted by a powerful glass, disclose green-tinted trees and plants nourished by rainy vapors, showers, fallings, and intermittent sunshine; and as the steamer rounds Diamond Head, the feathery-topped cocoanut palms at Waikikii extending to the brink of the surf, the broad level plain and rising green-topped mountains in the rear, form a handsome landscape; and Honolulu, then first visible, looks like an extensive forest with only a few spars and turrets rising above the trees. As the steamer approaches, the natives convene at the landing in great numbers, many of them gayly dressed and decorated with wreaths and *lais* of flowers. The merchants and others of the white population hie to the wharf to meet friends and to obtain the latest news. The passenger is not annoyed by noisy hotel runners, but perhaps would willingly bear a little boring in that way to receive the benefit that results from competition. There is but one first-class hotel in Honolulu, a fine building owned by the Government. There are several smaller hotels and boarding houses, and tenement houses with furnished rooms, all having good bathing accommodations; and a number of restaurants, where good meals can be obtained at all hours on reasonable terms.

When the visitor has located himself, he first of all takes a drive through the town, and soon finds himself at the fish market, where strange, bright, and beautiful inhabitants of the sea are exposed for sale. Rare, brightly tinted fishes, not found elsewhere, are quite common here. The fish-market is a place of general concourse, especially on Saturday afternoon, where the Hawaiian dandies and belles appear in their best attire. One thing will especially strike the notice of the tourist: the extreme modesty and retiring manner of the native women, who invariably look down or avert the face when passing a stranger. But when it is once known that you are a resident, a bright smile greets you, and a gentle voice says, "*Aloha*," which means "I love you." One soon picks up enough native language to carry on a running conversation, and *aloha* is soon extended to *aloha nuii* and *aloha maikai*, which adjectives express degrees in intensity of love.

The Hawaiian race is rapidly passing away. Fifty years ago they numbered 450,000; to-day not in excess of 40,000. It is the best autochthonous race known. Amiable, brave, and generous, like all barbarous people, they are hospitable. It is said that hospitality is a concomitant of barbarism, and that civilization diminishes that quality. Many causes can readily be assigned for the rapid decrease in the Hawaiian race; first, the introduction of contagious and infectious diseases by foreigners; next, the general attempt by the natives to wear clothing which, when wet, is never changed—and Hawaiians never avoid rain; and the most fruitful cause has been forcing upon the people a government and system of laws for which they were not prepared by any previous education, making habits and customs long indulged in, and regarded as harmless and innocent, misdemeanors and crimes, punishable by fine and imprisonment. These things broke the spirit of the people. Before the adoption and enforcement of such laws, the people should have been prepared by education to look with proper discrimination upon the *mala prohibita* of the penal codes. When Solon was asked if he had given his people the best possible code of laws, he answered, "The best they were capable of receiving." Had the same moderation and wisdom governed those who formulated the laws and government of Hawaii, the population would in all probability have remained undiminished.

The Hawaiian is proud and sensitive, and it is a known fact that he can die "as though he was studied in his death, and throw away the dearest thing he owned as if it were a mere trifle." When under the curse or evil prayers of the *kahuna*, no counsel, no reasoning, no medicine is of any avail. He sinks from health to lethargy and death with incredible speed and persistence. The *kahunas* are about on a par with the *magi* of the olden time, and, like John Wellington Wells, are dealers in magical spells. They are under the ban of the law; but in secret they practice the black art, often with fatal effect, upon the superstitious and timid.

Honolulu has a population of all races of about seventeen thousand. The Chinese are, numerically, the next in importance after the native. The Chinese here manifest the aggressive tendency of the race. They have already monopolized Nuuanu Street, the principal thoroughfare, and are rapidly getting strong footholds on Beretania and Emma Streets, where most of the wealthy foreign residents have their homes. They are increasing rapidly, chiefly from raw recruits from China. Though they are given to marriage and select all the prettiest native women for wives, the race thus produced, by crossing the Celestial with the Hawaiian, is remarkable for beauty and grace. A few instances may suffice to show the persistence of the Chinese character; and, indeed, "John" is not unlike the little animal called the lemming in disposition, which, during its periods of emigration, turns aside for no opposing obstacle, eating its way through trees and haystacks rather than deflect from a straight course. A short time ago, Ah Loo applied for a license to marry Ka Pua, a young girl not over twelve years of age. The license was refused because the young lady was under the legal age. The next day Ah Loo again applied to the officer for a license, but this time for a license to marry Keahe, the girl's mother, a widow. The license was granted, and no doubt Ah Loo, in marrying the mother, with certain mental reservations, took to wife both mother and daughter at the same time.

The tourist will find ample means of locomotion in Honolulu, there being over one hundred and fifty public carriages for hire in the town, and many riding horses. Around the city are a number of pretty and interesting rides. That usually taken first is to Waikikii, the principal bathing resort, where a number of citizens have cottages and pass part of the year. The shore is of hard and compact coral sand; and the surf breaks in from deep, blue water, throwing the white, curling crests over the bathers. The native boys climb the cocoanut trees on the shore, cling with their hands and feet in the most approved monkey style, and literally walk up the vertical stem with the perfect ease of a quadrumana, to amuse the visitor, in hopes of getting a silver coin for some green cocoanuts plucked from the top of the tree, the milk of which is delicious.

There is another ride up Nuuanu Avenue to the Pali, a distance of six miles. For beauty of scenery, the mountains, valleys, and open sea along this ride are almost unequaled. The ascent is rapid but gradual, and, on reaching the Pali, you stand on an elevation of about two thousand feet, experiencing quite a change of climate. At the apex of the road the mountains converge, and a sudden turn in the narrow passage brings you to a view at once beautiful and grand. Looking to the north, over the expanse of the Pacific, the trade wind strikes you full in the face. It is just from the sea, filled with moisture and ozone, giving health and vigor to all who breathe it. Beneath your feet, at the bottom of the Pali or precipice, some twelve hundred feet, is an undulating country, sloping gradually to the sea beach, which is distant six miles. At various points you can see sugar farms. The dark green crops contrast with the sear fallow, and the hamlets of Haaia and Kaniohi with modest church steeples glitter in the sunshine. Reversing your face, the Pacific to the south can be seen through the long vista of green hills that skirt the road by which you have ascended; and, nearer, the harbor with the shipping, and Honolulu with its gardens and pleasant homes, spread out like a map within easy view. It was at this point that Kamehameha I., the warrior chief, drove the opposing forces, when he had vanquished his enemies; and the remnants of the defeated force, finding that no quarter would be given, and that there was no possibility of escape up the precipitous sides of the mountains on either side, nor yet down the cliff, which is perpendicular, leaped over the bank, falling twelve hundred feet to certain mutilation and death. To the east of the Pali is a mountain towering above the surroundings, known as Tantalus, upon the top of which, at night, mysterious sounds and echoes are heard—"lamentings heard in the wind, strange screams of death;" at times loud and boisterous, like the midnight revels and orgies of Pandemonium, and again sinking into plaintive wailing, which the superstitious natives believe to be caused by the spirits of the departed warriors, whose corpses were mangled by the crashing fall in the leap over the Pali, and whose manes are still unappeased. It is a pity to destroy the illusion, but the sounds, so reverentially listened to by the natives, are caused by the breakers beating on the windward shore, and the plaintive cadence of a calm sea-surf alternating with the wild and angry scoldings of the storm. Here the tourist may linger with delight, and if he should chance to visit this spot, on a moonlight night, with a party who sing in accord, and should listen to the chant of some weird air as it reverberates through the broken chasms and riven rock, he will never forget the short vision that threw its enchantment around him while lingering there. The return to Honolulu is rapid. All the Hawaiian horses are good down hill cattle, and the Hawaiian drivers never hold a tight rein.

At night, Honolulu is the quietest place in the world. After the nine o'clock bell rings, the natives must retire and no sound is heard; no carriages are passing, and the city itself seems as though listening in expectancy of a sound. Every one sleeps well. In Honolulu, *insomnia* is unheard of. Nervous affections are soothed, and the imagination put to rest.

To the west of Honolulu is Pearl River, an estuary or roadstead from the sea. Deep, peaceful, and capacious, with a small outlay of money to remove a rocky obstruction at the entrance, it would afford a perfect harbor to a fleet of the largest deep-sea vessels. At one time, not long past, the United States made some inquiry, indicating the intention to acquire a title with a view of establishing a coaling station and a dry dock; but, as the navy had gone nearly out of existence, the necessity of such a place for repairs and replenishing has ceased, and the project been abandoned. Along the shores of Pearl River are vast banks of oyster shells. The shells have never been opened or separated, giving rise to the inference—oysters being proverbially silent, and, like dead men, telling no tales—that all of the bivalves in that region, in times long past, were submitted to a fiery ordeal too great for their delicate constitutions. No doubt but that a volcanic eruption destroyed all the shell-fish, as not one oyster can be obtained in the whole group. Fish oftentimes drift ashore in great quantities, as though whole shoals or schools were destroyed by some unseen agency, not unlikely by submarine volcanic action. I do not know that these fish have ever been closely examined, but it may be that they are already well cooked and ready for the table. This wholesale volcanic cookery is at war with the economy of nature, and is destructive of the choicest sea preserves, extensive enough for multitudes and nations, but hardly delicate enough for the sybaritic taste. Just where

Pearl River debouches into the ocean, there is an old fish-pond, walled in by rocks, covering a large area. The pond has for a long time from some cause been abandoned for the purposes for which it was constructed, but the Chinese now use it as a shark trap. The carcass of a sheep, or any animal substance rather gamey, is used as a bait, and is fastened just inside of a gateway. When the tide is up, the sharks, which abound in these waters, swim into the pond for the bait, when the wily Chinamen, ever on the alert, close the gate, and when the tide falls the sharks are at the mercy of their captors, who soon dispatch them, and if they do not serve them as a dish fit for the gods, they are prepared after a fashion to suit the tastes of other celestials.

On the return to Honolulu by land from Pearl River, you pass an extensive tract of low, flat land in the District of Ewa, well watered and once densely peopled by Hawaiians, now altogether in the hands of Chinese. The *taro* patches have been turned into rice fields. The culture of rice by the Chinese is neat and perfect, and they get very large returns. It costs about $30 to plant and harvest an acre, from which they realize $200. The quality of rice is good, in delicacy of flavor surpassing the Carolina rice. The grain, however, is not so large. The rice growers have to resort to various devices to save their crops from a rapacious little bird that some enterprising citizen imported, a few years ago, to contend with insects which existed only in the imagination of the importer. The birds have multiplied to so great an extent, that, if gongs were not constantly beaten and guns fired off during the period when the rice is maturing, the entire crop would be destroyed. The bird importer at the same time received an invoice of snakes, which he designed to make war upon the bugs and roaches, but the good people, not trusting to the possibility of a future visit from St. Patrick, had the discretion to kill the ancient enemies of man, and there is not a snake on the Hawaiian Islands to bruise the heel of erring sons of Eve.

On the road from Ewa to Honolulu, the tourist passes through a small hamlet called Moana Loa, a pretty settlement with groves of cocoanut trees, and rendered still more attractive by a stream of clear water filled with gold fish. In this village are the large grounds owned by her Highness the Princess Kiliikolani, sister of Kamehameha V. Here it is that most of the *louau* and *hula-hula*, native feasts and dances, are given to distinguished strangers. Whenever a rich man, such as one of our bonanza kings, visits Honolulu, and the enterprising young residents want him to invest a million or so in sugar estates, they get up a *louau* and *hula-hula*, hoping to captivate the visitor, and lead him by pleasant ways to become enamored with Hawaiians, by the luxury of native feasts and the song and dance of Hawaiian maidens. At these feasts the favorite dish is roast dog. The visitor is never informed of what he is eating, until after one or two *encores*, and then, instead of an attack of rabies, he usually smiles at the prejudice that deprives the civilized palate of so many dainty dishes. The dogs intended for the chiefs and their visitors are raised with great care, kept closely confined, and fed exclusively on milk. Of the *menu*, consisting of raw fish, raw squid, *poi*, and sweet potatoes, with mixed dishes of various ingredients and impossible names, the visitor is expected to partake copiously; and after the feast the *hula-hula* begins. The girls dance with great precision to the rude music of a wild chant and the beating of native drums. As music and dancing are both æsthetic, the pleasure one derives from *these* post-prandial entertainments depends upon the culture and taste of each individual. But, to say the least, the music and dancing are both novel, and can be endured for once, if only to know that civilization has its advantages, although the aphorism may be true that "where there is much wisdom there is much grief."

Near Moana Loa is a salt lake of respectable dimensions, separated from the ocean by a chain of hills, several hundred feet in height, which girdle the lake. The tide rises and falls in the lake with regularity, indicating a subterranean passage. From this lake, formerly, were made large quantities of salt; but of late years nothing has been done in that way, the lake being difficult of approach, as the shores are of quicksand.

The visitor has yet much in store in the way of sight-seeing on the Island of Oahu, and by making a tour around the island, either in a carriage or on horseback, a journey that will require a week, and, if made in company with a friend who is to the manner born, who speaks the native language, and is familiar with the customs of the people, will be full of incident and pleasurable surprises. It is only on a trip of this kind that one learns how much to esteem the native character, or how thoroughly to appreciate the unequaled climate and sea-bathing. In making these journeys through the islands it is always prudent to have a good cook accompanying you. There is always abundance of material for feeding, but the native mode of preparation and serving do not suit cultivated taste. It is true that riding and sea-bathing produce a keen appetite, but it is as well to satisfy that in a way from which pleasure is derived, and from which neither dyspepsia nor any other evil consequences will ensue. The resting-places are not ornamented with decorative upholstery; but clean beds with one end piled up with pillows of every imaginary shape and size, to prop one in any posture, can be found at every well to do Kanaka's house, where a hearty welcome makes one at ease, and the plain comforts satisfy all wants.

J. M. DAVIDSON.

THE NEMESIS OF FRAUD.

There are three scenes from my life's drama that seem burned into the very substance of my brain. The first always formulates itself in the words, "Love among the flowers;" the second is a weird "spiritual séance in a New England cottage;" the third is only a written page—my eyes riveted upon it. Wherever I am these pictures are before me. No pressure of business—and I am an active, successful business man—no distraction of gay society, no charm of music, no physical pain, ever obliterates them wholly from my inward sight. They form the romance, the shame, and the secret of my life.

A few years ago—it seems but yesterday—I was a fair-faced, blue-eyed boy of some twelve years, the adopted son of a childless couple, living in the shadow of old Wachusett Mountain, in Massachusetts. I had never known any other parents; and I doubt if any child was ever more tenderly loved than was I by John and Mary Moulton. A more comely couple I have never seen, nor one more happy in their union or more worthy of the blessing of fine children. Yet this blessing never came to them, and when they were both about forty years old, they took me, an orphan, to their pleasant home, and from first to last cherished me as their son.

About a year after my adoption, there came to the house a being destined to control the thoughts and purposes of my life. This was pretty Agnes Fay, a niece of Mrs. Moulton. She came to attend the high school—"academy" it was called—in the village near which we lived. Mother and father—I had been taught to call them so—were greatly attached to her, and mother did not fail to sound my praises to her on every occasion. From that time I had so high a character to support that it became burdensome, and I should surely have failed but for the constant companionship of Agnes, or Nessie, as we all called her. Her eyes never seemed to dwell upon the surface of my person merely, but to penetrate my most secret thoughts; and I could have died easier than allow her to see anything there that was base or unworthy. That winter was the happiest I had ever known. Every day, whatever the weather and however deep the snow-drifts about our mountain home, we went to school together. The road that led up to the beautiful plateau on which our farm lay, was a quarter of a mile from the main highway, and, being a private road, it was sometimes several days before the oxen and sleds were brought out to break up the drifts. Nessie and I never minded the snow; for when it was too deep for our long india-rubber boots, we strapped on our Canadian snow-shoes, and skimmed over the drifts without sinking, I taking her arm, as she bade me. She would not have taken mine, even had I dared to ask her, because that would have necessitated removing a dimpled hand from her comfortable muff. At first, I would have preferred to remove my hand before reaching the school, as some of the boys chaffed me about my protector; but I did not dare show the least embarrassment, lest Nessie should think me lacking in manliness. And yet I knew she regarded me as a small boy. She called me "Eddie" before the whole school, and treated me to little familiarities that both flattered and mortified me.

I do not know when I commenced to love Agnes Fay, so gradually did the sentiment that was destined to overwhelm every other emotion, and almost to dethrone reason itself, steal over my boyish heart. I obeyed her slightest wish, ran everywhere upon her errands with the instinctive alacrity of a happy slave; and long before I dared speak the least tender word to her, I wrote her burning letters, which of course I never dared to send, thought of her every waking moment, and closed my eyes at night praying that she would come to me and bless me with her love in that world of phantasms that we call sleep. Once only my prayer was answered. In a dream I saw her standing under a certain tree which was laden with snowy blossoms. I ran to her, knelt at her feet, and confessed the love that consumed me. A moment of agonizing silence ensued. I felt as if some thunderbolt was about to strike me dumb for my rashness; but, to my unspeakable joy, she raised me tenderly in her arms and kissed me. I woke in a delirium of happiness, sobbing and trembling in every limb. From that day I grew bolder in spirit. Thereafter, I dared at least to raise my eyes to Nessie, and to cherish the determination to win her love against the world.

Three winters I attended the high school with Nessie. I studied heroically and took high rank in all my classes. I had a motive strong enough to stimulate the most indolent youth, and indolence in any shape was foreign to my nature. In my recitations of geometry, for example, I always felt, rather than saw, that her eyes were upon me; and I coveted the longest and most involved propositions. Never was mailed knight in tournament of the Middle Ages more proud and confident as he rode into the ring under the eyes of princes and noble dames than was I, when, after drawing my diagrams upon the board, I faced the school, pointer in hand, and rattled off my demonstrations. I knew that Nessie was proud of me. Her eyes brightened whenever the teacher praised me, as he quite often did, and held me up as an example to the laggards of the school. On the way home from school, Nessie often expressed her delight in the brilliancy of my recitations, but in a patronizing way, I sometimes thought; at all events, the result was like a mixture of honey and gall. She was a year older than I was, and passed as a young lady, as girls generally do when boys of the same age are struggling through that period of awkwardness when the hands and feet are sadly in the way. She was in all my classes, and in some studies — Latin and Natural Philosophy, for example — I had hard work to keep pace with her. My superiority in geometry, therefore, was gratifying, though I never swaggered about it, but persisted that I was in no way her equal. Since that time I have always advocated the coëducation of the sexes, being convinced that it is wise and right.

Our teacher, Mr. Leland, was a handsome man, but he had a singular expression about the eyes. This was produced by a peculiar shape of the eyelids — a droop like a fallen wing toward the outer corners. Nessie thought he had "poetic eyes," and I marveled at her taste. To me his eyes were rather disagreeable. He was very polished and refined in manner, and wore a full beard. At that time mustaches were regarded as foreign, barbarous, and to the older people intolerable, while the young generally declared them distinguished. Nessie once expressed admiration for this manly ornament, and from that hour I began to nurse an unreasonable dislike to Mr. Leland; not but that I had long before been a little jealous, for Nessie had been from the first a decided favorite of his, and there was always an understanding between them — not as between teacher and pupil, but something serious, delicate, and naturally reverent. With all the rest of his pupils he could assume a bantering, chaffing tone out of school hours, and in school he could be dictatorial and severe; but never with her. He was very impatient with those who whispered, or "communicated," as he termed it; and it was well known that Agnes Fay sometimes transgressed in this respect, and that he never reproved her. One day a bold youth accused him to his face of this unjust discrimination. Nessie's face crimsoned, though her eyes were riveted upon her book. Mr. Leland was visibly angry with the offender, but, after a long pause, he said, with forced calmness, "Young man, I do not suffer my pupils to discuss with me my methods of discipline; but I do not like them to feel that I am unjust. I will say, therefore, once for all — once for all," he repeated, very impressively, "that there are some of my pupils whose shortcoming I find it is best to reprove privately." Another pause, a dead silence, a deeper crimsoning of Nessie's face, and the exercises were resumed. I do not think she ever whispered again that winter, the last of his teaching and of my going to school with Agnes Fay.

During that winter the "Rochester Knockings" — old enough in other places — made their appearance in our quiet town. The knockings or raps had been heard in several families, and the newspapers were full of the subject. One evening when Mr. Leland was present the question was discussed at some length, and ended by his suggesting that we form a "circle" around the parlor table, to see if the raps would come to us. We seated ourselves, hands all spread out on the table in the prescribed manner. At first we were inclined to be merry; then the silence which was understood to be one of the indispensable "conditions" grew ominous. At length, Mrs. Moulton, who had very reluctantly abandoned her knitting to oblige us, becoming impatient over what appeared to her an unpardonable waste of time, suddenly exclaimed, "What a pack of fools we all are!" Just then a faint rapping was heard, apparently on or under the table. Never shall I forget the consternation on her face. She cast a suspicious glance upon Mr. Leland, and, moving back, resumed her knitting.

"Is there a spirit present?" asked Mr. Leland, in a sepulchral tone. Mr. Moulton was painfully interested; Nessie very grave. This time there was no rap, but the table tipped slowly toward Mr. Leland.

"For whom have you a message?" he asked, in the same tone. The table tipped nearly to his knees and fell back heavily. Mr. Leland, then, was a medium! The spirits had often so declared, he said, but he did not know. Nessie looked at him with admiration, mingled with awe. The table continued to tip occasionally, but no message was evolved that night.

From that time, father and Nessie read everything available upon the subject of spiritualism. He subscribed for a paper devoted wholly to the subject, and talked upon it continually. Circles became frequent at our house and at others. Mediums were developed like mushrooms. Mother, a stanch churchwoman, was much inclined at first to believe, until certain rather disreputable people took it up and became shining lights. Then she set her face against it like a rock, saying, "If old Millie Sniggs and Jack Frisker are mediums, I don't want to hear any more about spiritualism."

Father reasoned against her position. "If," said he, "it is a revelation from beyond the grave, we should not reject it because it appears in an humble garb."

"Humble garb!" echoed mother, with great contempt. "You should not say that, John, to one who accepts Jesus of Nazareth as the Saviour of the world. It is not the humility of the garb, but its filthiness, that I complain of."

After the school closed in April, Mr. Leland went to his home in Western New York. He continued to "investigate" spiritualism, and wrote Nessie long letters about the manifestations he witnessed. She generally read these portions to the family, but I did not fail to note, with much bitterness of spirit, that there were often whole pages that she never read aloud. I reproached myself constantly for this feeling. What right had I to suppose that there was anything in any of those letters which Nessie really wished to conceal? How much more manly, I said to myself, would it be to strangle this jealously, and win her, if I could, by a noble, unselfish devotion; or, failing, outlive my disappointment as other men had done.

During this spring, Nessie was absent for three weeks, visiting her family in another part of the State. Oh, how the light went out of the house for me! Mother noticed my gloom, and tried to cheer me as only a good woman can. She showed that she knew my secret, and bade me hope. It was, she confessed, a long desired wish of her heart that Nessie and I should marry, for she wanted us both with her always. Nessie had not said, on leaving, when she should return; but mother assured me that it would be soon. Her mother had plenty of girls besides Nessie; the family was poor and fully appreciated the advantages she enjoyed at our home. The next day I had a letter to take to the postoffice for Nessie's mother. Well I knew it was an effort in my behalf—an effort to hasten Nessie's return; yet I was in dreadful suspense lest it should prove futile. I could not shake off my melancholy, and in hard work on the farm found only a partial relief.

One evening, toward sunset, I devoted myself to cultivating Nessie's shrubs and flower-beds on the lawn in front of the house, as I had often done during her absense. I was on my knees, with a trowel in my hand, loosening the soil among her lilies, when suddenly she appeared, coming up the walk. I dropped the trowel, ran toward her, and, in my great joy, as she gave me her hand, I raised it to my lips, gloved as it was, and kissed it ardently. She seemed greatly astonished at first and drew her hand away in silence; then she laughed merrily, the same low, musical laugh I used to hear, and said, "You are the queerest boy, Eddie! You think you are a young gentleman now, I suppose, and must rehearse the gallantries of the knights of old romance. I do believe it is that *naissant* mustache of yours."

Oh, how her words and mocking laugh hurt me! How could she be so blind as not to see my emotion—she so refined, so quick to read all other hearts? Unkind, I knew she could not be, even to an enemy—certainly not to me, for whom she had a sincere regard. It must be that she did not know I loved her. How should I tell her, how show her that she ruled my fate—aye, even to the very ebb and flow of my heart's blood; for it flushed my face or sank back to its source, leaving me cold or faint, according as she smiled or frowned upon me. That night, in the darkness and solitude of my chamber, I reflected long and seriously upon my condition. What was this wild passion that consumed me like an inward fire? Surely, it was something to be feared, to be controlled at all hazards, lest it should end in madness or in some terrible tragedy. The only relief I knew was to be found in hard work; and that year I performed prodigies of labor upon the farm, that astonished everybody and made me a hero in my good father's eyes. Gradually, Nessie began to treat me more confidingly. After the day's work was done, and we had made our afternoon toilets—for mother rigidly insisted that father and I should put aside our farm clothes and make ourselves presentable at her tea-table, and afterward for social converse in the parlor (and a wise tyranny it was; we never disobeyed her in this, unless occasionally in the pressure of some special work)—after the day's work was done, Nessie would sometimes take long walks with me through the old pine forest that bounded our lawn on the north, and through which I had made roads and lovely winding paths. Not long after her return I took advantage of an illness that confined her indoors a few days, to prepare for her a pleasant surprise. With the money I had earned by extra work for my father, I bought a large Mexican grass hammock, and swung it in a beautiful spot in the grove under a group of grand old pines that Nessie specially loved. These pines grew around an open space some thirty feet broad, from which I carefully removed every vestige of brush and undergrowth, leaving only a soft brown carpet of pine needles. The pines inclosed the space perfectly, except to the west, where there was a slight gap, and in this gap there stood a tree laden with white blossoms. To complete my work I wove a great quantity of garlands of a pretty evergreen vine called, I think, princess pine. These I draped over the whole space in the form of a tent—a task not easy to accomplish, for, to fasten up the garlands in the centre, I had to tie them all together, fifty or more of them, attach them to a strong cord, carry the cord up one of the largest pines, and then, creeping out upon a particular limb that stretched beyond the centre of the space, draw up the heavy mass of garlands and tie them firmly to the limb. Then I descended, and looped the ends upon the trunks of the pines and upon posts, here and there, where the trees were too far apart. I was charmed with the effect. The work was finished on a glorious morning in June, the anniversary of Nessie's birthday. The hot afternoon sun was low in the west when I came in from the field, made my toilet with care, and asked Nessie to walk with me if she felt strong enough. She assured me that she was perfectly recovered, but was anxious to finish a piece of sewing.

"Do come, Nessie," I pleaded, taking her work from her gently; "and please go and put on that pretty dress. I have a surprise for you."

She looked up at me a moment; then, without a word, flew up the old stairs to her room. Presently she reappeared dressed as I loved to see her, in a soft white robe, long and ample in its folds about her feet. How like a seraph she looked! Her sleeves, large and flowing, showed all the outlines of her lovely arms. That day she had added a wide blue sash to her slender waist, and a downy frill to the throat, with a number of very narrow blue ribbons knotted below it. She tied on a broad-brimmed hat of light straw, and we started.

"Do you forget, Nessie, that this your birthday?" I asked.

"Oh, so it is! How sweet to be reminded of it," she said, and took my arm, giving it a little affectionate hug, adding, with womanly curiosity, "Now, what is my surprise, Eddie? Is it a new bird's nest, or another cozy seat in some nook I love?" As she spoke I led her into my sylvan drawing-room. The still and balmy air scarcely moved the long row of crimson tassels bordering the hammock. Nessie clasped her hands and stood a minute in silent ecstasy.

"O my darling, good brother!" she exclaimed, her eyes suffused with eloquent tears. "What princess was ever so honored as I am?' and, turning toward me, she placed her dimpled hands upon my shoulders and held up her sweet mouth to kiss me. It was the rapturous embrace of my dream—marred, alas! as every thing mortal must be, by that word "brother" —so warm, so cold! Triumphantly I led her to the hammock and taught her how to get into it; for my practice that morning had shown me that there was only one way. She obeyed every direction implicitly. When she had seated herself and laid back her head, I raised her small slippered feet and tenderly folded her white drapery about them. With the first gentle motions of the hammock, she looked up, through the canopy of garlands and the dense foliage of the whispering pines, at the flecks of blue sky beyond, lost in reverie. Then, closing her eyes as if the scene were too lovely for mortal sight, she murmured:

"Eddie, this surely is a foretaste of heavenly rest!"

Had I desired any reward for my labor of love, this would have repaid me a thousand fold. As Nessie lay in her hammock, her head was toward the west. A few beams of sunlight struggled through the blossom-laden tree and fell upon her flowing hair, revealing its golden tints, and through the foliage of the pines casting a silvery shimmer over the brown carpet at our feet. I flung myself on the ground beside Nessie, swinging her gently while she sang me snatches of her sweetest songs. For a time the old pain at my heart was forgotten, and a blissful sense stole over me, such as I had never known before. I thought of Adam in Paradise, and wondered if he were not the only lover who had no rival to fear.

After a time she proposed returning to the house. I kept her for a half hour or so longer, and then yielded. Before leaving her bower—"Nessie's Bower," we christened it—she cast lingering glances over every part, that she might fix it in her memory, she said, until she should see it again. Then she would have some of the white blossoms to keep as a souvenir of this birthday surprise. I climbed easily into the tree and out upon the branch that held the most luxuriant masses. Lying on the supple limb my weight bent it down over her head; but before she could touch the flowers I drew back a little on the limb, and it rose beyond her reach. Several times I played this little trick upon her, and then made the condition a kiss for being "good." At the next descent of the limb I kissed her; but my lips had scarcely touched hers when the provoking branch receded a little. I insisted that it was a cheat, not a real kiss at all; and, fearing to cross me, perhaps, she permitted me to repeat the experiment, laughing gayly, and asking if this were not "love among the flowers." Love it was certainly, on my side at least, and as for flowers, we were almost smothered in them.

Once or twice after this, Nessie walked to that bower with me. Then I noticed that she generally had some excuse when I proposed going, and not unfrequently, after refusing to go with me, I found her there in the hammock reading. Evidently the place was far more attractive without my presence. This was a bitter lesson. I learned it, not gracefully, but the best I could. At first I avoided the place as if it had been plague-stricken, and became furious whenever she mentioned its existence; then I made a sort of shrine of it, and went there every evening to agonize over my hard fate. I was hateful to myself and to everybody else, except my good mother, who knew instinctively that I suffered and gave me always a tender, silent sympathy.

During this summer Leland visited the town and spent a week at our house. I kept out of the way as much as possible, but could not wholly avoid the evening reunions, when the subject of spiritualism was sure to be discussed. It was then that I made my *début* in private polemics. Nessie's credulity was a sad blow to my pride in her intelligence; and the ascendency that Leland gradually gained over her without the least effort, apparently, made my blood boil whenever I saw them together. In the discussions, I generally addressed myself to my father, who was a sincere investigator, and did not profess, like Leland, to any very intimate relations with ghosts. He said once that if spiritualism were true it was a grave error to reject it, because it afforded the only direct proof of the soul's immortality. I replied that if we had absolute proof of that immortality there would be no need of faith; that the soul was a spiritual idea, not a thing to be gauged by the senses—a vulgar spook haunting graveyards and deserted houses, or rapping out platitudes upon tables. Mr. Leland asked me very courteously—so courteously that I longed to choke him—to define my idea of the soul. I maintained that it was the force we call mind, and, as such, immortal; that our great scientists had demonstrated, not only that matter is indestructible, but that no force could be destroyed, but only changed in its manner of manifestation. Thereupon he declared that I virtually yielded the whole question. I looked at him as he spoke. His eyes seemed to me to indicate a weak mind. I felt a great contempt for his misconception of my proposition, but I kept silent. I could hardly realize that he was the same teacher whom I had been wont to regard as a sage; and it appeared to me that he had sadly degenerated through his mania for spiritualism. He told wonderful stories of the "phenomena" he had witnessed, taking care always to show that on every special occasion when he had assisted, he had been incredulous at first and made sure that there was no "possibility of deception." Secretly I determined to test his acuteness, and often at the circles I at least aided in tipping the tables and spelling out messages. I found, also, that I could produce a very successful rap by a certain movement of the toe joint. This, especially on a bare floor, and after a little practice, became quite loud; and when my knee rested against the table, it seemed beyond question that the rap was made by some unseen hand on the under side of it. At one of our circles Mr. Leland wanted the name of the spirit who had been rapping lustily, and he commenced to call over the alphabet. At the letter J, I noticed a slight pause. The table tipped slightly. The rapping spirit had gone, he said. He was so familiar with the ways of spirits! At the next call I noticed the same hesitancy at the letter U, and so the table moved—not wholly, certainly, by my instrumentality, but I presume he was not aware of my aiding. Finally in this way the name Julian A. Sayre was evolved. Mr. Leland thought this was wonderful. This was the name, he said, of an old college chum of his, and a great *wag*. I noted the word for reasons. None of us had ever heard of the existence of such a person. He could, he said, declare under oath that he had not moved the table. Who could ask for better proof? When a message from this ghost was spelled out, he was still more convinced. It was: "*Old boy, this is a perfect fraud, and you are a first-class donkey!*" Mr. Leland lay back in his chair and laughed. If we had only known Sayre, he said; this message was so perfectly characteristic of him! I did not test Leland's acumen further. He added this manifestation thereafter to his list of "phenomena," developed under conditions precluding all possibility of fraud. I was tempted to explain this manifestation, but the nature of the message was rather embarassing. I endeavored to do so a few days after Leland had gone; but Nessie treated with such incredulous contempt my assertion that I could explain how the thing was done that I held my tongue. I fully believe that had I told the exact truth she would have refused to believe me, and attributed my motive to a dislike to Mr. Leland and the desire to place him in a ridiculous position. I determined, however, to develop some still more marvelous manifestation for her special benefit, when an opportunity offered, and then to enlighten her fully.

After these scenes Nessie changed rapidly toward me. The old confidence was gone; and, though she was kind, she showed plainly that she was uneasy when alone in my presence. She commenced to attend "séances" in the village, often accompanied by father, but mother and I heard little about what occurred there, as we were both regarded as "scoffers."

One moonlight summer night, on the occasion of the next visit of Leland to our house, I lay in the hammock, whither I had retired to avoid his presence. Nessie regarded him with veneration: he was a medium—a creature of such delicacy of organization that the beings of a higher sphere could make use of it in conveying their wisdom to less gifted mortals! I finally fell asleep, and was awakened by the voice of Leland, who, walking with Nessie in the grove, as he often did, stopped, evidently to impress what he wished to say. The curve in the walk where they stopped was only a few feet from where I lay, and they could have seen me, but apparently did not. I did not like to move and so disturb them, or seem to be lurking near their haunts; so I remained quiet and heard the following conversation:

"You still doubt, I see. It does credit to your intelligence. You can not accept for yourself the tests that others have received; but, believe me, some day, probably when you least expect it, the spirits will come to you and convince you of their existence."

"I do believe, Mr. Leland; but I want the positive proof that you and so many others have received. If my spirit friends are about me, as you say, why do they not convince me of their presence in a way I can not question?"

"Because you are in too positive a condition; and then you are not probably in very close sympathy with any of your spirit friends. If I go over the river before you, Agnes, I will bring you the proof you require."

"Seriously? I should not care, you know, for any ordinary test."

"Most solemnly I promise; and it shall be no ordinary test. I will bring a flower and drop it before you. It shall be in winter, and some strange, rare flower, such as could not be found in any hot-house, and accompanied by some message that you alone will understand."

"You think, then, that you could not reveal yourself, except in a regular circle."

"I fear not. Spirits can not reveal themselves except the conditions be right, and only through those who are mediums."

The two passed on; and, rising from the hammock, I sought my room.

Several years passed. Mr. Leland took up his residence somewhere in the South, rarely visiting our place. His letters also became less frequent, and Nessie never read any portions of them aloud. Mother, who was my only confidant, bade me never despair. Nessie was sure to appreciate my worth in time; devotion like mine, she believed, was sure to triumph. Nessie, she thought, was outgrowing her attachment to Leland, who never had any real hold upon her; it was a case of what those ridiculous spiritualists called psychology. Nessie, she added, was mad on the subject of spiritualism, and we must work together to make her see that it is all a delusion of Satan. Above all things, I must seem to be a little more indifferent to her—not act as if my heart were under her feet. To this end, she advised my going into society more; and I endeavored to please her, but found, as usual, my only relief in study and hard work. I taught school two winters and devoted my salary to the purchase of chemical apparatus. Mother, who always believed in me, gave me the large room over the summer kitchen for my experiments. Father thought them a pure waste of time; but when I showed him some fertilizers I had prepared and made him try them on his farm, he became enthusiastic and loaned me money to set up a manufactory in the village. At first the farmers were prejudiced against all "chemical" composts, and I had to give away large quantities of mine on condition that they should be tried experimentally alongside of fields treated in the ordinary way. This soon created so great a demand that I had to increase my manufacturing capacity over a hundred fold. The business became a grand success, and I had plenty of money. It was now my turn to lend to father, who wished to buy improved stock and machinery, and then to erect new buildings—among them a model barn, which looked so grand when completed and painted that it put the old house to shame. Then, of course, the house had to be remodeled and furnished with a heater in the cellar, hot and cold water bathing-rooms, and the modern improvements generally—so common now, but then so rare that people came from all parts of the town to see them. Mother's long cherished ambition—a properly appointed house—was now satisfied.

As for Nessie, she witnessed the arrival of a grand piano without so much as a word. The old parlor organ on the same afternoon was removed to her room; and later, while mother and I were taking a sunset stroll on the lawn, a mournful strain from that instrument swelled out upon the still air. It was Mozart's requiem. I stopped short, looked at mother, and asked her if Mr. Leland was dead.

"Why, Eddie!" she exclaimed. "I wonder if *you*, too, are a medium." I saw I had guessed the truth. Being pressed, mother told me that Nessie had received the news of his death some weeks before, but had not wished it mentioned; which meant, I knew, that *I* was not to be told. This furnished matter for disagreeable reflections: I was to be spared the nursing of vain hopes! After this we noticed that Nessie pursued spiritualism with increased ardor. Father often accompanied her to the séances of noted mediums, but frequently she returned at night alone. Mother reproved her for this, and a rather stormy scene occurred; for mother had little patience with what she called the "tomfoolery of séances." Of course, I took Nessie's part, as I always did, right or wrong; but when mother left the room and I was alone with Nessie, I expressed a decidedly unfavorable opinion of the function of mediums. She asked contemptuously what right I had to any opinion upon the subject. The best right, I answered, because I was a medium myself. This exasperated her usually sweet temper, and she told me I could never be a medium, not possessing either the requisite delicacy of organization or sensitiveness of temperament. This was a bitter draught, but I only said I was sorry she regarded me as a mere clod, and added that most people could be mediums if they would give themselves up to the influences prevailing in the ordinary séance. I knew, I said, that I could. In this I was truthful; but I did not explain that those influences provoked the desire to experiment with the credulity of fools. She replied that if I felt those influences I had no right to resist being "controlled."

"Nessie," I replied, gravely, "I would do anything to please you. Henceforth I shall be as passive as a lamb in every circle. I will make no resistance if I find myself whooping like a wild Comanche, or contorting myself like a chimpanzee in delirium tremens."

She warned me against any deception, as that would be fatal to my "development." From that time I gave up all scruple. I determined to "develop" my mediumistic powers, in order to show her that I possessed that marvelous "sensitiveness of temperament" she so reverenced in Leland. I would convince her that I was a genuine medium, doing more wonderful things than any of the fraternity. Then I would show her how the thing was done, and cure her of her mania for spooks.

Rapid indeed was my development. In less than a month my fame extended all over the town, at least, and I was in great demand. I think mother understood. She never asked questions; but father would go to the circles where I presided, until, strange to all but myself, the spirits refused to appear through me when he was present. I could not hoodwink good Father Moulton. At first this mediumship was a revolting business, but in time I rather enjoyed it; there was a satanic fascination in watching the play of vanity, credulity, and stupidity in my victims. I played upon them as upon an instrument, and stabbed their faults and follies unmercifully. My messages never said anything about spirits, unless too strongly pressed; as, for example, when the bookkeeper in one of our insurance companies insisted upon knowing why a particular spirit did not come the previous evening.

"I was busy in your office."

"What were you doing in my office?" he asked.

"I was looking over your accounts."

The man was visibly disturbed; and when, a few months later, he ran away from the place a defaulter, none failed to recall the spirit's message about his accounts. Of course, it was another marvelous "test" of spiritualism. To the sick and wretched I gave most careful advice and tenderest consolations, and in every séance I thrust at the follies of spiritualism. Some averred that only wicked, uneasy spirits ever came through me; others met this by citations of the lofty messages they had received through me, and supported me zealously. My spirits had only commonplace communications for Nessie; but she thought me a real medium, and from the beginning of my fraud treated me with more confidence and affection. She had not kissed me for years, but now she resumed that old habit of childhood on separating for the night. Sometimes I was conscious of appearing indifferent to her kindness, and then I always noticed an increased effort to win me. This was Dead Sea apples to parched lips. What could her motive be? When I was honest, and wooed her with the singleness of purpose of an all-absorbing passion, she had coldy thrust me from her. Now that I was a scoundrel in my own eyes, she regarded me as a superior being. As yet, however, I knew that her regard was sisterly; I must sink even deeper in iniquity before I could appear worthy of her love. My position was becoming intolerable, and I resolved to confess all to her, and abide the consequences. That very day I would have done so but for two events, which, taken together, proved a temptation worthy of Satan at his best. The first was the casual meeting of a particular friend of Nessie. During a conversation with this friend, which, as usual, was upon the all-absorbing subject, she told me that Nessie had always wondered why Mr. Leland did not send her any message, as she was fully certain he would do when he had found a particularly sensitive and poetic organization that he could use as a medium. She further gave me the soothing information that Nessie had no faith that such a message would ever come through me. The second part of the temptation was a discovery I made that same day in the business office of an acquaintance. So much was crowded into that brief winter day!

It was the middle of December, and the cold was intense. Father and mother had taken advantage of the fine sleighing and the clear weather, two days before, to visit relatives in a neighboring town. They were expected home the following day. From early morning a storm had been brewing, and by night we were completely walled in by the snow-drifts. The storm rose higher and higher with the darkness of the night. The winds moaned and shrieked around the angles of the house like fiends in battle, and the snow came in pelting sheets against the rattling windows. It was too fearful a night to think of retiring to our beds. Nessie played the piano and tried to drown the roar of the storm by music. She did not seem to be afraid, but said if I would keep her company she would sit up until the winds abated. I willingly assented, and then we discussed how we should pass the time. I suggested a game of chess; Nessie a "circle." I declared that three persons were the very smallest number competent for that purpose. She would have Dilger, our "hired man," who in times past had often assisted at our séances, and without a word she went to find him. I busied myself in her absence with certain preparations. First I removed the books and cover from the centre-table, and placed it where I wanted it. Then I turned down the lamps, and had barely finished when Nessie returned, with Dilger following. We were soon seated around the table. There was a long, ominous silence, during which the fury of the storm increased. Dilger began to show signs of impatience, and to doubt that any spirit would venture forth on such a night. Just then came a loud rap. The spirit indicated a message for Nessie. She was very calm, and manifested but slight interest, until Dilger, taking the pencil while Nessie called the alphabet, wrote the name "Agnes," the name Leland called her by. Then she was deeply absorbed. The message was slowly completed. It was:

"*Agnes, I come to fulfill my promise to you. You remember what the sign was to be!*"

Here a strange looking purple flower fell upon the table, and, as if instinct with life, bounded between Nessie's hands. I dared not look frankly into her face, but a furtive glance showed that she was undergoing strong emotion. As for me, a dizzy faintness came over me. Nessie asked, as she held the flower tenderly, if I knew its name. I could not speak, but Dilger said it was the flower of the tobacco plant; that he knew it well, having formerly cultivated tobacco. A dead silence fell upon us, during which Dilger put wood upon the fire and left the room. Nessie sat motionless, pale, with a dazed sort of look upon her face. I knew I ought to atone for the wrong I had done, as far as I could, by telling Nessie how I had wrought the seeming miracle, and beg her to forgive me; but shame and dread of her contempt, together with the illness which grew upon me, kept me silent.

The storm was now at the height of its fury —the winds fairly shrieked in their mad efforts to unroof the house. It seemed to me as if all nature were angry with my baseness, and sought to strike me dead. At that moment there came a terrible crash. I thought the roof of the house was falling upon us. Nessie uttered a piercing shriek, and I sprang toward her. Then there came a strange swimming in my head, a noise as if the waves of the sea were closing over me, and I knew no more. When consciousness returned I was lying on the floor, Nessie sprinkling my face with ice-water. She looked pale and frightened, but thought only of comforting me. It was only one of the chimneys that had fallen, she said. As soon as I could speak I begged her pardon.

"Pardon for what, you poor child?" she asked.

"Why, for deserting you when you were in danger—that is, for fainting away like a—" woman, I was going to say, but saw the satire of the comparison and stopped short. She declared that I had overtaxed myself; that I was "weak," "nervous," and must go to bed instantly. I could only look my thanks as I rose by Dilger's help and followed him to my room. He insisted upon helping me into bed, which I found deliciously warmed. The old-fashioned brass warming-pan, relegated to the summer-kitchen since the advent of the furnace heater, had been reimpressed into service, I knew, by Nessie's orders, while I lay unconscious. How thoughtful and kind in her! But despite my comfortable environment, I could not sleep. For hours I lay reviewing the situation and repenting the fraud I had practiced. But I had been strongly tempted by Nessie's course, and longed to cure her folly. Satan himself seemed to have helped me in carrying out my design. That afternoon, for example, I had discovered the flower in my friend's office. While waiting for him, I amused myself by examining a large bundle of tobacco plants, hanging in his bay-window. It was some tobacco that he had cultivated that year by way of experiment, as I afterward learned. As I examined the stalks I noticed that they were hung with their heads down; and that, while the upper leaves were all brown and dry, the lower ones were green and full of sap. But what seemed to me a miraculous thing, there, among the fresher leaves at the bottom (as the plants hung), was a bunch of buds and one purple, bell-shaped flower turning its corolla to the light. Yet it was the middle of December, and the plants had hung there for two months at least. Since then I have learned that the tobacco, in common with some other plants, hung up in this way in an even temperature, will always develop some of the flower buds. Of course, the discovery of a flower, so unique and at that season, could not fail to recall the promise I had overheard Leland make to Nessie. To gather it and place it carefully in my hat was the next impulse; and it was not difficult after that to arrange a simple mechanism to make it fall on the table at the desired moment. Its curious bound toward the right person was one of those fortuitous coincidents that in all times have fostered the belief in supernatural intervention. All night I lay in my bed pondering the events of my life that were connected with Nessie; all the rest, indeed, might have been blotted out of consciousness, so dim and insignificant did they seem. To me, life and Nessie were synonymous terms; yet, loving her as I did, I had deceived her, played with her weakness, carrying the fraud too far for the simple lesson I had intended—too far for any honorable atonement that I could devise. Thus I lay all night, tossing from side to side in my bed, sleeping fitfully, and waking in the morning with a great pressure on my head—in fact, seriously ill. Dilger had to break out the road before a doctor could be summoned. Meanwhile Nessie fluttered about me, troubled and anxious, I knew, but I could scarcely speak to her. Nervous fever, the doctor pronounced my malady, and prescribed a very strict regimen. Father and mother returned toward night, and, as I had never in my life been seriously ill, they were inordinately alarmed. It was weeks before I left my room, and never had invalid more tender care. When I became able to sit up in a big arm-chair and talk, Nessie made the most delightful companion. One day I told her she was spoiling me, and asked her what I should do for her society when I got well.

"All change, all excitement is bad for me," I said. "You have been preaching that for weeks; but what change so violent as that from the light of your presence back to that sunless region where I have been groping for years? God help me, Nessie! I can not pray for strength to endure more. I am too great a coward."

For answer, Nessie took my wasted hand in both of hers, and raised her sweet eyes to mine. In those eyes I saw the gates of Paradise opening to me. It was so sudden, so much more than I had dared to hope, that I was overcome and wept like a child. Playfully, Nessie threatened to "take it all back," because all excitement was so bad for me. But this excitement proved an exception. From that hour I was well.

During the days of our short engagement, I often tried to summon courage to open my heart to Nessie. I felt that it was my duty to do this. Marriage to me was a sacrament requiring the preparation of confession and absolution, though without priestly intervention; and the renewal of the struggle of right against wrong, nobility against baseness of purpose, threatened to prostrate me anew. I therefore made a great effort to dismiss the subject from my thoughts, and measurably succeeded, quieting my conscience by the sophistry that it would be better to wait until Nessie was my wife; then, if she despised me when she came to know the part I had played, a life of devotion should at last win her love and respect.

During the first days of our union, our happiness was too great, our state too perfect to admit the thought of recalling anything that could mar it for one moment. A year passed and a daughter was born to us. Nessie's joy was complete; and mother's heart welcomed the baby in true grandmotherly style. For a time it seemed to me that this miracle of nature, my child, could drive the shadows from my heart. Indeed, this blessed result would have followed but for one thing: the baby's eyes! These riveted my attention whenever I approached her. Closed, they seemed like other babies' eyes; but the moment they opened I saw Leland before me. The eyes were his. There was the same peculiar droop about the outer corners; and one day, when mother had the child out of Nessie's room, I called her attention to it. She raised her eyes quickly to mine with a sort of scared expression, I thought, but probably I was mistaken in that. If she read my thoughts she treated the matter with the ordinary tact of her sex. She merely said it was a common thing, this droop in the eyelids of infants, and would wear away; it was nothing; and, as if fearing I would say more about it, she commenced a volume of baby-talk to the child. I did not again allude to the fact, but I could not keep the hateful subject from my mind.

When the babe was about three weeks old, Nessie proposed to write a note to a friend and asked me to bring her desk. In opening it for her, I noticed a package of letters tied with a blue ribbon. I said playfully, taking it up, that I must assert my marital prerogative and read all her correspondence. She replied, in the same spirit, that I ought to do so—with that package of letters especially, because they were from Mr. Leland. They were all that she had preserved, she said. Later, on that same day, I passed an hour or two alone in the library. It was a cold, bright February day, and as I sat by the open fire in a cozy arm-chair, reading desultorily from favorite authors, I reflected upon the blessings that surrounded me, and reproached myself that I was not a happier man. What was there after all to darken my life except my own morbid misgivings? It was too late now to trouble Nessie with my secret. I should have done so before I made her my wife; but since I had not, no good could come now from bringing up so painful a subject. Then I pondered over the baby's resemblance to Leland. To be sure, it was unmistakable; even father, in his blunt, good-natured way, had remarked it, not knowing how his words troubled me. There was something strange in these resemblances. They were unaccountable, and it was folly in me to let such a thing annoy me. I had been reading Goethe's *Elective Affinities*—an exasperating work for one in my state of mind, and I voted it a silly performance for a great man. I rose to carry the book back to its place. As I did so it slipped, and a letter fell from its pages. It was one from Leland to Nessie. I had had no curiosity to read any of that ribbon-bound package in my wife's desk, but for some reason I decided to act upon her permission and read this one, although something told me that I had better not. Would to God that I had obeyed the monitor! Standing there in that pleasant room, the sunlight falling about my head, I read the following words:

> "In all things but one, dear Agnes, we are in accord; and I feel sure that ere long the veil of the spirit world will be raised for your eyes as it has been for mine. You are so precious to me that I can not take full pleasure in anything which you may not share. But I will not worry your dear heart. We belong to each other by the strongest sympathies, by the most sacred promises, and in a year I shall return and claim you as my bride.
>
> "In your last you speak of the fickleness of man, and cite a painful instance that has come within your knowledge. Do not do this again, dearest. It is like a reproach in its effect. Believe me, living this life or that which will follow it, I am yours through all time. Should I lose this form by what the foolish call death, I shall still be near you and I shall keep the promise I once made. Should that change happen to me first, and should you in after years come to marry another, I will come to you through him, if God will let me, and in his eyes you shall meet my gaze——"

I could not read further. The words appeared to me like the most awful blasphemy. I tore the letter into shreds and threw them into the fire. Oh, fool! fool! what had I done! I had thought to cure her of a delusion by practicing a fraud, and by so doing had riveted for ever upon her sensitive nature the chains of a degrading superstition. Were I now to confess all, she would not believe me. It was too late. She had nursed the delusion too long. In the chance that threw that strange flower into my hand—perhaps in the impulse to use it as I had done—she would see the working of the spirit of Leland. She would say that by such means only could he get control of me and of the "conditions" to fulfill his promise. And then, I said to myself, *what if these accursed spiritualistic doctrines were true, after all?* What if I were the mere instrument to do the will of a mind more powerful than mine? Did not my wife believe me to be less myself than Leland since he had gained "control" over me? Perhaps even she regarded my child as less mine than his! I sank back into my chair exhausted — a broken-hearted man. The same faintness I had once experienced came over me, and for a few minutes I must have been unconscious. When I recovered the book was in its place in the case. None but myself or Nessie could have placed it there. She must have entered, mastered the situation at a glance, and replaced the book as the most delicate way to show me that she knew what had occurred. I rose and walked the floor, reflecting long and bitterly upon my position. I recalled the fact that Nessie had suddenly become attracted to me after that fatal "test," which proved to her that Leland could manifest himself through me. She had, then, loved not me, but him through me. No words can paint the torture I endured that day. The page containing his solemnly avowed purpose I had burned, but I had not, and could not, destroy it. There before my eyes I see it still, and death alone can blot out the picture; it is, as I said, burned into the substance of my brain.

Surely I have paid dearly for my folly. From that day I have had no wife, no child. Both belonged—spiritually, at least—to another, and I scorned to share them. It mattered not to me that I knew it was a delusion on the part of Nessie; when faith is strong enough, delusion is reality, and reality only a phantasm. I went out from that room a changed man. I could not recall the past. I could not forget. I could only accept the inevitable with stolid calmness in outward seeming. Nessie suggested calling the baby Leila, no doubt because it resembled his name. I assented. It was nothing to me.

To the outward world we are models of conjugal felicity. She is wholly absorbed in the care and education of her child, I in making money for which I care nothing, since it can not bring me happiness. I am always giving to charities that which is worthless to me, and so have very cheaply a great reputation for benevolence. Everything succeeds that I undertake, and the old age of Father and Mother Moulton is gladdened by seeing my wealth accumulate and prosperity blossom around us. My money and that feverish activity which saves me from myself has made the site of our old home a very paradise of beauty; and to their age-dimmed eyes, thank God, there is no serpent under the flowers!

M. HOWLAND.

A SUMMER IN THE SADDLE.

I write in the midst of spring, this year wayward, and even petulant, yet beginning to smile with belated blossoms, and slowly uncoiling fronds of fern, deep-hid in many a rocky ravine. The season is full of remembering hints, and the breezes urge me with mystic wooings to again saddle my *bronco*, and, as once in the days which were, ride out into the spring-tide world, and so ride on, in daily delight, through the long, sweet California summer. Perhaps it is a story worth the telling, for too many men travel beaten highways, with sad similarity of purpose, on business deeply bent or wildly eager in pursuit of a sort of recreation; but they often fail to find the nooks of beauty, the quiet homes, the sunny islands, the shy rivers, and the pleasant, hidden places in this our heritage, this summer realm with its wide valleys melting into vague haze, its beautiful hills climbing into peaks of snow. My summer in the saddle was a not unsuccessful search for some of these byways of California, and in my wanderings I saw the gardens of children and the farms and mines of men, from the borders of our shining bay, past cultured plains and flowing rivers, to the fringes of snow and the homes of the pine and eagle. Even as I write I remember the valleys of Suñol and Livermore, the blue dome of Monte Diablo, the great valley melting into gray, the green islands in the sea-like San Joaquin, the sunny valleys of Solano where the grape and orange thrive, the wheat-fields of Sutter in the shadow of the Buttes, the journey toward the heights, by former mines and historic camps to the quartz and hydraulic mines of upper Placer, Nevada, and Sierra. It is a great realm in the heart of our busy State; a region where there is work for earnest men and room for the toilers for many years to come; a land full of undeveloped strength and of resources not to be numbered.

When one first thinks of cutting loose from the complexities of civilized existence and living a sort of nomadic life on horseback, the thought is strangely fascinating, full of dreams and romance. But the affair assumes a different complexion when you realize that one's worldly goods and total wardrobe must be packed within the limits of a pair of saddle-bags. That was the problem, which duly consider, ye who own saratogas and travel on special trains, and are quite sure that you have seen California! Pockets were, of course, allowable, as also the privilege of tying one's overcoat on behind the saddle, but at that point compromise ceased. After all, what does a man want with luggage! A change of linen, a map, pencils, paper, his pocket Shakspere, and all is well with him for many successive days; provided, however, that he is on good terms with his horse.

The horse question must be paramount to all others. The man who is in the saddle day after day, week after week, must have a companionable horse. A nervous horse, given to unexpected vagaries of shying at harmless old women and diminutive school-children, is tiresome enough. A young, well-built, swift-stepping horse, who shows courage, affection, and a good memory, is worth going far to possess. Having found your horse, the work of becoming acquainted with him begins. You and your horse must have a mutual sense of good-will and comradeship, or half of the possible pleasure of the journey is never known. Perhaps in stormy midnights, as you sleep in some rude cabin of miner or preëmptor, you may hear, through the thin partition, your lonesome horse's whinny, as he shakes his frail shed; but a word is sufficient, and, with a murmur of satisfied content, he bids you good night as nearly as he can. It is worth while to study the ways of horses, for no two are alike. The one I rode on my wanderings was named Deacon, on account of his grave and thoughtful air, which was much like that observable in churches when the ceremony of taking contributions is being performed.

This look of sober dignity never but once left Deacon's countenance. That once was when, in July, on the summit of a mountain near Bowman's Dam, Nevada County, I found masses of snow unmelted, and, tying him to a tree, made some snow-balls to throw at the chipmunks, who really enjoyed it, being capable of unlimited dodging. I do not think I should have troubled Deacon, if he had not looked at me in a superior and rather cynical way. But he did, and I shook him up with a few snow-balls. Dignity gave place to surprise, surprise to wrath, wrath to resolve. The pine tree to which he was tied was only six feet through, and he determined to pull it up, and start for home. No mortal horse ever pulled harder on his rawhide lariat, or stretched his vertebræ with firmer resolution. It cost me a hatful of apples, and all the sugar I could beg at my stopping places for a week afterward, to win entire forgiveness. Yes, indeed, as Harte says, "hosses is hosses!"

If I must begin at the beginning, it was in the month of March, 1879, that, under blue skies, and at earliest sunrise, I rode forth from a quiet farm-house in southern Alameda, turning my face toward the blue ridges of Mission Peak. I rode past the placid lagoon, where a red-shirted Portuguese boy was paddling slowly toward a flock of teal in the farther end, by a clump of willows. In the shadows of Mission Peak I found the old Mission San José—a quaint and sleepily blinking town, quite hid in vineyards, orchards, and silver groves of olive. It has a glorious outlook over the gleaming bay, the fertile valley, the villages in the midst of distant wheat-fields. Slowly I rode past fig-tree avenues and *nopal* hedges; past tile-covered sheds, the crumbling *adobes*, the pretentious church, the moss-grown mill, turning its lean and flashing wheel; past busy men, hoeing early peas on the hillsides; and so into the winding *cañon* known as the Stockton Pass, in other days a favorite way of reaching the mines. The Stockton Pass leads into Suñol Valley, and east of that are other hills, and the Vallecitos region, extending to the Livermore Valley. Then comes the Livermore Pass, and, after crossing another hilly region, we have an outlook across the wide San Joaquin Valley.

The hills of eastern Alameda are not wildly picturesque. The charm of deep forests is almost lacking, though masses of oaks cling to the northern slopes, and spotted trunks of sycamores gleam through tangles of blackberry and clematis vines along the water-courses. Even in these hills there are byways worth the finding, narrow paths seldom trodden, which lead through still ravines, past odd-looking farm-houses, and Spanish domains, and shaggy hill-sides, and trickling springs, perhaps to come to naught at some deserted wood-camp, end in entanglement, and leave you to wander back as you came.

In this, the beginning of March, it was a goodly land, a pleasant world to see. The fields in the lesser valleys were many of them being sowed, and the toiling teams moved up and down the newly plowed fields. According to the character and moistness of the soil, the color varied from black through shades of chocolate and brown to gray, red, and yellow. The range of colors in spring is an endless marvel. Besides the different colors of the soil of which I have spoken, there are colors of rock, which differ as the prevailing formation is limestone, sandstone, or granite. And there are many other bits of color. By the borders of the streams are light-leaved willows, dark with green catkins; tufts of short grass begin to cover the roadside, on sunny southern slopes a few of the early flowers to glow and brighten. Color sparkles everywhere. Close by, a scarlet-breasted blackbird swings and sings in a yellow spray of mustard, set against a wave of emerald wheat. Higher up, above the pale green of scanty grass, are white and brown rocks in weather-beaten outlines, and above them is bent the sky's deep azure. You see it is a gamut of color, continually changing. A breeze, wavering through yonder soft field of wheat, brings out more shades and meanings of green than half the dictionary could hold. There is green, sunlit with silver, or suffused with gold; green, growing lighter, fairer, till it is like the earliest corn-silk; green which is as dark as the ocean waves. And between these there are shades and tints unnumbered, undescribed, waiting for the sympathetic artist who shall make them eternal.

The art of traveling on horseback without discomfort to yourself or your horse is worth a passing notice. Years ago I heard an old Spaniard, who knew, if ever any one did, how to get the positive best and most out of a mustang, affirm that care need be paid to only three things—the back, the stomach, and the feet of your horse. In other words, feed your horse well, see that the saddle never chafes, and keep him carefully shod. When traveling in early spring, allow your horse to eat but a small quantity of wayside grass, but as the grass gains substance let him eat more, or indeed as much as he can in your idle noonings. The secret of properly resting must be mentioned. In California, any month after April, the best times to travel are in the early morning and the late afternoon. Your horse must be fed with hay and grain two hours or so before you start. Do not put too blind confidence in the hostler, but go and feel in the manger for yourself when you first get up. One who travels much will sometimes have to fight a battle for his horse, finding, perhaps, that grain has been mysteriously withheld as a private speculation on the part of the stable-keeper. The saddle should be Spanish, of course, high in front, easy upon the horse's back, leather-work plain and strong, no useless weight anywhere. The saddle-cloths may consist of burlaps folded in six or eight thicknesses, or half of an old army blanket may be used. Great care must be taken to avoid wrinkles and knots or stiff places in the cloth. In the morning, saddle half an hour before you start, cinching loosely. When ready for the road, cinch closely enough to be safe, ride slowly for half an hour, recinch a little closer, and push along somewhat livelier. Twenty miles or so may be ridden, with care about giving water, and with occasional five-minute pauses for wayside chats, or for studies of the landscape. Every four or five miles, or oftener, the cinch should be loosened, the saddle reset, the saddle-blankets lifted and straightened. By eleven o'clock, with twenty miles of travel successfully done, the sensible nomad should begin to look about for a resting place. Let it not be a country hotel; there is a better way than that, and this we shall presently unfold.

Chiefest of the charms of California, in latest spring and earliest summer, before the dust begins to be a burden, is the wooing freshness, the perfect safety of the out-door world. Any invalid who can sit in his saddle will find, as soon as the rains are over, that there is life, vigor, and comfort, unmixed with doubt or danger, in the wide, flower-sown plains, along the pleasant foothills, or threading the forests of pine, spruce, and cedar. Sometimes, let us hope, the overworked clerks, merchants, and professional men of our cities will know the pleasures of exploration, and so, wandering on horseback in rural places, will at last become sunbrowned itinerants, wise in the triple mysteries of saddle, cinch, and *siesta*. Of the last there is fitly a word to be said. As a moment ago we suggested, it is time about eleven o'clock to think of the *siesta*. Unless you are on treeless plains, where choice there is literally none, this matter of selection is pleasurable indeed, and is full of ardor and variety. Will you rest on a breezy hilltop, overlooking long hollows dotted with placid herds slowly moving in the sunlight? Will you ride down into a tiny glade, flickering with shadows of leaves, musical with hidden rivulets, and so shut out the world? Will you find a spot on the grassy levels, deep with bee-murmurs, warm with moving life, bright with dainty blossoms? The byways of California are full of variety, and in a single day's ride you may pass dozens of such places. Having chosen, unsaddle your horse and spread the saddle-blankets in the sun to dry; uncoil the *riata* and tie your *bronco* to a convenient bush to rest and graze. Do not give him water for half an hour, and when he is led down to the stream or spring (for there should always be water near a stopping-place) pour cold water on his back, smoothing the hair down with the hand. Then leave him in the sunlight, with plenty of rope, for an hour longer, and he will be freshened, and ready for the road again. Meanwhile it is to be hoped that you, as a thoughtful nomad, have found a previously provided lunch in some corner of the saddle-bags, and with this, and your one-volume library, have chosen the pleasantest spot in sight, and have assumed that horizontal position so dear, since time immemorial, to the hearts of sage, bohemian, and philosopher. This is the true *siesta*, in whose enjoyment may peace attend thee, lulled by the winds, and at intervals softly reading of Arden's woods and Prospero's magic isle!

The crossing of the San Joaquin River still clings in my memory as a pleasant episode. I had ridden across the west-side plains, this year so hopeful, but last year in March the grass was beginning to wither in spots; the unfenced, unpainted, barn-like buildings loomed up in the midst of dry fields, where the harrows and chisel cultivators as they passed made a cloud of dust, hiding the faces of the sad-hearted and almost hopeless farmers. At last, after crossing these treeless plains, which at first produced a strange depression of spirits, I rode leisurely into the belt of timber along the river, past edges of sloughs, tall grasses, and copses of willow. In a clear space among the cottonwoods there was an old log cabin, penned in by mossy rails, and covered by tangled vines, while past the very door the yellow San Joaquin swirled and gurgled. On the opposite shore the ferry-boat lay at its moorings, and white buildings showed beyond the levee; three hundred yards down the stream, the railroad bridge gleamed redly through the trees; slowly down the river swept a sternwheel steamer, towing a wheat-laden barge, and upon the brown sacks the red-shirted bargemen lay, idly watching the line of foam, the green banks, the translucent sky. Then the ferryman, an old sailor, withered as an an April apple, put forth from the farther side, and the chains rattled in the pulleys. Ferries and ferry people are worth one's appreciative study.

In the country every one you meet is willing to stop and chat, tell you about the roads and whither they lead, and discuss crops, weather, and politics. The poor tramp, with his roll of soiled blankets, and his stubby pipe held between his teeth, leans up against the fence and gives you a dose of pessimism; the jocund young farmer, driving a-field at sunrise, tells you it is a good world to live in; school children meandering along the road look shyly at you and your paraphernalia, then become innocently garrulous, and gossip about their teacher, their homes, their pets, and their gardens. If you can find time, it is worth while to visit some of the wayside schoolhouses. And here I must say in print what I have thought and said many times before, that the kindly good-will and friendliness shown all summer long by rich and poor, in valley and on mountain, from farmer and miner, were in their way untiring and perfect. Looking back, through my remembrances, I can find no neglect, or grievous episode, or unpleasant occurrence. The hospitality of the people of California is courtly and generous, in pressed down and overflowing measure. There are literally hundreds of men, in every grade of society, through San Joaquin, Sacramento, Solano, Yolo, Colusa, Sutter, Yuba, Nevada, Placer, Amador, and Calaveras, to whom these lines are meant to express my sense of personal obligation and friendship. With open hand I went out among the people, and with open hands they met me half way. My summer in the saddle, though it carried me through landscapes of rarest beauty, is dearest to me because of the bright and busy people I found, the graceful homes into whose heart I was taken, the new friendships, the widening of my knowledge of human affairs.

Now, there is Bellota, a foothill village of the San Joaquin. It is in a grassy vale through which the winding Calaveras flows on its way to the marshlands and the sea, and is a typical foothill town. Coming from Linden, one, if he is wise, chooses to leave the highway, and find his own path through the hills. In my particular case it was nearly dark when I reached the valley, so I rode on, through the deepening dusk, past narrow water-ways and wide, twinkling pools, where the tuneful mud-folk made the air vibrate with their tireless notes. There were a few dim lights ahead, a gloomy fringe of trees, a gleaming breadth of river, and lastly, as a dark shadow about one of lesser depth, the furrowed circle of the hills clasped all this with their ancientness and their dread. To enter a mountain town at the hour of dusk is to see it with its defects hidden, its beauties multiplied.

The Sierra foothills, only a few years ago ignored except for pasture, are yearly proving their enormous capacity for orchards and vines. Above them are the snow-peaks with limitless possibilities of reservoirs for irrigation. The red land responds quickly to cultivation, and homes are beginning to be seen in every direction. To be sure, most of the buildings are rude and cheap cabins, but it will not always be so. It is risking nothing to assert that the grape, olive, carob, and many other profitable plants will thrive on much of this land, and that, with irrigation, any product known to the State may be grown. The ultimate value of this foothill strip will be as much as that of an equal territory in the valley below. One of the most improved points on the whole belt is in Placer County, about Auburn, Ophir, and Newcastle.

Let those who wish to know the profits and pleasures of berry and fruit culture in this region, go to Newcastle, or to Placerville, El Dorado County. There are sunny mountain ranches in fertile nooks by every road through the Sierra foothills. Most of them were taken up in the earliest days of the gold-fever. The first fruit trees planted were brought, at an enormous expense, from Oregon, and the first fruit produced sold at almost fabulous prices. Once, in the mines, it is said that a young orchard, consisting of about twenty trees, was condemned and washed out to the bed-rock for the gold in the gravel. There were blossoms on the trees for the first time when the orchard was destroyed. The jury of assembled miners agreed to pay the owner the sum of fifty dollars per tree, and so, without a dissenting voice, the matter was arranged.

This foothill region has a beauty of its own. Wherever a stream, such as the Stanislaus, Calaveras, or Cosumnes, has worn its deep ravine across, there is much to be seen. One of the most interesting of rivers is the swift Mokelumne. As I traced it from the valley, passing from farm to farm by private roads and willow-bordered lanes, gradually the levels grew into rolling hills, and the stormy river ran low in its banks like a hound let loose. There were gray mounds of gravel, signs of the miner's toil; knolls, blue as the sky with closely set nemophilas, green as winter's opalescent sea with waves of grass, and creamy white with foam of gillia and leptosiphon; at last I find a hollow, hidden, it would almost seem, in the dear, golden age of song, and by no one since trampled, by no one since found until now. There are clumps of willow, white as if tufts of cotton had blown over them; there are brown-budded oaks, very lazily awakening, and other oaks already whole bouquets of dainty and crimpled leaves. As I follow the curving banks, there are sometimes rude promontories jutting sharply into the river, and, climbing these, the picture widens. This is what I saw one Maytime noon: Underneath, a rugged slope, golden with early flowers, and thick-set with chaparral and junipers; undulating slopes, a single castellated rock, a lordly pine fast-rooted, and three small streams glistening against the cliff, complete the foreground. Northward, the sunlit Mokelumne twinkles, walled in by red cliffs, and the mountains dark beyond are shaggy with oaks in the ravines, naked and rocky on the heights. The mountain wall opposite, in the very heart of the picture, is a buttress of gray rock just crumbling into ruins. In the left centre is a bit of black flume with sparkling water bursting from a leak, near a miner's cabin patched with flapping canvas. In the right centre, a trim white cottage peers out from a fertile hollow, and sleek cattle are drinking at a spring. Still looking northward, past slope and river and wall of rock, the dim background is filled with a band of slaty clouds, out of which, pale, ancient, unapproachable, never to be fully described, rises the awful whiteness of the Sierra's lonely wall against a sky of heaven's rarest blue. This, remember, was in broad noon. But sunrise, on this same Mokelumne, was one morning magnificent. First, pale in the east, growing paler, even to whiteness, yet trembling with prophecy, and slowly glimmering into the faintest of translucent gold, and purple of amethyst, and dazzling hues of opal. Then scarlet flashes rose, the few clouds were lined with pearl, and the white peaks in one swift moment darkened into deep violet and purple, and then grew glad—aerial peaks, not earthly, but seeming to belong to some weird, perfect land of song and of hope.

The art of taking comfort in horseback travel consists very much in never worrying about the future, nor indulging in any speculative theories. It is pleasant to start in the morning, with only a general idea of going, say about forty miles, in a somewhat northerly direction, by whatever roads appear to be most suitable, and being willing to accept each event as a crowned possibility. If you wander farther than you had meant from the main road, you shall find some spot of unexpected beauty; if you are belated, through dusk into darkness, the twilight world will be its own recompense. For those who live in a receptive attitude, and really expect that bright and developing events will daily occur in the future as they have in the past, such a gypsy-like system has many advantages. It should be noted that one must be out of doors from sunrise to sunset, and in the saddle about two-thirds of this time. The best habit, next to that of not worrying, is the art of keeping comfortable in a physical way, and to do this needs only a little forethought. There is no necessity of becoming saddle-chafed, or sick with a headache, or afflicted with mosquitoes and black gnats, the pest of our lowlands in June. When one is tired of riding, let him turn his horse out for a day's pasture, and betake himself to the climbing of peaks, the threading of ravines, the encouragement of a healthy sort of pedestrianism. When the lowlands are uncomfortable, turn into the foothills, and when here, in time, one wearies, set your face toward the white summits, which so urge and gladden our hungry hearts.

In the later days of June I turned toward the heart of the Sierra, following one of those great mining thoroughfares, along which so constant a tide of travel flows. In the valleys roads interlace like the threads of a spider's web. In the mountains a road follows lonely defiles and long ridges, past splintered rocks, past pleasant pastures, past nooks of rich land, past cottage gardens, past mining villages brooding of what has been, past dark and wind-swept forests. Other roads enter this, coming in unexpectedly, when one turns an angle at the base of some cliff, or slipping in between the silver-gray bushes. Becoming a great thoroughfare, this typical road keeps on the same stately way. Sometimes it is upheld by a wall of rock; sometimes it passes over torrent-furrowed channels of stone; sometimes an eddying current fills the black flume alongside, until, for many minutes, one feels the billowy rush of the keen, white stream. Great wagons chained in couples, one behind the other, creak past; slow ox-teams keep their monotonous way; light buggies pause half way up the long grades; at intervals groups of horseback travelers go by with the short trot of the mountaineer. At last, with leaping heart, you discover the region of the miner's mighty toil, under crumbling cliffs or deep under ground. Here are villages and towns supported by the adjacent mines; saw-mills toil and rend the resinous hearts of cedar and pine; along the miles of ditches watchmen pace hour after hour. Above Eureka, Nevada County, there are no less than three of these mining ditches which follow the curves of the hillside, one above the other, and only a few rods apart. They cross the road dozens of times, and in all sorts of moods. At one point the roaring flood goes into a narrow flume set at a descending angle of forty-five degrees, and so drops downward in a solid body, intensely white and trembling. We pass ruined mills with black timbers fallen across the stream; under closely woven boughs of trees are ice-cold mountain springs; the white ceanothus makes whole miles fragrant, and with it is mingled the large white flowers of the dogwood and wild azalea. At last we come to the reservoirs of the hydraulic mines. One of these covers five hundred and thirty acres, will hold 930,000,000 cubic feet of water, is 5,450 feet above the sea level, and the dam which retains it is ninety-six feet high, built of granite blocks.

Here, then, far above the placid valleys and noisy cities of men, the impulses of my journey were in some degree satisfied. Leaf after leaf I had read the story; had seen the best of coast range, valley, and *sierra*, and a firm faith, a strong hope, filled my heart. It is a fair land, the strength of which no man has fully known. Here is room for millions of people, and here, in this our State, the millions will presently be. New arts, new industries await us, hid in the future, but not far off. It only remains that each one of us shall, as best he may, hew to the line, in squaring the ruder foundations of whatsoever temples we would have the future possess. Let us plan in a large way, endlessly courageous, and labor with daily renewing strength, in the spirit which rightly belongs to the sons and daughters of pioneers.

CHARLES H. SHINN.

THE NEST IN THE OAK.

There stands an oak, a strong and sturdy tree,
  On yonder hillside, where the winds that blow—
  The storms that beat against its branches so—
Have shaped them in a fashion weird to see;
Twisted and warped are they, yet wild and free.
  Stern Winter yields his throne to merry Spring,
  And chirping, fluttering birds, on tireless wing,
Are choosing where their little homes shall be.
Where, think you, hides the safest nest at last?
  Though fairer branches did their best to please,
The rough old oak tree holds it firm and fast—
  Most sheltered, happy home in all the trees!
Thus love, sometimes, doth choose, 'mid all the rest,
To build in some rough heart her dainty nest.

S. E. ANDERSON.

NOTABLE AUTOGRAPHS.—II.

> "The poet in a golden clime was born,
> With golden stars above;
> Dowered with the hate of hate, the scorn of scorn,
> The love of love."
>
> "Most can raise the flowers now,
> For all have got the seed."

The following paper is dedicated to the budding poets of the coast, and their name is legion. Probably there are but few Americans who have not, at one time or another in their lives, been swayed by the poetic impulse. It is my belief that if this impulse—especially when it comes to us during our adolescence, which is usually the case—be carefully nourished, almost any one may, with care and courage, become a highly respectable verse-maker. It may be a question whether it is worth while to acquire an art which is certainly more elegant than remunerative. On this point each man must be his own judge. That every man may become his own poet, I am strongly inclined to assert; but that his poem will find admirers beyond the select circle in which he moves naturally depends on the character and quality of the composition.

In proof of my theory, I propose to draw upon the experiences of a young poet of my acquaintance. With his free consent, I make him an example. If you had asked this poet, with the hey-day in his blood, why he sang, he would probably have answered you in the accepted refrain of all the tuneful brotherhood:

> "Because I can not choose but sing."

It might have been the return of spring, in its tender and pathetic beauty, that first touched his heart to song; or the natural yearning of a breast, as yet unwrung by passion, after the ideal, which is the lodestar of all youth; or a sudden sorrow that found this only fit expression; or thus did he hymn his holy joy in love's young dream. Granting that his song was honest and sweet, why should he cease to sing? Does the flower o' the peach, whose pink petals have been fed with sun and dew, ask why it is sowing the wind before its fellows? What proportion of all these blossoms comes to anything more than beauty and decay? It must be that the dumb singer, with his windfall of verses, has his mission as truly as these seedless flowers. Let me reveal the secrets of one prison-house, of which I have in my possession the magical key.

Here is a large volume of autograph letters, personally addressed to a young poet. We will imagine him comparatively alone in a remote land. With his heart upon his sleeve, he calls out for sympathy in that great world of letters from which he is so far removed. He does this in a very practical way. With a little proof-sheet of verses containing less than two hundred lines, he ventures to address some of the poets whose songs have become household words. The replies he receives are so kindly that he is fired by ambition; a few flattering words embolden him, and anon there is no shining mark at which he dares not aim. Such success must naturally satiate even a young man's appetite, but not before he has gathered a rich and varied harvest. It is here I propose to glean; in my selections I can not but betray, for the thousandth time, the fallibility of all—or, shall I say, nearly all—human judgments, and show how great minds do not run in the same channel, and never did. The inevitable moral is that there is but one course left to the young poet: namely, he must of necessity steadily follow the bent of his genius, if he has any, and alone work out his own salvation.

For convenience sake, I have attempted to classify the autographs. I have selected but a very small proportion of those which are at my disposal, and, naturally, the majority of the letters are distinguished by a courteous discretion, for which the poet assures me he is now doubly grateful. In but one or two cases have I reproduced an entire letter, taking the liberty to condense and abbreviate as it seems to me wise and judicious. Some of the quotations are made more with a view to adding variety to the collection, than for anything specially striking or characteristic which they betray; but when it is remembered that those several judgments are passed upon the same verses, and that the very dissimilar impressions have been produced by two hundred lines or less, I trust that even the casual reader will find something here to excite his curiosity and interest.

Under the head of the *Noncommittal*, let me lead off with this solitary line, which closes a very friendly letter, two pages in length:

"P. S.—I am obliged for the inclosures.
"CHARLES DARWIN."

Upon the heels of that follows this afterthought, which stands on end down the margin of another gracious epistle:

"I thank you for your specimens of poetry, which I have read with interest, though poetry is not my *forte*.
"✝ M. I. SPALDING,
"Archbishop of Baltimore."

And this business-like reply, inclosing a complimentary clipping, as announced:

DEAR SIR:—I have printed a scrap devoted to your verses, in the *Tribune*, and herewith inclose it.
"Yours, HORACE GREELEY."

But comment is unnecessary. I have discarded all but the lines that bear, in some degree, upon the subject in question, and I will run over them rapidly, without reference to their dates:

"I have read your verses and liked them, and I wish you all happiness. A. TENNYSON."

"Spirited and suggestive verses.
"A. W. KINGLAKE,"
(Author of *Eothen.)*

"I am greatly pleased with your lyrics. I hope that California is good to her poets, and to you especially.
"THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH."

"There is much poetic animation and freshness in your verse, and the sort of originality which should belong to it as a native of the woods and country from which it came. H. TAYLOR."
(Sir Henry Taylor, K. C. M. G. and D. C. L., Dramatist and Essayist).

"I have read your poems with great interest and pleasure. There is a good deal of beauty and freshness in them, and a certain flavor of the soil I much like.
"HENRY W. LONGFELLOW."

"I hasten to thrust my arm across the Atlantic to take the right hand of fellowship. I have read your verses with pleasure. I see a good deal of the painter in them. JOHN EVERETT MILLAIS."
(Fellow of the Royal Academy.)

"I have read with pleasure thy poems. All are good, but I prefer the second one. I am, very truly, thy friend,
"JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER."

"Thank you for the present of your elegant and touching verses; and do not forget in your prayers to think of me, an old man, with death and judgment before me. Very sincerely, yours in Jesus,
"(Cardinal) JOHN HENRY NEWMAN,
"Of the Oratory."

"I am glad to receive your verses, written in that strange, far-off, and beautiful golden land, from which you hail. I see in them influences all good and all sympathetic to me. TOM TAYLOR."

"I am obliged for the poetical effusions; have read them with interest; shall be glad to see what other maturer works you may execute in literary matters.
"HENRY WARD BEECHER."

"I see a glimmer of the true light in your verses. A gift like yours is worthy of cultivation, and I shall look with interest for your name in the future.
"J. T. TROWBRIDGE."

"My motto is Emerson's: 'Hitch your wagon to a star.' If you do, you will rise sooner or later. Try it, and see if the effect is not a beneficial one on character.
"KATE FIELD."

"I think your poems are worthy of admiration. I have had many verse productions placed in my hands by those who were thoroughly excited about them. Yours really possess some *considerable merit*, and I hope you will live to write much 'good matter.'
"ELIZA COOK."
(Author of *The Old Armchair*, etc.)

"I hold myself a very poor judge of verse; but it seems to me that yours show great spirit and grace, and a facility of language which will be more than likely to keep you in the literary world.
"DONALD G. MITCHELL."
("Ik Marvel," writer of *Dream Life*, etc.)

"I read the verses you inclosed, but have not much to say about them. I am very hard to please in that way. I think most of the writings of a young man under thirty, be it prose or verse, is mainly experimental, and that he needs to be cautioned against setting too high a value on it. JOHN BURROWS."
(Author of *Wake Robin*, etc.)

"It is time you were working with a long aim. You don't need my advice; I should give you none that I would not take myself. Whatever you do short of arson or Chinese highway robbery—which are inartistic and ungentlemanly—I am, my dear boy, always yours,
"BRET HARTE."

"P. S.—Speaking of arson, I had forgotten Nero; accompanied by a fiddle or a lyre, it might be made poetical. H."

"It is out of my power to answer every letter I have; but yours must be an exception, partly because of the letter itself, and partly because of the goodness of the verses, for anyhow your verses are good. One great good of literature is its power to bind together the old and the new—England and California. This, however, it does only in virtue of what truth is in it; and they that love the truth are ever one, all over, not the world only, but the universe. GEORGE MACDONALD."

"I think some of your verses extremely pretty, but I am no critic. It is my belief, indeed, that as a rule, encouragement is no matter. Poetry is not to be suppressed, and not to be drawn forward. If you are a poet, you possess something of much more value, and something which gives you far more pleasure, than can ever be derived from the opinion of your fellows. How can they tell from a few poems written in youth what a man may be likely to do when his mind is mature? The flower may be folded closely in the bud, and with neither its form nor its color yet visible.

"JEAN INGELOW."

"There is real poetic feeling in your verses, and such things are worth writing for the writer's own pleasure and that of personal friends; but in the present age, when there is so much to be said and done for mankind, of which prose is the fittest instrument, no poetry is worth *publishing* but what is of the very highest quality. I should be very glad to advise you respecting your studies, but it is difficult to do so without some knowledge, in the first place, of the books you have read; and, in the second, of the facilities which California affords of access to libraries.

"JOHN STUART MILL."

"I write with difficulty, and must therefore be contented to send you only a few lines. I have read your verses. I like the first piece the best, *but the last two lines read oddly (or am I mistaken?)*" [The pen had been drawn through the above line in Italics, as if, on second thought, the dear old poet had feared to hurt the feelings of the young one.] "It seems simpler than the others. Poetry should be simple, I think, except when it is raised into one of the seven heavens on the wings of inspiration. I began to scribble in verse fifty years ago; now I subside very willingly into prose.

"I am your obliged and sincere,

"B. W. PROCTER."
("Barry Cornwall.")

"It seems to me that very decided poetic capacity is evinced by the verses you inclose. They have the ring of true metal. Are you on the stage? If you are, or are like to be, I see no cause for fear. There is no reason why the stage should have any demoralizing influence; there are hundreds of men and women on whom it exerts none, and the greatest actors are those who have the poetic temperament combined with the gift to *personate* characters and *interpret* poets. Such literary powers as I possess were certainly never injured by my life as an actress. On the contrary, they were quickened and developed. In any case, let me beg you, don't shrink from study, from criticism, or from the advice of those who have had experience. I used to listen patiently to what *every one* had to say to me, and profit by whatever struck me as reasonable. A good—nay, a sincere—critic is the best of friends and helpers.

"ANNA CORA MOWATT."
(Author of *Autobiography of an Actress*, etc.)

"You wonder if your rhymes are fair. Yes, as such rhymes go. But to be more than fair, to be fine and truly worth while, they must be written with all the heart and soul—not the head—and with some great purpose. The really fine work of the world, whether done by the lip or hand, is not done for one's self or for one's own glory. Permit me to ask, whose servant are you? There is no token in these verses that you follow the Master whom I love and serve. Have you ever thought of it? All other service, though it be transiently as brilliant to man's eyes as the brightest meteor, ends in darkness and degradation; while there is another class of men, often overlooked I grant you, who shall shine as the stars, for ever and ever. You must choose between the one course and the other, and which glory you will seek. But I would rather have the sentence of approval from the Great King in the great day than all the glories of all the admired in this world. You are a young man, with life before you; decide now that you will be Christ's servant, and one of those to rejoice in the decision will be yours, very sincerely, SUSAN WARNER,"
(Author of *The Wide, Wide World.*)

It must be confessed that it is a very faint line which divides the *Noncommittal* from the next installment of autographs, which I have grouped under the head of the *Appreciative*. Most of these readers have gone a little farther in their judgment; they are, for the most part, conciliatory or congenial. Approaching them, I pass unnoticed communications from "Owen Meredith," Wilkie Collins, Christina Rosetti, Justin McCarthy, Professor Goldwin Smith, and a host of foreign and domestic writers, who turn pretty or evasive compliments, graciously acknowledging the existence of a young poet in the West. The truth is, their condescension becomes monotonous. Right here let me introduce, as a kind of literary curiosity, a letter which has grown in interest. Young poets will read in it a lesson of manly perseverance, which it is well to learn early in life:

PORTLAND, Oregon, March, 1869.

DEAR SIR:—Knowing you to be a true poet, though knowing you by your writings only, I venture to lay before you a little plan of mine, and show you how you can do me a signal service and kindness. Last year I published, only for a few friends, a little book of poems, which I herewith send you. Now I am publishing here, for sale, a book of like kind, though I think tenfold better—it is also larger (150 pages)—which will be out in about three weeks. Let me tell you a truth which may not be apparent to you. The California press *will not* approve of anything of Oregon growth, and the Oregon press *dare* not without the consent of California! It is to overcome this, and get a fair and just hearing, that I address you. I ask no favor, beg no sympathy; but it is my right, and a duty to myself to have a hearing, and a *just* one. You can look over this I now send you, and form some idea whether I have mistaken my calling, or whether you can truthfully and justly reach me your hand through the pages of the *Monthly*. Should you find merit enough in this I now send you to make it the subject of a brief article in the *Overland Monthly*, or some good authority, you will set up the ladder for my ascent. But, mind you, I want nothing said that solid merit does not justify. * * * * Hoping to hear from you soon, I am, please sir, sincerely yours,

"(Joaquin) C. H. MILLER."

The young poet felt like a patriarchal bard when he received that letter, but it fell to the lot of Bret Harte to write one of the earliest reviews, if not the first, of the now famous Poet of the Sierra. To resume:

"I thank you for your beautiful lines. They indeed do you great credit. Their purity of thought and of diction, and their judicious blending of good meaning and good music, merit the highest praise.

"FITZ-GREENE HALLECK."

"I am much pleased with the fine and rather dainty fancy displayed in your verses.

"*Macte virtute.* Yours, fraternally,

"JOHN G. SAXE."

"I have been agreeably surprised by the unusual vigor and originality of the poems. There would be hope for 'a fellow' at twice your years who could write such.

"FLORENCE PERCY."

"Your second poem is particularly good, I think. It might have been written by Tennyson in his earlier days. Not that it is at all an imitation, but the accuracy of imaginative description is like him, and worthy of him. COVENTRY PATMORE."

(Author of *The Angel in the House*, etc.)

"Your poems seem to me to promise more than anything I have read lately. I like your subjects as well as your style of treatment. Stick to what you see and know and feel, and you are safe enough; but you hardly need my advice, as your performance shows.

"ALICE CARY."

"Thanks for the hand-grasp along the long rail and across the wide water. I like the American poetry that looks to its own nature and its own thoughts. Stick to that, and don't mind Keats. Your verses are charming. I should say you read Heinrich Heine; if not, you have a scrap of his mantle as sure as you live.

"(Lord) HOUGHTON."

(Poet and Essayist, author of *Life of Keats.*)

"Your pieces furnish abundant evidence of the possession of poetic sensibilities and powers, which future practice will no doubt greatly deepen and strengthen; and there is no reason to fear that you may not achieve a decided success in the field of imaginative literature.

"GEORGE P. MARSH."

"Accept my sincere thanks for the pleasure derived from a perusal of the poems which you have kindly inclosed, and pray be so good as to acquit me of any intention of flattery, or mere idle compliment, if I venture to confess that your second poem impresses me as being extraordinarily beautiful.

"AUGUSTA J. EVANS."

(Author of *Beulah*, *Vashti*, etc.)

"You have certainly the measure and temper of poetry. My warning to all young poets would be the remark that, in American literature generally, the power of imagery and expression is in large proportion to the power of thought. I should say, therefore, cultivate thought, do not shun experience, do not be satisfied until a poem shall have weight as well as beauty.

"JULIA WARD HOWE."

"I have looked through your poems with much pleasure, both for the graceful fancies with which they abound and the facility of the versification. In the first of these respects, there is, perhaps, sometimes a certain unpruned luxuriance, but this is a good fault in a young poet. I trust that the public will hear from you yet again in the walk of literature which you have chosen.

"WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT."

"The vein of sentiment and fancy displayed in your verses strikes me as possessing a certain originality, a *something*—I can hardly define it—which would seem to hint that you intended to leave the more beaten paths of poetry, and to strike out a novel, and, I make no question, a beautiful way for yourself. Truly, I think these little poems not merely full of promise—the stereotyped expression of reviewers—but complete performances in themselves; peculiar, but exceedingly clever.

"PAUL H. HAYNE."

"They indicate practical talent of no common order; they show in you the possession of thought, fancy, good taste, and considerable art. It is their chief objection that they indicate, also, a too decidedly imitative tendency, which is too much the characteristic of the American muse. You must study Tennyson less, and the earlier masters more; you should go back to Milton, Shakspere, and Dryden; and, above all, avoid the effort at the vague and unsubstantial, which find it easier to employ fancy than to command thought.

"WM. GILMORE SIMS."

"I never expected to correspond with you, though you have been a mute friend ever since the *Overland* started. I look for you every month, and think I can guess your style; and, what's more, generally find on referring to the index at the end of the volume that I have been right. At the time when I got your letter—it has somewhat contributed to the delay in my answer—I believed I was about to obtain the editorship of one of our new magazines, and I wanted to have asked you to contribute. It didn't come off, but it may, and then I wonder whether you will say, *Yes.*

"TOM HOOD."

"As for the poems, I have read them with real pleasure and interest. All of them seem to show to me poetic taste and facility—possibly a dangerous facility—and an acquaintance with the more modern poetry. And your sense of melody is so marked, that perhaps I might content myself with saying to you what a poet once said to me of another young man: 'If he has melody, that is enough.' But though many of us rhyme musically, there are few poets. I don't need to warn you against mistaking faculty for inspiration. Your good sense will teach you that; it will also urge you to distrust whatever seems to be an echo, however sweet, and to study only the great models, the poets of old time, but of no fashion. As you may have already discovered, there is no sweeter reward of authorship than the knowledge it brings us of unknown friends. I shall be glad if you will count me as yours.

"GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS."

"I have received your poetry, and I like it, for it is the overflow of an earnest spirit. The only salvation that I know of for such a spirit is a wise choice of work, and a sedulously loyal pursuit of it. Work, moreover, can not be chosen without trial; you can not, until you try, know what you are best fit for. *Try*, *choose*, and *act;* don't let partial failures daunt you. I have had no rule of life, but a determination to do my work in an honest, manly way. The spirit of work around you will incorporate itself according to your circumstances. That work may be poetry, it may be science, it may be commerce. The thing to be sought for is *life;* the thing to be avoided is *stagnation.* Let your health be cared for. Make your body the strong vehicle of a pure soul, and I wish you good speed.

"Yours, faithfully, John Tyndall."

"Now, as I write, I sit by a large open window, looking south and west, down the Potomac, and across to the Virginia Heights. It is a bright, warm, spring-like afternoon; I have just reread your sweet pages all over, and I find them indeed soothing and nourishing after their kind, like the atmosphere. I do not, of course, object to the emotional and adhesive nature, and the outlet thereof, but warmly approve them; but do you know (perhaps you do) how the hard, pungent, gritty, worldly experiences and qualities in American practical life also serve?—how they prevent extravagant sentimentalism?—and how they are not without their own great value, and even joy? It arises in my mind as I write, to say something of that kind to you. I frankly send you my love, and I hope we shall one day meet.

"Walt. Whitman."
(Author of *Leaves of Grass.)*

"It appears to me that there is a great deal of poetic feeling, and some power of poetic expression, in your verses. I must say that the advice you imagine I shall give—namely, 'read more, ponder more, prune more, and wait'—seems to me a very judicious and somewhat prophetic imagination on your part. One thing I should like to suggest—if it would not be presumption in a mere prose writer to suggest anything to a poet—and that is, avoid needless involution, and write clearly. It seems to me there is quite a field open to any young poet who should make his verses so lucid that one could understand them at the first reading.

"Arthur Helps."
(Author of *Friends in Council.)*

"I am not fond of writing letters, and am obliged to leave some kind ones unanswered; but I can not resist your appeal from the other side of the world, especially as the first of your little poems pleases and interests me, drawing me into conferences with you in your longings. I shall be able to think, henceforth, with much fellow-feeling of one mind in San Francisco, which had before been a place of very cheerless associations to me. I shall hope that you are planting and watering a little garden there, to breathe purity and freshness. Yesterday, I was reading in that old, old writer, Marcus Aurelius: 'What the structure of the human nature is chiefly adapted to is a social communication of God'—that is, the instrument can only be brought into full tune by being perpetually in the play of that harmony. How finely symbolical that physical fact is that a violin constantly played on out of tune is permanently unfitted for true harmonies. I shall remain yours, with sincere wishes, George Eliot."

"I shall not criticise your poems, which are evidently dictated by a true poetic feeling. They have more freshness in them than most of those which are sent me by young persons. I have no particular advice to give you. You have formed your style in good measure, and the rest must depend on your taste, genius, study of good models, and the time and labor you devote to practical composition. You must remember, however, that the pursuit of poetry is not like to give you a living, and not like to forward you in any other useful calling. Think well of it, therefore, before you relinquish any useful occupation, which will afford you steady employment and support, for the life of an artist in verse. As an incidental accomplishment, it is an ornament; but in some it is used as an apology for neglecting humbler and more steadily industrious pursuits. If you happen to have a portion which is sufficient for your present and future, then I have no doubt you will find your talent will well repay the time given to its cultivation. Otherwise, I should be jealous of allowing poetry more than the spare hours of my life, which it may solace and embellish, and be at the same time a pleasure to others.

"Oliver Wendell Holmes."

"I am very much pleased that you like my poetry, and wish to tell you a little about yours, which takes my fancy so greatly that you must suffer in its behalf a word of exhortation from me. I think the specimens you have sent me very rare and uncommon—full of freshness and nature, with a *naïve* charm quite their own. I like the metres, too, which are unusual and *arresting*, and remind me in that of some of the old English poets, who bring up a thought abruptly and write a challenge, as when a knight flings down a glove. What I would say unto you, I say unto all, and to myself most of all: that in poetry one must attend greatly to the saying as well as to the thing said. When I was younger in life and in art, I had no adequate conception of this, and only thought of getting out what was in my heart. Lamartine says, 'When the heart is silent then the ear awakes.' Perhaps this is in some degree my case; at any rate, I am thoroughly alive to the value of all that makes poetry *an art.* The sense of this, I think, grows upon the mind slowly, and is a good deal acquired, as in music and painting, from the study of the great master-works; and though, of course, the first word and the last word in poetry should always be the feeling in which it grows and the flash that gives it life, between that first word and that last there is *a world* in which the critical faculty develops itself, and teaches the mind, half consciously, what to choose and what to refuse as to form and ornament. What restraint and reticence there is in all great poets, even when they seem most to abandon themselves to feeling! Also, there is something which no words can describe, a gift in which practice has something to do, that would lead instinctively to the choice of a certain march and measure for a war-song, while a love-song would fall unbidden into quite a different flow. I should think your poetry would easily be very musical; I do not mean music in the commonplace sense of flow and smoothness, but musical in the true sense of *intimate sweetness* born into the structure of the line, just as perfume lives in a flower and cannot be detached from it; though you know not where it is, *it is everywhere.* I do not think yours wants much; still, it does want finish. If I could have a good hour's talk with you, I could tell you a great deal about

"The little more, and how much it is;
And the little less, and what world 's away."

Dora Greenwell,
(Author of the *Patience of Hope, The Present Heaven,* Poems, etc.)

Though I believe that the published testimony, in this paper, is insufficient to prove that hydra-headed criticism nullifies itself, when it touches upon the form and sentiment of verse—they are unquestionably a matter of taste—I can not resist offering the following:

"Perhaps a line out of my own experiences may assist you. If there is any good in my poems, it is owing far more to the severe and pitiless criticism they received before publication—from a dear friend of mine, one of the most accomplished and unsparing critics in America—than to any 'inspiration' of my own. I was very grateful, for I think if a thing is worth doing at all it is worth doing as well as you can. With my best wishes for your patience and success.

"ROSE TERRY."

With uncommon pleasure—I hope there is no tinge of the malicious in it—I have caused the more pronounced critics to cross swords over the verses, which are now *forgotten*, even by their author. Will any reasonable reader give a fig for criticism after he has compared the judgments of these illustrious minds? Please remember that the same lines which have been referred to from the first here receive their final verdict, and that beyond this hour there is no appeal.

"A sort of California wild flower you seem to me, brilliant, spontaneous, free, springing from a rich soil, with a careless, winning, laughing grace—is that you? You seem to me well worthy every good and perfect gift—friendship the most perfect of all—and I think you clear and fine and promising in intellect, and simple-hearted—simple in its grand, heavenly sense, I mean, not in its mean and worldly one. So, let me help you if ever I can; not in any outward way, perhaps, but in some silent fashion, as dews and darkness help the flowers, you California blossom, you! Heaven has given you much, but the fruits of heaven's gifts your own will must ripen. I could wish that you might grow up into a full-statured man; single in purpose, symmetrical in development, high-toned and efficient in good words—and, indeed, good words often are good works. California is in need of such men; the whole country needs them, and is in evil case this moment for want of them. GAIL HAMILTON."

"My marvel is that one, who writes as well as you do, should care for word of mine in praise or blame. I can only say your poems are the product of a truly, purely poetical mind, to which study, observation, and experience will be sure to bring treasures of material for higher art. I have the sincerest admiration of your gifts, and the strongest faith in your future.

"J. G. HOLLAND."

"I have preserved your poems in a book, in which I mean to put only good and interesting verses. Indeed, I am much touched with them, and think so well of their superior skill and tone that I would hear with pain that you had discontinued writing. I do not think that one who can write so well will find it easy to leave off, even in the deafest community. He will sing to himself, and as unawares find happy listeners. With great regard, RALPH WALDO EMERSON."

"I am glad to hear from you, and wish I were wise enough to say the right thing to you. There is certainly power and thought in your poems, but whether verse is to be your appointed means of expression can not yet be told. I suppose that every one would prefer to write poems if he could, and nothing but time can prove to any one whether he can rise to that height of excellence which is alone worth having. The bane of American literature is the ease with which applause can be won, and the consequent unwillingness of young authors to write for the securer fame which comes so slowly. I shall be glad to hear from you again, and shall watch your progress with interest. My best wishes for you are that you may not obtain recognition and praise too easily, and that you may have more patience to wait and labor and live than most of our young writers possess.

"THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON."

"Your poems are not surpassed in their kind or range—which is a wide one—by anything which I have read by any American poet. As I am not very prodigal of praise, even to my intimates, or at all sparing in severe criticism, you will understand that your lyrics have pleased me to an unusual degree.

"CHARLES GODFREY LELAND."
("Hans Breitman.")

"I comply cheerfully with your request that I should tell you what I think of your verses, although such requests are perilous, both in the making and in the granting. I have made enemies for life—not a few, I fear—by candid answers to such questions. I do not find any marked indication of poetical ability in these verses. They impress me as the production of a writer whose motive is in his memory and his taste, rather than in the necessity of poetical utterance. The third poem of the series seems to me to show most evidence of fancy, feeling for rhythm, and command of language.

"I am, sir, very respectfully, your obedient servant,
"RICH'D GRANT WHITE."

"I am charmed with the tender grace, freshness, and general beauty of the poems which you have sent me, and I can but regret that my pleasure was limited by their scanty number. I recognize in you a true artist, the development of whose powers may hereafter be a glory to our literature, and in the little works before me the presence of genuine poetry—that rarest of human productions. Can I say more, being in earnest in what I say? Above all things, work on and work faithfully at your difficult art, and I promise for you a triumph in the future such as will belong to no young American poet with whose works I am acquainted. Do not think that I am dealing in superlatives. I am a cool-headed, experienced literary man, who has seen more new stars arise than would form a constellation. I have also seen the same stars go out in utter darkness, and in so doing only realized my anticipations. But in your poems I see sparks of a light that men will not willingly permit to die. I do not mean to say that the poems you have sent to me are immortal poems in themselves; but I do say that they are informed with a soul that may hereafter produce imperishable things. This I say in all sincerity, and with the hope of inciting you to further and bolder exertions of your powers.

"GEO. H. BOKER."

"You ask for my opinion. Well, then, to speak frankly, I think you will see by and by that these poems lack substance and are mainly devoted to a manner. Much of the poetry now written runs to a mere daintiness of expression—a kind of velvet covering to commonplaces. Seek your *thought* first, and your *phrase* afterward. Then, if you are a young man, never remember that any one has praised your writings, but be grateful to your sharpest critics. Now, this may be good advice or bad; you must judge. I may be wrong. I am not the Supreme Court of Poetry, and my decision is not final; it may not be even respectable. But, since you crave my opinion, I can only say that, in my opinion, your poems are rather sweetish pieces of confectionery—sugared, frosted, gilded, and unwholesome. Please write to me a year hence, and tell me that you forgive yours, truly, THEODORE TILTON."

"It is not flattery, but a candid tribute of deserved praise, to say to you that they are of extraordinary excellence, and altogether worthy of a most generous welcome from the scholars and friends of the literature of our country. They show matured skill and the culture of a careful study. I do not mean to criticise, but only to say, of two at least, that they are as sharply drawn pictures and as full of poetic suggestion as the finest specimens of word-painting I have anywhere met; and let me say, too, whilst I have my pen in hand, that the poet who wrote certain of these lines needs no diploma as a passport to the temple. You have only to persevere in your pursuits to win an enviable fame from your countrymen. JOHN P. KENNEDY."
(Author of *Swallow-Barn*, etc.)

"I already know your name as the author of several short, melodious poems, which I read in the newspapers, and the specimens you send me confirm the impression they made—that you have the true poetic faculty, or gift (the something which is *born* in a man.) It is dangerous to prophesy, and, therefore, I will not say whether you shall become a part of our literature. That depends on your comprehension of the poetic art, and the degree of faithful, conscientious labor which you devote to it," [Then follows a page or two of judicious criticism, in which the poem most admired, and which has been repeatedly referred to in the most flattering manner, is utterly demolished.] "I mention these things—and you will pardon the liberty I take—to show the necessity of careful study, and, above all, of discriminating between the true and the false impulses of song which come to every poet. I am old enough now to recognize my own early mistakes, and hope that you will take these remarks as the sign of a sincere, friendly interest in your success. BAYARD TAYLOR."

"Your crystals have California gold in them; therefore, work the mine, remembering always that poetry, like virtue, is its own reward. Yours is the first specimen of native metal which I have yet seen from the Ophirian land where the sun goes down, and where, in his frequent setting, he has turned everything to gold. Some of your stanzas are charming. I *think* you are a true poet. Send me some more. But do not compromise your future by haste. Be reluctant to publish. Do not dispose of your poetical children while they are yet too young. It is a hard and heartless world, and early verses receive but little kindness in it. Fill your house with them if you like—the more the better; but be careful that they don't get away until they are able to take care of themselves. A few years will accomplish much, and I, for one, expect great things of you. How I would like to visit the land in which you walk—a land of dreams, in which you now seem a singing shadow far away! With sincere hope for your future, that your life may be as beautiful as the thoughts you have sent me, and much of it be moulded into noble verse, I am, my dear new friend, yours, faithfully,
"T. BUCHANAN READ."

"Your verses are full of promise, as it seems to me, and your vein noble. The Sacramento gold runs through it. Though I am not sitting here crowned with bays, and competent to issue poetic *dicta*, yet I can say that I think some of your combinations affected, and soon to be outgrown by you. Your pieces assure me that, with the increase of your private culture, you will strive more and more after quiet and simplicity, and be content to disappoint the shallow barbarous ear. At the rate you have begun, more than myself will soon be watching your career with delighted sympathy.
JOHN WEISS,
(Author of *American Religion*, etc.)

"Even where one has the advantage of knowing a writer personally, and being acquainted with his work, it is very difficult to render criticism of any value upon a matter so closely bound up with a man's whole nature and experience as poetry. Upon the verses you have sent me, I, therefore, offer but very slight and commonplace suggestions, and these with great diffidence. Unity of idea, clearness of picture, and completeness in execution—these and similar qualities are what, it seems to me, a poet should aim at. You have already a *simple style*, which is another very desirable quality. But a simple style requires great selectness in the thoughts and language, or it falls into the commonplace; and I think you will find it of advantage to pay especial attention to these points. In a short poem, as in a gem, little flaws detract much from value. You seem to have a good deal to say; there is a good *intention* about all your poems; your aim should be to realize this in perfect art. No easy programme, doubtless, but it has been the lesson of the wise, at any rate since the time of Aristotle. You will probably know all these things better than I, or you would not have been able to write as you do. Wishing you a lifetime of the pleasure which poetry, whether we read or write, gives to all minds susceptible of it, believe me, obediently yours,
"FRANCIS TURNER PALGRAVE."

"Some of these stanzas seem to me full of poetic promise, quite as good as many of the poems of Tennyson written at the same age. But the 'In Memoriam' measure is a dangerous measure for young poets to launch into, as it at once challenges a comparison. Tennyson has made it peculiarly his own, and yet he got the key-note from a poem written as long as 1660, and published in the Lettrell collection. There is so much that is good in your poems that it is an ungracious task to criticise. I should say, let the sweet vein flow on; don't stanch or stay it. I would have you more attentive to the music and euphony of your words; there is no writer who has carried the art of verbal melody to such a perfection as Tennyson. There is among much that is bad a deal of good poetry written nowadays by writers hardly known outside of a small circle. It requires courage now to aspire to gain the world's ear as a poet. You have begun well. EPES SARGENT."

"Let me advise you never to employ the dislocated measure and rhythm—the music vanishes. If, in some of these verses, you had made alternate rhymes, instead of rhyming the first and fourth, and the second and third lines (the 'In Memoriam' measure), you would not have spoiled many a good thought otherwise well expressed. Persevere! Your well wisher,

"JOHN NEAL."

"I want to indorse your book" [in the press at the time], "because I know all about poetry, and I know you can write the genuine article. Your book will be a success—your book *shall* be a success; and I will destroy any man who says the contrary. How's that? There's nothing mean about me. I wrote a sublime poem—'He done his level best'—and what credit did I ever get for it? None. Bret Harte left it out of his *Outcroppings*. I never will write another poem. I am not appreciated. But that don't set me against other poets, like it might have done with other men, and so I will back up your book just as strong as I know how. Count on me to-day, to-morrow, and all the time, and I don't say it in a whisper, but I say it strong.

"(Signed and sworn to.) MARK TWAIN."

"Your poems show an uncommon sensibility, a most choice, artistic feeling of the beautiful in nature and of the expression in language. What you now need is to add to your natural poesy of sentiment a careful and thoughtful self-criticism, a disciplined development of severe thought, discriminating and patient meditation and study. Strive to master more and more of science and philosophy, in connection with the spontaneous play of affection and fancy. Do not be contented with mere outpourings of emotion and music, however sweet and melodious. Be careful to select dignified themes, and put high, deep, commanding thoughts into your treatment of them. Tenderness of feeling you have in abundance; richness and variety also, and a rare sense and control of the charm of words. Height and depth and weight of thought, quality and quantity of ideas, true and wise thoughts carefully considered and precisely stated, are of still greater importance. You have the poetic faculty in a high degree; spare no labor to acquire also the solid and costly poetic *material*. All the emotion and music in the world will quickly die out in the empty air, if not imbedded in chiseled forms of really valuable experience and thought. It is because I put so high an estimate on the merit of what you have done that I want you to be doing progressive justice to your genius in the future. WM. R. ALGER."

(Author of the *Genius of Solitude*, etc.)

"I have read your poems with much interest, *at least some of them* (for I won't lie to you), and think they are full as good as most that are published and cracked up here, but I don't think poetry will prove to be your vocation after a few years. All my friends who have visited California tell me it is useless to write except by return post, as the whole population is here to-day and gone to-morrow. However, I hope that you may get this somehow or another, at San Francisco or elsewhere, and that you will do what you can to make your people a little more moderate and sensible about England. There is no more bigoted Philo-Yankee, or Philo-American, than I in this country; but I would sooner be ordered out to Canada with my volunteer regiment than give in an inch to this swagger of Sumner, Chandler & Co. There is plenty of fight in the old country yet, but I hope to heaven the United States will not be the nation to bring it to the proof. TOM HUGHS."

(Author of *Tom Brown's School Days*, etc.)

"Write poetry, by all means, only don't make a volume of verses in a hurry. Dash away while under the *estro* of composition; but, after many days, *correct with great self-sacrifice.* The true poet writes and blots out a great deal. Even if you never publish a volume of poetry, *write it;* for it will teach you the various meanings of words, and thus school you into writing good prose. And this remember: the fewer adjectives you use the stronger will your writing be; and, as a rule, when you write anything which strikes your *fancy* (not your *judgment)* as being particularly fine, put it into the fire. Fine writing wants backbone.

"R. SHELTON MACKENZIE."

(Author of *A Life of Dickens*, etc.)

VIENNA.

MY POET: Your letter and poems came just to-day, when kind and beautiful things were so much needed in my heart. That letter and your thrilling poems have fulfilled their mission; I am lifted out of my sad, lonely self, and reach my heart up to the affinity of the true, which is always the beautiful. I am not in condition to tell you all the impressions of your poems. I have to-day fallen down into the bitterness of a sad, reflective, and desolate mood. You know I am alone, and that I work, and without sympathy, and that the unshrived ghosts of wasted hours and of lost lives are always tugging at my heart. I know your soul! It has met mine somewhere in the starry highway of thought. You must often meet me, for I am a vagabond of fancy, without name or aim. I was born a dweller in tents, a reveler in the 'tented habitation of war;' consequently, dear poet, my views of life and things are rather disreputable in the eyes of the 'just.' I am always in bad odor with people who don't know me, and startle those who do. Alas! I am a fair classical scholar, not a bad linguist, can paint a respectable portrait of a good head and face, can write a little, and have made successes in sculpture; but for all these blind instincts for art I am still a vagabond, of no use to any one in the world, and never shall be. People always find me out, and then find fault with God because I have gifts denied to them. I can not help that; the body and the soul don't fit each other; they are always in a 'scramble.' I have long since ceased to contend with the world; it bores me horribly, and nothing but hard work saves me from myself. I send you a treasure: the portrait and autograph of my friend, Alexandre Dumas. Value it for his sake, as well as for the sake of the poor girl he honors with his love. Oh, how I wish that you could know him! *You* could understand his great soul so well—the king of romance, the child of gentleness and love; take him to your heart forever. In a few days I will see him, and then a pleasant hour shall be made by reading in my weak translation what I like best in your poems. We always read and analyze our dearest friends, but Alexandre is too generous to be a critic. I shall not remain here long. Vienna is detestable beyond expression. Ah, my comrade, Paris is, after all, the heart of the world. Know Paris and die! And now, farewell! Let me try to help you with my encouragement and the best feelings of my heart. Your future is to be glorious. Think of me. I am with you in spirit. Heaven bless you. *Infelix.* MENKEN."

I draw a curtain upon the rose-tinted picture, and reverse it. What is the result? What could it be but this:

> "As for the profession of literature, let me warn you that there are hundreds of young men here in London, and, I might add, of old men and of women of all ages, vainly endeavoring to get their bread by writing. Of all professions, it seems to be the most precarious; and it is more crowded even than others, by the fact that no apprenticeship or special tuition is necessary to those who undertake it, and there is no standard by which an aspirant can measure himself, so as to learn whether he have or have not the necessary gifts and qualifications. It is alluring, of course, for this reason, and who can say who may not succeed? But it is a career full of danger, and one in following which many hearts are broken. ANTHONY TROLLOPE."

Let me conclude this final series of Notable Autographs with a too flattering tribute from one at whose side the poet was wont to sing. It came to him upon his name-day, with a garland of blossoms—itself a wreath that might have been woven in the rose garden of Sheik Saadi, and she who gave it was alone worthy to receive:

"Roses for one who weaveth in his art
The bloom and splendor of the Rose's heart.

"Lilies, pearl-white, so fair and without stain
Are the rapt dreamings of his poet-brain.

"Daisies, shy-faced; for so his songs express
All worth, disguised in modest humbleness.

"And Violets, than all blossoms sweeter far,
As balmy-perfect as his fancies are.

"Fair nursling of the sun, and dew, and wind,
Whose velvet tongues shall whisper him, I find

"Something that breathes of each and all of these
I' the subtile sweetness of his melodies.
"SUB ROSA."

Not all who are capable of building verses are wise enough to refrain when they discover that their art is not so high as their ideal; but in this case it seems that while his golden hour was still young, the poet had premonitions of his own declension, and in a swan-song he solemnly heralded approaching silence.

Prophetic soul! With him, in a brief decade, desire has failed, rhyming has become a burden, and the mourning muses go about the streets; for he has shrouded himself in that comfortable obscurity which is, perhaps, all things considered, a greater boon than world-wide fame. POURQUOI.

CARMELITA.

The twilight lingered lovingly over the long stretch of the Carmel Mountains, transforming their monotonous brown and gray to delicate rose and purple, and lighting up their undulating curves with the last golden gleam of the sun. It touched the sea, and each wave laughed and glistened in a glory of color. Even the long waste of sand-beach shone warm in the last embrace of the sun-god. The sea-gulls stretched their wings lazily over the waters, and wandered back to their homes amid the crags with mournful cries, while a solitary sail gleamed like a silver light through the gathering mist.

Monterey lay at the foot of the sea in all the freshness of youth. Her buildings were not stately nor grand; but the low *adobe* houses, covered with their mass of roses, looked more picturesque in the gathering evening than if they had been planned by the hand of a master architect. Her streets resounded with tread of horses and hum of voices, although, as you see her now, it is almost impossible to believe that sleepy-hollow of a town could ever have been alive. The gay *caballeros* are gone with their dashing steeds, the sweet notes of the guitar are hushed in the gloaming, and the musical voices are stilled that once trilled the old love-songs.

It is a dead city, sleeping like the princess in the children's fairy tale, waiting for the prince's kiss to reanimate it. Now the tramp of a solitary mustang breaks the silence of the grass-grown streets, and the inhabitants nod away the day drowsily, basking in the sunshine on their doorsteps. Even the animals partake of the lotos-like quiet. The house dogs have almost forgotten how to bark, and scarcely lift their heads to snap at the flies as they buzz around them. There are tidings of the prince's speedy coming, of the infusion of life into the old town; but we await it with dread, for there is something so quaint and picturesque in this Spanish town, our sole remnant of anything like antiquity, that we would not have the spell broken.

The *Angelus* bell rang softly, and voices sounded on the evening air as a gay company filed out of the old church on the hill.

"Carmelita, Carmelita, where are you going so fast?" a shrill, high voice called, as a young Spanish girl came bounding down the narrow street gracefully as a deer in its native forest.

"Follow and you will see," she called out merrily to her companions, who were vainly endeavoring to keep pace with her. Finally she stopped.

"Maria, Josefa, all of you," she cried. "It's dreadfully musty in that old church, and Madre Dolores has stayed to say a few more prayers; so let us have some fun. I saw Pedro take a duck into Padre Antonio's house this morning. Just think, a *duck*," and her large black eyes danced with fun. "A duck, and it is a fast day. We poor sinners must not even look at meat, and Padre Antonio eats what he will. It is not right. He is always talking about setting an example to his flock. Now I propose to set an example. I have watched Pedro go out of the kitchen, and I intend to slip in and run away with the duck. 'Children, you should mortify the flesh and think not of carnal pleasures,'" she said, imitating the old priest's slow drawl.

"Oh, Carmelita, we dare not," they all cried, drawing back. "It would be a sin, and besides we would have so many *Ave Marias* to say for punishment, if we were found out."

"Cowards!" she exclaimed, and her black eyes flashed with scorn.

"I will do what you wish, and go anywhere with you, Carmelita," a little voice cried at her elbow.

She turned around, picked the little fellow up, and tossed him in the air.

"Oh, Mateo *mio*," she cried, "you would not desert your madcap Carmelita, would you?"

"How could I?" the child replied; "you who nursed me through the fever when even my mother was afraid; but the Padre is so good to us we ought not to do wrong."

They left their companions and slipped quietly to the kitchen door that opened on the street. A plump duck was roasting on the coals; the odor was delicious. Carmelita stole softly in; returning, she reached the door with her prize in safety and handed it to Mateo, who was waiting outside, when who should confront them suddenly but Pedro, returned from his errand. The old cook regarded the culprits sternly, then seized little Mateo by the ear and commenced beating him. Carmelita drew herself proudly up, and her dark eyes flashed. She formed a beautiful picture, as she stood there defiantly. Her long black hair had become unbound and fell over her shoulders in a heavy, disordered mass, and her clear, olive complexion was tinged with a fresh bright color. She was a pure type of Andalusian beauty, and it is only Spaniards that possess such glorious eyes.

"Pedro," she said, proudly, "you shall not strike Mateo. I did it, and am willing to abide the consequences. Not that I wanted your meat; I took it, but simply to teach a little 'carnal sacrifice,'" she said, in tones of irony.

The old cook shook with rage.

"You daughter of a magician, of a man that deals with the evil one," he muttered, "I will teach you to leave lessons to your betters." Then he seized her angrily by the shoulder, as if to administer a shaking.

At this moment a young man, who had been talking with a companion across the street and watching the scene, came to the rescue.

"What are you about, man?" he cried, as he struck away Pedro's hand. "You must not touch a child."

Then, glancing at Carmelita, he hastily corrected himself. "Pardon me, señorita, your height and companion misled me. May I see you and this little fellow home, for fear of further molestation?"

"No, thank you," she replied; "I suppose my *occupation* also deceived you, señor."

The old cook went grumbling into the house with his rescued duck in his hand.

"May you enjoy your *fast*, Pedro," she called tauntingly after him.

Then she walked down the street, and entered a low *adobe* house with the air of a duchess. The building was like all the rest, except that it was a little smaller and the garden was a trifle larger. Rows of various hued hollyhocks kept guard by the green gate, while impudent marigolds thrust their golden heads between the fence pickets. Stately sunflowers nodded solemnly in the evening breeze, and verbena, mignonette, and chick-weed ran riot all over the ground, covering it with a brilliant, fragrant carpet, while the rest of the space was a perfect rose garden.

Ronald Keith watched her until she entered the house, and then returned to his companion.

"By Jove, Herrick," he said, "that is a bonnie lassie. She has the spirit of a Juno. Such eyes!—such an air! She must be an olden sea princess, wandered here."

"Why, Ronald, you are enthusiastic," Herrick replied, as he lighted a cigar. "It is surely a novel occupation for a sea princess, robbing a *padre* of his supper."

Darkness had changed all the beautiful color on land and sea to dismal grays. The people were coming from church, and the streets were filled with the sounds of merry laughter. Keith and his companion turned away from the crowd and wandered down to the beach.

"Herrick," he said, "I have wished that our ship would put out to sea again; now I think I see a chance for amusement, and I don't much care whether the repairs are done in a month or a year;" and he picked up an abalone shell and carelessly skimmed it across the water.

"Ronald, you are as changeable as ever," Herrick said. "I have been listening all our voyage to the praises of fair Cousin Helen, home in the Highlands. Now you fancy that you are captured by a pair of black eyes. Well, so be it. To-morrow, may be, a pair of blue eyes will efface the impression as completely as the waves wash away all traces of the pebble marks in the sand. Ronald, you are too fickle. I have learned something of this girl's history. She belongs to an old Castilian family, prouder than Lucifer; poor, of course. The father follows the dark art—is an astrologer, in fact—gazes at stars all night, sleeps all day, and leaves a careless, gossiping old *duenna* to guard his pretty daughter. The girl is wild and wayward; and, Ronald, I beg of you not to seek an acquaintance. Love to you is a pastime—if disappointment, soon forgotten. To these fiery southern natures, it is life—if disappointment, death."

"Come, old fellow, you are getting serious," Ronald said. "Let us go back to town and watch those Spaniards gamble. They mumble their prayers with all due devotion, then spend their nights staking their last *real* on *monte* or dice, and lose or win with true stoicism.

Ronald Keith was a handsome young Scotchman, with nothing to do, and he had taken passage on a merchant vessel, with his friend, Richard Herrick, just to pass away the time. He was indolent and impulsive, easily swayed by any idea that presented itself, and as easily forgetting it. He never had a serious feeling in his life, for his was purely a surface nature. He was very attractive, personally, and possessed a generous, cheerful disposition that made him a pleasant traveling companion. Richard Herrick was a much older man, a friend of Keith's mother, and had promised to keep her lad from harm on the long voyage.

In the morning Carmelita was up, bright and early, in the garden, singing softly to herself. Suddenly she became conscious of a presence as she bent over her flowers, and, looking up, met the laughing eyes of the young stranger who had rescued her from Pedro's angry grasp.

"Good morning, señor," she said, merrily.

"Good morning," he replied. "I came to see if you had recovered this morning, and if the Padre had doled out your punishment."

"Ah, no, señor," she answered, and came close to the fence; "but Madre Dolores says I must stay on my knees in the church for an hour, and say a hundred *pater nosters*. Bah! I hate it," she added; "it smells so musty, and the stones on the floor are so cold, one feels as if one were all alone with the dead, lying outside in the damp earth. Just think, señor, all the time the sun is so bright, and the birds are singing, and they are going to have a *fiesta* to-day, and I must stay at home. They are all going to Carmel Mission, and I shall be in the church alone." She cast down her eyes and sighed.

A little tempting demon whispered in Ronald Keith's ear.

"What time are they going, and you will be alone?" he asked.

"At twelve," she answered, "and they stay, and come back in the moonlight."

Again she sighed.

"Will the Padre be gone, too?" he asked.

"*Si, señor*," she answered.

"Won't you give me that bunch of crimson roses you have in your hand? Perhaps we will meet again to-day. *Adios!*" and he lifted his hat and walked down the street.

"What are you dreaming about, Carmelita?" Madre Dolores called from the house. "Come, help me fix for the *fiesta*. Oh, Carmelita *mia*, how could you be so wicked yesterday? You can not go to the *fiesta*, but, as you will be in the church, I can leave you safely. Think of your prayers and the good saints, and you will be forgiven."

She expected a burst of tears, but was surprised that the young girl made no sign of disappointment. After many expressions of regret the old *duenna* left her. Carmelita went into the house, selected the white dress she kept for holidays, fastened crimson roses in her hair and at her throat, braided her rippling mass of hair into a coronet, and threw a lace mantilla gracefully over her head. Is it thus, Carmelita, you go to penance? A bright color surged in her cheeks, her heart beat fast, and her thoughts ran wildly on.

"He is so handsome, with his blue eyes and fair hair, and perhaps I may meet him as I go to church."

Cupid is a thoughtless youngster, and his aim is not always directed where it should be. He delights in his wounds, and most of all when his darts work mischief in quiet hearts. Carmelita's heart hitherto had seemed as if made of adamant. The arrows had glanced aside shattered; and it was no wonder wicked Cupid chuckled to himself when a stray one found a resting place.

It was a warm, bright day. A quiet hush was on the air. The only sounds that broke the stillness of the town were the bird-songs from the cypress grove upon the hill, and the hum of bees in the gardens. The bay lay still and motionless; the waters, like the sky, were deep azure. The breath of summer was over the land, bringing June with her roses and mild warmth to temper the sea winds.

Carmelita walked slowly up the dusty hill, her heart keeping pace with her footsteps. She looked carefully around, then blushed as if half in shame to have done so. No one appeared, and she entered the dismal church, breathing a sigh of regret as she left the beautiful day. She went to the altar, knelt, and her lips mechanically repeated the formula; though her thoughts were far away, not, however, with the merry maidens and youths at the *fiesta*. She felt a little pain in her heart, but then, she reasoned, she had no right to expect the stranger. All at once she felt something strike on her head. She looked up suddenly. A bright red rose lay on the pavement at her feet. Another followed. She turned, and saw the face of Ronald Keith at the door near the altar, full of laughter.

"Come," he said, entering. "You have done penance enough to-day. I have rid myself of Herrick, so let us have a stroll on the beach."

She hesitated, but Madre Dolores had told her these English-speaking people were good and kind-hearted; so desire got the better of prudence. The gleam of sunshine that fell athwart the floor as he opened the door decided her. It made the old church seem gloomier than ever.

"I will go," she said, and instantly, feminine like, she felt a glad consciousness of wearing her best apparel.

"Where shall we go?" she asked.

"Down to the beach," he replied. "I know where there is a lovely cove, sheltered from the sun."

They found the spot, and sat there listlessly for an hour or so, watching the cool green waves kissing the white sands, and weaving fantastic foam-wreaths around them. Wave after wave came rolling onward, tumbling over each other like merry children at play, then beating against the rocks and covering them with spray, like fall of snow-flakes.

"See," Ronald cried; "the water is inviting us to come out and enjoy with the waves their dance in the sunlight. If we only had a boat!"

"Wait a moment," said Carmelita, springing up the rocks; "I will be back presently."

After a little while she appeared with a basket on her arm and said, "Señor, I have a boat fastened in the next cove, and I sometimes go out fishing. If you like, we can take it."

"It will be heavenly," Ronald replied, with rapture. The spell of the dark eyes was bewitching him; Cousin Helen was already half forgotten. They walked to the next cove and unfastened the boat.

"Get in, señor," she said; "I will row, because I am used to it."

He lazily acquiesced. They rowed slowly down toward Point Pinos, passing the time in light banter and nonsense.

"I wish that this afternoon would never end," Ronald said, "that we could row together always, Carmelita. This is perfect happiness." And his eyes looked more than his words expressed.

"But, señor," Carmelita replied, "I shouldn't like to do all the rowing."

"Forgive me," he said, taking the oars; "let us land at the Point and have our lunch."

They scrambled up the rocks, and seated themselves in a grove of pines.

"See, señor," Carmelita said, displaying her basket's contents; "I have provided well. I hear you English are given to hunger."

"But I am Scotch," he said, "although my mother says that I haven't a bone of a Highlander in my body."

"Won't you have a little *chilé?*" she asked, holding up a cool-looking pod for his inspection.

"Like Becky Sharp," he said, "I'm entranced with the name this hot day; but, no, thank you, I remember the consequences. I can't suffer tears even for your sake."

"Who is Becky Sharp?" she asked. "Your cousin you told me of?"

"Helen MacDonald!" he cried, and commenced laughing heartily. "'Angels and ministers of grace defend us!' Helen would rather like the comparison! Not exactly, Carmelita; I suspect you are not quite up in English literature."

"No, señor," she replied; "I am seventeen, but I know only Shakspere of your English books. We read only saint's books in the Padre's school, but I know all of the stars. My father has taught me. *Don Quixote* is the only story I have ever read. I found that in my mother's old trunk one day, and, señor, I think that you, too, would be kind to forlorn maids, like the dear old Don. I have always spoken English, but have not read much."

"Bother the reading," Ronald said; "you are just perfect as you are, Carmelita; you are the one woman in the world to me."

The wind had risen, the waves were dashing higher, and the frail boat was tossing restlessly at her moorings. The afternoon was passing rapidly away.

"Come, we must go, Señor Keith," she said.

"No. Say Ronald," he whispered.

"Well, Señor Ronald," she answered in soft, musical tones, that only the sweet language of Spain can give to a voice.

The shadows were lengthening over the sea. Nightfall had come silently, when they turned their faces toward home. The great moon rose slowly up in the heavens, shining with resplendent light. The waters looked like a mass of molten silver as each wave caught the reflection from the moon's rays. They rowed swiftly back to Monterey, Carmelita's voice sounding far over the summer sea in sweet Andalusian melodies. Then Ronald's deeper voice sang weird Scotch songs of the sea, and the rocks echoed back mournful strains of "Lochaber no More," "Maybe Return to Lochaber no More," till it sounded like a wail over the waters. Carmelita clasped her hands.

"Stop, señor," she said, "your northern music is so stern and sad, of death and love deserted; our music is happy and gay, full of love and flowers."

Soon their boat grated on the sands, and they sprang out. Carmelita stood there, waiting in the moonlight, her eyes full of a beautiful new life. She had gone out that afternoon a child with a soul half awakened; she returned a woman, with a heart full of surging, passionate love. He, too, thought that he loved deeply at last.

"Good night," he said tenderly; "to-morrow I will come again, and I want your father to cast my horoscope for me. I hope our fates will prove united."

"Don't," she shuddered; "may be Saturn will be against you, too. I have always laughed at father before, but I would not like him to predict any evil for you. *I* don't mind Saturn in the least."

"Good night, again," he called back merrily as they separated. "We will try and outwit Saturn."

When Madre Dolores lighted the candles that night, and detailed all the events of the *fiesta*, Carmelita asked no questions. Her cheeks were so flushed, and her eyes so bright, that Madre Dolores thought she must be seriously ill.

The next day Ronald Keith knocked at the door. "I wish to see Dr. Rodriguez," he said, and was shown into his study. He saw before him a small man bent nearly double with age; his complexion was dark olive, full of deep wrinkles, and his hair was perfectly white. He was dressed in black, with a close fitting skull-cap of the same sombre color on his head. His eyes were sharp and piercing. Altogether he was rather uncanny looking.

Keith stated the object of his visit, and after enumerating the necessary dates the old man said, "Come to-morrow by noon. To-night I will search the heavens, whether for weal or woe I know not, young man; but what the stars write is unchangeable. It is useless for mortals to strive against these glittering decrees of fate. My knowledge is hereditary. One of my ancestors learned the secret of the planets from an old Moorish magician as he lay dying, and it has been bequeathed to the eldest son of each succeeding generation. With me the secret dies. Carmelita is the last one of our race left, and Saturn is against her in the eighth house, señor," and the old man's frame trembled with emotion. "Seek Dolores and my daughter. They shall entertain you for a while, señor."

Gladly he accepted the permission, and found Carmelita in the garden with her guitar by her side. Roses everywhere blossomed around her. They clambered up the walls of the house, and covered the low roof. They clung to the *adobe* wall, and nodded saucily to the passers-by. They completely covered the little summer-house where Carmelita and Ronald sat. The ground was strewn with their various hued petals, which sent up a world of fragrance in the air. There were deep crimson roses, whose hearts burned like a maiden's blushes; deep yellow ones, that glowed like imprisoned sunbeams; pale cream and virgin white, then delicate pink Castilian roses, with wayward branches trailing on the ground and swaying lazily in the breeze, where they were wooed by the golden honey-bees. The garden was a wilderness of color and fragrance.

"Carmelita, you are like the red rose," Ronald said; "see, it climbs the highest, and is the most wayward of all. Its color is like your cheeks. I shall never see crimson roses without thinking of you."

Then he sang the old Scotch song to her:

"Oh, my love's like a red, red rose,
  That's newly sprung in June;
My love is like the melody
  That's sweetly played in tune.
As fair art thou, my bonnie lass,
  Sae deep in love am I;
And I will love thee still, my dear,
  Tho' a' the seas gang dry."

The following night, when Herrick and Keith were retiring, Ronald said, "That old fellow says the paths of our stars cross, Carmelita's and mine—that mine bodes evil for her."

"He is one of those mad enthusiasts, I suppose," Herrick sleepily replied. "Do you try to prove it wrong, then."

Herrick went up the coast next day on business, and left Ronald alone. Day after day of happiness passed swiftly in the rose garden. Everybody said Carmelita had changed from the romping maiden to a quiet, stately woman, and that the English Don was soon to take her to his country as his bride. Life was like one long dream of Paradise to Carmelita. He said he loved her, and she loved him passionately, utterly. The life-blood flowed quicker in her veins, the earth seemed transfigured, love was so dear, so beautiful.

At last a ship came into harbor, bearing a letter for Ronald Keith. His mother wrote from her heath-covered highlands:

> "Come home. Helen is waiting for you. You know Castle Glencairn descends to your eldest brother, and your only hope is to win the MacDonald lands with Helen, who is fairer than they. I know you too well to think for an instant that you will choose poverty with your unknown love, of whom I have heard, than wealth with Helen MacDonald."

He turned over Lady Keith's letter again and again, and he thought of the "siller and lands to spare," with visions of Cousin Helen's high-bred, quiet manners. The dark eyes were losing their witchery.

"Winter is coming on, and I must soon leave these quarters," he thought. The love he had won was tiresome, it was too tempestuous. His thoughts ran on:

"I believe I prefer Helen's quiet affections, and I once loved her, and will again. Too much devotion is troublesome." His mind did not feel at rest, though, for he knew he was acting basely, ignobly.

"To-morrow," he thought, "I will tell her." To-morrow came, and he sauntered leisurely up to the house. She ran to the gate to meet him, with the love-light shining in her eyes. His heart misgave him, but he thought, "Herrick will be in Monterey to-morrow, and it would be cruel not to tell her."

"Carmelita," he said, stroking her hair as she knelt by his side in the arbor; "*pobrecita*, you say that you love me?" She looked at him in wonder, but turned her face upward, laughing, as a shower of rose petals fell on her hair.

"Zounds!" he exclaimed, as he hastily drew his hand away from the back of the bench where it had carelessly rested. "Look here, Carmelita," he said, as he showed a slight wound; "your rose garden has thorns."

"Yes, and snails and bugs manifold, Ronald *mio*," she replied. "Have you not discovered it before? Have you thought there was nothing but color and perfume here?"

"Carmelita, I am afraid you will think that you have been harboring a viper in your rose garden."

"Ah, no," she replied; "you are the light of my garden and my life."

"But, Carmelita, I am going to leave you. My mother has written to me, and I must go to Scotland."

The light slowly died out of her eyes.

"Leave me!" she murmured. "But you will come back to me soon. I don't like your cold home among the mountains, Ronald *mio*. Your people are cruel. I am afraid of them. The mountains will draw you fast to their rocky hearts. You will return no more. Sometimes in the night, when I lay awake, I seem to hear the sea calling to me, and I feel as if I must throw myself right into its arms, and then I know I couldn't come back. So it will be with your mountains, Ronald. They will keep you."

She had risen; a wild light shone in her eyes.

"The summer has flown," he said. "Carmelita, see; the roses have almost all gone. My duty calls me. You must forget me, Carmelita. Forget me, I say—I can *never* come back!"

She looked down upon him as he covered his face with his hands.

"I understand, señor," she said, in a hard, strained voice. "You are wearied of me. You wish to leave. My roses are all thorns to you now. Well, señor, *adios! adios!*" Then she slowly walked away.

He had expected a storm, and was not prepared for this quiet scene. It hurt him—yes, hurt his pride more than his heart. He could not read aright that quiet agony; to him it seemed heartlessness.

The next day, he told Herrick his story as they sailed out of Monterey Bay across the ocean.

"Ronald Keith, you are less a man than I thought," Herrick exclaimed. "Take care that you have not the crime of blood laid at your door as well as falseness."

Carmelita gazed vacantly out of her window the next morning. A high wind had stripped every bush of its floral treasures, and the ground lay strewn with bruised rose petals. She gave a gasp of relief, then stood there silently gazing out on the sea. For weeks she went round like one in a trance, until her companions avoided her, and touching their foreheads as she passed, they whispered in low tones, "She is touched here." Madre Dolores went nearly distracted, calling down all the maledictions of the saints on the head of the stranger, who, she felt, must be to blame. She appealed to the girl's old father, but he only shook his head drearily.

"It is Saturn," was all he said. "There is no use in striving. What is written must be."

One day, the young people made up a party to go to Cypress Point, and asked Carmelita to accompany them. To their astonishment, she assented eagerly. The day dawned dark and misty, but Carmelita insisted on wearing the white dress she had worn so long ago on that happy summer morning. With it were folded away some faded crimson roses, and she fastened them on her breast.

"You must not wear that, *pobrecita*," Madre Dolores expostulated, but in vain.

Carmelita sat in the wagon, silently listening to the chatter of her gay companions. Once she had been the gayest of all.

Wind-blown, storm-twisted cypress trees at last attested the fact they had reached the grove, where life and death seemed to reign together. Ghostly, blasted trunks supported living branches of deepest green. Underneath them a few pale violet asters, in the dry grass, alone denoted life. The merry company heeded little the dreariness of the scene. Lighting a fire and unpacking their lunch-baskets, they commenced to prepare for the feast. Carmelita wandered off alone and unnoticed. She walked quickly up the hill, and attracted by a natural arbor of trees, she involuntarily stopped. The cypresses looked fresh and green, and a beautiful vine of wild ivy trailed over the entrance. She entered. A vast chamber lay before her. The green had changed to gray, darkened to blacker shades. Even the earth looked ashen. Bearded moss trailed from the dead branches like ancient cobwebs. It was a fitting chamber for the old dead monks to hold their ghostly vigils. She drew a sigh of relief as she wandered from there to the point of rocks that extends farthest into the sea.

"All is hollow and false," she murmured to herself.

She stood on the promontory; above her arched a gray sky flecked with darker clouds, and, meeting it, a grayer ocean swept onward in eternal motion. The shriek of sea-gulls, thunder of waters, and moan of pines alone woke the solemn stillness. There was a storm out at sea. The wind was high and cold, and the waves were exultantly leaping in devilish glee, as if endeavoring to clasp the stern rocks in their mad embrace; and, as they retreated, they roared in baffled rage. Carmelita was fascinated. She drew nearer and nearer, till she came to the end of the point of rocks. Only one lower rock remained, over which high waves were dashing in violence.

"If you had only been true, I could have borne the parting; but if love is false, I want not life," she moaned.

Then she clasped her hands and murmured a prayer. She drew her shawl closer about her shoulders, faltered, then shuddered, then climbed down to the lower rock. The waves were quiet for a moment. She sat there motionless, and looked out upon the water unblenchingly. Afar off she could see a mighty swell. Nearer and nearer it came, like some monster, with a deafening rush. She put her hands to her ears. It strikes the rock, breaks into a glory of purest foam, recedes, and the rock stands bare and alone against the darkening sky. The waves retreat. A calm seems to have fallen over the waters. It is over, and they are still.

The merry crowd miss Carmelita, and seek for her in dismay, and then hasten into town to tell of her loss and obtain help for the search.

The old man in his study wearily says, "It is of no use. Saturn meant death; Saturn was against her." They look at him as one daft.

As soon as morning broke, almost all of the little city hastened to the Point. The waves were so still and quiet, you could not believe that treachery dwelt in their breasts. As the searchers rounded the promontory of rocks and reached the cove, they saw a dark mass lying on the wet sands, borne there by the incoming tide. The white sand-dunes looked ghostly in the pale morning light. Everything was white and still. They hastened to the beach. Carmelita lay there in her dead beauty, white as a carven statue. Her long black hair was matted with sprays of tangled sea-weed, but her face was calm and peaceful—more perfect in death than life.

"She looks at rest," they whispered.

The good old Padre led the mournful procession back to town. He had forgiven all her childish faults and follies long ago, and, as he laid her beside her mother in the old Carmel churchyard, his heart ached sorely for her "who was denied the glories of Paradise," he thought.

The next morning they found the old astrologer dead in his chair, his finger tracing her written horoscope where Saturn had so malignantly crossed.

Ronald Keith, in your rock-bound home among the Highlands, does never the sea waft to you a memory of Monterey sands, of a dead fragrance of crimson roses? As you read the old fabled story of Ariadne to your fair-haired wife, does never a sigh of regret stir your heart as you think on Naxos, where man's vows were false and the lover returned no more?

Mary W. Glascock.

A CYCLE.

I.

Spring-time—is it spring-time?
Why, as I remember spring,
Almonds bloom and blackbirds sing;
Such a shower of tinted petals drifting to the clover floor,
Such a multitudinous rapture raining from the sycamore;
And among the orchard trees—
Acres musical with bees—
Moans a wild dove, making silence seem more silent than before.

Yes, that is the blackbird's note;
Almond petals are afloat;
But I had not heard nor seen them, for my heart was far away.
Birds and bees and fragrant orchards—ah! they can not bring the May;
For the human presence only,
That has left my ways so lonely,
Ever can bring back the spring-time to my autumn of to-day.

II.

Autumn—is it autumn?
I remember autumn yields
Dusty roads and stubble-fields,
Weary hills, no longer rippled o'er their wind-swept slopes with grain,
Trees all gray with dust, that gathers even thicker till the rain;
And where noisy waters drove
Downward from the heights above,
Only bare white channels wander stonily across the plain.

Yes, I see the hills are dry,
Stubble-fields about me lie.
What care I when in the channels of my life once more I see
Sweetest founts, long sealed and sunken, bursting upward, glad and free?
Hills may parch or laugh in greenness,
Sky be sadness or sereneness,
Thou my life, my best belovèd, all my spring-time comes with thee.

MILICENT W. SHINN.

SHELLEY AND THE REVOLUTION.

Shelley's life is known to us as yet only in fragments. Motives of delicacy and of family pride unite to keep the materials locked up, that, if published, would answer very important questions. Meanwhile the literature about the poet's fortunes and acts is large and unsatisfactory. To go among his biographers, who together fill a long library shelf, and to ask them for help in understanding him, is to enter a company of cultured and critical people who are all talking among themselves in low whispers, and, withal, quarreling. You may admire their enthusiasm, but they do not and can not put your mind at rest. Furthermore, you are a little saddened to see how they hate one another. Each abuses at least one of his fellows, and all mystify. "If," says each, "if I were permitted to state my source of information, I could show that the real meaning of this or that event is quite other than the stupid and unworthy soul of my colleague, A. B., has held it to be." "I am informed by a person well qualified to judge, that," etc. Or, "Certain indications, which it were not prudent to explain at present, lead me to a grave suspicion just here, a suspicion, however, that I will not more clearly define, but only say that I have it. People of insight will follow me. I care for no others." Such is the tone of your true Shelley biographer. Exceptions to the rule there doubtless are. Two later biographers, Mr. W. M. Rossetti and Mr. J. A. Symonds, are tolerably plain spoken and satisfying, Mr. Symonds especially so. Yet they are limited by their material. They can not alter the fact that those who are best able to give us the truth about Shelley at first hand have not seen fit to do so, and that the tea-pot ocean of anecdote concerning our poet is yet ever liable to convulsive tempests of angry argument, whenever any new investigator sees fit to hunt up for us some scrap of news, and another investigator to abuse the first for doing so or for failing to add something else. Of this the moral is that we can not from Shelley's biography gain very much aid in understanding him as a man. Important it is to know about his life what we do; yet, with the rude sketch in black and white that is thus furnished, no one can be for a moment content. The reality and the coloring of our Shelley's character we must seek in his works. And in his works, too, we must find the inspiring ideas concerning which he was permitted to speak, and speak grandly to his fellowmen. With these ideas, and not with the outward embodiment of them in the wondrous and obscure happenings of the poet's life on the earth, our business must chiefly be whenever we speak in earnest and with genuine purpose about the poet Shelley.

Shelley must be viewed from as many sides as any mountain peak. I choose for the present to consider his place in the great mountain chain or range of his age, an age as full of great and of small things, of beautiful and of terrible things, as ever were Ural Mountains or Sierra, Andes or Himalaya. Shelley is a poet of the age of the Revolution. To this age we still belong. Do or say or think what we will, the Revolution—political, social, moral, religious, philosophical, poetical—is all about us in the air we breathe. Escape from it we can not. For a full hundred years the spirit of the Revolution has forced every one to take some position in reference to itself. One may be conservative, or progressive, or reactionary; one may content himself with his newspaper, or spend all his days in studying the thought of his time in its best expressions; one may think for himself, or be able to buy his whole system at a bookstore for a few dollars, and stow it away half-read on a shelf, as is just now the custom of very many who revere the name of Herbert Spencer; one may publish continually all that passes through his brain, and more, too; or one may preserve that enviable love of silent contemplation which is no less creative than are the great life-giving forces of spring-time, when the little blades of grass fill their places and do not advertise their beauty—yet, do what one will, one is a unit in the great process of tremendous change which has gone on, now swift and now seemingly regressive, now terrifying and now quiet, but always intensely active, from the dawn of the French Revolution itself.

As a great man of the age of Revolution, and as a most characteristic man, one in whom the "passion for reforming the world" went side by side with the most original perception of the forces that move the world, Shelley is a form of life that we dare not leave out of sight in any effort we may make to survey the most important tendencies in modern thought and feeling. As undeveloped as he was many-sided and unfortunate, our poet is an image of the modern spirit itself—ardent, keen-sighted, aspiring, striving to be tolerant, yet often angry with misunderstanding; studious of the past, yet determined to create something new; anxious for practical reforms, yet conscious how weary the work of reform must be; above all, uncertain of the end, often despondent, not knowing what the fates may have decreed as a reward for all this strife, and incomplete, raw, or obscure, even in its most cherished and loftiest ideas. Of such a nature, I say, is Shelley, like the spirit of the age itself—not now, to be sure, strictly as poet, but as man, as moral teacher, as thinker. As poet, in the stricter sense, Shelley represents not so much the age as himself. For it pleases the World-Spirit at times to think highly original and peculiar thoughts; and these, embodied in living men, may make them incomparable with their fellows in some one respect, models and not things modeled after others; and such a distinct and lonely embodiment of ideas was Shelley the poet, who, as poet, might have been dropped down into any other age as well as into ours. Only as intellectual and as moral being may we claim him for our time, and find him one of the most striking representatives of the struggle with life-problems which we ourselves carry on.

In studying, then, the relation of Shelley to the Revolution, one studies our poet, not in his most peculiar and most individual aspect, but without doubt, as I hold, in that aspect of his nature which means the most for the world at large. We always admire, to be sure, wonderful individuals. The "dæmoniac" power, whereby one soul conquers others with its fascination and leads them whithersoever it wills, is a power to which we delight to yield ourselves, with that love of the strongest which always guides us, even when we think ourselves most selfish. But the admiration for individuals is not the highest form of enthusiasm. The world is more than the men in it. The total of life is something more than the sum of the parts. The place of a man in the universe, in humanity, or in his age, is a more profitable subject for study than the remarkable skill, or beauty, or genius of this man himself. Shelley the moral man, the teacher, is higher in the scale of interest than Shelley the imaginative genius. And with Shelley the man we are now chiefly concerned.

When people speak of Shelley as preëminently a lyric poet, they commonly neglect to notice what profound consequences for his whole character, as a teacher of truth, are implied in this statement. Shelley is a lyric poet; but what is meant by the lyric power in poets? Is it not the power to view emotional experiences by themselves, to separate each of them from all others, to regard every grand moment of life as standing alone, as out of the chain of causes and effects, as a glorious or terrible accident? If this is the fact, and we shall find it true in Shelley's case, the peculiar fitness of our poet to embody and set forth the ideas of a period of revolution will at once be evident. When men break with past methods, the future seems to them a dark field full of strange adventures. What may come they know not; they are sure only of this: that the unexpected will happen, and nothing but the unexpected. The poet, who shall express their emotions, will then naturally be one to whom the world is less a finished system than a scene of grand actions, less a world of certainty than a world of magic. And such a poet will be lyric, rather than dramatic or epic. Let us trace some of the consequences of this general tendency in the case of our poet.

Born in the year 1792, just at the beginning of the most terrible days of the French Revolution, Percy Bysshe Shelley grew up in an atmosphere of unrest. That he was sensitive and misunderstood, inquiring and dissatisfied, we know. Many other boys in quieter times have been like him in these things. But his sensibility was fed with stimulating ideas that not all men hear of very early in life. Of these ideas the most commonplace, perhaps, were the ones that had to do with superstition and mysticism. The Revolution at the end of the last century began, as everybody knows, with not purely rationalistic tendencies. Rousseau was no rationalist, rather reactionary in these respects than otherwise. The whole revolutionary spirit rebelled not merely against the traditional social forms of Europe, not merely against the religious beliefs of ages, but also against the superficial philosophy of the eighteenth century itself. To explain the world by mere understanding was felt to be but a poor satisfaction for the many desires and hopes and fears and impulses that, in this time of restless activity, tinged men's notions of things. So, often in the early revolutionary period you find a vein of mysticism running side by side with the most stoutly radical tendencies. The greatest writers of the time have a mystical tinge in some part of their writings. Rousseau goes into raptures over the mysterious Being he feels everywhere in nature. Goethe, in his childhood, sets up an altar to worship the Eternal after his own fashion, in his early youth studies alchemy and speculates on the Trinity, in his early manhood writes the first part of *Faust*, in his old age the mystical choruses of the *Epilogue*. Schiller, less given to free contemplation of the world, is, by so much the more, a prey to reflective speculation on the hidden soul of things, and the *Ghostseer* and the philosophic lyrics testify to a sense of the mysterious, and an insight into the problematic side of life, which rationalism would wholly fail to comprehend. I need not speak at length of the German Romantic School proper, which sold its birthright to the succession of poetical empire for the poor boon of speculating on the realm beyond experience. England did not escape the contagion. To be sure, much of the nonsensical in this mystical reaction against rationalism was imported from Germany. "Monk" Lewis and many translators familiarized the public with what were little more than vulgar ghost-stories, detestable even of their kind. But the genuine spirit, that was willing to see and express the mysterious in the strange destinies, emotions, and fears of a period of change, this natural and justifiable spirit of wonder, found in Coleridge's early poems, in Scott's healthy love of the marvelous, and, later on, in the early stages of the so-called Transcendental movement, a place on English, and, finally, on American ground. We must not despise even the vagaries, in so far as they were honest vagaries, of this modern mysticism. Men felt, in the beginning of the Revolution, that the ground was insecure under their feet, that the future held great possibilities, that the world concealed the most weighty secrets. In all this, surely, they were right. To feel in view of the changes a superstitious terror, to picture in the realm of the possible all kinds of fantastic shapes, to interpret the world-secrets in terms of human emotions—all this was doubtless wrong; yet certainly it was natural. Shelley was early a mystic. While yet a boy he read tales of wonder, and wrote them; he dabbled in such occult sciences as common acids and primitive electrical apparatus make possible, and believed he was treading on the verge of nature's deepest and most awful secrets; he conjured the devil with solemn earnestness, and hunted about in the dark for ghosts. Always a sceptic, he never ceased to be a mystic, and, if faith can be found among the followers of a revolution, Shelley held firmly to the end by this one faith, that, be this world what it may, it is at all events wonderful.

More important than his love of the mysterious was his love of freedom. This emotion Shelley breathed in the air about him, and found it intensified by his own heart. Few men have had the love of freedom in a purer form than he. Most men would like to be free themselves, and are willing that others should be what fortune makes them, so long as their lot be not all too hard. Shelley was absolutely universal, perfectly unselfish in his desire that men should be free. Freedom meant for him the same as the universal good of mankind. The slightest shadow of revenge he considered unworthy of the philanthropic soul; and so he would not deprive of liberty even the man who by wrong-doing had seemingly forfeited the right to it. In this one idea of liberty he bound up all his beliefs as to the rules of practical life. To study Shelley's theory of freedom is to study his poetry and prose, once for all, in its whole practical aspect. Most thoroughly an expression of the Revolution was our poet in this direction of his thought.

But yet another set of ideas went to the making of Shelley's world. Early he developed and enduringly he held by a sense of the worth of emotional experiences. In this sense of the significance of feeling Shelley is at one with the best spirits of the early revolutionary age. The rationalism of the first half of the eighteenth century had reduced everything to a mere affair of the understanding. The outburst of poetry which is contemporary with the outbreak of the political revolution is based on the recognition of the importance of feeling. Such a recognition the Storm and Stress poets forced on the German mind, and afterward the Lake school upon the English public, and again, years later, the French Romanticists on the thought of their own country. And one of the most dramatic histories that could be related of this century would be the history of the war of the intenser human feelings to gain and hold a place in esteem and influence beside the higher forms of human intellect. Our modern life is full of this conflict. Literature and daily experience furnish us numberless cases of the struggle, fought out on the grandest and on the humblest fields. An age full of change and of great thoughts is naturally an age of such tragedies.

Shelley never *came* to possess the sense of the worth of emotion; he always possessed it. In a sense in which few men have been uniformly and marvelously impressible, he was so. The power of vision never forsook him. We find him, to be sure, lamenting over his own weakness and poverty of experience:

"O world! O life! O time!
On whose last steps I climb,
Trembling at that where I had stood before,
When will return the glory of your prime?
No more—oh, never more!

"Out of the day and night
A joy has taken flight;
Fresh Spring, and Summer, and Winter hoar,
Move my faint heart with grief—but with delight
No more, oh, never more!"

But we know that all this divine sadness belongs to a world into whose lowest sphere we ascend but once in a long time. We know that the high visions the poet mourns are such as our eyes see not at all, while his monotony would be to us the most stirring emotional life. The poet moves us to sorrow; we lament with him, but these tears, this cry of anguish, these sobbing measures, we understand their true cause as little as if we were present at the funeral of a god, whom the other gods of high heaven were loudly mourning. What know we of climbing the last steps of life and time, or of the poet's joys that thus took wing? I speak of us as we are in general, single glimpses aside.

Thus far, then, we have noted certain tendencies in Shelley that seem directly expressive of the revolutionary spirit. Like all the general statements about poets, ours must have been found tedious and vague enough. We shall, in the sequel, do what we can to correct our fault by more special references to the poet's works themselves. Yet, before we go farther in this direction, a great question meets us face to face and demands answer, a question very general indeed, but very important. We have been speaking of the age and spirit of the Revolution. What do we mean by the revolutionary spirit? What by the Revolution itself? What is the true significance for human progress of the great movement in which Shelley is but a unit, in which, as we saw in the beginning, we ourselves must play our part, whether we will or not? I conceive it to be a necessary portion of the work planned at the outset that we should give some space to a brief summary of one view at least concerning this great problem.

To state, then, once more, our query: What is the revolutionary spirit? What is in general a revolution of human affairs and of human life? To answer the question neither too vaguely nor too hastily requires that we should revert for a little to first principles.

Our ideas of the world, of the society about us, of life, of ourselves, exhibit, when we look at them somewhat closely, this wonderful characteristic: namely, that we are ever forming them afresh, ever reconstructing them out of their elements, ever creating, as it were, the very products we are supposed most permanently to possess. When we speak the word Humanity, or the word Universe, or Life, or Time, or Being, we can do no real thinking with these words, unless, be it never so quickly and vaguely, we build up, put together, make syntheses of simpler ideas into the form of the great and complex idea suggested by the word used. Thoughts are not dead and finished mind-products that you can lay away on a shelf, so as to take them down entire, dry, and sound, when you want to use them. Thoughts are living, and each thought lives, in the most literal sense, but a moment. You must create your thought afresh whenever you want it. You create it, it flashes into active life for a moment, and then it is for ever past. That thought can not be recalled. You may make another like unto it. You may build ever afresh airy castles, and let time tear them down as soon as they are made. But retain the same thought more than an instant you can not. Whatever treasures your mind possesses belong to it only in so far as you recreate them, reconquer them again and again, your whole life long. Activity, and ceaseless activity, is the price of the possession of even the humblest kind of knowledge. Give up acting, and all your past labors go for nothing. Even the most plodding soul is thus in so far original in its thoughts as that these result always from its own efforts exerted anew on every impulse. If one ceases entirely to be original, he ceases to think altogether. The essence of thinking is originality.

Our thoughts are thus always the products of momentary, immediately exerted activity. And so, of course, is our practical behavior in so far as it runs parallel to our ideas. We do this or that because Society approves of it, or because Law sanctions it, or because Humanity is benefited by it, or because the world appears to us such and such in nature and ordering, so that in it just this course of action is good. So, at least, we commonly account for our deliberate and most worthy acts. But to behave in this wise presupposes ideas of the world, of humanity, of law, of society—ideas complex and far-reaching, which must, as shown, be formed anew whenever we have reason to form them.

So, then, in order to act at all well and deliberately in the greater affairs of life, men must be able easily and accurately to build up for themselves, just when they want them, clear notions of the great powers and facts that are concerned in human life. They must and do have well formed, if not quite finished, if often quite erroneous, ideas about the universe and about destiny in order to live well the humblest lives.

I lay stress on this great fact, because to understand it is necessary if you want to understand what is revolution. Men's ideas and practices are in so far changing and changing ever, as men active and men thoughtful are alike ever building up anew for themselves their world of ideas, of traditions, and of aims. The whole thought-fabric of human life is there, because human beings will at each and every moment that it should be there. The most cruel wrong, the most painful superstition, the most worthless prejudice, is what it is, because mankind please at this instant to suffer it or to conform to it. The highest aims, the most enduring truths, the most comfortable persuasions, are what they are, because at each and every moment human consciousness creates them again out of chaos. The same mind-power that originated still sustains all that is great or contemptible, morally good or morally evil, in human life. Men's affairs, in so far as they are matters of thought at all, are solely what men make them. Only our sensations escape our control. Our thoughts are our own.

But there is another and a very different aspect to this same truth. Changing, renewing themselves, are all our thoughts and principles ever, but the new thoughts are commonly like the old thoughts, the new acts follow the track of their predecessors. If it is true that our lives at any moment are the products of that moment, it is none the less true that the product is formed with the least possible effort, and that the least possible effort means conformity to previous acts. Hence, along with the fact of ceaseless activity in human thought and life goes the no less far-reaching fact of ceaseless economy of energy, of perennial laziness, in human thought and life. The world of thought for men is at each moment what men choose to find it; but let men alone, and they will choose to find or construct it at each moment just like the world of the previous moment. Without stimulus, without definite ends in view, men will indeed go on rebuilding their ideas every instant, but the rebuilding will not be a reformation, in the ordinary sense, but a building after the old models. This is what we mean by conservatism. The conservative spirit creates, indeed; it must do so. But it creates after the plan of its former creations. It originates, but by copying. All of us, however, left to ourselves, are conservatives. We need stimulus to make us otherwise. Wants that the old fashions by constructing our ideas will not satisfy, experiences that demand new forms of effort to bring them into harmony with older experiences, forces in the world beyond that call forth new answering strivings in our own hearts—these are the motives that lead us to be aggressive and revolutionary, to build our ideas after new fashions, to originate in a double sense, to will and purpose new things, to dwell as it were in a new world. Eating and drinking and sleeping are strictly conservative activities; they have to be performed ever afresh, but each new effort is like the former ones. Let us alone, entirely without disturbance, and conforming our lives to the rule of least waste of effort, we should inevitably do nothing but eat and drink and sleep. Disturbances arouse us, our fellow-men interfere with us, the struggle for life claims us, experience urges us with its scourge of many-knotted problems, we cease to be purely conservative for a time, and rush on to some new stage of equilibrium. Our methods once formed and conformed to our circumstances, we act again in peace and with regularity, build our ideas according to our methods, and remain conservative till new impulses forbid us to continue longer in the same system, and away we fly again in new revolution. Whence it follows that every revolutionary soul is seeking for nothing so much as an opportunity to become once more conservative, while every conservative differs not at all in his final aim from the upholder of revolution; for both desire to do with the least waste of effort what they must do as long as they live. Each seeks the easiest methods of forming his ideas and ordering his action. Only the thoughts of the revolutionary soul are more confused, and so harder to bring into clearness, than are those of the conservative; while the ideas of the conservative are less complex, less evolved, and so less lively and rebellious, than those of his brother. The innovator is higher in the scale of being, but he is imperfectly developed on his plane. The supporter of the old is a completer creature on the earth, but he is farther from heaven. The restlessness of the revolutionary spirit is contagious, and reminds the conservative what he ought to be seeking—namely, something higher. The regularity of conservative methods that have grown to be a second nature is instructive, and admonishes the rebellious preacher of progress as to what he is seeking through all changes—namely, rest and stability.

A revolution, then, in life or in society, is, on its intellectual side, a great change in the methods whereby men form their notions of the things of life and the world—a change arising from this, that new material in experience or emotion refuses to be conquered by the old methods, or to conform itself to ideas of the old pattern. But as men are accustomed to conceive of new things after old fashions so long as it is possible to do so, the old fashions of forming ideas will remain unchanged so long as there are not formed great masses of experience that rebel against the old methods. Then, at length, when the impossibility appears of thinking of the world and of life, of the government or of custom, of one's fellows or of nature, in the old way, then suddenly, with anguish and strife, the old methods are abandoned, the entire mode of forming ideas is changed, the fountains of the great deep are broken up, chaos seems imminent, and the struggle for new modes of living and thinking begins.

Of the great practical changes that go side by side with these theoretical changes, we need not speak at length. The alteration in ideas concerns us the more. And one or two especially noticeable things come just here in our way. The ideas, namely, and the ways of forming ideas, that were accounted useful and permanent before the revolution, become upon the approach of the revolution itself objects of unbounded contempt. A holy zeal to destroy takes possession of men. In the service of the Highest, they think, must they tear down and root out. Forgetting that the old methods were adequate for the old problems, that the old way of building ideas mastered the old material, and was in so far forth a true way, leading to relatively true ideas, men denounce the old age as an age of shams and errors, and speak of their present work as a work of regenerating or of creating the truth. Men do not bethink them that the old age, too, was creative, only in a conservative sense. The old ideas they call lies. For "lie" is a name quite often applied to an unserviceable truth, whether its useless-ness arises from old age or from extreme novelty. Nor does the imperfection stop here. The Revolution, like everything else in life, must have its own ways of forming ideas. Even provisionally, in all the confusion, notions about the world and about destiny must ever anew be created. The revolution throws away the old methods. Its system is not yet completed. It must furnish off-hand new methods. It resorts to high-sounding commonplaces, and wearies us with shallow truisms. The innovator talks of Liberty, of Nature, of Equality, as if with these barren ideas the whole complexity of life could be measured. Forgetting the negative character of the notions he recommends, forgetting that Nature means only the absence of voluntary interference, Liberty the absence of restraint, Equality the absence of definite moral relations, he calls upon all to solve the world-problem with him by repeating these abstractions, and he leaves us as unsatisfied and restless with it all as even his most unbounded revolutionary zeal could have desired to see us.

Such then is revolution, a conflict undertaken in the service of peace, a vast toil accepted in the interest of indolence; or, again, a destruction of numberless ideas and faiths, with the purpose of building up both knowledge and persuasion. No one understands the revolutionary spirit, I think, who does not see the deep-lying identity with it of the conservative spirit. As human nature is eternally active, the innovator is but the conservative with more complexing facts before him, and the conservative only the upholder of revolution who has now, at length, no more worlds to conquer.

Thus, then, we have sought to give a clear, if very inadequate, idea of what revolution is. And, returning once more to our poet, we shall now understand better the meaning of the facts stated about him, and how he reflects in his own nature the spirit of a revolutionary time. We see how the unrest of the age finds expression in his mingling of the sceptical and mystical in his thought, how the gospel of the revolution itself is embodied in his practical creed, and how the emotional strivings of the age receive in him a most wonderful representative. It remains for us to examine how these results of the Revolution, as embodied in the poet Shelley, are found to bear fruit in his works, and what lesson is thence to be drawn concerning the value of the tendencies of our time.

Shelley, the practical reformer, is the inspirer of such conceptions as the *Prometheus*, or as the *Revolt of Islam*. Shelley, the poet of great experiences, sparkles in a multitude of rare gems of lyric poetry. Shelley, not only as lyric poet, but as seer and mystic, produces such marvels as the *Triumph of Life*, the *Epipsychidion*, or the *Adonaïs*, and adorns the *Prometheus* itself. In all these three directions of activity Shelley is the child of the Revolution in so far forth as his aims, his problems, and his beliefs are framed by the revolutionary spirit.

Let us consider briefly the *Prometheus Unbound*. A poem in the form of a drama, all of whose characters are supernatural beings, and withal abstractions, might be supposed lacking in human interest. It is not so, however. The keenest sense of the real problems of life pervades every line. The imagery is sometimes colossal, and sometimes subtile and delicate in the extreme, but never cold. A certain tendency to declamation one feels now and then in the first act; but, on the whole, a greater triumph over stubborn material can not easily be found. The intensest sympathy with human sufferings and hopes could alone have made such triumph possible.

Prometheus is the representative of the soul of man. Personified as he is and given a real body and a real love, he loses something of his perfect character as representative, but gains in human interest. As we know him in Shelley he is a kind of divine man, strong, wise, good, deathless, sleepless. His fortitude in suffering claims our worship at first, his joy and dignity our sympathy at the end.

Forget for a moment, however, the personification. We are not enjoying the poem now, but thinking of its meaning. Let us see through the allegory to the truth beneath. The soul of man then, the human consciousness viewed in its highest manifestations, is condemned by cruel wrong to suffer under oppressors. Who are these oppressors? Shelley evidently means this, that the wise and good and lofty in human nature is perpetually in chains because tradition and custom and government, the instruments of those who are malicious because ignorant and powerful, are ever striving to repress higher development and destroy higher wisdom. This is for the present the law, as it has been the law in the past, that the evil hates the good and is physically the stronger. Here, then, we have the first half of the revolutionary doctrine. The world, as it is, is bad, and must be changed.

The higher consciousness of man is content to endure this wrong, because it knows the end must come. In the fierce anguish of new or cruel oppression, it may, indeed, vent itself in cursing, not wishing other evil to happen to those who are evil than the fact of their baseness, but condemning them in its wrath to that, and leaving off all effort to save them. In calmer moments, however, it sees how much to be pitied are those who are evil. It withdraws its curses; but it has no thought of yielding. One great comfort it finds continually in the companionship of nature. All things mourn the oppression of man, as they will join in his rejoicings when he is free. To the higher consciousness all nature has a voice, is in league with the loftiest aims. But the soul of man has yet other comforts. The strivings of great thinkers to pierce the mystery of things, the outpourings of generosity and love, of poetic fervor and devotion to liberty—all these things are continual prophecies of the coming emancipation. Thus, in courage, and hope, and defiance, the unconquerable spirit lives on, and awaits the day of freedom.

But now, what and whence the deliverance? Can the apostle of the Revolution show us the means and the result of revolution? Evil has sprung up, and now rules the world. How is that evil to be destroyed? Is it not, as much as good, a necessary part of the universe, fixed beyond our power? If not, what are the laws whereby we can remove it? Prometheus can not destroy the evil himself; he is chained. He knows not how long the oppressor's rule will last; he knows only that it must some day end. I have heard of few stranger conceptions than this, emanating, as it does, from a reformer's mind—than this, I say, of the chained Prometheus, the hope and embodiment of all that is good, the divine genius of reform, unable to see a moment in advance the coming of his deliverer, only assured that a deliverer must some day come, and meanwhile inactive, unable by any word or sign to hasten the accomplishment of the deliverance, a slave of fate, a child of accident.

> "And yet to me welcome is day and night;
> Whether one breaks the hoar-frost of the morn,
> Or starry, dim, and slow, the other climbs
> The leaden colored east; for then they lead
> The wingless, crawling Hours, one among whom—
> As some dark priest hates the reluctant victim—
> Shall drag thee, cruel king, to kiss the blood
> From these pale feet, which then might trample thee,
> If they disdained not such a prostrate slave."

What means this self-contradiction of the revolutionary spirit? Why is Prometheus, the representative of progress, a prey to accident, helpless? Is this merely the result of the fable, or the expression of Shelley's doctrine of life? Partly, of course, both; but mainly the result of the doctrine. Shelley need not have chosen Prometheus for his hero had he not wished it. He need not have bound himself with the chains of the old story had he not been willing. But, in fact, the world is to Shelley just this: a theatre of the sublimest accidents; a grand conflict of contrasts; a place where the triumph of good or of evil is a matter for joy or for lamentation, for enthusiasm or for horror, but never a definite end, to be reached or avoided by definite means. Shelley, the lyric poet, here appears in the strongest light. With the events and the experiences in the Prometheus we are held spell-bound. Even their sequence, also, is sublime. But this sequence is as irrational, or super-rational, as it is sublime. Whether we hear about the dim and obscure Necessity, that some day the liberating hour should come, and the tyrant should fall, or whether we look merely at the grandeur of the event itself, the sudden outburst of the universe into a pæan of harmony and an ecstasy of sacred love—whatever we may do, we can but call the entire occurrence a mere happening, a wild chance. We rejoice that the chance has found such a poet to sing it. But we doubt whether this means anything at all for our poor, real world of practical life. Do reforms really come in this way? we say.

Angry we are at our own question immediately. Of course, this is an ideal picture of things. Of course, the poet leaves out of account the forces of reform, and sings the glorious fact of reform itself. His picture is true, as far as it goes. It pretends not to discourse of causes and effects. And yet we must feel that this is not enough to have said. There is a defect, not an artistic, but an ethical one, in this poem. The doctrine is, despite all, only the orthodox revolutionary doctrine again, the teaching that you need but strike off the chains and the reform is accomplished; that you need but love fervently enough, and hate is quelled; that, in a word, the world is a game-table, whereon a good throw of the dice must now forthwith be expected, because we have so long made bad throws.

That this was Shelley's doctrine appears, I think, from all his poetry, and from what we know of his life. His faith in the good, and in the triumph of the good, was sublime in its earnestness; but in its foundation it is much the same as the gambler's faith in luck, or as the ordinary stock optimism in which people always indulge when they wish to be considered especially clear-sighted. To say that in all things evil there is a soul of good; that the purpose of evil is simply to adorn and embellish good by contrast; that the deep desires of the human heart are certain to be realized—all this is supposed to be a sign of special profundity. Deeper, I think, would be the insight that were willing to recognize the problems of destiny as real, permanently real, and so for ever insoluble problems; while itself only showed us what, in this checkered life, the truly and eternally good is, and bade us seek and increase that good as we are able. But all this shall be but an objection to Shelley's age, not to himself as the embodiment of it. To say that his optimism would have been shallow had it not been so deeply earnest, is to recognize the great truth about him, that he was undeveloped in his thought, but enviable in his ideas.

The revolutionary spirit as the gospel of the accidental was, I have said, especially fitted for Shelley's nature as a lyric poet. The effort he makes in Laon and Cythna *(The Revolt of Islam)* to set forth the doctrine of revolution at length and in order shows, I think, more than ever the truth of this observation. What a monstrous world of loveliness and horror, of glory and shame, is this into which the poet here introduces us. Yet just this is the conception of the world which he learned from his time, adding only the touch of his own genius. One sees in this poem especially one great defect of the doctrine in question. If the belief in sublime accidents leads us to hope that men will suddenly be reformed, and the world suddenly turned from darkness to light, the same belief, making certain as it does the possibility of terrible accidents, leaves only too much room to dread that the good will give place to evil, the world return to its former errors, and life once more be shadowed. If progress be mainly negative and cataclysmic, what horrible reverses will not humanity have to endure throughout all time; the higher the development, the more terrible the disaster.

It is strange to see how this doctrine, which one might suppose, after all, to be in Shelley the result of immaturity and of over-haste to teach his fellow-men, is in fact derived from his father after the spirit, in process of time his actual father-in-law, William Godwin, who had interpreted the doctrines of the Revolution to the young men of Britain in a book published first in 1793, and known as *Political Justice.* Godwin's first period of literary activity, the one from which of course Shelley learned most, is distinguished by a vast confidence in the power of liberty to cure all ills. Shelley drank in eagerly the spirit of the doctrines long after the author had come to see reason to modify the latter, and he was certainly not wanting in effort to put ideas into practice. His expedition tō Ireland for the sake of aiding Catholic emancipation and arousing the people is well known, and has, within a few years past, been investigated at length by Rossetti and McCarthy. Very fascinating is the preserved correspondence with Godwin at this time. Godwin had never met Shelley, knew him only by letter, but was not a little disturbed at witnessing the zeal of his young follower. He feared all manner of consequences, and used every effort to dissuade Shelley from continuing his work as an agitator. But Godwin's efforts would have been to little purpose had not the poet come to feel that, after all, his vocation was not in Ireland. Yet only by degrees did Shelley abandon his projects of immediate social reform. Probably he never gave up the idea of being a great reformer some day; and if he had lived, doubtless in the days that followed his name would have been heard in fields other than what are commonly known as poetical. A passage with which the young enthusiast closes a certain *Declaration of Rights*, a brief printed broadside composed during his Irish expedition, will serve to show us how his doctrines sounded when they are expressed, not in poetry, but in prose:

> "Man! thou whose rights are here declared, be no longer forgetful of the loftiness of thy destination. Think of thy rights, of those possessions which will give thee virtue and wisdom, by which thou mayest arrive at happiness and freedom. They are declared to thee by one who knows thy dignity, for every hour does his heart swell with honorable pride in the contemplation of what thou mayest attain—by one who is not forgetful of thy degeneracy, for every moment brings home to him the bitter conviction of what thou art.
>
> *'Awake! arise! or be for ever fallen.'* "

Evidently Shelley just here feels as much a hero as if he were Satan himself on the burning marl. He always had a proper and praiseworthy admiration for Satan.

But enough of criticism of the revolutionary gospel as Shelley preached it. We see here the mistake into which our century has ever been apt to fall, a mistake which just now we seek to correct by studying natural science and history—those two great teachers of law and moderation and doubt. The mistake lies in recognizing from one side only that eternal activity which we noticed at the outset—the life-power whereby men make anew at each instant their works of good and evil; in recognizing, I say, this one side of the truth, while forgetting the other side, to wit: the fact of what I have named the perennial laziness of human nature, which prevents men from forming their ideas at any moment differently from the way in which they formed them the moment before, unless both new method and new impulses are present to their consciousness. The Revolution said: Men make their lives such as they are; therefore, if men but willed it, the world would be happy; therefore, grant freedom of action, and nature will do the rest. But the truth is that men do will and must will to be as wretched as they are unless both knowledge and stimulus unite to bring them to a better mind; and even then the change will be slow, weary, full of anguish. We can never be sure that the life of benevolence and of nobility in aim is possible for the mass of the race until we see the result accomplished; and even in that case we have no reason to suppose that evil would be for ever prevented, or the goal of progress attained.

The Revolution was at first optimistic. Shelley, as representing it, is in purpose at least an optimist. But the fault of optimism is its blindness, and its *naïve* trust in the power of good intentions. In our time our duty is to correct this optimism by recognizing the ever-present fact of evil in the world. Not for a moment excusing evil, nor yet daring to forget or overlook it, we must make up our minds to endless conflict while life lasts. We look forward to no haven of peace so long as we deal with life in its practical aspect. In contemplation, in knowledge, in worship, there is indeed peace; but these things belong not to active life, and to give ourselves up entirely to them is to be false to our duty to mankind. As men we must be in continual war. And even final victory for the right is never certain.

But if the Revolution was imperfect, its spirit was noble; and we who inherit its problems dare not neglect to reverence its ambitions, its faith, and its pure intentions.

I turn to those other forms of Shelley's poetry wherein we may see embodied the intellectual and emotional tendencies of the Revolution. We have been looking at imperfections, not because we desired to pick flaws in Shelley, but because to note these things is profitable. Whatever belongs to our poet's genius we find above criticism. Only as the embodiment of the ideas of his time, or as immature and not wholly master of his material, does he seem to us now and then imperfect. But when we come to consider him as the poetic voice of the emotions of the century, or as seer to whom higher truth is often manifest, here we find him not learning from the age. His genius has full play. The time impedes him less and less.

To catch a fleeting experience in its marvelous perfection of emotional coloring, to crystallize it and make it eternal, to leave it a jewel in the world's treasure-house for all time, that it may flash back in multitudinous rays (how well worn the poor figure is!) the light of all future life that falls upon it—this is the great work of the lyric poet. This Shelley has done, living as he did in the midst of a time of revived emotional life, and has done with a magic power at which we can only mutely marvel. Think of the "Indian Serenade," or of the "Lament," which has been already cited, or of the songs in the *Prometheus*, or of Beatrice's song in the last act of the *Cenci:*

"False friend, wilt thou smile or weep
When my life is laid asleep?
Little cares for a smile or a tear
The clay-cold corpse upon the bier.
Farewell! Heigh-ho!
What is this whispers low?
There is a snake in thy smile, my dear,
And bitter poison within thy tear.

"Sweet sleep! were death like to thee,
Or if thou couldst mortal be,
I would close these eyes of pain—
When to wake? Never again.
O, world! farewell!
Listen to the passing bell!
It says thou and I must part,
With a light and a heavy heart."

Even the bitter and uncertain conflict to which the Revolution introduces us seems not too hard, if in its pauses we can hear at moments such strains of music as this, breathing as they do from and for hearts that, without all the bitter conflict, might be dead and joined to the things of earth alone.

But if already, as one who notes down experiences, Shelley is a marvel and a benefactor, as a seer of truth he has claims upon our regard even greater. The Revolution has meant for so many souls doubt, distress, hesitation in the choice of ideals, or even blank materialism of moral aims, that it is at once strange and refreshing to deal with a soul whose consciousness of the worth of ideal truth never falters, and that is withal so familiar a guest in the world of the ideals as to be quite unconscious that what itself tells us is at all extraordinary. Most mystics and idealists of any sort are a little proud of the fact, and like to recount to us with childish simplicity how they know secrets that they in no wise intend to reveal, how they deal with matters quite out of the common reach. Shelley has this in common with Swedenborg, that he is a very unmystical kind of mystic, and pretends to know a world of fact by no means so foreign in import to our own world. Shelley's mysticism is, however, unlike Swedenborg's, purely poetical, and hence perfectly safe, being judged altogether by the standards of emotional truth. He introduces us into the region of high contemplation, the region of all most secure from the disturbances of the world of practical life; and in this calm abode he entertains us with thoughts never dogmatic, infinitely plastic, and colored all with the many hues of his light-giving spirit. Here it is that Shelley appears at times as the man of a fervor rightly to be named religious. There is the same contempt of the finite, the same elevation above the world of sense, the same beatific vision, that marks the best moments of the saints of all ages. *Adonaïs* is the record of such experiences. The picture of that higher life which he for a moment attributes to the dead is not easily surpassable:

> "Peace! peace! he is not dead, he does not sleep;
> He is awakened from the dream of life.
> 'Tis we who, lost in gloomy visions, keep
> With phantoms an unprofitable strife."

But as a seer, Shelley above all distinguishes himself in the character of a philosopher of love. In this realm so remote, and to most poets so inaccessible, of genuine unsentimental comprehension of the great passion, Shelley has obtained for himself the highest rank. And this is a subject of some importance for our present business, because the poets of the Revolution period have all been very wayward in their treatment of the higher affections; and, in the doubt and obscurity of mind attendant upon the revolutionary spirit, have run from the extreme of sentimental ecstasy to the extreme of scepticism in regard to the worth, the truth, and the enduring character of love. Shelley, in the *Epipsychidion*, and in many single passages, has dealt with the subject in a spirit of the happiest faith. Love is with him real, and of profound importance; but half the ordinary sentiment about it means nothing to him at all. Hardly a more profitable study in higher criticism could be mentioned than one that compared in detail, as Shelley himself has compared in general, Dante's *Vita Nuova* with the *Epipsychidion;* the philosophic love of the age of romance, given up as it is to deep self-questionings, with the free, overflowing passion of this favored child of the age of Revolution, who had loved, as he said, an Antigone in some previous state of existence, and now could never rest in the precious toil of pursuing her shadow through all the world.

But, to sum up, we find in revolution the effort to accommodate the activity of thought and practical life to the ever new demands of emotion and experience. The Revolution of the past hundred years has expressed especially the need of the individual for fuller life, and for a better knowledge of his place in the universe. To use an expression from Novalis, many ways have the men of our day traveled; their end has been the same. To conquer the doubt of the time, and find themselves homes in the strange chaos of ideas with which the modern world seems filled, has been their common effort. Shelley, as a representative of the revolutionary spirit, has two chief things to teach us: first, that in the world of active life we are in no wise near to a solution of our problems. In the enthusiasm of the poet, which vented itself in dreams of an ideal society, dreams unlike the reality, and useless if they had been the reality, we see mirrored the incapacity of the modern spirit to lay the ghosts it has called up. Optimism is a resort as useless as it is unfounded. We are in the struggle of the Revolution still. We know not how it is to end. It would be no struggle if we did know. We know not that good must and will triumph. If we did know, why lay our vain hands on the ark and meddle with a predetermined fate? But, as such bold efforts as Shelley's teach us, we are unable to know. Progress is full of mishaps and accidents. Our duty is to watch and fight, ever on the lookout for foes, as a tiger in a jungle that the hunters are beating might wander, still brave and confident, but ever looking this way and that for the gleam of the bright spears. In active life the lesson Shelley teaches is, save for the example of his heroism, and devotion, and high purpose, mainly a negative one.

But as a child of the Revolution, Shelley gives example, too, of the intellectual and poetical results of the age of unrest; and here he is our guide altogether. As contemplation is ever better than action, as thought is higher than things, as ideals put to shame the efforts made to realize them, so does Shelley, in the world of ideas, stand far above the unrest of the age, a grand model. Send us, too, O Life, such power to endure and to see! If only at rare moments we are favored as he perpetually was, those moments will outweigh all the years of conflict, and uncertainty, and pain, and disappointment that lengthen out our lives, weary children as we are of an age filled with the woes of doubt and with toil in the dark.

Josiah Royce.

A DUEL IN THE BACKWOODS OF ALABAMA.

Not many days after the close of the Christmas holidays, I found myself at a supper given at the residence of a well to do farmer of Dale County, Alabama. The feast was to be followed by a dance, and such other amusements as the inclinations of those present might suggest. It was the close of a day of labor peculiar to frontier life, known by the descriptive title of a "log-rolling." It is customary in this country for the neighbors to meet at each other's houses, on stated days, in the late winter, to aid by united labor in piling up for burning the logs cut from the fallen trees on the plantation. As the prevalent system of farming permits most of the large forest trees, after being girdled when the land is reclaimed, to stand till they decay and fall, these farms are frequently thickly strewn with the trunks of these prostrate monarchs at the end of the farm year; and so heavy are they as to successfully resist the efforts of the few hands belonging to a single plantation. As all are in the same condition of dependence, resulting from a general poverty, they of course aid each other in heaping, or "rolling," the logs; and a return of this work in kind, when called upon, becomes a sort of neighborly etiquette not to be disregarded. It is considered quite the proper thing for the planter to furnish plenty of "tangle-leg" during the labor, and give a supper and dance afterward, to which the neighborhood is considered invited, without attention or formality further than a general announcement that the entertainment will be given. If the planter should belong to the church, dancing is not insisted upon; and the pleasure-seekers resort to any other festivity that they may suggest not voted in the community as "against the rules of the church." Singular as it may appear to most of my readers, after lifting weights all day that would put almost any kid-gloved dandy of the city upon his bed for a week, these hardy sons of toil not unfrequently dance all night. And such dances! Not the divine, rhythmical movement of the waltz (which they scorn), nor the more stately quadrille, nor the adaptive german, the mysteries of which they know nothing of; but the cotillion and reel constitute their stock of forms, and they are danced with an energy and devotion to business totally destructive of grace and suggestive of a mild type of fury.

Farmer B—— was, as I have stated, a well to do man of this section; his table always groaned under an abundance of pork, bacon, spare-ribs, chickens, vegetables, potatoes, corn-dodgers, milk, coffee, custards, puddings, and pies, while his sideboard ever had an "appetizer" before sitting down to the viands. His hospitality was proverbial throughout his section, of which he had been a Justice of the Peace for many years.

Upon this occasion, I reached his house just as the sun was shooting its dying glances in golden sheens up among the clouds that clambered from the western horizon toward the zenith, and halted near the gate to note the beauties of that almost matchless southern sunset. Softly the breezes, just a bit tipped with a suggestion of cold, played through the tall pine-tops, while covies of doves dashed by, low overhead, speeding toward their roost in the old sedge-fields, and chattering blackbirds and robin-redbreasts made the air vocal high over the tall nodding pines—they, too, on the wing to the swamps for the night. The low humming that always at this hour arises around the farm house, coming from no one knows where, filled the air, while the song of a negro, driving his oxen across a distant field toward his lowly home, swelled ever and anon through the air in the peculiarly mellow notes of his race, bringing back memories of long lost days of boyhood. Across the fields were approaching a group of men, slowly wending their way to the house. There they made their informal toilets about a basin of water, set on a bench near the well, and "primped up" before a glass hung against the piazza wall. The "primping up" consisted of combing the hair and brushing the whiskers, and there the mysterious rite ended. There was no ringing of bells, no gong beating to call us to the table, but in a few minutes Mrs. B—— called from the kitchen door:

"Squire, come to supper."

Seated around the ample table were a score of men, reaching in age from downy cheeked youngsters to the old soldier with a deep scar on his forehead, received at Malvern Hill, overshadowed by a thick suit of iron gray hair. "Uncle Sammy," the pet of the young men, was there—old, bald, clean-shaven, almost toothless, but lithe, strong, and as full of pranks as any of the young men. He would run foot-races, jump, fish, wrestle, and play "seven-up," with the boys, and trouble generally overtook the unfortunate squirrel or turkey when his clear grayish eye squinted along "Nancy Jones's" lean body at them. This was an old rifle of the flint-lock epoch, and known, in the nomenclature of an age of gunnery now obsolete, as a "yager." Large cups, ornamented with pale blue, modest looking Chinese women painted on them, and holding copious draughts of steaming coffee, were set before the guests. Roast pig, stuffed turkey, and baked venison ham received repeated honors at the hands of the hungry laborers, and all was happy chat when the sound of a violin being tuned in the "big house" announced the arrival of "Black Mose," the indispensable on such occasions. Night had now fallen, and a million stars twinkled overhead, and poured their streams of glittering light down through the crisp air upon a reposing world wrapped in Luna's modest robing. A goodly number of the young ladies and men of the neighborhood had arrived while we were at supper, and when we entered the house, whence the sounds of the violin proceeded, a set was on the floor, headed by the singing-school master of the district, who had just reached that part of the reel called by him "the set." Mose jerked the quick notes of "Cotton-eyed Jo" out with becoming vigor, while the master and his partner shuffled at each other from the opposite ends of the set—he in the steps so loved by the clog-dancer, while she floated from side to side with a dipping didapper movement that kept time with the air. The room was well filled, and eight couples composed the set. After dancing themselves down, the head couple would go to the foot, and the next couple would go through the same way, to conclude and take position at the foot, blowing, flushed, and perspiring.

This dance had been progressing nearly an hour, and the master with his rhythmical partner had gone through twice more, and bade fair from appearances to keep it up as long as the Wandering Jew traveled, when a harsh voice rose upon the air out in the yard. It was a singing play I found there in full blast, under the leadership of a fellow whom we will call Gopher-hole, from the striking resemblance of his mouth to one of those excavations made by what the natives here call gophers. He was singing with an energy that made his voice rasp, swelled his neck, and reddened his eyes. He was clad in yellow jeans and speckled calico shirt; his face was flat, and the strongly reddish color was modified by a waste of almost innumerable yellow freckles; his eyes were of the same celestial hue, while his hair, pale, whitish, and sandy, stood out all angles, and gently blended with the moonlight. It appeared that Gopher-hole had made several efforts to get to dance, while the singing-master had kept him out by prolonging the set.

A rivalry had previously sprung up between these two men for the leadership of local *ton*, and the master, who, by virtue of his position as vocal teacher, had always held this post without rivalry, was much incensed at the attempts of Gopher-hole to divide his realm. The latter had gone so far as to procure the attendance of half a score of singers at a place other than the regular one for meeting, a couple of Sundays before, and had there sung "Coronation," and "The Rose of Sharon," till a late hour of the afternoon, and at the conclusion had announced that they would meet there the following Sunday at the same hour. This, being a new thing, "took," and resulted in the secession of half a dozen more from the regular school. Gopher-hole was the Yancey of this movement, and recklessly announced that shortly they would discard the "square note" system (the one the master taught), and teach the "round notes." Whether he was competent to perform this task was never demonstrated, as the sequel shows. The singing public took sides, and a violent partisanship among both sexes was rapidly developing, each gathering to his banner admiring friends, every one of whom vowed time and again that his champion could "out-sing" the other "all hollow." What kind of victory that is, is left to each reader to settle for himself. It was at this juncture of affairs that the two rivals met at Farmer B——'s house. The master's persistent determination to prevent Gopher-hole dancing aroused the latter, who had organized another opposition, and located his operations in the yard in front of the door. His tactics were by dint of loud singing to drown the notes of the one fiddle, and draw the crowd into the yard. With the eye of a general he had selected one of those plays that have a great deal of kissing, nor was he entirely mistaken in his power over the young people. Soon a large majority of them were following Gopher-hole, while the house grew correspondingly thinner. Perceiving his advantage, Gopher-hole thought to put the last and finishing touch to his victory—a victory he hoped and believed would for ever settle the contest that he had entered with fear and kept up with trembling. He had already won a victory; we will see whether he was wise enough to utilize it.

The master was so far deserted that the fiddle ceased in the middle of "Eliza Jane"—a favorite reel—and he drifted with the fragment of the dancers into the yard. Uncle Sammy was among this number. Just as the master reached the edge of the circular space where Gopher-hole was marching around triumphantly, the latter smiled with a satisfaction that rasped the master, and began another song:

"The Georgia boys they were raised in the ashes;
  They don't know how to court their girls!
They set down by them and suck their fingers—
  O Lord! what a fix they are in!"

The master winced; he was from Georgia. Gopher-hole continued:

"The Alabama boys they are men of learning;
  They know how for to court their girls;
They set down by them and tell them secrets—
  O Lord! how the girls love them!"

Gopher-hole was an Alabamian. This was more than the master could bear. The former had thought to make this the charge of the Old Guard at Austerlitz; it became the assault of Pickett at Gettysburg—gallant and glorious, but ill timed. He disregarded the old adage to make a bridge of silver for a routed enemy. The master's ire and mortification in equal parts rose in rebellion, and dashing at Gopher-hole aimed a blow at him with his fist. The latter dodged, and the master was carried by the impetus of his own blow toppling over, and fell flat upon the ground. In dodging Gopher-hole had upset his partner, a girl he aspired to, who set up a screaming, and called upon him to defend her. The combatants were separated, much to Uncle Sammy's disgust, who was yelling, "Fair fight! Fair fight!" all the time, and the excited crowd of partisans bore them away.

But this was only the beginning of trouble. Jo Baker was the grocery keeper of the settlement, and as he had often knocked down his man he was authority on matters of personal encounters. Jo detested both Gopher-hole and the master, and resolved next day, when Uncle Sammy told him of the row, to have some fun over it. A plan was entered into between him and Uncle Sammy. During the day, Gopher-hole, together with several others, happened as usual into the grocery, and Jo set Gopher-hole to telling how it was. After listening to the story to its end, with all the digressions and embellishments, he smoked a while in silence. Uncle Sammy at last spit at a crack, and asked:

"Jo, what do you think of it?"

"It is a bad affair—very bad."

"Why, it is all over, Jo."

"It ought not to be. If I was in Gopher-hole's place, I'll be darned if any feller should run over a gal I had, and go off that way. I'm agin fighting, but sometimes a man must do it, or be discountenanced for ever. When a gal asks me to protect her I'll do it, even if I get whipped."

"Why, Jo, do you think Gopher-hole ought to fight him again?"

"Yes, that's the size of my opinion. Boys, let's liquor up."

During this brief conversation, Gopher-hole had turned a slight bit pale, and readily accepted the invitation to "liquor up." After several treats by Jo and Uncle Sammy, he was so far stimulated as to swear he would "have it it out," and ended by asking Jo to see him through.

"Well, Gopher-hole, I hardly ever go into such fusses; but if you say so, and put the direction of the matter in my hands, and do as I say, I'll stand by you."

This delighted Gopher-hole no little, as Jo was regarded as the bully of the settlement, and the result could not be doubtful in his dim conception of what was coming.

That evening Jo and Gopher-hole held a consultation in the back room of the grocery, when Jo, after several treats, told Gopher-hole that a duel was the only way to settle such matters. The poor fellow was not a son of Mars, and his heart sank at the vision of mortal combat, and he began to raise objections, till Jo reminded him that the matter had been left in his hands. Gopher-hole looked grave. However, whisky and Jo Baker did the work of starching his courage, and before they retired, a letter, of which the following is a copy, was laboriously penned, and in Jo's pocket for delivery in the morning:

"MR. HENRY GAY, ESQ.:—You pushed my partner at Squire B——'s the other night; also, struck at me in a crowd in a rude and hostile manner, which I won't take. You are respectfully requested to take it all back by the bearer, Jo Baker, who is my friend.
"Yours, etc., GOPHER-HOLE."

Early next morning before his principal could get to the grocery with his courage evaporated, Jo rode over to Gay's boarding-house, and, calling him out behind a wood-shed, delivered the note in an imposing manner, strongly dashed with the bearing of a soldier. Gay's face paled and his lips twitched, as he read and reread the note. He looked at Jo, then at the note, and was nervously fumbling in his pocket for a pencil, when Jo, assuming the manner of a friend, said:

"Mr. Gay, you don't intend to take it back, do you?"

"I guess I had better. I've got nothing against Gopher-hole; I don't want to hurt him."

"If you do, you had better leave the country. Gopher-hole will publish you, and that is ruin."

"What *can* I do, Jo?"

"Refuse to take it back. Send him a note by Uncle Sammy, who is a good man and stood by you at Squire B——'s, telling Gopher-hole that you will see him hanged first. That will scare him, and he will drop it. I am sorry I had anything to do with it, but I can't get out now."

The result was that late in the afternoon Uncle Sammy rode up to the grocery, hitched "General Jackson" to the rack, got a drink without a word, merely nodding to the loungers, and saying to Jo, in an undertone, "I want you," passed into the back room. The crowd outside were ignorant of the meaning of all this, save alone the troubled Gopher-hole, who had during the day often prayed that Gay would take it back or leave the country, and always finished his prayer with half resolving to run away himself. After a brief consultation, Uncle Sammy left, and Jo called Gopher-hole into the room and handed him the following note:

> "MR. GOPHER-HOLE—*Sir:*—Yours received. I seat myself to drop you these few lines, to tell you I'll see you hanged first, and don't you forget it. Fire away, if you want to. HENRY GAY,
> "Singing-master."

The perspiration stood out in big drops on poor Gopher-hole's forehead, but another drink and the official signature made him for the time desperate. Jo induced him to believe this a reiteration of his vocal superiority, and that it was not alone another insult, but a bluff as well, and that Gopher-hole must now push him vigorously, and that he had no doubt that Gay would back down. At his dictation, Gopher-hole wrote the following:

> "MR. HENRY GAY—*Sir:*—I hereby challenge you to mortal combat, and the sooner the better.
> "Respectfully, GOPHER-HOLE."

This in due time found its way into Mr. Gay's hands, and a reply returned that the day after but one, in the piney woods, near the nine-mile post, he would meet Gopher-hole with pistols.

Up to this time strict secrecy had been maintained, but it was not in the nature of either combatant to keep it longer. It oozed out of each at every pore, and hard work had Baker and Uncle Sammy to keep the matter on foot. Gopher-hole suggested that he would "get a continuance," and go over in Georgia to settle some business he had there, as he might be killed if Gay fought, and he didn't want to leave his affairs in a bad shape. To this, Jo, feigning offense, plainly told him that he would do nothing of the kind; that he was then implicated, and if Gopher-hole failed to meet Gay on the day set, he, Jo, would be compelled to take up the fight as Gopher-hole's second, and if the latter failed to stand up, he, Jo, would be compelled, under the "Code Duello," to regard it as an insult to himself that could only be wiped out with Gopher-hole's gore. He added:

"This is unpleasant to say, but I must be candid with you. I didn't want to go into this thing, and you know it, but you persuaded me; and now that I am in you must stick to it. But I think Gay will break down at the last minute. In fact, I don't think you mean to back out, you are too brave and have too much honor."

All these considerations, chiefly his fear of Jo, kept Gopher-hole worked up to a kind of meek resignation to the arrangements Jo was making. The settlement was in a ferment much more profound than was actually warranted by the facts of the case, as all kinds of wild rumors had gone out on the "grapevine telegraph," and many were the exaggerated details discussed. Whether they were to fight with bowie-knives, their left hands lashed together, or with double-barrel shot-guns loaded with buck-shot, at ten paces, was an issue about which the entire settlement was at first largely divided. The partisans of each lauded the bloody bravery of his or her favorite, so that, in the end, it became pretty well settled that knives, sharp as razors, were to be the tools of the ferocious carvers. The small boy even had his favorite, and it seemed for a day that every dispute over marbles or checkers would result in a challenge, and not a few of the young bloods assumed the daintiness of Gay's step or the swaggering roll of Gopher-hole; and one young fellow of martial aspirations began talking of raising a militia company, to be called the "Gopher-hole Invincibles." All this can be better understood when it is known what social prominence a singing-master has in one of these backwoods settlements, and that Gay had long enjoyed this privilege undivided, until the aspiring Gopher-hole set up a school in opposition. Especially violent was this partisanship among the marriageable females, most of whom had hung their hopes upon the Gay aspiration many months before; and nearly half of those who were left, after the hopeless had dropped away into other arms, had turned an aspiring look toward the new and rival luminary. Some of these fainted when the story of future bloodshed was borne to their ears by impatient gossip; and when the Gay faction held a prayer-meeting, and fervently asked divine aid for their favorite, the Gopher-holeites repaired in a body to his home, and had three prayers more than the Gayites, concluding the services with the old hymn:

> "Hark, from the tombs a doleful sound!
> Mine ears attend the cry.
> Ye living men, come view the ground
> Where you must shortly lie."

The effect of this mal-selection, following after the prayer of Mrs. Nancy Turner (whose daughter, Mary, was the partner of Gopher-hole, at Squire B——'s), in which she referred to those trials where "armies came with banners" and with "two-edged swords," and asked providence to "remember in the judgment those who are offered up in blood in defense of honor and right," almost unstrung the last vestige of submission that environing and besetting counter-fears had wrought in Gopher-hole. No sleep came to him that night; ghostly visions of a dead man with a purplish hole in his brow, then ten, a hundred, and hecatombs of dead men, came to haunt and keep him awake. The face of Gay glared upon him from the darkness, set in a faint halo of powder-smoke that made it visible—glared and then vanished, singing "Coronation" by way of triumph. Then Gopher-hole thought again of running away, and leaving this scene of trouble for ever and for ever, and of hiding his head in distant lands and among strangers under an assumed name. Many bitter regrets that he had ever aspired to singing leadership sprung from the gloom of his situation. These regrets, together with the gloomy future, so wrought up Gopher-hole that he fell upon his knees and was about to begin a prayer, when in walked Jo. After the prayer would have followed flight had not Jo divined the necessity for his presence. Suffice it to say, Jo's presence prevented the flight and ended the prayer, Gopher-hole swearing lustily that he was only on his knees looking for a pin.

During all this time the master was by no means on a bed of roses. He had mournfully written his will, which he folded and indorsed, "Last Will and Testament of Henry Gay, deceased," and deposited in his desk, together with various little tender mementoes, done in several packages and labeled with the names and addresses of as many young ladies in the settlement, and in Georgia, "where I come from," as he was wont to designate his native place. A letter was written, giving minute directions as to the disposition of certain small matters not proper in a will, and left with the directions indorsed, "To be opened when I am no more. H. GAY." What mental pangs he suffered we can only guess, as he was mournful and solitary, and often told Uncle Sammy, who remained with him as much as possible, that he would "repair to the closet to commune alone." Upon such occasions his musings were respected, and only on one occasion, when his presence was indispensably necessary, did Uncle Sammy disturb him. Then he was found lying on his stomach, on a plank, behind the barn, his hat drawn closely over his head; and when he mournfully arose, Uncle Sammy discovered a damp spot on the plank, the meaning of which required no Daniel to interpret. One short word tells the story—tears! Looking at his second through the mist that gathered in those eyes that had glanced with imperial superiority over many a singing, he managed to suppress his emotions enough to ask:

"Do you think he will be there?"

"No. Bet five dollars he will skip."

The morrow dawned bright and clear; not a cloud flecked the blue expanse of morning's heavens; the birds twittered in the trees, while the lark, high up in his morning flight, sent his vocal ecstasies down to earth as pure as the snow that falls to whiten winter's crown. A hundred mocking-birds—those incomparable choristers of the woods—high up in the budding oak-tops, filled the air with their mellow and varied notes, while the thrush whistled in the copse as if its soul was full of the glory of the morning. All nature rejoiced in the beauty and love that environed it, and naught save the souls of Gay and Gopher-hole and their partisans was sad.

Some, chiefly the principals, had hoped for official interference, but this hope was now over. Squire B——, the Justice of the Peace, had been appealed to by the secret representatives of both these gory minded gentlemen, but sternly refused to issue a warrant or in any way interfere, saying, "I exercise my office for the public good; it is the best thing that I could do to let them kill each other." The Squire had not lost sight of the disgraceful termination of his party.

Determined to see the end of this affair, I bestrode my horse while the morning was yet young, and, with a friend, rode toward the nine-mile post. As it was generally understood that the duel would come off at eleven o'clock in the forenoon, the usual hour for preaching, sales, and other public demonstrations, we rode leisurely along, and were frequently passed by hasty riders, whirling buggies, and rapid walkers. The meaning of all this did not fully dawn upon me till a boy of fifteen rode up at half speed upon a bare-backed mule, and hastily asked where "the row" was to take place. We told him, and were going to ask him a question when he plied a limb of oak to his mule, which dashed on down the road toward the scene of "the row." I now understood that spectators were gathering.

About half past ten we reached the scene, where some fifty men and youngsters had already gathered, the two principals being also present with their seconds. Gay was in communion with the preacher, while Jo was keeping up the courage of Gopher-hole as they stood behind some pines at a short distance. The general interest was lively, and not a few offered to bet that Gay would hit Gopher-hole, or that the latter would hit Gay; and occasionally some one would offer to bet that neither could hit a "meeting-house" ten steps, and a big red-whiskered blacksmith swore that both would run without a fire. Impatience soon seized the crowd, and they began yelling, "Let your row come off," "What the thunder are you waiting for?" and the like, which soon brought both men to position. Gay was limp, and hopeless resignation sat upon him. Gopher-hole looked as if he had just seen a ghost; the corners of his mouth were drawn down, and made that feature no longer resemble the holes for which he was named. He was evidently on the point of a collapse. The preliminaries were short, and in less time than is required to tell it, they had taken positions facing each other, with the seconds at right angles, when Gopher-hole called Jo to him, and in a dazed manner asked, "Why don't he run?" The proper explanations were given, that between the words "fire" and "three" they were to fire, and that if either failed to shoot it was the duty of both seconds to fire upon him without delay. The word was about to be given, when the preacher stepped in and demanded that prayers should be held. This raised a storm of indignation among the spectators, who swore they would have none of that. The preacher wilted with a groan, and the preliminary question was asked:

"Are you ready?"

Just here a yell came from behind a pine tree.

"Hold on thar! By thunder, I don't want my mule killed."

It was the youngster who had passed us so hurriedly in the morning, and he had just discovered that his mule was hitched within the possible and probable range of Gopher-hole's bullet. Proceedings were suspended till the mule was hastily removed. During this interval I discovered that all the spectators had taken shelter behind trees, out at either side, in a manner by no means complimentary to the marksmanship of the duelists. From behind almost every pine peeped a head anxiously looking for the end. Jo again asked:

"Are you ready?"

No response save more paleness and a slight movement of pistols.

"Make ready! Fire! One, two——"

Almost at the same time the two pistols went off, when Gay threw up his hands, and saying "O Lord!" fell forward on the ground. Gopher-hole dropped his pistol, gave one wild startled glance at the prostrate singing-master, and took to his heels.

"Catch him, boys," yelled Uncle Sammy; "don't let him escape!" and a score or more dashed after him. Down the long pine slope sped the desperate fugitive with a fleetness no deer could despise, the yelling throng in hot pursuit. Not a few tumbled over the logs that lay deep buried in the pine-straw and creepers, but the fugitive rushed safely over all these, and plunged into a thick heavy swamp fringing Big Sandy Creek, where he was soon lost to view. The pursuers returned, being anxious to see how the fallen school-master looked.

When Gay fell, Jo, Uncle Sammy, and those of the crowd not pursuing the fleeing Gopher-hole, gathered about him. The doctor turned the prostrate man on his back, and began examining for the wound. Presently Gay revived a little, straightened himself, folded his hands across his breast, corpse style, saying in that faint, whining voice sometimes mistaken for resignation:

"Uncle Sammy, tell them I fell bravely. Farewell! I knew it would be that way. 'The Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away; blessed be the name of the Lord.'"

"Where are you hit, Gay?" asked old Doctor Mulford, who had been searching for blood and bullet-holes in vain.

"Oh, doctor, the side of my head is all shot away. I can't live!"

Looking where he directed was seen a slight reddish abrasion of the skin half an inch long, but no blood and no hole. We all took in the wound at a glance, and then looked at each other. Baker was rolling on the straw, convulsed with laughter, writhing and kicking; Uncle Sammy was leaning against a pine, his frame heaving with guffaws too deep for utterance, and his face rivaling the color known in this region as "Turkey red." Between spasms Baker managed to tell that it was a put-up job between him and Uncle Sammy, and that the pistols were loaded with powder and paper wads, and nothing more. Gopher-hole had accidentally made a better shot with the wad than they had calculated upon, and added the finishing touch to the drama of his dupery. For five minutes personal characteristics cropped out strong. One stood looking from Gay to Baker, and, as the situation sank slowly into his comprehension, ejaculated like minute-guns, "Well, I'll be darned!" Others went to help Uncle Sammy, while a few looked out down the pine-slope, filling in the picture with the flying Gopher-hole.

From these I turned to Gay. He was sitting up, looking foolishly around, and feeling his head. Running his fingers along where the fatal wad had traversed, he would then look at them as if he could not get it into his head that he was not killed. He was a pitiably ludicrous spectacle. Slowly he rose, shook himself, felt his head again, picked up his hat, and started off among the pines, followed by the shouts of the laughing throng.

"Come back, and pay the doctor!"

"Let us sing."

"Look out; you will meet Gopher-hole," yelled Uncle Sammy.

At this Gay turned and rushed upon him with the ferocity of a tiger, overthrew his late "friend," and in the rolling and tumbling that followed in a rough and tumble fight, managed to get in some "peelers" on the old gentleman's face. When they were separated, the latter looked no better than "Cuffee" after his interview with "Pluribustah." Gay spoke not a word, but left in the direction he had formerly started, and was soon lost to view among the pines.

The next morning dawned bright and beautiful as before. The laborers went to the fields, the crowd met as usual at Baker's grocery, but the beds of Gay and Gopher-hole were found unpressed. The day closed; another followed; weeks drifted into months, and the crisp air of fall again soughed among the pines, but the little packages, the letter "To be opened when I am no more," the "Last Will and Testament of H. Gay, deceased," lay unopened and untouched. He was not dead as they knew of, so these were still sacred. On the little pine table in Gopher-hole's bedroom lay a worn copy of *The Sacred Harp*, that no one came for. On the fly-leaf was written in the well known hand:

> "Steal not this book for fear of shame,
> For in it is the owner's name.
> "GOPHER-HOLE."

Another led at the old poplar church by the spring, when the dogwoods bloomed again, and "Coronation," "Greenfield," and "The Rose of Sharon" were sung as sweetly on Sunday afternoons as in the days gone long before. Gradually all interest was lost in the absent; then a mist invested them, and ere many months have flown Henry Gay and Gopher-hole will be forgotten and lost in the great world beyond, as the drop that glistens down from the clouds to repose in the infinite waste of ocean waters.

JAMES WILTON.

THE UNCHOSEN IN THE MARKET-PLACE.

I stood within the market-place;
The Lord drew nigh,
Chose laborers for his vineyard, but
He passed me by.
I longed that to my hand He would
Some task assign—
Yea, yearned with feverish hope to toil
'Mid tree and vine.

Again, at noon, He came. My lips
Gave joyful cry;
He looked on me one moment—then
Passed silent by.
I would have followed, but my feet
In irons were bound;
And the parched tongue could give for grief
No further sound.

Lone, and with sufferings oppressed,
I longed to die;
Gazed wistful at the chosen toil—
Why might not I?
Oh, privilege to labor, strive,
Be worn and spent!
Oh, blessed to be footsore,
If on message sent!

At eve, amid his laborers,
The Lord drew nigh;
Fain had I kissed his garment's hem
As passed he by.
A pause—His voice I heard give firm,
Yet sweet command:
"Bear him upon the shoulder—yea,
Unloose each band!"

I lay upon a river's breast—
The Lord was nigh;
His hand my head upbore:
I heaved no sigh,
But listened to the voice that said,
"Thou'rt not alone;
Thy meekness and thy tender love
To me are known.

"Angels within the market-place,
Were ever nigh;
They to thy soul gave patience, as
I passed thee by.
Light were the toilers' pangs to those
Within thy breast!
Bear on, dark waves—bear on
To perfect rest!"

MARGARET A. BROOKS.

OUR SCHOOLS.

Schools are like vineyards, full of weeds and obnoxious plants, unless cultured and trimmed in a thorough manner. Vineyards will not produce good fruit unless the vines are thoroughly cultivated, and the germs or species of a desirable character; so schools must be full of good words and works. Their laborers must be full of zeal and efficiency.

The schools of San Francisco are the product of many years of the thought and experience of wise and able teachers. They struggled hard and almost hopelessly against indifference, superstition, and calumny. They are the natural outgrowth of a high standard of excellence adopted by a few. Defects there are, and defects there were. But the mass of the schools are such as the mind of the public has made them. There is a savor of self-sufficiency in our often iterated statement that they are the best on the continent. In fact, they are not. They are better than they would have been had the indifference of the public, the cold-heartedness of many of the clergy, and the supineness of the parents, been allowed to have full sway in their foundation, development, and growth. Schools are just what the community is; they reflect the public mind—*i. e.*, the *best* of the general thought. The schools of this city are far in excess of the average citizen's mind, so far as regards their usefulness and utility. Mistakes there are, and mistakes there will be, in all matters, political, financial, and otherwise. And yet, with all this, our schools have gradually gone on from small beginnings, from infantile spasms, through childhood and almost middle age, till they stand to-day without a rival on this coast for their efficiency and worth. Where thousands of dollars have been expended, thousands—nay, millions—have been returned to the public in the shape of honest, influential minds, trained and drilled thoroughly in the life-work of the individual, state, and world. Many proofs of this present themselves, too many for enumeration. Among our ablest and best citizens—lawyers, doctors, ministers, mechanics, and laborers—are those who graduated from the public schools, who dived deep into their literature, and received the noblest inspirations from those fountains which are yet pouring forth, continually, sparkling waters to ennoble and refresh the soul and satisfy the innate cravings of the heart. These are a part of the results of our schools. But how little has been done and said, how little known of the deep and hidden reservoirs which have been stored for future use and influence in the world of letters and arts. We should not be fulsome in regard to our own, but should be just. How many are there, who first saw the light on the Barbary Coast or Tar Flat, who thank God for the influences they received at our public schools, who feel and know that they have been made wiser and better by the benign and savory influences there thrown around them, that led them to higher and nobler objects and desires in life! Multitudes there are who can recite this story, and recite it truthfully.

Our schools then are good, have done a good work, and are entitled to their reward. But could they not have done better? Are they not capable of better things to-day? I believe they are.

To recur to our simile: Schools, like vines, to be fruitful, should be well trimmed. They should show no defects of organization, no running of sap, no abrasion of bark, joints not too near the earth or plowed surfaces. All things should be in order for the greatest possible development of fruit. How can this be done? Not by constant *meddling* with this thing or that; but by such a systematic course of pruning and training as will bring the young vine up to its fullest bearing capacity without injury to the parent vine. So with the schools. Pare them when the paring will benefit the little ones who dwell within their influences. Forsooth, because the vine bears forbidden or unhealthy fruit this year, pluck it not up, but give it yet a little longer lease of life. May be it will redound to the honor and glory of the vineyard in after days. So with the school tree: many parts want trimming, many changes made to insure efficacy and force. But the great improvements must first be made among the rootlets—the primaries. Quincy method or no Quincy method, the mind can receive only a given number of ideas at a given time, and these ideas, inferences, or solutions must be of such a nature and character as will make a permanent, lasting impression on the soft and ductile mind of the child. That there is no more ground to harrow is an exploded idea; and that there are no more or better methods by which ideas can be shot into the minds of the young than those now in use, is also an exploded idea. Methods are as thick as sparrows on an English common. All these methods speak volumes for themselves. There is the Harelton theory, which flourished in England and Central Europe many years since, and which was but a reproduction of the methods of the Middle Ages, and was much like that now in use in the schools of the Chinese Empire. The pupil is compelled to repeat in the loudest tone of voice the words of his lesson as recited by the master. The child is expected to remember the subject-matter, and firmly fix the same in his mind, or the birch, vigorously administered, is the remedy. Another system, much in vogue in the seventeenth century by the monks, who were the school-masters of those days, was to write with the stylus on sheets of wax the subject-matter as given forth by the teacher, the wax then being immediately glossed over. Another method was to repeat, in loud tones of voice, the first word or sentence of each line or paragraph, and leave the scholars, or victims rather, to guess or assume the completion of the sentence. Thousands of systems have risen and fallen, some better and some worse than the specimens I have mentioned. But they have all tended toward improvement—each in succession was a little better than that which preceded. They were all well in their way; but they failed utterly to accomplish what schools ought to accomplish, by virtue of the inherent principle of right which rests in them, and is part and parcel of all their glory, purity, and sublimity. Schools, then, are true to themselves when they are true to the teachings of experience and the right. They are utterly absurd and truthless when they assume more than they can accomplish, and dictate the forms that intellectual instruction shall embrace in its antagonistic influence with ignorance and superstition. Schools were in Turkey centuries ago, yet Turkey is not an educated land. When John Sobieski was disputing the advance of the Grand Turk into Central Europe, and all Central and Western Asia was overrun by the barbarous hordes of Gengis

Khan, schools without limit were established wherever their armies gained a foothold; and science and letters, as by them understood, were spread broadcast. Education flowed in rivulets, mixed with the blood of the slain. It was education as circumscribed by tradition and superstition. The Buddhist hosts, in their turn advancing or retreating, shook the earth with their tread; and each successively established schools and colleges for the propagation of its peculiar philosophy and belief, sowing broadcast among the conquered, pamphlets of vellum, tablets of wax, parchments, read by the few, but listened to by the many. Heralds marched and countermarched, teaching and preaching, not only religion, but politics and philosophy, making deep impression on the public mind; and from these wayside assemblages and contending hosts came the myriad of songsters, story-tellers, and speakers that for years were the only vehicles for enlightening the masses.

Common schools arose and flourished from the necessity of the case. People wanted instruction. They would have it. Hence, schools arose and gave forth the balm necessary to enrich and restore the mind to its natural and healthy condition. Schools are a necessity, and nowhere is this more felt than in the large cities. That they should be thorough and effective, none will deny. How shall this be done? Simply by simplifying them—bringing them nearer to the people, to their homes, their influences, and their desires. One great drawback to the efficiency of our common schools is the lack of confidence, or more properly the lack of interest, parents feel in them. They send their children day after day, week after week, to school, taking it for granted that all is well, without as much as inquiring into their condition, knowing where they are, or what influences are surrounding them. If we are to have good schools, parents must take an interest in them, must know them, feel for them, give the teachers their sympathy and influence. And above all, the schools should be removed from the possibility of political interference. Our common schools, like our University, should be placed above the reach of partisanship.

HENRY M. FISKE.

A VISIT TO THE SAMOUN OR CROCODILE CAVES.

After leaving Siout, the capital of Upper Egypt, at sunset, I sailed down the Nile, and early next morning reached the small village of Meguel-el-Qual, the nearest landing to the celebrated caves of Samoun. An Egyptian *fellah* was standing on the banks of the river. He was the only guide in the country and knew perfectly well what I wanted, although he appeared utterly indifferent. I bargained with him for one hundred and twenty *piastres*, about four dollars, and soon after he returned with two thin donkeys, very poorly harnessed, with a rope bridle. The saddle, which was the worst I ever bestrode in all my travels in the East, had certainly been stuffed with more peachstones than hair. I immediately straddled the better looking of the two animals, and my *droghman*, entirely covered with pistols and *kanjiars*, as if we were going to a cave filled with brigands, mounted the other. We left the banks of the river, escorted by two of the men of my *dahabieh*, the Luxor, and by two young *fellah* donkey-boys.

After a steep ascent, we arrived at the top of the mountain, leaving behind us Siout and Manfalout with their white minarets, and in a short time reached the field of Dakle, entirely covered with a chaos of stones and rocks. This field has a curious legendary history. In ancient times a man by the name of Dakle cultivated there a large watermelon patch. One day, worn out by his daily toil, he complained and swore about his miserable condition. His oaths aroused the indignation of Allah, who changed his field into a desert, his watermelons into stones, and the man, whose heart was so hard, into a rock.

We keep on ascending, and as far as our eyes can reach we see nothing but the barren horizon. The heated ground burns our eyes and parches our throats. Not a blade of grass, not a single bird or insect! The scenery looks like that of the forsaken valley of Biban-el-Moulouk on the road from Thebes to the tombs of the pharaohs.

While I was sadly reflecting on this desolated spot, the guide stopped at the mouth of a small crevice about three feet in diameter. It was the entrance to the caves. We partly undressed, lighted our lanterns and torches, and crept in. At first we made our way easily; the guide first, I came after, and behind me my *droghman* and the Arabs. About one hundred feet from the entrance we reached a bed of fine, impalpable sand, over which we moved slowly. Here I began to breathe with difficulty, and was nearly smothered; the sand was so fine that it filled my nose and throat. We were now entirely in the dark, and my frightened *droghman* turned suddenly toward me and refused to go farther, a very extraordinary thing, as he was a tall and strong young fellow, who had the reputation of fearing nothing. His name was Adolph; he was a Syrian, and had always been a faithful servant to me. His conduct astonished me, but, after vainly coaxing and swearing, I ordered him back to the entrance of the caves. He then caught hold of one of my hands, pressed it as if he were to see me no more, and tried to slip one of his large pistols into it. He then crept by me and left us to visit *Shaïtan*, the Arabic devil.

For a few minutes I was really sickened and a little frightened at the state I was in, caused by the dust, the tiresome positions which made the blood rush to my head, the prolonged strain that irritated my nerves, the long and tortuous corridors which seemed to press and suffocate me; and I was suddenly taken with a great desire to return to the mouth of the caves, to see the light of the sun once more. I hesitated for a few seconds, but curiosity, and the desire of exploring these caves nearly unknown to European tourists, decided me, and I began again to creep on my hands and knees.

After a while we leave the sand, and reach a much more uneven part of the caves nearly obstructed by large stones; the sides of the hypogee widen, stretch out, and undulate. Now and then I try to raise half of my body, but strike my head against the stalactites of the arched roof of the cave. Sometimes I can rise entirely and walk a few steps. As we turn one of the passages the guide and myself suddenly stop, stupefied and horrified. Just before us is the corpse of a man, half seated, half lying against the wall. It is a hideous and horrible sight. The body, still covered with the dried skin, stretches its arms like a man who has just awakened. The head is thrown back and bent by the terrible agony the man must have suffered. The eyes are widely staring. The mouth, pinched and twisted, is partly open, as if it had just uttered the last scream of agony. The hair is standing upright on the head. The hands are shriveled, and the fingers buried in the palm of the hands. The thorax is broken open and the lungs are hanging out of it. That man has been lying there for nearly twenty years. He was a *fellah*, living in a village near by, who had gone into the caves to steal the jewelry worn by the mummies, or gather the guano from the bats to enrich the land of his watermelon patch. His light had gone out, he had lost his way, and he had died from the effects of hunger, thirst, fright, and fatigue. The body had been so impregnated by the warm, damp effluvia of the bodies around him that it had been completely mummified. We start soon again, but all under the influence of this dismal sight. The same thing may happen to us.

I stop again for a few seconds, but start shortly after through a narrow passage, where I am obliged to coax the men to go on, as they are more frightened than I, and want to return. In the passage we find thousands of large and disgusting bats, which graze our faces each instant. But I am fully paid for the work I expend to get to the end of the passage, when I find myself in a large hall covered with linen bandelettes, all torn to pieces. The floor was covered with a black, acrid, and impalpable dust, which irritated our throats so that at times it is hard for us to get our breath. The further we go, the more difficult it becomes. At last I come to a spot where I find an enormous quantity of crocodiles of all sizes, from three inches to at least twelve feet in length; and, among them, an innumerable quantity of human mummies of all sorts, some whole, others decapitated and mutilated; also, the preserved remains of quadrupeds, birds, reptiles, eggs, etc., all mixed together, one next to another, and only divided by palm leaves very remarkably preserved. Here I pick up quite a quantity of scarabees, jewels, and other curiosities.

It was quite a fantastical sight to see six human beings, lighted by lanterns and the bright glare of magnesium wire, searching this tomb of mummified bodies. I felt anxious about the torch held by my guide when he stooped to search the sarcophagus of some of the mummies. He would draw it so near the palm-leaves and the bandelettes saturated with inflammable matter, that a single spark might have produced a fire. I had heard that the caves had been set on fire many years before by an Englishman. My guide said it had been done by four Arabs who were gathering the guano from the bats, a very strong compost much used by the Egyptians. No one knows exactly how long the fire lasted; some say three years, some only one; but it is certain that it lasted a long time, as puffs of smoke were seen for several months escaping from the mouth of the caves, and for some time nobody dared enter. I saw no marks of the fire ast he walls are entirely blackened by the bituminous exhalations of the many thousands of bodies buried there. We walked for hours in these passages, literally paved with mummies. The farther we went the thicker they were, and I was stopped only by the want of lights, the great heat, exhaustion, the want of fresh air, and the desire of seeing the sun. Much to my regret, I was compelled to give the order to fall back to the entrance, where I found my *droghman* Adolph, who, thinking we were lost, was praying Allah for our return to the sunlight.

We mounted our donkeys, while their feet clank on the roof of the caves which are hollow beneath them. The mountain of Samoun is a mere shell, and is cut in all directions by the subterranean passages of the caverns. I started under the influence of a strange sensation caused by the long visit to this enormous charnel-house, where thousands from the cities of Manfalout and Hermopolis, and the towns of the left bank of the Nile, had been buried for centuries past. The priests and the noblemen of Egypt liked magnificence even after their death. I was lucky enough to bring back with me one of the rarest mummies ever found. It was that of a young girl, whose face, hands, and feet had been entirely gilded. She was covered with jewels and fine scarabees, and had been a favorite wife of Rameses II.

Very few tourists visit the caves of Samoun. Many of them even ignore their name, and the Arabs are little desirous to guide them. I was the fourth person who visited them in 1870. On my way back to the boat I found a great charm in looking at the panorama which extended to the chain of the Lybian Mountains. I was interested in the sheep, the fields, and the villages, which I hardly had observed on my way up. Six hours underground made me admire even the sand and rocks around me, and when I arrived at Siout I found it a great treat to plunge into the yellow Nile, and lave with its historic waters my worn body, which was covered with the dust of departed kings.

E. W. PAILHET.

NOTE BOOK.

THE CLOCK STRIKES ONE, and the first volume of THE CALIFORNIAN is complete. That which was conjectural is now an established fact. The magazine has met with a warm, hearty reception. So far as we know it has only friends. At first, many of those who wished it godspeed with the most will had, nevertheless, only gloomy vaticinations for the future. The time was in many respects inauspicious. Business was unsettled. Trade was stagnant. Few new enterprises were starting. But in spite of all these facts, the magazine met with a hospitality greater than its founders had dared to hope; and we owe it to our patrons to say that today there exists no reason why THE CALIFORNIAN should not live a long and useful life. Prosperity seems to be again returning to the State. Industry is feeling the life-impulse. The ponderous wheels of business are beginning slowly to move. Out of prosperity, culture is born. Art, music, literature, are barometers of national wealth. They signal the coming storm, and they mark the impending sunshine. That THE CALIFORNIAN has been successful proves that better times are upon us; and a prospective era of prosperity enlarges at once the opportunity and the responsibility of the magazine. We desire to thank the press for its friendship and consideration. While it has not refrained from criticism—which we do not desire to avoid—it has criticised fairly and impartially. In no case have we met with anything but the utmost courtesy, and in all cases praise has been awarded where it was due. Did it not seem like extolling our own pages, we would like to say a word of graceful acknowledgement to the authors whose productions have appeared there—to call attention to their vigorous prose and their healthy verse. It is not least among the pleasant thoughts which this retrospect suggests, that many of these articles are from persons who before had written little or not at all. The excellence of their work has shown that there is much talent here which awaits only the stimulus of an opportunity. Many of the articles have been from the pens of those whose names have become widely known in one or another department of thought or activity. For the future we have only this to say, that we shall do the best that our materials and our environment permit. We prefer to make no further promise, hoping that with each successive number the verdict may be that THE CALIFORNIAN

> "Hath indeed better bettered expectation."

It is the custom to sneer at the supposed lack of culture and literary appreciation on this Coast. We pay our readers the compliment of believing that nowhere in the world is there more discernment than here; that nowhere else is the "real article," whether in art or letters, more keenly appreciated; that nowhere else is there a more conspicuous distaste for veneering, sham, flimsiness, no matter in what form it appears. The experiences of the last thirty years could have made our people nothing else. We have, fortunately, no traditions. Every man stands or falls by himself. He can not shelter himself in the umbrage of a mighty name. The renown of his family avails him nothing. As Goethe says, "he is at last just what he is." If there is anywhere a field for rugged strength and genuine character to assert themselves, it is here, in this land which throbs with the mighty impulse of the present, with supernal aspirations for the future. A people who glory in their ancestry alone are in decay. Their faces are turned to the past. It is posterity—the future—to which we should look for the most splendid achievements of the human intellect. It is to the present and the future—not to the dead past—that we should turn for our inspirations. The past is an opportunity which is forever gone; the opportunities of the present are upon us now; those of the future are coming with resistless speed. It is, we say, fortunate that our people have no past, no urns filled with the ashes of tradition to engross their worship, no time-honored social inequalities. The result has been to develop individuality, the strength to think, the will to execute. This people is our immediate constituency; and we believe that they desire in literature that which is as vigorous, as healthful, as untrammelled and inartificial, as themselves. We have no patience with the regimen which fed warlike Scythians on milk; nor have we any faith that upon this Coast the vender of a diluted mental nourishment will meet with any marked degree of success.

IMMORALITY IN LITERATURE seems to be on the increase. How far this may be due to the degrading influence of the French school, which has of late devoted itself to the apotheosis of nastiness, we can not say. We are sorry to see that the number of journals and publications of various kinds which encourage this tendency, or are the direct exponents of it, is very considerable. The business of retailing printed indecency has assumed large proportions in this country. What the effect is, morally and intellectually, upon a constant reader of such literature, must be perceptible to any one. But our immediate purpose in speaking of this tendency is to note the fact that we are constantly in receipt of contributions of this class, principally stories, in which the plots range from an elopement or abduction through the whole gamut of immorality and crime. We are pained to observe that the greater proportion of these contributions is from the gentler sex. Now, it may save these writers a vast deal of trouble if we say, once for all, that we have no wish to compete with flash literature for the public favor. We desire contribution both from new writers and from those whose reputations are established. We believe that THE CALIFORNIAN will bring out many whose names are now entirely unknown, as the *Overland* did, and as every magazine ever published has done. And, whenever it is possible, we shall say an especial word of encouragement to amateurs. But we desire that our poetry shall be pure and our prose decent. We conceive it to be part of our mission to check, as far as we can, the very tendency which the contributors referred to appear to think it is our wish to foster. There are certainly inspirations in human thought, and incidents in human action, which will suffice, and even increase through all time, without the necessity of parading those exceptions in which man, who was made "a little lower than the angels," proves himself capable of becoming a little lower than the beasts.

CONCERNING THE RECENT TRAGEDY IN SAN FRANCISCO, there seems to be but one opinion—that the law should take its course. As a community we can not afford to palliate or extenuate assassination. We can not listen to excuses for murder. We can not recognize the *lex talionis*. Even the enemies of the victim have an interest in the fair name of the city, and they can not permit it to go forth that a personal grievance may here be redressed by crime. Disregarding personal feelings toward either actor, the law should take its course impartially.

THE BUSINESS OF PRESIDENT-MAKING is absorbing the attention usually given to it during the summer previous to an election. It is curious to observe how little the question of direct, executive qualification is considered. It would be supposed that, as in other business affairs, the search would be for the man who possessed in the highest degree the qualities especially needed in the position to be filled. In the case of a presidential candidate this would involve the consideration of his probable ability to produce reforms in the Government service, and to perform the essentially executive functions which would devolve upon him. But these questions appear never to be asked. One candidate is urged because he is a skillful debater, crushing in repartee; another, because he is a successful general; another, because he has shown genius as a political organizer; while among the qualifications of one, at least, of the statesmen named, his friends have mentioned his good looks. We do not remember to have heard any allusion to executive capacity, or aptitude in business, or keen insight into human nature, which latter, with the immense presidential patronage, is of the first importance. Now, it does not by any means follow that men of great capacity as legislators will succeed either in the judicial or executive departments. And the converse is true; we have seen many men in history who were great judges or governors, who have failed as legislators. Many of our presidents, who were selected because of their reputations in diverse matters, have seemed to fail in their high offices. Was it not simply because the people illogically expected them to succeed in a field of thought and action for which neither their natural gifts nor their previous training had fitted them? And may we not reasonably anticipate this result so long as we look for achievements in one line from a man whose achievements have been entirely in another line? We do not demand that the mathematician shall write verse; nor that the poet shall plan sieges. But we do expect that any man who has made himself popular in any manner shall be able to fill the chief executive office of a great nation.

A CHILD IS AN UNDEVELOPED WEED OR FLOWER—it devolves on the parent, to a great extent, to decide which. It is hard to say how soon perception and reason commence in a child. It is probable that they follow soon after consciousness. The mental nature equals and frequently excels the physical nature in rapidity of growth. This is not always borne in mind in the child's education. We are at first very considerate of the delicate frame, and fully as inconsiderate of the mind; afterward we pay little attention to the physical growth, and much attention to the development of the intellectual qualities. During the first six or eight years we turn the child out into the open air, let him "romp" and play, so that bodily strength may be gained. During this play-period the active, inquisitive mind is entirely unnourished, grows rank and without discipline, except such as comes incidentally within the home circle. The body is given unlimited exercise, and gradually comes to require it. Then comes the school-period, suddenly and without preparation, in which the child is confined in the school-room during the majority of the daylight hours. Now it is all mind development, with little bodily exercise. The ruddy cheeks lose their color. The eyes grow luminous. The child is nervous. The growth which was abnormally physical is now abnormally mental; or else, as is frequently the case, the mind has been so long dormant, that there is not sufficient time to discipline it before the child's opportunity is taken away, by the financial inability of the parents to provide further instruction, or by other causes. Now, certainly the true education does not consist in merely intellectual or merely physical attainment. When we desire results in the vegetable kingdom, we commence carefully to water, prune, train, and nourish from the moment the tiny plant first appears above ground. If we want men and women of the highest type, of the best culture, we must not influence them spasmodically, first in the physical, then in the mental, then in the moral nature. The mind should be disciplined, as the body is, by daily exercise, gentle at first, and in due proportion, but commencing and continuing simultaneously. Thus the school will not be a sudden and violent transition, threatening health with its unaccustomed demands upon undeveloped faculties. An hour a day, or in many cases even less, would make a beautiful garden where there is too often nothing but weeds. It is not the soil that is to blame; it is the negligence of the cultivator. And it is highly inconsistent to expect all flowers and no weeds whenever, without this preparation, the behest may be spoken.

TO SPEAK OF BEAUTY AS A COMMODITY is, no doubt, to degrade its high function. But the unsightly appearance of many of our towns makes us despair of ever seeing beauty awarded its proper place, until it shall be demonstrated how many dollars and cents will result therefrom. Who can tell how many thousands of persons have trodden the few inches of earth which separated their feet from some divine conception of Phidias or Praxiteles, which, exhumed, would cause the world to hush with awe and admiration. Many men go through life with only this thin crust over some great and volcanic genius; but it is as effective as if they lay beneath the icy weight of Shasta. We know of many towns on this coast that are perennially unkempt and untidy; the houses and fences are unpainted, the streets are quagmires in winter and masses of dust in summer. Here and there, at long intervals, a single rose-bush bristles with repellant thorns, or a neglected eucalyptus mourns of its solitude to the breeze. Such places are angular and unlovely. They jar upon the sense of beauty. No tourist ever visits them. No artist ever lingers into the twilight to sketch their symmetries. And yet the inhabitant often laments that his town is dull! The soil is rich, as the surrounding fields testify. Let us suppose that a few trees are planted, that the houses are painted and the fences whitewashed, that a holiday is declared in which the entire population unite forces and improve the streets. Let a few flowers in each garden lift their grateful faces to the recurring dew and sunlight. Let trees line the streets and wave their plumes in the morning air. The town will be transformed—at an expense of a few dollars to each of the inhabitants. What will be the result? Gradually the impression will go out that it is a pleasant and beautiful place of resort. People from the large cities and from the East, brain-tired, dyspeptic, will seek relaxation in its fragrant air, under its shady trees, will fish in its near streams, or hunt in its adjacent hills. *Money will be spent*—just think of that! Hundreds of dollars in a single summer will these sickly men and women leave, paying tenfold for the expense of these flowers, and vines, and trees. Our fairest cities, Oakland, Sacramento, San José, Santa Rosa, Los Angeles, and many others, owe their rare loveliness to their encouragement of Nature, who repays the least attention with a hundred forms of beauty. There should be a thousand embowered towns to which one might escape from this treeless metropolis, whose single ornament, the fountain, weeps in dejection from very loneliness.

PERSONALITY IS ALWAYS UNPLEASANT, no matter in what form it manifests itself. Writers, however, are subject to one phase which most persons are spared; namely, that which attributes a personal connection with every mood personified, and with every incident related. In a large sense it is true that every author writes his own experiences, and that the creature can not be greater than the creator. But in this limited sense which proscribes everything like fancy or imagination, it is usually untrue. To be sure, it is only those who are lacking in these qualities that persistently fail to understand how others may possess them. In their eyes every incident must of necessity be a personal experience, because they themselves are incapable of creating anything purely imaginative. This is a restriction which many sensitive writers feel keenly, and every restriction is, to its extent, destructive of art or literature. No one supposes because Toby Rosenthal paints a picture of a boy stealing apples he is reproducing his own guilt, and that the public prosecutor should forthwith lodge a complaint for petty larceny. And yet, write a love story, a poem, a little bit of fancy or imagination—which you are likely to do all the better because you are untrammeled by the necessity of relating actual occurrences—and you have straightway put your heart upon your sleeve for all the daws to peck at!

THE ELECTIONS IN ENGLAND have resulted in a victory for the Liberals, and the curtain has fallen upon the dramatic statesmanship of Lord Beaconsfield. The glare of the blue lights has died away, and the glamour of illusion no longer plays over the tawdry magnificence of the tinsel costumes and the painted scenes. The attitudinizer of the Berlin Congress, the conjurer who created a fiat empress, the modern political Cagliostro, has a sorry look in the daylight. Meanwhile, however, the late premier may find some comfort in the thought that he has left England in a condition which insures supreme embarrassments to his successor. At home, the deranged finances present problems whose solutions are at once thankless and difficult; while abroad Gladstone will find the nation committed by previous acts to a course which he can neither retire from with *éclat*, nor continue with consistency. It is fortunate, however, both for England and for other countries, that her counsels will be directed by the genius of common sense, rather than by the genius of necromancy. There may be less indefinite glory won, but there will also be less money wasted and less blood spilled.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

PROFESSOR DAVIDSON ON THE WARFARE OF SCIENCE.

At the last annual dinner of the Chit-Chat Club of San Francisco, the following toast was read:

> "*The Army of Science.* Its warfare never ends. From mighty conquests it presses on with resistless energy, leaving civilization crowned with the power, and rich with the spoils, wrested from the stubborn forces of Nature."

Professor George Davidson was introduced as an officer of no mean rank in that brave army, and he responded as follows:

"With all due deference to the writer of the toast which you have just read, I suggest that his words, 'The Warfare of Science,' carry to my mind an impression at variance with experience. So far as my observation goes, so far as my intercourse with men of scientific pursuits teaches me, Science is the embodiment and personification of peace. Its very existence is the issue of calm experiment, persistent investigation, and deliberate thought. It seeks no bubble reputation at the cannon's mouth; no ephemeral glory in the fierce conflict of politics. It is born, bred, and nurtured in the serene quietness of Nature. The devotees of Science are warriors only in another sense—they dare be true, earnest, and brave in the pursuit of true knowledge, and firm, steadfast, and unyielding in maintaining that which is demonstrated. Men of original research in Science are in the fullest sense of the word discoverers, forced to traverse the great ocean of illogical thought and imperfect observation; and when they reach the shores of Investigation, it is an essential part of their underdertaking to burn their ships of early prejudice, of traditional superstitions, and of inconsequent learning. Their guiding star in all research, in all deduction, is Truth, and truth for truth's sake alone. The struggle for mastery over the errors of the earlier education is intense, and can only be fully understood by those who have conquered. And yet, as new relations in Nature are unfolded, the observer soon finds the scales of defective teachings falling from his mental vision, and he is impelled by the very truthfulness of his work to urge his labors, and to gather into consecutive order the fruits of his discoveries. And it must be gratifying to every teacher of youth, and of older age—I mean teachers in the broadest sense which the word will admit: the preacher, the artist, the professor, the actor—to know how the moral sense of truth is enlarged, intensified, and attuned by the very effort of investigation and deduction. I can fancy no other occupation except that of the mathematician that will, in its workings alone, bear comparison with original research in thus developing one of the highest attributes of our present condition. And the spread of this taste for examination is to me the most hopeful sign in an age when charlatans in many professions are endeavoring to cut loose the moorings of public and private morals. The history of the Inductive Sciences abounds in examples and lessons bearing pertinently upon the position and relations of society at large; and it would appear pedantic even to mention the early observers in astronomy and physics—investigators whose advances are notedly marked by the long and persistent opposition which they encountered. The 'warfare' was decidedly one-sided; the aggressors were assuredly not the investigators; nevertheless, the attacks of prejudice, of scholastic dogmatism, of unreasoning credulity, were powerless to stay the march of deduced Truth. Almost in our own time we have had presented to us several remarkable fields of investigation that were held and intrenched by the blindest faith, and nothing but the unwavering labor of the investigator has drawn truth and light from them.

"With the opening of the present century there dawned a new era in palæontology; a few clear minds had caught its whisperings, and it has emerged a science. The previous investigators had indeed been in advance of their times, but the modes of independent thought had not then been fully developed; and, moreover, their conclusions were warped and trammeled by the same causes that had so long repressed the acceptance of the new cosmogony. But the clear truths of discovery accumulated, and of necessity the earlier education was pushed aside whenever and wherever it stood in conflict with the deductions of the bolder thinking. System now guides investigation, and method has constructed coherent and more comprehensive theories. To-day there is admitted no 'sports of nature' on the palæontological record; but order, succession, and inevitable law. The stratigraphical record of the earth is now read as certainly, if not as easily, as the hieroglyphics of Egypt, or the cuneiform inscriptions of Assyria. It seemed almost seeking and courting the condemnation of the so-called 'learned professions' when the archæologist first propounded the proofs of man's early existence upon the face of the earth; and yet the searchers after truth have brought such evidences of his presence here, even before the last glacial period, that only the 'doubting Thomases' can fail to see the import and weight of their investigations. Very much more remains to be done before the 'mint stamp' is placed upon any given archæological theory; but the stream of evidence gathers volume and momentum, and will yet carry the law with it. And in the 'new chemistry,' is it not remarkable what great strides have been taken, and what broader horizons have opened before us, in the investigations and illustrations of 'the molecular theory?' The old atom of our student days still claims and holds a qualified existence, but the wonderful microcosm of the 'molecule' has immensely enlarged the views of the physicist, and enabled him to almost penetrate the arcana of ultimate matter. The mathematician sees in it the opportunity for the legitimate application of his analysis, and we may rest assured, from the present progress in the examination, that he will ultimately master the problem. And curiously enough in this branch of science, the modern investigator has trodden upon the domain of the metaphysician, and shown that the infinite divisibility of matter is a phantasm of the brain of the closet philosopher; for the atom and the molecule have their sizes determinable. By direct experiment, also, the chemist has placed three distinct bodies of the same volume in the space occupied by one of them; and again confounded the 'inner consciousness' of the metaphysical dreamer. In the rich field of zoölogy and biology, we have found, and we may reasonably expect to find more of the highest developments in the law of evolution; for the very essence and integrity of the law, in one of its more important phases, is ever present within our means of investigation. It is comparatively young among the modern sciences, and yet its deductions point unerringly to the same pole in the heavens of true knowledge. For these sciences, and for all the others, the specialist must be peculiarly gifted for research; his education develops as he advances, and his deductions are founded only upon the sequence and coherence of observed facts. All the streams of knowledge will flow into the same great channel and homologate. We may not imagine that channel bankfull until our race reaches a higher development; we may not hear the announcement of the grand formula of evolution, but we experience the lively satisfaction of the ancient geometer, and know that we are on the line of research and deduction toward it. And yet in our hopefulness and trustfulness of the very evolution of law in the cosmos, we feel that at any day may arise the man and the brain to grasp and announce the intimate relations of all matter and of all forces. These views are not confined to the scientist; you know that, in one shape or another, they are permeating the earth. The war-cries of dogmatism, of imperfect education, of unquestioning faith may be raised against them, but the world 'still moves.' The discovery of America was an epoch of restless inquiry, and opened a fresh field for growth and cultivation of free thought and free deductions; the activity of the last century has wonderfully accelerated their exposition, and to-day our children are starting where we are leaving off. To every teacher of youth, to every adviser of maturer age and thought, the newer education must come in direct conflict with part of their earlier and more contracted education; and they must abandon the *dicta* of mere 'schools,' and teach these higher laws of science, or be dragged at the wheels of irresistible mental and moral progress."

ARTIFICIAL DIAMONDS.

Public interest and curiosity have been much excited, of late, by the reported success which has attended the experiments of two well-known English chemists, in the production of diamonds by artificial means. The experts to whom these alleged diamonds have been intrusted for test and analysis have reported unfavorably upon one, but quite favorably in regard to those produced by Prof. J. B. Hannay, of Glasgow. They stood all the usual tests. In hardness they were equal to the diamond of nature—scratching all other crystals. They were consumed readily before the flame of the blowpipe, leaving no perceptible residue. They also resisted the action of boiling hydrofluoric acid. Being subjected to a heat short of that required for actual combustion, they turned black—a characteristic reaction of the diamond—and also presented the peculiar octahedral form and curved faces which are assumed by no other crystal but the diamond. The public is quite familiar with the manufacture of artificial stones, which are professedly only imitations of diamonds; but, so far as the writer is aware, no successful attempt has heretofore been made for producing a real diamond by crystallizing carbon from a solution, after the manner in which nature undoubtedly works. The *modus operandi* of this apparently successful imitation of nature is supposed to be substantially as follows: A hydrocarbon gas—such as marsh gas, for instance, which is composed of hydrogen and carbon—is placed in a stout iron tube, similar to a gun-barrel. A nitrogen compound, presumably cyanogen, is then introduced, and the gas in the iron tube subjected to an enormous pressure, the tube at the same time being highly heated to aid in the work. The gas in the tube under such conditions is reduced to a liquid, and the hydrogen forms a stable compound with the cyanogen, leaving the carbon perfectly free and practically pure, in which form, and under the above conditions, it may reasonably be supposed to gradually solidify into crystals. In fact, this is proved to be the case, as, upon opening the tube, Prof. Hannay finds the crystals, which stand the test as above described, and which are undoubtedly diamonds. The diamonds are, however, very minute in size, and the Professor frankly observes that neither dealers in diamonds nor the general public need disturb themselves as to the probability that any disastrous commercial result will follow his discovery—for the process is expensive, tedious, and dangerous, and the diamonds hitherto formed are too small to possess anything beyond a mere scientific value. The great difficulty, he thinks, lies in the construction of an inclosing vessel strong enough to withstand the enormous pressure and high temperature required, his tubes, although four inches in external diameter, with but half an inch bore, being torn open in nine cases out of ten, during his experiments. The Professor is evidently not of a very sanguine turn of mind, perhaps not so much so as the results of his experiments thus far seem to warrant. He has evidently been in great haste to reach results. Nature works slowly, and waits a long time. Man, on the contrary, has but a limited time in which to go through with processes which nature may have extended over thousands of years. As yet Prof. Hannay's diamonds are small; but if he can make small diamonds in a few days, why, with practice and time, may he not make larger ones? At all events, it appears quite evident that diamonds have been produced in the laboratory, and their production in quantity seems to be only a question of time.

INTELLECT IN BRUTES.

A late number of *Nature* furnishes the following evidence of intellect in brutes: A correspondent has a well bred cat, which never steals food, even when placed in her way—never partaking unless express permission is given. This cat has a kitten, less refined than herself, which takes after its other parent, a half wild cat of the neighborhood. One cold morning she was quietly resting herself by an open fireplace, near which was placed a plate of cooked fish to be kept warm for the family breakfast. The kitten, smelling the savory morsel, was seen to approach the plate with evident intent to steal a breakfast. The mother cat was observed to manifest her displeasure by an angry growl at her offspring, which, not being properly heeded, was immediately followed by a smart blow with her paw upon the chest of the kitten with force sufficient to overturn it. On recovering its balance the little creature, with a humiliated air, quietly retired to another part of the room. Another correspondent in the same issue of the periodical named has a cat, a great pet of the household, upon the back of which some highly inflammable oil was accidentally spilled. A short time after, when near the fire, a falling cinder suddenly set poor pussy's back ablaze. The creature, with more intelligence than would be manifested by many of the human-kind, made a rush through the open door for a watering-trough, which stood some three hundred feet distant, into which she plunged, and from which she as rapidly clambered, shook the dripping water from her sides and paws, and then trotted gently back to her quiet corner by the fire. Puss was accustomed to see the fire upon the hearth extinguished by water every night.

ELECTRIC INDUCTION.

The question as to how electric induction is propagated through space is a matter which has lately exercised the minds of physicists for the last fifty years, without any very satisfactory explanation. Quite recently, however, Mr. J. E. H. Gordon has given a series of four lectures before the Royal Institution of London, in which he has endeavored to show, by clearness and directness of statement, illustrated by delicate experiments, not only how electric induction is propagated from an excited to any other body, but also what it is. The facts which he presented seemed to show that it is made to pass through space by means of undulations in an ether, in a manner similar to light—that the same ether answers for the excitations of both induction and light, but that the difference in the phenomena observed is due to the differences of vibration. An induced body is in a state of strain, which, in a good conductor, is being constantly relieved; but which, in a poor conducter, is not so relieved.

IMPROVEMENTS IN SILK CULTURE.

Heretofore the production of silk has been confined almost exclusively to a single variety of insects; but it is well known that there are large numbers of silk-forming insects, the habits and products of only a few of which have been carefully studied. The known silk-spinners belong to two families of the lepidoptera, the catalogue of the known species of one of which numbers no less than three hundred and ninety-four, all silk-producers. From the knowledge already gained in regard to the facilities for utilizing these insects, it is now confidently believed that the world's resources for the production of silk may, and undoubtedly soon will, be greatly enlarged. The advantages to be gained relate both to the economy of production and to the quality of the product. In regard to the latter point one variety has already been quite largely utilized—the *Attacus ricini*, a native of Assam, which feeds chiefly upon the castor-bean plant. The cocoons of this insect cannot be reeled; but they can be worked up, by even the simple machinery employed in that country, into a fibre well adapted for spinning, the woven material from which can be as readily dyed and printed as cotton. The goods made from this silk are said to be much more durable than even the best of ordinary silk, so much so that the life of one person is seldom sufficient to wear out a garment made of it. It is said on good authority of the ailanthus-feeding insect, which also produces a non-reeling cocoon, that a great future is in store for it, especially when it is properly subjected to modern skill and the present improved spinning machinery. The *Antharœta paphia* is a wild silk-producer of India, where it has been in use for many centuries, but has never been utilized in Europe. It is a great producer. The goods manufactured from this silk possess a most remarkable lustre, which is supposed to be due to the fact that the fibre is flat; while that of all ordinary silks is round. The great drawback in regard to it is the difficulty with which it takes colors; but it is thought that a solution of this difficulty is already in a fair way to be reached by European skill. In its natural state this is the most lustrous of all silks, and is also very strong and durable, and possesses an exceedingly rich and soft surface. What has already been done furnishes abundant evidence that there is a rich field for improvement in the production of silk, by the study and introduction of new varieties of silk-producing insects.

A FOSSIL FERMENT.

An interesting discovery has recently been announced to the French Academy of Sciences, in the evidence of the existence of the butyric ferment, *bacilus amylobacter*, during the coal period. The fossil remains of this ferment have been subjected to careful study and analysis by M. B. Renault. This evidence has been obtained by the microscopic examination of the silicified remains of the radicals of conifers found in the rocks of Saône-et-Loire. The radicals exhibit the same marks of alteration as are seen in corresponding radicals of the present epoch, which have been kept for a length of time in a submerged condition. This discovery promises considerable scientific interest to the geological student.

THE DESTRUCTION OF INSECT PESTS.

With the increase of population, and the multiplication of the various products of nature, demanded by modern civilization to satisfy the appetite and other wants of man, comes, also, an accompanying increase of destroying insects. As a dense population, unless accompanied by proportionally increased sanitary regulations, inevitably breeds disease, so do continuously cultivated fields, unless closely watched and well cared for, soon become infested with innumerable insect pests. The phylloxera, the Colorado beetle, the cotton and tobacco worms, the silk-worm pest, the various apple worms, the cucurlio, the orange scale, the peach blast, etc., are each and all arresting the attention of thinking men, as scourges, which, if not soon subdued, will depopulate whole provinces and states. Many expedients have been devised for destroying these pests, but mostly, heretofore, by the use of mineral or other poisons, which also works great damage to plants and fruits as well as to insects. But of late a new mode of meeting these scourges has been proposed, and successfully inaugurated. Some of our most eminent entomologists have been prying into the anatomy of many microscopic creatures and plants, with the view of finding some one or more smaller insect, or peculiar fungoid growth, with which to attack the enemies which are working such damage to some of the world's greatest industries. The first study, in this direction, was turned to the destruction of, or to avoiding the access of the minute germs, which, it had been ascertained, were the cause of the suppuration of flesh wounds, and which are also supposed to induce most of the diseases to which the human family is subject. The knowledge of the cause of such troubles has already greatly facilitated the means for their avoidance or cure. The application of this knowledge has now obtained a wider range, and has been carried into many of the industries of life, and we now have better beer and better wine in consequence of Pasteur's discovery in this direction. Cheese-making and butter-making have also been improved. The attention of scientists was next directed to the destruction of green-house pests, for which the yeast fungus was employed. When largely diluted with water and sprinkled over the plants, it was found to take root in the body of the insect and produce a growth which soon became fatal to its life. Other fungi have been successfully employed for the same purpose, without any danger of injury to the plants. The destruction of the Colorado beetle, the phylloxera, and other insect pests, both large and small, by the same or similar means, is now being made a careful study by this useful, though hitherto but little appreciated, class of scientific students. Experiments have rendered it highly probable that the cultivation of an insect's disease-producing fungus, and the application of it in quantity, diluted with water, to fields and trees and fruits infested by insects, is likely to give results of the highest importance, such as can be measured in value only by many millions of dollars annually saved to even the smaller communites of states and provinces. Such labors and results ought to give increased assurance that science, in all its departments, is ever deserving of the highest respect and of most hearty encouragement.

ART AND ARTISTS.

THE ARTISTS' LEAGUE.

For a long time there has been felt a growing want of combination among our artists for mutual aid and encouragement, and to establish a depot for the sale of local art. We have several picture stores in our midst where artists can exhibit, but the dealers, owning pictures purchased in the East and Europe, find it more to their interest to dispose of these works, from which they derive greater profit, than to exert themselves for the sale of local pictures. It not unfrequently happens, also, that one or two favored ones derive all the benefit from such exhibition, it lying greatly in the power of the dealer to influence the choice of the purchaser, especially if the latter doubt his own judgment. Recognizing these disadvantages, a large number of the artists have combined, and organized a society known as the "Artists' League," patterned much after one now in existence in New York. The San Francisco Art Association has kindly placed their gallery at the disposal of the artists, to be used as a place of permanent exhibition; and arrangements have been made with Mr. Martin, the Assistant Secretary, to assume charge of them, and effect such sales as may be desired on the part of visitors. It is the intention of the society to try and induce all our painters to join in the movement, and adopt the art-rooms as a place of exhibition for the greater part of their work, finished pictures and sketches, and thereby offer an inducement to the public to add its encouragement by frequent visitations. Once started, the exhibition will be self-supporting. The knowledge that a constantly renewed exhibition is in progress, where all the later works from the local studios may be viewed, will, in a short time, convert the art-rooms into a place of popular resort for all lovers of art and the public generally; and will no doubt prove much more remunerative to artists than the plan now in vogue for exhibiting and placing their canvases. At present an admission fee to the gallery is charged, the wisdom of which we are much disposed to doubt. Apparently, it should be the policy of the Society to encourage the attendance, not only of picture buyers, but of all. Few men start out with the cold-blooded intention to buy a picture. Pictures generally secure their own purchasers, and, to do so, must be invitingly placed. The fact of a charge being made will deter many from visiting the exhibition who would otherwise frequently attend to while away a few odd moments of leisure. It is argued that those who are able to buy pictures are willing to pay a small admission fee, and would prefer to do so to avoid a large and mixed attendance. This may be true of the few, but the few should conform to the wishes of the many. A large number of our most wealthy citizens, a few years ago, hardly dared to hope ever to become the possessors of valuable works of art, and many, who to-day are unable to indulge their fondness for such luxuries, even to the extent of paying to see them, may a few years hence become the strongest supporters and patrons of art. The press, and many of our leading men, lend their support, not for the artists' sake, but for the sake of art and its elevating influence upon the character of the people; and it would seem that artists, who are directly interested, should, by every means in their power, strive for the same end. This could not be effected more agreeably and commendably than by opening wide the portals to their exhibitions, and inviting all to their enjoyment, if not every day, at least one day in each week.

THE AMERICAN RENAISSANCE.

Art is the outgrowth of leisure and affluence. A people whose existence is a continuous struggle to meet the necessities of life, or whose sole aim and ambition are to acquire wealth, have little time to bestow upon the arts, and even less disposition to so employ it. This has been the history of our people. Money has heretofore been the all-absorbing interest of the American race, and is yet to a very great extent. The comparatively few who have amassed fortunes have begun to seek the wherewith to supply the higher wants of their natures. Literature and all the arts are more generally appreciated to-day than at any former period in our history, and it is reasonable to suppose that that appreciation will grow with the nation, until the American people will stand the peer of all others in matters of taste and culture; and may in time establish distinctive schools of their own in music and literature as well as painting. That we have possessed for many years what has been called the American school of painting is generally recognized, but owing to our isolation and consequent inability to profit by the successes and experiences of those who have preceded us, the American school is not so much characterized by distinctive excellencies as by what among the older nations is regarded bad taste. The average American looks upon the painter or musician as a superfluity even at this day. In the past, students of art received little encouragement, and were left to struggle on and work out their instincts unaided. In this unequal contest the artist was compelled to conform to the taste of his patrons. This taste, necessarily of a crude order, emanating from a people without advantages for its higher cultivation, was the origin of the American school. Of later years our youth have been availing themselves of foreign study. In Paris, Rome, Munich, Dresden, and Antwerp, they have proved their capacity, and return to their homes fully imbued with European ideas, and trained in the accepted methods of the day. As was to be expected, their advent in New York, in 1877, caused a sensation in "art circles," and their reception by the disciples of the old American school was hardly cordial. After several exhibitions, by which the good people of the metropolis were much startled at the daring innovations and utter defiance of long established rules for picture-making, they have commanded recognition, and inaugurated what Mr. Brownell, in *Scribner's Monthly*, for May, calls the "American Renaissance." The credit, however, does not belong entirely to the young men. For many years previously, Page, Hunt, Inness, La Farge, and other well-known artists, have been paving the way for them. Their limited numbers only served to break the crust of the obdurate soil, but with this acquisition, numerically as well as in youth, energy, and ability, the furrow has been torn wide and deep, and seed sown which eventually no doubt will develop into a profitable harvest for the nation. As an evidence of the popularity of the new move, three of their number, Messrs. Eaton, Shirlaw, and Wilmarth, stand at the head of the leading art schools of New York, viz: the Cooper Institute, Art Student's League, and the Academy. Despite a vigorous opposition on the part of nearly all the older painters and a good portion of the Eastern press, the new society, known as the "Society of American Painters," is rapidly gaining ground. Their exhibitions in the Kurtz gallery are largely attended, and it appears their works find a ready sale. To define exactly the distinguishing characteristics of the two schools, the old and the new, is by no means simple. Starting with the fact that a picture is a representation of nature as it *appears*, not as it *is*—otherwise we must ignore perspective, both lineal and aerial—at once great freedom is granted the artist in choice of treatment. Art students generally agree that in regarding a bit of nature as a whole, one loses sight of detail; while in directing the attention to detail, the effect as a whole is lost to the eye. Here is a discrepancy that artists fail to reconcile on canvas. A sacrifice must be made either on one part or the other; and herein lies one of the distinctions between schools. The American school sacrifices the general effect or the feeling of nature to an elaborate portrayal of detail. The new men claim that the aim of the artist should be to portray the life, the soul of nature, rather than the anatomy. The result of the one is a picture perhaps wonderful as a specimen of mechanical skill and beautiful as a bit of decoration for the wall, but soulless; while the other may be a work treated broadly and simply, possessing no great interest viewed in detail, but as a whole conveying to the mind a like impression with nature itself. Either of these positions may be caricatured as they have been, on the one side by the most extravagant "impressionists," and on the other by what artists sometimes call "pintiddlers;" but the mass of artists range themselves between the two, leaning to the one or other as their feelings prompt them. The above simply defines that distinction between the old and new, as regards the interpretation of nature, but may be considered the basis of nearly all their differences. The American school is more circumscribed, its exactions tending rather to the mechanical; while the other, based upon feeling, is much broader in its scope, and allows the artist greater freedom in the portrayal of those impressions conveyed to the mind by the subject before him. Method is regarded of secondary importance, each one employing that manner of treatment best suited to his disposition, and, in his opinion, to the subject. In fact, the famous maxim that "the end justifies the means" may be regarded an exponent of the principles of the most orthodox of the new society.

ART CRITICISM.

A reader of the criticisms of some of our journals on matters of local art, especially as regards the recent exhibition given under the auspices of the Art Association, must necessarily find himself greatly at a loss to comprehend the character of work produced by our local artists, and the degree of progress effected by them during the past year. That there has been an exhibition we have learned. That it was "good," "bad," "indifferent," "creditable," and "disgraceful," we are expected to know, since each of the above terms has been applied to it by those affecting a knowledge of art, who have the management of the art columns of our press. An inquisitive or incredulous person might be tempted to inquire how the above can be possible, by what kind of reasoning an object may be "good" and at the same time "disgraceful." That question can only be solved by a council of the critics, if at all. Meanwhile the public must either accept the proposition as one lying "beyond the reaches of their souls," or else come to the more logical conclusion that so great discrepancy of judgment simply proves the incapacity of those who assume to pass judgment. Where doctors disagree to such an alarming extent, nothing short of distrust and an utter lack of confidence can result, and, not knowing who may be in the right, it then devolves upon one to make his own diagnosis and trust to its confirmation by some acknowledged authority. There is no dearth of critics in this or any other community; an aptitude for art criticism seems to be inherent with our people. All believe themselves to be fully competent to analyze a picture and pass upon its merits, unless, it may be, we except the artists and the comparatively few who have devoted time and study enough to the subject to realize the difficulties to be overcome, and the various and apparently conflicting methods employed by acknowledged masters. Men naturally have their preferences, dependent to a great extent upon temperament as well as education. This is permissible in the picture buyer. From the critic, however, the public expects something more than an exposition of his personal likes and dislikes.

He assumes the roll of public instructor, and as such should possess that understanding and appreciation of all schools of painting which would enable him to pass, not only intelligent, but impartial judgment upon works placed on view. The architect who would condemn the Coliseum because it bears no resemblance to Westminster Abbey, or the musical critic who bases his ideas of music upon Verdi, for instance, to the disparagement of Mozart, Mendelssohn, and others, would hardly be regarded competent to fill a professorship in those departments at one of our universities. When our critics shall have mastered that knowledge of the motive and methods of the different schools and their underlying principles, which will enable them to appreciate the intention of the artist, and to judge of his success or failure accordingly, then we may expect some unanimity of sentiment. Such critics, however, are not of spontaneous growth; nor can the reading of Ruskin, Taine, or Hamerton, or a flying visit to the Louvre and Dresden be considered all-sufficient to qualify one for the responsibilities of that office. With the looked-for improvement in our artists, it is to be hoped there will be corresponding progression on the part of the critics, and that in future their writings will be instructive rather than abusive, and encouraging rather than demoralizing to the growth of art on the Pacific Coast.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

RECOLLECTIONS AND OPINIONS OF AN OLD PIONEER. By Peter H. Burnett (the first Governor of the State of California). New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1880. For sale in San Francisco at Appleton's Agency, 107 Montgomery Street.

There is material in the history of the Pacific Coast which is rapidly being lost for want of some organization to systematically collect and preserve it, but which in the future, if so collected, some historian would gather into a story as dramatic and fascinating as that of Prescott or Macaulay. Perhaps, however, we should be thankful that, in the absence of any organized effort to rescue this fast perishing tradition, there are occasional disconnected publications which may in some manner preserve it. The last of these books, is the autobiography of Governor Burnett, whose name has been a prominent one for many years in California and Oregon. A portion of the book is personal in its reminiscences, and to that extent uninteresting to the general reader; but the greater part is filled with pictures of life in the early days of the Pacific States which—we have lived so much since—are already half forgotten. After starting life in Missouri, and meeting with both successes and reverses, Mr. Burnett organized a party of his neighbors in May, 1843, and started across the plains to Oregon. He says:

"A trip to Oregon with ox-teams was at that time a new experiment, and was exceedingly severe upon the temper and endurance of people. It was one of the most conclusive tests of character, and the very best school in which to study human nature. Before the trip terminated, people acted upon their genuine principles, and threw off all disguises. It was not that the trip was beset with very great perils, for we had no war with the Indians, and no stock stolen by them. But there were ten thousand little vexations continually recurring, which could not be foreseen before they occurred, nor fully remembered when past, but were keenly felt while passing. At one time an ox would be missing, at another time a mule, and then a struggle for the best encampment, and for a supply of wood and water; and, in these struggles, the worst traits of human nature were displayed, and there was no remedy but patient endurance. At the beginning of the journey there were several fisticuff fights in camp; but the emigrants soon abandoned that practice, and thereafter confined themselves to abuse in words only. The man with a black eye and battered face could not well hunt up his cattle or drive his team. But the subject of the greatest and most painful anxiety to us was the suffering of our poor animals. We could see our faithful oxen dying inch by inch, every day becoming weaker, and some of them giving out, and left in the wilderness to fall a prey to the wolves. In one or two instances they fell dead under the yoke, before they would yield. We found, upon a conclusive trial, that the ox was the noblest of draft-animals upon that trip, and possessed more genuine hardihood and pluck than either mules or horses. When an ox is once broken down, there is no hope of saving him. It requires immense hardship, however, to bring him to that point. He not only gathers his food more rapidly than the horse or mule, but he will climb rocky hills, cross muddy streams, and plunge into swamps and thickets for pasture. He will seek his food in places where other animals will not go. On such a trip as ours one becomes greatly attached to his oxen, for upon them his safety depends. Our emigrants were placed in a new and trying position, and it was interesting to see the influence of pride and old habits over men. They were often racing with their teams in the early portion of the journey, though they had before them some seventeen hundred miles of travel. No act could have been more inconsiderate than for men, under such circumstances, to injure their teams simply to gratify their ambition. Yet the proper rule in such a case was to allow any and every one to pass you who desired to do so. Our emigrants, on the first portion of the trip, were about as wasteful of their provisions as if they had been at home."

The party after braving many dangers reaches Snake River, and an interesting account is given of the manner in which the Indians spear salmon. At Fort Vancouver they met Fremont, then on his first visit to Oregon. They had an exciting experience in passing over the rapids of the Columbia, and finally selected a town site at what they supposed to be the head of ship navigation on the Willamette River. This site they called Linnton, in honor of Dr. Linn, of Missouri. Subsequent investigation showed that the real head of navigation was some miles above, at a point where Portland is now situated. Having chosen a town site, every one selected a farm, or "claim," and the work of clearing the land for the crops progressed as speedily as possible. The Hudson's Bay Company had extensive dealings in this section with the Indians, the Agency being under the charge of Dr. McLoughlin.

"From Dr. McLoughlin and others I learned a great deal in reference to the manner in which the business of the Company had been conducted. At the time of the Doctor's arrival in Oregon, and for many years afterward, the principal inhabitants were Indians, divided into various small tribes, speaking different languages. These Indians were mainly found upon the Columbia and its tributaries, and far outnumbered the hired servants of the Company. The task of controlling these wild people was one of great delicacy, requiring a thorough knowledge of human nature and the greatest administrative ability. The Doctor's policy was based upon the fundamental idea that all men, civilized or savage, have an innate love of justice, and will therefore be *ultimately* best satisfied with fair, honest dealing. The company had its various trading-posts located at convenient points throughout a vast territory. The Indian population being about stationary as to numbers and pursuits, it was not very difficult to calculate the amount of supplies likely to be required in each year. The Company was in the habit of importing one year's supply in advance; so that if a cargo should be lost, its customers would not suffer. Its goods were all of superior quality, purchased on the best terms, and were sold at prices both uniform and moderate. Of course, prices in the interior were higher than on the seaboard; but they never varied at the same post. The Indians knew nothing of the intricate law of demand and supply, and could not be made to understand why an article of a given size and quality should be worth more at one time than at another in the same place, while the material and labor used and employed in its manufacture were the same. A tariff of prices, once adopted, was never changed. The goods were not only of the best, but of uniform quality. To secure these results, the Company had most of its goods manufactured to order. The wants of the Indians being very few, their purchases were confined to a small variety of articles; and consequently they became the very best judges of the quality of the goods they desired to purchase. No one could detect any imperfection in a blanket more readily and conclusively than an Oregon Indian. There was always kept an ample supply at each post; so that the customers of the Company were not driven at any time to deal with rival traders, or do without their usual supplies. It was evident that no successful competition with the Company could last long under such circumstances. No one could continue to undersell them and make a profit; and the competitor, without profit, must fail. The uniform low prices and the good quality of its articles pleased the Indians, and the Company secured their custom beyond the reach of competition. The Company adopted a system that would work out best in the end, and, of course, was successful. In the course of time the Company induced the Indians to throw aside the bow and arrow, and to use the gun; and, as the Company had all the guns and ammunition in the country, the Indians became dependent upon it for their supplies of these articles. It was the great object of the Company to preserve the peace among the Indians within the limits of its trading territory, not only from motives of pure humanity, but from mercantile interest; as the destruction of the Indians was the destruction of its customers, and the consequent ruin of its trade. When the Indians went to war with each other, the Doctor first interposed his mediation, as the common friend and equal of both parties. When all other means failed, he refused to sell them arms and ammunition, saying that it was the business of the Company to sell them these articles to kill game with, not to kill each other. By kindness, justice, and discreet firmness, the Indians were generally kept at peace among themselves. They found it almost impossible to carry on war. It was an inflexible rule with the Doctor never to violate his word, whether it was a promise of a reward or a threat of punishment. There is no vice more detested by Indians than a failure to keep one's word, which they call lying. If it were a failure to perform a promised act beneficial to the Indians themselves, they would regard it as a fraud akin to theft; and, if a failure to carry out a threat of punishment, they would consider it the result of weakness or cowardice. In either case, the party who broke his pledged word would forfeit there respect, and in the first case would incur their undying resentment."

The following extract will show some of the disadvantages under which the settlers labored:

"We were a small, thinly settled community, poor, and isolated from the civilized world. By the time we reached the distant shores of the Pacific, after a slow, wearisome journey of about two thousand miles, our little means were exhausted, and we had to begin life anew, in a new country. The wild game in Oregon was scarce and poor. The few deer that are found there seldom become fat. The wild fowl were plentiful in the winter, but they constituted an uncertain reliance for families settled some distance from their usual places of resort. Besides, we had no time to hunt them, and the weather was generally too wet to admit of it. Had the country contained the same amount and variety of wild game, wild fruits, and honey as were found in the Western States at an early day, our condition would have been better. But the only wild fruits we found were a variety of berries, such as blackberries, strawberries, raspberries, blueberries, and cranberries, which were not only abundant, but of excellent quality. We only found one nut in the country, and that was the hazelnut in small quantities. There were no wild grapes or plums, and no honey. For the first two years after our arrival the great difficulty was to procure provisions. The population being so much increased by each succeeding fall's immigration, provisions were necessarily scarce. Those who had been there for two years had plenty to eat; but, after that, the great trouble was to procure clothing, there being no raw materials in the country from which domestic manufactures could be made. We had no wool, cotton, or flax. But, after we had grown wheat and raised pork for sale, we had new difficulties in our way. Our friends were arriving each fall, with jaded teams, just about the time the long rainy season set in. The community was divided into two classes, old settlers and new, whose views and interests clashed very much. Many of the new immigrants were childish, most of them discouraged, and all of them more or less embarrassed. Upon their arrival they found that those of us who preceded them had taken up the choice locations, and they were compelled either to take those that were inferior in quality or go farther from ship navigation."

Governor Burnett took a prominent part in the Provisional Government which was organized, and was shortly after appointed Supreme Judge. In 1848 he removed to California, on hearing of the discovery of gold, and has since resided in this State, where he has held the highest legislative, judicial, and executive offices. Many of his reminiscences of early days in California are valuable and interesting, but lack of space prevents our giving further extracts. The book is pleasantly discursive in style, and repays a careful reading.

THE COMING CRISIS. By One of the Many. San Francisco. 1879.

This book is a rambling proletarian grumble at prosperity and the prosperous. It contains a good many generalities about "suffering humanity" and the "downtrodden people," but fails to say in what manner any one is in subjection, or how any man in the race of life has any advantages over another which are not derived from his superior capacity or energy. Its argument is inconclusive, and its conclusion is a *non sequitur*. A glance at its typography shows that it does not expect to succeed, and an examination of its contents shows that it does not deserve to.

RISK AND OTHER POEMS. By Charlotte Fiske Bates. Boston: A. Williams & Co. 1879.

Verse-making, speech-making, and piano-playing are becoming generally diffused as American accomplishments. The third is usually monopolized by the gentler sex, the second by the sterner sex, while the first is common ground. It is, perhaps, unfair to judge an aspirant in either of these arts by comparison with the great models. The most we can reasonably demand is that there shall be such degree of *technique* as shall prevent an unpleasant jar in any of the parts. Judged even by this standard, the poems before us are defective. There are few of them in which the metrical construction is not faulty. A poet may occasionally rise above mechanism; but a verse-maker, never. Besides these flaws the subjects in this work are commonplace. They are devoid of originality. Throughout there is a tendency to follow models, to lean on some support. We copy, as least subject to these objections, the initial lines, from which the volume takes its name:

RISK.

In the quiet of the evening
  Two are walking in unrest;
Man has touched a jealous nature—
  Anger burns in woman's breast.

These are neither wed nor plighted,
  Yet the maybe hangs as near
And as fragrant as the wild-rose
  Which their garments hardly clear.

And as briery, too, you fancy?
  Well, perhaps so. Some sad morn
One or both may, for a moment,
  Wish they never had been born.

Happy quips and honest pleadings
  Meet with silence or a sneer;
But more keenly has she listened
  Since she vowed she would not hear.

Now a great oak parts the pathway:
  "Nature gratifies your mood.
To the right—let this divide you;
  It will all be understood."

So Caprice, with childish weakness,
  Yet with subtlety of thought,
Whispered in the ear of woman.
  Love, with dread, the answer sought.

Was it superstitious feeling
  Struck at once the hearts of two?
Had he seen proud eyes half-sorry
  For what little feet must do?

For he stretched an arm toward her,
  Folding nothing but the air,
Saying nothing—just the motion
  Drew, without offending there.

In the quiet of the evening
  Two are walking back again;
At the oak their happy voices
  Whisper of a vanished pain.

What if they to-night be plighted,
  And the maybe hangs more near
And more fragrant than the wild-rose
  Which their garments hardly clear!

And more briery, too, you fancy?
  Well, perhaps so. Thorns are ill,
But Love draws them out so kindly,
  One must trust him, come what will.

OVERLAND TALES. By Josephine Clifford. San Francisco: A. Roman & Co. 1877.

This volume of short stories was published some years since, and was so appreciatively reviewed at the time in various publications, that we content ourselves with merely noticing its receipt.

DAY DREAMS. By W. N. Lockington. Author's Edition. 1880. For sale at the bookstores.

This is a volume of short poems by a gentleman who is, as will be remembered, an occasional contributor to THE CALIFORNIAN. The first and best poem is entitled "The Sea-Nymph's Home." Typographically, the book is creditably arranged.

OUTCROPPINGS.

ST. MARY'S.

Long ago, during the first year of my residence in California, I had the good fortune to find a home in the family of dear Mrs. Bissel—and long may she live in the land! It never occurred to me that I was *boarding* there; we seemed like one happy family, though there were sometimes as many as twenty-four children in the house at once. It was not in the heart of the city, and there were large grounds, with shrubs and an occasional oak tree, surrounding the house, which gave one a charming illusion of being in the country, and which mothers with run-about children fully appreciated.

When I look back upon that happy time now, and recall the different personages who made up the household, I find that the individual who commanded and received the greatest amount of consideration was Bridget, our cook. We all bowed to her tyranny and consulted her pleasure, particularly when it was a "bad day" with her—which it was very often. On such days Mrs. Bissel herself entered the kitchen with fear and trembling; and as for one of us invading Bridget's dominion during a "spell of weather," we would just as soon have thought of thrusting our heads into the furnace at once. There was no possibility of denying that she was an excellent cook; but, considered purely as a woman, she was a terror. At the children's dinner, which took place at four o'clock, one or two of the ladies were generally present; and if it so happened that none of the legitimate mothers could conveniently attend, one or the other of the ladies would take the place. Now, a dozen or two of average San Francisco children will not consume their common dinner in unbroken silence; and whenever I happened to be the *de facto* mother, the urchins always seemed unusually animated. To see Bridget then, if it was a "bad day" with her—as it generally was—make her sudden appearance at the dining-room door, when the hubbub was greatest, the iron spoon with which she had just basted the meat swung high in air, her black eye-brows contracted to a thunder-cloud, and her eyes flashing fire, was not conducive to a child's quiet sleep at night.

"Will ye be shtill—ye murtherin' young dhivils ye? Howly Moses! but I'll put yez in the oven and roast ye alive!" And ere the shrill tones of her voice had died away, the little ones, even the most courageous boy in the crowd, would seem turned into stone with fear. Then, without a feature of her face changing, she would pile up another dish with flaky white biscuit, warm ginger-snaps, or anything else that was tempting to a child's appetite, and send it into the dining-room by the waiting-girl. As to the waiting-girl, it was always strictly enjoined upon her *never* to touch anything upon the stove, in the stove, anywhere about the stove—anything in the kitchen, in fact—except what Bridget set down on the large table expressly for her. This she carried into the dining-room; and woe betide her if ever she discovered speck or spot on the edge of dish or platter, which Bridget had overlooked. Truth to tell, it happened very seldom, for Bridget was neatness itself except in her dress—she said she had no time to waste on that. Mrs. Bissel, to give her time, made the attempt once or twice to furnish her with an assistant. But they all went the same way, generally on the third day, flying through the kitchen door, with a soup-ladle, a stove-lid, a toasting-fork, or anything else that came handy to Bridget, flying after them.

Once, when she had a particularly "bad day," poor Mr. Bissel, just returned from a journey—during which, perhaps, the recollection of these bad days had grown fainter—innocently brought out the blacking-brushes in the kitchen, and started in to polish his boots. He didn't reach the polishing point, however; for, while he turned for a drop of water to moisten the paste with, brushes, boots, and all took a sudden spin out through the open door and across the porch into the yard. His wife had always tried to inculcate lessons of patience and forbearance; and there was merely a blank, non-comprehensive expression on his face for a moment; but then, turning with a sudden "Well, I never—" he would certainly have added something stronger, had it not been that a glance at the well-filled range reminded him it was nearly dinner-time, and that Bridget was ruling goddess of the roast. Another instance of how men are slaves to their appetites.

As there was a stable and carriage-house on the grounds, one of the families boarding with us kept their coachman there, John Hand; and to him we soon assigned the *rôle* of liberator. Bridget was not bad looking, and *could* be amiable. John Hand seemed a hopeful subject, and we took turns at dinning Bridget's perfections into his willing ears. Particularly on "bad days" did we follow this pursuit with avidity, extolling her art and economy in cooking, the spotless purity of her kitchen domain, her beauty, her thrifty ways, and the swift retribution she had visited, in the shape of a milk-and-water douche-bath, on the head of the milkman when he once tried to supply our numerous family with diluted cream, and short measure at that. Such a wife must make the fortune and happiness of any man, we argued to John Hand.

Mrs. Bissel shook her head at our plottings and endeavors. One day, when Bridget was having an outrageously "bad day," and we were working up John's affection for her in a corresponding degree, she said, "You will never succeed. Poor Bridget has her own troubles, and it is not all temper with her." She hinted at something that Bridget had once confided to her, in regard to "a foine young man back in Ireland," who was poor like herself, which was the reason that "the two of them couldn't get married." After Bridget's departure from the old soil, her mother had written something about the transfer of the "foine" young man's affections to the daughter of a wealthy farmer, and Bridget, receiving no assurances from him to the contrary, was trying to school herself to the belief that Tommy was faithless. It was hard, of course, that we should have to suffer for the perfidy of this man; but we tried hard enough to make another man pay the penalty, to little avail, as the sequel will show. In fact, knowing Mrs. Bissel as well as I did, I had often had a glimmer of an idea that it was not altogether on account of Bridget's proficiency in the art of cooking that her mistress had so much patience with her; and to myself I said, "Well, Bridget is certainly more lenient with Mrs. Bissel than with the rest of us—a sign that she appreciates, at least." But that same evening, at dinner, I touched Mrs. Bissel lightly on the arm and whispered to her that the tomato salad had just a faint flavor of coal-oil, and had better be removed from the table.

"For goodness sake," she whispered back, "don't say a word, or Bridget will never let me come into the kitchen again. I trimmed my lamp at the kitchen table, and she told me then to clear out, but I would not do it."

The tomato salad was not pressed on the diners, and Mrs. Bissel luckily escaped a reprimand from her cook.

One morning a most distressing circumstance occurred—distressing as unlooked for, as we all had a clear conscience and knew that for the last month none of us had ventured into the kitchen to ask Bridget's permission to heat a flat-iron on the range, or draw a cup of hot water from the boiler (we generally got more of that than we prayed for, anyhow)—a number of distressing circumstances I should have said; for not only were the biscuit streaked with yellow and burnt to a crisp, but the steak was tough and cold, the coffee resembled dish-water, and no muffins, buckwheat or corn-cakes were visible to the eye or discernible to the sense of smell. Had Mrs. Bissel not been a strong, vigorous woman, she must have sunk beneath the cross-fire of injured looks and impatient questions directed to her—or against her, rather. Had she dared to disobey Bridget, or talked back to her? Had she spoken a single rash, cross word to her, and brought disaster on the whole household? She held up her hands to stay our imprecations. She vowed she had behaved in the most exemplary manner; but Bridget had had a letter from home last night, a very disturbing—or rather, important letter—and it had unsettled her nerves. There was no more said on the subject, as we saw the uneasy glance Mrs. Bissel directed toward the kitchen-door. The gentlemen were quickly through with their breakfast and hurried down town, while the ladies were feeding on the anticipation of "hearing all about it."

With one accord we all assembled in a small room, well out of Bridget's way, after breakfast, and there we heard all about it, sure enough. The mother had written that a brother of her deceased husband had died and left them all his money—"shtacks and poiles of it," Bridget said—as much as two or three thousand dollars. At the same time Tommy had written, after a long, long silence, to say that his heart was breaking to see his beloved Bridget once more, and that she might expect him now, at an early day. That the girl would marry him as soon as he set foot on land and chose to have her, he seemed to have no doubt—no more than Bridget had herself. John Hand was desperate, and went so far as to hint that if the accommodating uncle had not died at so opportune a time, Tommy would never have allowed his heart to break for Bridget. But he got a fine dressing-down for his pains, and Bridget would never speak a word to him after.

Tommy came; Bridget invested all her savings in a black silk dress, a black velvet hat (with a feather, of course), and a gay cashmere shawl. That she was supremely happy I need not more particularly state; suffice it to say, that we got burnt saleratus biscuit more than once, instead of light muffins, and that she went so far as to set a flat-iron on the stove for me with her own hands one day. They were to be married in church, as a matter of course; and the Sunday just before, when the last bans were to be published, I went to St. Mary's, and took my seat in a quiet nook, where I had the whole church before me.

It was a day perfect and lovely, as days are only in California. There was an added gleam of brightness in the sun because it was Sunday morning, just as I fancy that there is a peculiarly sad tone in Sunday afternoon's sun. The soft, golden air floated in through the upper portion of the tall, gothic windows, and the sombre dome of the church seemed gradually to become filled with the warm light of the sweet May morning. In low, thrilling cadences the notes of the organ fluttered and wavered through the lofty building, the priest sprinkled the cleansing water right and left, and "*Asperges me, Domine*" came in beseeching tones from the balconied organ-loft.

When I raised my head again, I saw John Hand's square shoulders somewhere in front of me, and I wished honestly that it might be his name that was to be coupled with Bridget's, and not black-eyed, slender Tom's, for I could not divest myself of the thought that only Bridget's little fortune had drawn him to her side again. Soon the "preaching priest" of the day mounted the chancel, and among those whose names were published as about to enter the state of holy matrimony were Bridget O'Neil's and Thomas Finly's. Next, our prayers were requested for the repose of the souls of those who had died during the week, and whose death was brought to the notice of the Reverend Father; and then, after the preliminary cough and throat-clearing of his congregation, he began his short sermon. I have forgotten the words of the text, or where it could be found in the Bible, but it was a lesson on Renunciation; and involuntarily, as the sermon proceeded, I let my eyes rove in search of John Hand. He sat with his shoulders bent and his head bowed, a homely picture of sadness; he really loved the vixenish thing who was so ready to marry her fickle lover of long ago, and the thought came to me then that we had been guilty of cruel wrong to the honest-hearted fellow.

The sermon progressed; John's head drooped lower and lower, and when the sermon was over and the officiating priest had again approached the altar, I noticed that the poor fellow was kneeling, his face covered with his hands, and great, silent sobs shaking his broad shoulders. Poor John! Not for you alone was that sermon preached; the pale young priest at the altar, whose gentle voice echoes with subdued yet sonorous ring through the church, has struggled, battled, and renounced; the white-haired woman kneeling humbly at the shrine of Mary has felt the sorrow and the triumphs of the Christian soul; and the tall, fair girl in the balcony above, whose pure notes are so clearly distinct above all other voices, carries "Renunciation" traced on the white forehead and written in the depths of her dark, sad eyes. And as the organ peals through the arched space, and the full choir answers the chant of the priest, the lower wing of the window beneath which John Hand kneels is blown gently open by the summer wind, a narrow strip of sunshine falls across his auburn hair, and the glint of something white and silver, flashing in the light, is for an instant seen above his head. It is a dove that has found its way in through the open window, and flies swiftly to the altar, where it rests among the heavy shadows beneath the vaulted ceiling, folding its wings peacefully, as though it had come to stay.

Bridget's marriage did not turn out well; it soon became known that Tom, though not dissipated, was often away from home, and that Bridget was fretting her life out. Whether it was really this, or whether her more than human "infirmity of temper" had been but the symptoms of disease lurking in her system, I can not say; but Mrs. Bissel told us one day, with tears in her eyes, that she had been to see Bridget, and that the poor thing could not long survive. She regained all her old vigor of disposition, however, before her death, and Tommy found that every cent Bridget could claim had been transferred to her mother before her death.

It was a rainy, blustering day, when Father Gallagher, at St. Mary's, requested our prayers for the repose of the soul of Bridget Finly. Tom was in church, occupying almost the same seat that John Hand had once filled; and I fancied that the wretch had come there merely to have the pleasure of hearing his wife's name read out among those of the dead. But somehow, when the organ thundered through the spacious church, poorly filled with people to-day, he seemed to shrink within himself; and pretty soon I saw him on his knees, his head bowed, his faced covered. Just then an angry gust blew full against the tall window, and as the lightly fastened shutter blew open, heavy drops of cold, bleak rain fell on the bowed head, and the wind tugged viciously at the black curls which had once been poor Bridget's pride and delight. JOSEPHINE CLIFFORD.

ROTE.

In June, the convent children, meek and small,
Drone all day long, beneath the sweltering wall,
Some patient round of catechismal lore,
That faints and swells, like billows on the shore.

Meanwhile, within the cloisters of the trees,
One hears the ponderous humming of the bees,
And fancies that some hooded, white-browed nun,
Of catholicity in flower and sun,
Sits in the topmost cup of pink and snow,
And leads the doleful, droning choir below!

PAUL PASTNOR.

THE HIGHEST PEAK OF THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

Fifty years ago, people of New England and the Mississippi Valley looked upon the Rocky Mountains as almost out of the world, and, if asked, would have said that no man could cross the range, summer or winter, except in two or three gaps. Sometimes they believed these gaps or passes to be a little wider than a wagon. Any man who had ever seen the Rocky Mountains was looked upon as a far greater curiosity than a kangaroo from Australia or a tiger from India. In later times, when people crossed the range by way of the emigrant road, or later still over the Union Pacific Railroad, and found the gap in the range to be so wide, that, to the north, no peaks could be seen, and to the south none nearer than fifty miles, they ran to the other extreme, and declared that the mountains were no mountains at all. If these people had tried to cross one or two hundred miles farther south, their doubts about the mountainous character of the range would soon have disappeared.

The roughest portion of the Rocky Mountains is in the south-western part of Colorado, where, in a place less than forty miles square, we located and measured over one hundred and twenty distinct peaks above thirteen thousand feet in elevation. But the highest peak of the Rocky Mountains, at least within the United States, is in the Sangre de Cristo range, a branch of the main chain, separated from it on the west by San Luis Valley. It is the highest peak in a group called the Sierra Blanca, and hence has naturally taken the name of Mount Blanca. It is fourteen thousand four hundred and forty feet above the sea, or three hundred feet higher than Pike's Peak, and just the height of Mount Shasta. One June evening we made camp on Ute Creek, on the south side of the mountain. We knew full well that we had a task of no ordinary difficulty and danger before us, and so took the precaution to camp as near the base of the mountain as possible. Accordingly the next morning we started at half-past five o'clock to make the ascent. We were able, with considerable difficulty, to ride our mules up to the timber line. For something like half a mile before reaching the latter point, we had to ride through a dense grove of short quaking aspen trees, which resemble the poplar and are found high up on all the mountains of the West. These trees were growing close together, forming a thicket, as high as a man's head. We carried our rifles horizontally across the horns of our saddles, using the right hand to turn the gun so as to dodge each tree in succession. On the left shoulder was hung a barometer some three feet long, which, being a very delicate and fragile instrument, gave the left hand employment in keeping it clear of the trees. Besides this, at times, we were obliged to raise our feet to the mule's back to avoid being dragged off by refractory saplings. But why dwell on these common drawbacks to traveling on the lower levels? We must not sigh over the Slough of Despond if we would reach the Delectable Mountains. After a little while we came out into an open grove of dead pines, a relic of a former visitation of the fiery element. The bark was peeled off, but the tall white stems were standing erect, leafless, and almost branchless. The ridge up which we were riding now began to get steeper, and soon the timber ended abruptly, at a point about eleven or twelve thousand feet above the sea. Here we took off our horses' saddles and fastened our animals to trees; then, taking our instruments and books, not to mention lunch, we commenced the ascent. For a little way we walked over rocky soil, covered with very short alpine grass, but all the time toiling upward at a steep angle. Then the soil ended entirely, and for some two hours we climbed over rock, sometimes broken fine like pebbles, but generally in large angular blocks. At last we came out upon the summit of the first peak, which was oval, covered with finely divided rock. Now the first part of the journey was finished, and we stood about thirteen thousand six hundred feet above the sea, but with all the danger yet before us.

Wilson here put his handkerchief on the centre of the peak and secured it with a stone, in order that he might sight the point the more accurately to get its elevation. Between us and the main peak, to the north, lay a sharp, rocky ridge, one and a half miles in length, the lowest point of which was about thirteen thousand five hundred feet above the sea. We had before us a total climb of eight hundred feet; but first there was a fall of one or two hundred feet to this ridge, which, after that, continued nearly level for some distance, then slowly rose toward the main peak. The whole length of it is notched out like a saw, so that though our average course was ascending, in the details of the ridge we were going up and down continually. On the right hand the fall was everywhere precipitous, forming bluffs, often one thousand feet, nearly vertical, ending below in rock slides, or ledges, and all ending at last in banks of snow and lakes of ice. On the left hand the slope was a little easier, but, except in a few places, even on this side a slip would send a chill through you, a stumble would have been "the last of earth." So narrow was the ridge that, except in rare cases, we were compelled to walk this mile and a half, standing erect on its sharp crest. The rock was for the most part broken into vertical blocks, and cracked through and through. Well do I remember walking along in this way, with a barometer on my left shoulder, and a folding tripod swung from my right, while in my right hand I held the small, triangular piece of board used to set the instrument on. Two or three times this tripod cap came near slipping through my fingers as I held it by the screw in the centre, and it was not a little startling to think that, if it ever slipped from my hand, nothing could prevent it falling eight hundred or one thousand feet over the precipice. Carefully we walked along this dangerous path, slowly gaining in elevation, until we reached a point within a few hundred yards of the summit, when the ridge suddenly ended in the mountain, and the slope became very steep. Up this last rise of several hundred feet we climbed with more hardship, but less danger, than we had met with along the narrow ridge. Soon, however, our troubles were ended for the time, as we reached the summit of Mount Blanca, the highest in the Rocky Mountains, at five minutes to twelve o'clock. We had been six and a half hours from camp, in which time we had traveled ten miles horizontally, and six thousand four hundred feet vertically. Although the height of this peak is nothing to compare with that of the grand old mountains of India, and is even considerably less than the Alps, the view is little less than magnificent. To the south and south-west of us, San Luis Valley was spread out, level as the ocean apparently. It is a mild kind of desert, ranging from seven to eight thousand feet above sea-level, but the people of Colorado call it a park. Ages ago it was a great lake, covering nearly four thousand square miles, and surrounded on all sides by rugged mountains. The Rio Grande, coming out of the main range fifty miles to the west of us, was now at flood-time, and as it wound like a snake through the middle of the great desert valley, in places it spread out over many square miles of surface. To the south-west we saw the curious group of little plateau peaks, which rise now like mountains one thousand to fifteen hundred feet above the level valley, but which, in ages long past, arose as islands out of this great mountain lake. Farther to the south, at a distance of forty miles or more, stood two volcanic domes of oval outline, one on either side of the valley, like guards at the outlet of the lake that used to be. To the west, at a distance varying from seventy to one hundred miles, appeared the main range of the Rockies, covered now with immense fields of snow, stretching out in long lines across the high plateaus, which we visited later in the summer. From one point near these banks of snow, out of a *cañon* issued smoke in immense volumes, which, borne by the west wind, stretched out till in the afternoon it often reached Fort Garland, at a distance of seventy miles. Later, we found it to be caused by fires in the pine forests.

For a time we may survey the horizon, and wonder what further mysteries Dame Nature has hidden beneath the veil, but we can not do so long ; for of all the grand and rugged scenery, which in these mountains has been presented to our eyes, nothing can surpass, either in ruggedness or grandeur the little piece of country immediately about us. If we seek for grandeur, where can we find a greater or more precipitous descent than the north face of the peak, where a stone thrown out into space would fall half a mile without striking? The great precipice of the Uncompahgre Mountain, one hundred miles to the west of us, is more imposing, because it stands above all its surroundings, but its height is only a thousand feet. If we look for grandeur in mountain form, what is more grand than the great mountain under our feet? Nor are snow and frozen lakes at all wanting to give lustre or add sublimity to the scene which the God of Nature has laid before us. At least six great peaks are posted about us as a centre, and all connected, directly or indirectly, with the point on which we stand by ridges like the one we came up. To the east, some three miles away, stands "Old Baldy," with its bare summit, the most distinct of the secondary peaks. It is separated from the main peak by a much lower gap than any of the others. One mile in a straight line to the south-west is the highest of all the subordinate points, and is connected with the central peak by a high, scraggy ridge, perfectly impassable to man or animal. The side of the mountain facing us presents a great wall of rock, one to two thousand feet in height, a great part of which is precipitous, and all of it so steep, that no snow can find a resting-place there. To the north are still other peaks, looking very high from San Luis Valley below, but from our elevated standpoint we can look over their heads, out upon the world of mountains beyond them.

Among the quartzite mountains of the San Juan range, we had seen peaks quite as rugged as these, and nearly as high, massed together in great numbers, but the one thing lacking was unity. They were indeed giants, but lacking the subordination of the parts to a distinct head, we saw nothing but confusion. The Sierra Blanca, on the contrary, is a family of giants, and when you stand on the central peak, you can look over all the others. All the secondary peaks are distinctly subordinate to this primary one. The highest of the others is several hundred feet below it. When we first set foot on the summit we were struck by this fact, for such a beautiful subordination of parts we had not before seen anywhere among the mountains of Colorado. South-east of us lay one of the great amphitheatres, which was almost covered with snow and ice, while many little frozen lakes extended to a level more than two thousand feet below us; and yet this was a clear and beautiful day on the 19th of June, and high above where we stood, the sun seemed to give out a fair modicum of heat. The steep rocky wall on the south side of the great cavity was marked with many long and curious streaks of snow. These, accommodating themselves to the rough ledges and crevices of the rock, formed a great variety of figures, yet all reaching like fingers down toward the frozen lakes and fields of snow in the bottom of the basin. So high above them arose the walls of the rock that the lakes were nearly all day in the shadow.

The summit of the mountain was a model one about ten feet square. In the centre of this space was a neatly built monument of stones about five feet high. Around this was a low wall of loose rock about two feet in height, forming a circle six to eight feet in diameter. The monument we knew to have been built by Mr. Thompson the year previous, and in it we found a note stating that he had found no signs of a previous visitant, except the little circle of rock. Who it was that attempted to immortalize himself by drawing a circle on the highest summit of the Rocky Mountains we have never known. After spending some two hours on the summit we began the descent, which we found a little quicker, but quite as dangerous as the ascent had been. It was nearly nine o'clock when we found ourselves again in camp, after fifteen hours of hard work.

FRANKLIN RHODA.

HYPATIA AND BISHOP CYRIL.

MR. EDITOR :—My attention has just been called to an article entitled "Hypatia of Alexandria," in your excellent monthly, THE CALIFORNIAN, for January. You will please excuse me when I say that I find fault with that article, although written by a lady, for it blackens, without proof and by insinuation, the character of one of the representative men of that day—Bishop Cyril. In the article alluded to, which connects Bishop Cyril, by implication, with the hideous murder of Hypatia, there is not one word of proof, no quotation from contemporary historians, but the whole charge is fastened and insinuated by such expressions as, "It is stated," "it is recorded," etc. Now, here are a few historical facts, which, at least, will give the other side of the case :

(1.) "The murder of Hypatia by a few *unauthorized* fanatics from Nitria," says Socrates, the historian and enemy of Cyril, "brought disgrace on Cyril and the Church of Alexandria, because such atrocious deeds were quite at variance with the practices of Christians." Soc. Eccl. History, liber vii, chap. 15.

Mark the word "unauthorized," and this written by an enemy and contemporary of Cyril. We may be sure, if he had any connection with it, the historian would have mentioned it.

(2.) Synesius, Bishop of Ptolemais and suffragan of Cyril, was Hypatia's pupil and corresponding friend. He submitted all his works to be revised by her, and expressed his great admiration of her learning. Now, he was a Bishop of the Catholic Church, and in communion with Cyril.

(3.) According to Baring Gould, M. A., Anglican Minister, in his life of St. Cyril, *Lives of Saints*, vol. i, pp. 419, 420, 425 : "Cyril was no party to this hideous deed. Had there been no disturbance caused by the Jews of Alexandria, there would have been no murder of Hypatia. The Jews of Alexandria—a powerful body during many centuries—had procured the disgrace of

Hierax, an admirer of Cyril's sermons. Cyril, naturally indignant, menaced the chief of this community; the Jews' revenge was to raise a cry at midnight, "The church of Alexandria is on fire!" and to massacre the Christians who rushed to save their church. St. Cyril then appears to have made up his mind that the Christians must right themselves, without expecting justice from the Prefect Orestes"—"who had ordered Hierax to be publicly scourged." (Milman.) This commotion brought in those fanatics from the desert of Nitria. "But that Cyril had any share in the atrocious murder of Hypatia," says Canon Robertson, vol. i, p. 401, "appears to be an unsupported calumny."

(4.) The character of Cyril, sketched by another non-Catholic historian, Bright, is a sufficient refutation of this calumny. In his *Church History* he extols Cyril's "noble unselfishness, the patience in explaining over and over again his own statements, the readiness in welcoming substantial agreements on the part of others—in a word, 'the power, or love, or command' which made him a true minister of peace."

So much, now, for the other side of the question, and the side, I venture to say, which is the only one supported by true history. The notice of the calumny by me has been rather late, but better late than never.

Trusting, then, in THE CALIFORNIAN's love of truth and spirit of fair play, I send you these few historical notes, and beg an insertion of them in your pages.

Sincerely yours, M. COLEMAN.

Smartsville, Yuba Co., Cal., May 1, 1880.

CHINESE LITERATURE.

It is said that in attempting to write a foreign language one follows the construction and idioms of his own speech. If this is true, the following letter, received at the San Francisco post-office, and reproduced *verbatim*, may give us an insight into the idiomatic beauties of the celestial literature:

San Francisco Apr 24th '80

Mr. Postoffice Master

I had a letter at yellow envelope send for Ben Heong Leow Chinese Restaurant Marysville Cala it to be forget postage Stamp on throw in this box Please will you take this stamp with me on it

I am Sir your Obedient Servant

HAM GONG.

JUST THE ONE.

A case involving the title to some marsh lands was recently on trial before Judge Crane, of Oakland, who is appropriately named, as he is six feet four inches in height. Several of the defendants were named Bird. While the lawyers were waiting for the court to open, one suggested that there ought to be a change of venue on the ground of relationship, inasmuch as the Judge was such a prominent member of the bird family. "Oh, no," said another; "the case involves swamp land, and he is just the one to *wade through it*."

A FABLE.

A wise hunter and a foolish hunter once went into the woods together. In a deep ravine they suddenly came, at a turn in the path, upon a ferocious bear. The foolish hunter turned and fled. But the wise hunter, remembering that the noble beast scorns to eat that which it does not kill, dropped in the path and pretended to be dead. Thereupon the bear did eat that wise hunter with great relish; while the other, who had fled, escaped in safety.

MORAL: He who *runs* may read THE CALIFORNIAN. X.

BLIGHTED.

The eagle has whetted his beak for the prey,
Wheeling over and over, hungry and gray,
Where the body of beauty is lain by the way,
The daughter of passion gone down to decay.

Like the grin of a demon is day from its dawn,
More ghastly and fierce as the hours come on;
The voice of the mountain sends, wailing on high,
The last of its echoes to mourn till it die.

From the bed of the river the hot rocks stare,
Like eyes of the damned, through the thickening air;
Lo! dust gathers deep in the throats of prayer,
And the glisten of graves is everywhere.

Oh, the blood of sweet youth in pulse of its prime,
Then the terrible, terrible slaughter of time;
Oh, the morn that was fresh and the flesh that was fair—
All is wilted and wasted, and where—oh, where!

Ay, where is the willow and where is the pine,
And where is the murmur, the grace that was thine!
Where the sleep of the lily, the dream of the rose,
The lull and the shadow that ushered repose!

O God! she was beautiful, white on her bier,
The maiden they buried this many a year!

JOHN VANCE CHENEY.

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